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by Alan Trustman

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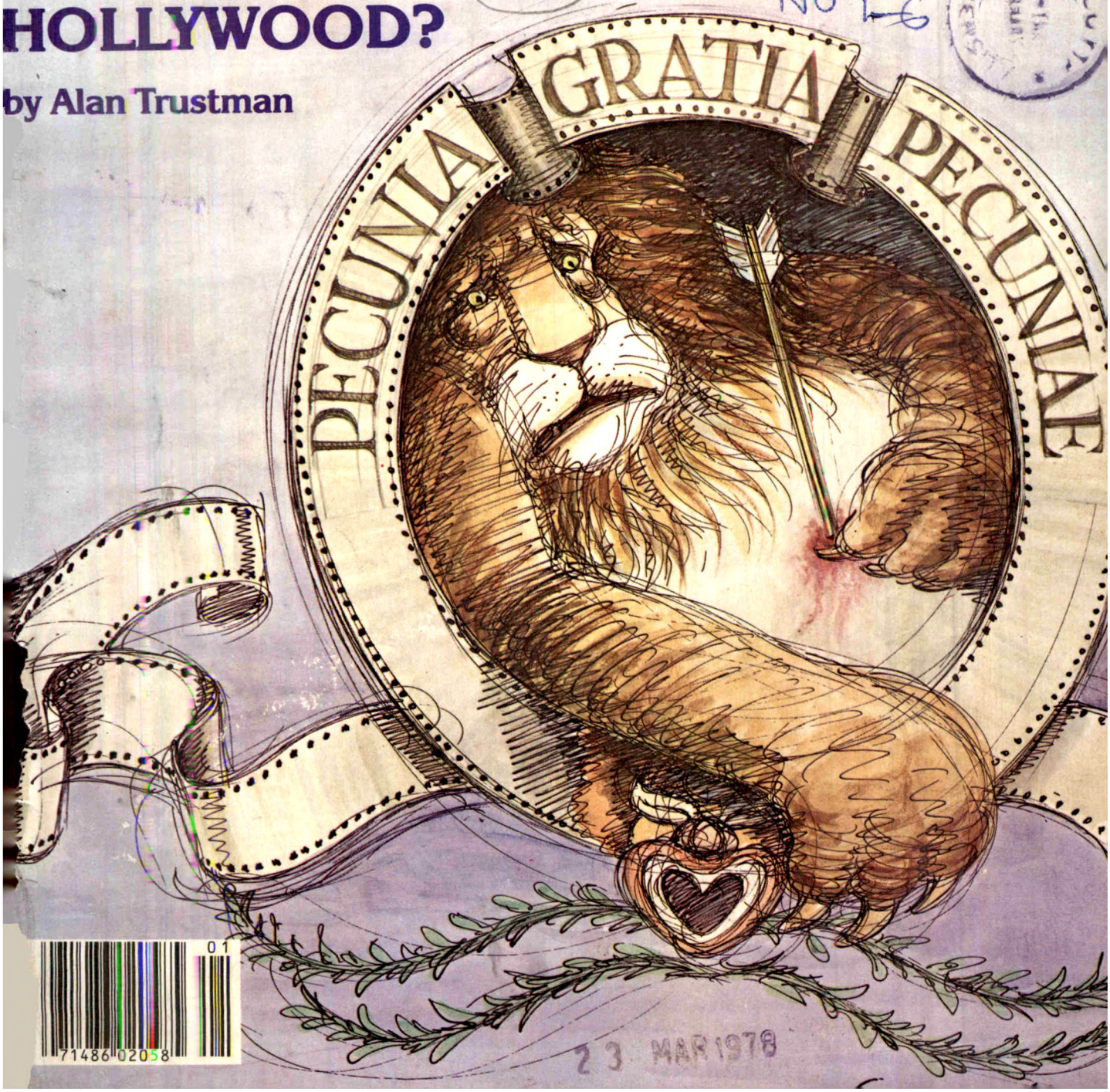

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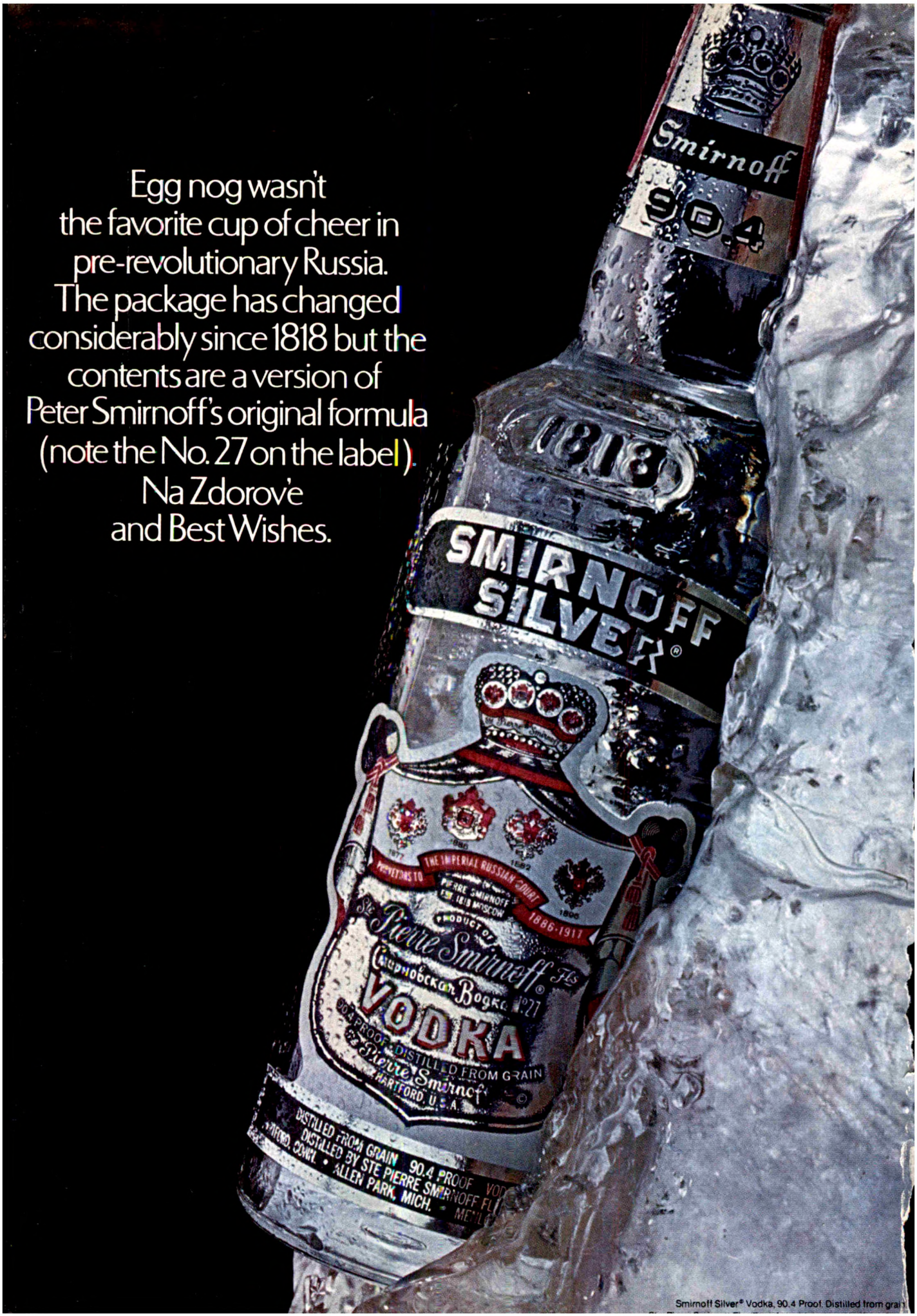

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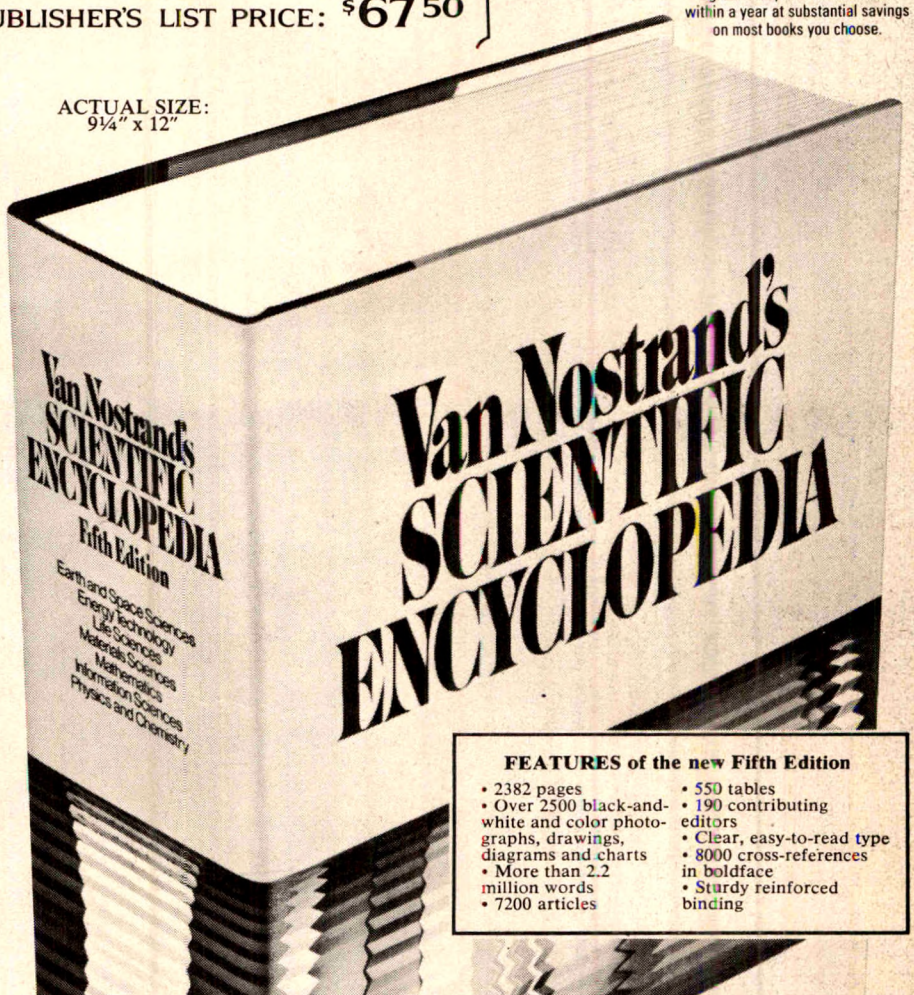

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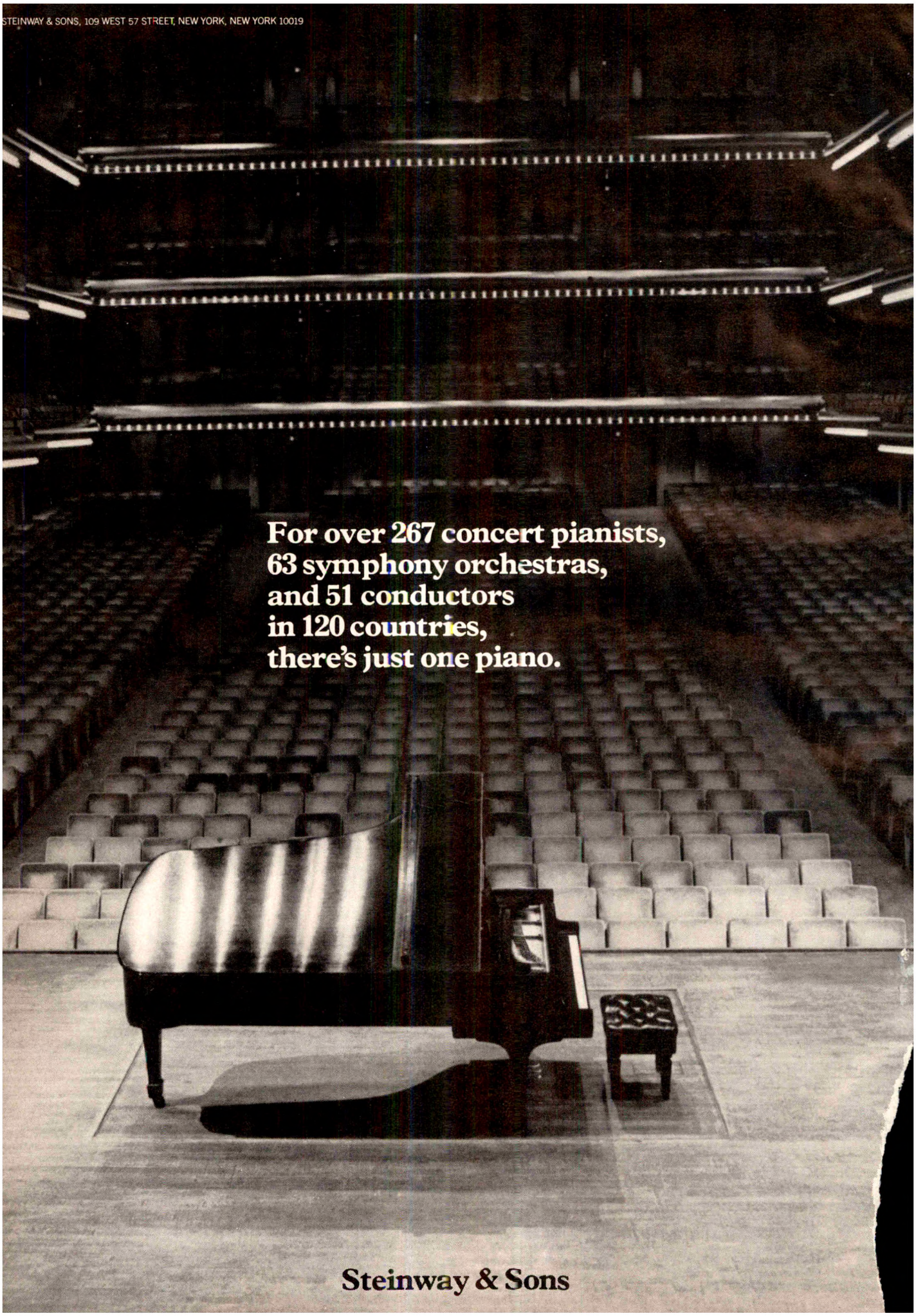
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

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As predictably as the Japanese cherry trees bloom in the Washington spring, Badmouth Time comes to the Potomac near the end of a new President's first year in office. Mr. Carter is not immune to the tradition. Old Capitol hands snigger at the staff of "amateurs" from Georgia who surround the President. Natty Senator Brooke of Massachusetts sniffs that the White House has taken on a dirty look and, with all those blue-jeaned folks scuffing about, offers an unseemly atmosphere for the leader of the Western world. From the men's rooms of the Senate office buildings to the tables at Duke Ziebert's or Nathan's in Georgetown, older Washington habitués second-guess the Administration's programs and methods, and shake heads over the failure of the man in charge to deliver on all that heady campaign rhetoric. It should be noted that in their criticizing, the critics rarely suggest convincing alternatives. The reason for that is soberingly simple and one doesn't need to spend much time in town to discover it: Ladies and gentlemen, there *are* no new ideas in the nation's capital.

Neither, it seems, is there much spirit or joy. The place is about as humorless as it was in the Nixon period. Well, let's not go *too* far. Almost as humorless. Occasionally Jody Powell brightens a day with an irreverent witticism. ("When they played tennis this morning, did the President bring up any of Mr. Lance's problems, Jody?" "I don't know, but if he did it was probably when Bert was getting ready to serve.") The only other offerings that passed for jokes came, encouragingly, as a form of self-criticism. "Have you heard about the Polish energy plan?" a White House aide asked me. "No, what is it?" "Same as ours." And from a high-up man at Treasury: "Word is that things are going so badly here, they're telling Georgia jokes in Warsaw."* An Administration that can tell jokes on itself is not beyond redemption.

As for those "amateurs" on the President's staff, the problem does not really seem to come from inexperience or ineptness, though the Georgia people are discovering that there's much more they need to know about the way the Washington machinery works, and some of them, such as Powell and Hamilton Jordan, are given to stepping on toes without apologies. The problem, especially with Lance gone, is that there are not enough of them at the top to help the President contend with the torrent of demands on him.

From what I can discern, no matter what the Badmouthers say, the Carter staff serves its boss with at least as much loyalty and energy, and apparently with less backbiting, intramural jealousy, and turf-protecting bitchiness, than distinguished many on the staffs of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. The staff will better serve the President if he becomes more willing to delegate and to bring in reinforcements from the bodies of experts that have been proliferating in recent years on the staffs of senators, representatives, and congressional committees.

There are, of course, deeper reasons for the year-end compound of disappointment in, and puzzlement over, Jimmy Carter's presidency. Ward Just, after one of his frequent returns to his old working town, explores some of them in this issue's Washington Report (page 6).

Second-guessing an Administration is as much a preoccupation in Washington as character assassination and canapé-making, and even the casual visitor is allergic to its pollen. I came back home wondering why the President insisted on pushing for completion and ratification of the Panama Canal treaties this year. In most instances where he is pursuing big policies—the Middle East, Russia and SALT, energy, employment measures, trade negotiation—the President is caught in the tides of necessity. He needs to move on all those fronts because events will move with or without him. In the case of the Canal, many believe Mr. Carter could have held off for another year instead of confronting senators, a third of them up for re-election, with the necessity of declaring themselves on this peculiarly sensitive issue in an election year. The Administration's argument that Latin American governments were warning that the fuse in Panama was burning ever shorter is a thin one; Latin American governments are always uttering such a warning in public, though that is not how all of them feel about the Canal situation. When Latin Americans talked like that to LBJ in 1964, he told them to go soak their heads.

Mr. Carter, however, has chosen to complicate his already threatened effort toward an important new SALT agreement, the Administration's efforts toward a Middle Eastern settlement, and other urgent policies by demanding this year a

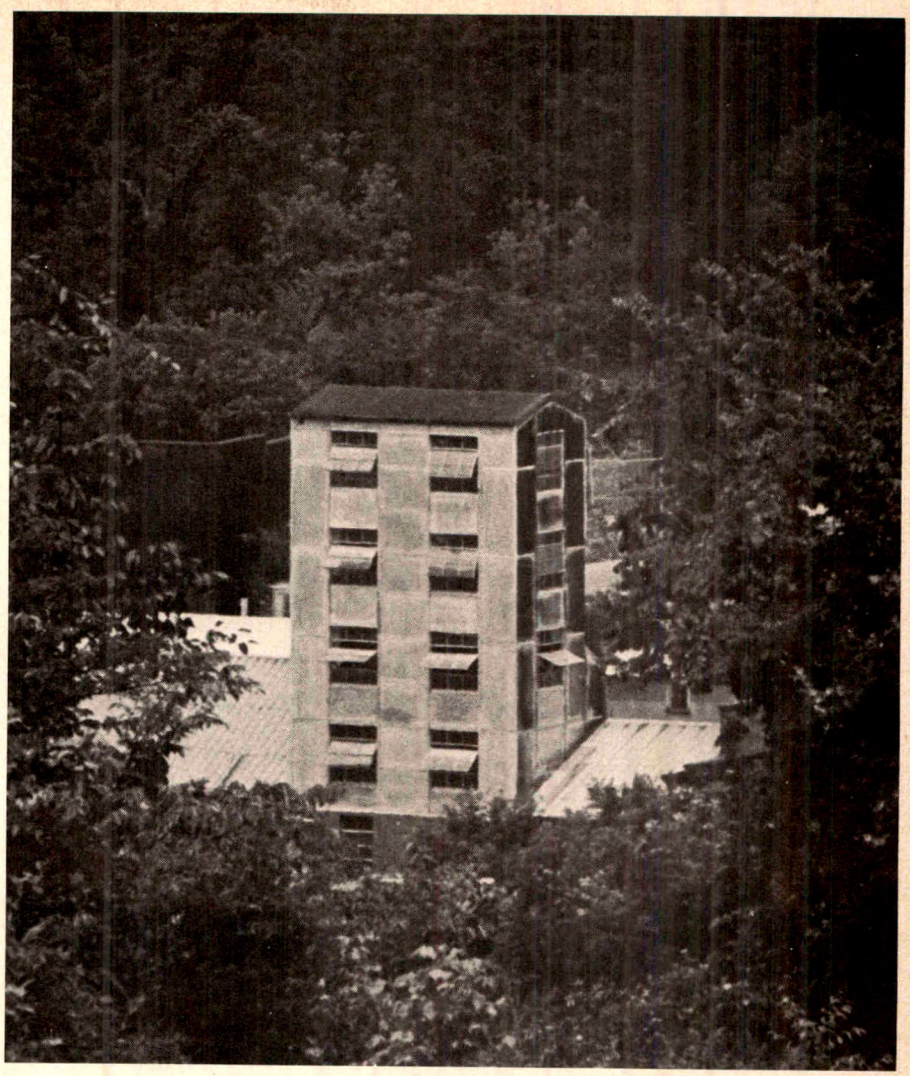
*These are varied on a choose-your-own-ethnic-group principle; any of a wide assortment of countries or place names can be, and are, substituted. A congressman from a district heavily populated by Polish-Americans, for example, prefers to tell County Kerry jokes. Also in Warsaw, as related in the Report on Poland (p. 20), the Poles are telling Russian jokes.

confrontation he might have avoided until 1979.

If the polls can be believed, only a fourth of American citizens favor the Panama Canal treaties. Opponents are far better organized at this juncture than treaty supporters. One day recently, on entering his office, Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson found in only one morning's batch of mail nearly 300 letters, identical in content but individually signed and postmarked. A shiny new penny was affixed to each. "In 1803, proud Americans who refused to pay tribute to their enemies used the battle cry 'Millions for Defense. Not One Cent For Tribute!' the letters began. "The penny at the top of my letter is to demonstrate my concern about President Carter's plans to pay a Marxist dictator to take our Canal from us. I urge you to vote NO to the giveaway of our Panama Canal. . . ."

Presumably the pennies are pouring into every senator's office, especially those who go before the voters next November. It is difficult to believe that with some time and an energetic educational program, led strongly by the President himself, the popular opinion toward the treaties cannot be turned around. But the Administration has left itself little time: proponents speak of getting a Senate vote as early as February, and in their haste they are surely depriving themselves of several senatorial votes that otherwise could go to ratification. By late November, treaty organizers were calculating they were twelve to fourteen votes short of the necessary two thirds, while opponents needed about nine to defeat. The treaty might squeak through. If not, much ugliness will erupt in Latin America and Washington's Badmouth Season will surely extend into overtime.

Robert Manning



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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON: A Town with a Memory

The Carter Administration follows no precedents, and Washington still doesn't know what to make of him, or it.

Caste and class in a small southern town: I think of Washington as similar to a capital of one of the ancient empires in decline, a town that has been overrun by successive armies, leaving its culture as layered and varied as Belgrade's. Except that in Washington you find no physical evidence of conquest and occupation by other civilizations, no Byzantine churches erected on the foundations of Roman baths. No obvious ruins; evidence of conquest is found not in monuments but in men. Every four or eight years the town is sacked but the proconsuls remain, accumulating honors and power with age, often more honor and power (and of course money) out of government than in it.

In Washington today the Kennedy Administration casts a long shadow, not for its policies or its panache but because so many of its offspring remain. The present secretaries of state and defense are old Kennedy hands and the town's law firms and newspaper offices are filled with men, and a few women, who came to town in the early 1960s. Lyndon Johnson's people are everywhere to be seen and the Eisenhower legacy is thriving in the person of Arthur Burns. Clark Clifford, almost a civilization unto himself, represents Truman. And all those law firms stuffed with Kennedy people are as often as not headed by figures from the Roosevelt era. Nixon's men are either in jail or on the best-seller list, and Ford wasn't in town long enough to have an army. Of course there is Henry Kissinger, but Kissinger, like Clifford, is a world unto himself.

The politicians, the senior civil servants, the reporters, and the lawyers—the Washington Cosa Nostra—are men and women with long and persistent memories, and heavy baggage from the past. Their loyalties and affections are divided, and as a group they tend to be fatalistic and somewhat cynical, though not misanthropic. A genuine Washington denizen is proud of knowing how the town works or, as is more often the case, doesn't work. A Washington lawyer is successful not because he has the brains of Louis Brandeis, but because he can get a piece of paper from an in-

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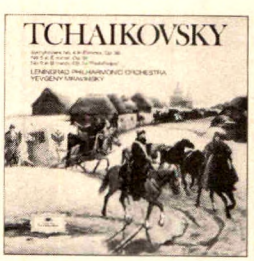

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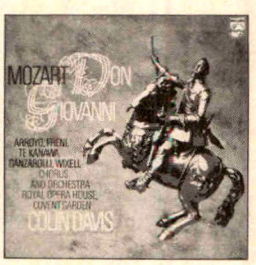

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box to an out-box at the Federal Communications Commission, or put his client together with a young colonel on the staff of the joint chiefs. A congressman has a connection with a member of the editorial page staff at the *Post* or the *Star*; the labor lobbyist knows an assistant secretary at HEW. These are friendships that, as they say, "go back"—to Ford or Nixon or Johnson or Kennedy or beyond.

There is no clear division between the public and private sectors in Washington because so many of the players have done time in both places. Preoccupied by the past and often in thrall to it, the Washington family is nevertheless eager to adjust to changing conditions. That is the nature of the town, as natural to Washington as fog is to London.

The family is particularly attentive to the quadrennial referendum, when the song of the nightingale is heard in the polling places. Washington regards a presidential election approximately as a wise general regards hostile terrain on the field of battle. Awkward, sometimes difficult, occasionally disheartening; but the final authority. An authority from which there is no appeal. So the wise general adjusts the gunsights and modifies the tactics and proceeds with caution. Herblock gives Nixon a shave.

However, all nightingales do not sing the same song.

In Washington the shadows of the past obscure the present, and this brings us to Jimmy Carter and the trouble he is in as this is written. The Carter Administration is almost a year old and Washington still does not know what to make of him, or it. This Administration follows no known precedents. But the capital is a family of seers and psephologists, the permanent members professing powers to divine the future from the fragments of the present. Trouble is, the fragments rarely point to an obvious shape until after the fact, when it is too late. This President and the people around him are seen in Washington as amateurs, compulsive outsiders suspicious of the town and determined to keep it at arm's length. It is as if Jimmy Carter were still campaigning, identifying the enemy as the Washington elite. Carter and his tight circle of young Georgians have frozen out the town, and at times seem almost contemptuous of it.

The prickly relations with Congress are well documented. Less well documented, or even comprehensible, are the Administration's problems with the traditional sources of Democratic support, notably the labor movement. One labor leader said, "We can't connect with them. And I don't know why." In Washington the White House is seen as unfriendly, remote, and alien in its rituals. The President is apparently a man uncomfortable in conversation, so most of his information comes from the written word, memoranda. About twenty members of his staff, along with the Cabinet, have access to Carter's in-box, but there is little face-to-face palaver and scant attempt to discipline the President's reading. Carter's refusal to name a White House chief of staff has produced admitted administrative chaos. The President's infrequent meetings with congressmen or senior bureaucrats are described as stiff and correct, with little give and take and almost no humor. "Government through clenched teeth," as one observer put it. The White House is "open" in a formal way to the press, but it is not open to anyone else, and this is unheard-of in a Democratic administration.

Washington is a city of informal networks, all of them available to any President who wishes to use them. This President doesn't. The energy bill was flung up to Capitol Hill without consultation; the White House hung with Bert Lance long after the game was lost, when a telephone call to any of several hundred Washingtonians could have signaled the disaster. As a civics lesson, the President's behavior is exemplary. Influence peddling is at an all-time low, at least in the White House. Of course my "influence peddler" is your "respected leader." My cardinal arguing for a fetus's inalienable right to life is your rabbi arguing for Israel's inalienable right to occupied territories.

Oddly, some members of the President's staff insist that his isolation (they would not use that word) is a sign of strength. He is so intellectually secure that he does not feel the need to consult with outsiders. "No question about it," one of the President's men said. "His personal style is not in keeping with this city. He relies on a small circle and is not interested in making people feel good. And let me tell you something else. He's not going to change. He's a man of a certain age and that's the way he is."

All of this, the man said, was a product of the President's "tremendous intellectual confidence." I interpret that to mean that Carter does not believe he needs guidance from unfamiliar voices, as Lyndon Johnson believed he needed McNamara and Bundy. No question that Carter read David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*, and no question either that it had an effect. There was one other point that the President's man wanted to make, and it was this: "The trouble with this Administration is that there's too much substance and too little style."

In October the anger boiled over and the family's private mutterings became public. There were stories everywhere: the Administration was disorganized, inept, unbusinesslike, immature; Tom Wicker observed that Carter may well be a one-term President. It was not surprising that the knives were raised so soon, and with such evident relish. The mistake was to believe that there would ever be a sustained honeymoon period. A honeymoon presumes a marriage preceded by a love affair, and Carter and his people never had anything remotely resembling a love affair with Washington. He came to office promising to reform the bureaucracy and geld the elite and give the American public a government worthy of it.

There was a familiar southern populist strain to all of this. Carter's rhetoric, though cool, was reminiscent of George Wallace's excoriations of "pointy-headed liberals" who "couldn't park their bicycles straight." Carter came to office on an anti-establishment, anti-Washington tide, promising competence and honesty, believing (no doubt correctly) that the public was weary of New Frontiers, Great Societies, Driving Dreams, and pardons for the unindicted. For dreams, management. Carter would truly manage the government and manage it competently, while insisting that it operate "with compassion."

A transition staff was at work months before the election, and the President hit Washington running. He proposed to move forward on a dozen fronts at once, SALT, the Mideast, tax reform, government reorganization, southern Africa, human rights, détente, and the Panama Canal, among others. And when the critics said that this was

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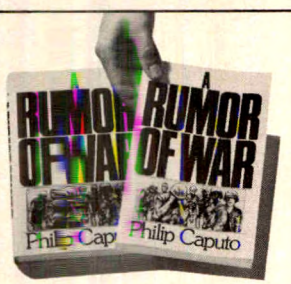

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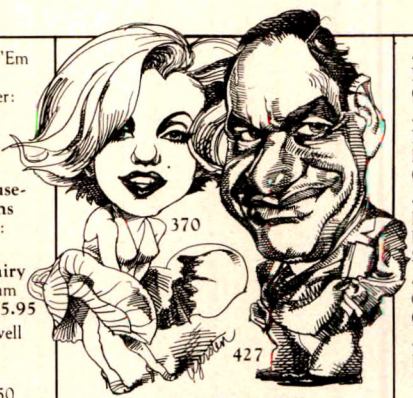

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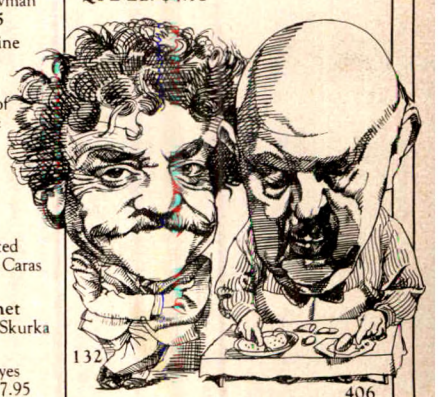

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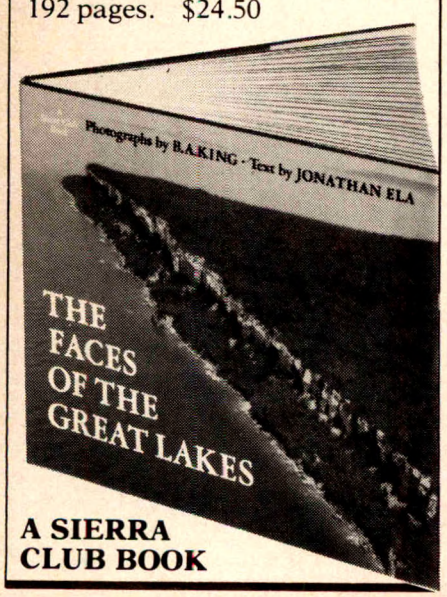

A SIERRA CLUB BOOK

WASHINGTON

too much at once, Carter did not deny it; in late October he agreed that it was too much. That was the plan. Get everything on the table in the first year of the first term and pursue it until 1980. That would make the agenda both predictable and familiar, and a record to run on.

And all of it while remaining at arm's length from the family, Washington. Relations with Washington would remain as in the campaign, us vs. them. That was the way it was done in Georgia, and done successfully. Legislatures exist to be intimidated. Talk to the President's men now (or read them in the newspapers), and there are continual references to the way it was done in Georgia, and how it can be repeated in Washington. The U.S. Congress and the Georgia Legislature are analogues, except that the Georgia Legislature was generally wiser, larger-minded, and more public-spirited than the U.S. Congress.

Carter's men will tell you that the Washington bureaucracy is fat, sloppy, and elitist—and that is surely true. The remainder of the establishment is exhausted and discredited—and that is true, too, up to a point; but when Lance got into trouble, the man he finally went to was Clifford, whose only recorded comment was, "What took you so long?" For the moment the President and his people appear to believe that the Administration can work its will without the help of the family. It's too early to say whether this belief is wise or foolish from the standpoint of statecraft. However, in a struggle between the President and the town, it is by no means certain that the President would win. In any case, it is a novel theory to hold if you are in the White House and your party controls both Congress and the bureaucracy, and is the sentimental favorite of almost everyone else.

Of course Washington has its own weapons. The family feeds on rumor, innuendo, and irony—irony more than anything else—and you don't have to dine at the topmost tables in the topmost clubs to find out what that means. Jimmy Carter, it is said now, is a cold man without friends. "A dry bath," as one lady put it. Of course these are code words, and one of the worst things that you can say about a President. It means that Mr. Clean, Baptist businessman and nuclear engineer, is "like Nixon."

The comparison was often made in Washington in the autumn of 1976. I believe it is wrong, but I don't know quite why. It's convenient and carries sufficient sting, and anyone can make a case for superficial resemblance. But Nixon's suspicion of Washington came from close personal knowledge. Give him that: he knew the town in an intimate, detailed way and from a variety of perspectives, and when he complained that the family was out to get him, he was not wholly wrong.

Carter's estrangement is entirely theoretical. He is not acquainted with the family any more than the family is acquainted with him. Moreover, Washington is there to do his bidding: the capital loves a Democratic President in the way the English love a lord. When Democrats are elected there's action and zest and a certain lovable disorder—*creative* disorder, you understand. Simply put, Democrats are more interesting; just that. They are supported until they do something completely outrageous, and the only one in memory who did so was Lyndon Johnson, torn to pieces over the war. What's puzzling is that this is a Carter-initiated conflict, apparently coming from his belief that it's good politics in the country and agrees with his personal temperament and rustic background.

So he and his people remain remote, removed from the Washington experience. With very few exceptions, he transplanted his campaign staff intact to the White House, and that may be the major difficulty, because successful campaigners do not necessarily make successful bureaucrats; in any case, they govern as if the process is somehow beneath them.

It's possible that all this is salutary and that the President will make a splendid go of it, forging his own establishment to replace the one in being. But this is not the lighthearted Washington of 1961 or the exhausted Washington of 1973. The family today is tougher, less humorous, more self-righteous, altogether more self-possessed than at any time since Eisenhower.

The town has recovered from the scandal and failure of the sixties and early seventies, and I suppose one can argue that the recovery is too complete. In two years there has been a dramatic resurgence of self-esteem. The truth is, the town survived intact; and you have to have lived there through the war and Nixon to understand what that means.

The wreckage is everywhere, but the institutions prevail, the press and the Congress measurably stronger than before. These are the institutions that—as Washington sees it—ended the war and purged the Nixon gang. Tip O'Neill's House bears no relation to Carl Albert's, any more than the color-coordinated movie-set newsroom of the Washington *Post* looks like, or feels like, the old down-at-heel quarters on L Street.

And of course the town is richer; the inhabitants are richer. Bureaucrats, journalists, lawyers, politicians—the salaries are sometimes twice what they were a decade ago. Economic security has brought—I'm damned if I know what it has brought, but it's something more than money. Washington is very different now from a decade ago, and part of the change is owing to the money. White House assistants under thirty make $40,000 a year; HEW Secretary Califano made $550,000 a year as a Washington lawyer; reporters under fifty with salaries and lecture fees and other gratuities often make $50,000 a year. In analyzing any part of American society, it is never foolish to take account of money. Who has it, and how much they have, and at what age, and for what reasons.

At any event, Washington has gone from depression to something approaching elation, and the attitude, particularly in the press, often resembles the self-righteousness of the reformed drunk. Washington's good opinion of itself is matched only by Jimmy Carter's good opinion of himself, and that's the conflict. I think the President and his people have greatly mis-estimated the tone and temper of Washington, its resilience, arrogance, and fierce desire not just to survive but to prevail.

—WARD JUST

POLAND: A Culture in Hiding

Poles are united in quiet protest against a system of government that seems at best irrelevant, at worst oppressive.

On the LOT plane between Paris and Warsaw, I try to calm my agitation. After eighteen years and several attempts which were thwarted by various Polish consulates, I am finally returning to my native country. My parents are not in sympathy with this sentimental journey. "What is driving you there?" they ask in exasperation. Many Jews who lived in postwar Poland still harbor bitter resentment toward the country. But for me, exiled at age fourteen, Poland is more simply the land of my childhood. Now I want to check it out; to see what my life might have been had I stayed, to test my memories of a vibrant people, of a rich and warm social climate, and of a quietly beautiful countryside.

It is politics, however, that I am plunged into, with startling suddenness, as soon as I land in Warsaw. The taxi driver launches into a monologue. "You haven't heard what happened in Kraków yesterday, have you?" he begins. "Our authorities have decided to show us what they can do once again." His voice has a sardonic edge. "They've killed a student," he tells me. Who is "they"? I want to know. "The police, naturally." He doesn't know much more about the incident, but there has been talk of student riots and other repercussions, and phone and plane communications between Kraków and Warsaw were cut off for a while.

Obviously I have come at a moment when the equilibrium of Polish politics, always shaky, is being severely disturbed again. Over the next weeks, people talk of nothing else but the unfolding events, and I have a sense of Warsaw simmering with anxiety, grief, frustration.

On the day following my arrival, over coffee at the Literary Club, I learn of the next episode in the drama: two members of the Workers' Defense Committee have been arrested. They were arraigned at the train station as they were about to depart to attend a mass for the student killed in Kraków. The young woman who conveys this news is near tears with anger. One of the two arrested is her good friend, and he has already spent several years in jail as a result of his activities in the unrest of 1968. "Let them leave him alone," Zofia says, "it is enough, it is enough." I am about to ask her if there is nothing she can do, and then realize the uselessness and the impertinence of the question.

Why did the arrests take place, and what is their significance? The Workers' Defense Committee is a small group of about twenty well-known artists, scholars, and intellectuals, formed in 1976 following a series of strikes and riots in various towns and cities. The striking workers were protesting rising food prices, and although they were successful in forcing the government to retract the price hike, many people were arrested randomly, some sentenced to as long as ten years of imprisonment without trial, and several subjected to mistreatment which might well deserve to be called torture.

The purpose of the Workers' Defense Committee (KOR) was to provide legal and practical aid to the prisoners and their families. Members of the committee and their supporters collected money for families deprived of their income; they attended trials and protested violations of due process; they advised the defendants about their legal rights, and they recorded the proceedings of the trials in a bulletin distributed among several hundred interested people. In performing these functions the committee was countering a widespread feeling of helplessness in the face of "the system," a feeling not surprising in view of the Poles' recent history.

In the first year of the KOR's activity, its members were harassed in small ways: they were slandered in the newspapers or in false KOR bulletins; representatives sent to observe trials were sometimes detained or led away under false pretenses. Nevertheless, the committee was tolerated by the government—and this was something new. It marked the first time since the war that a public, non-party group, of a somewhat adversary nature, had been allowed to exist.

The reasons for this unusual leniency are not altogether clear. Perhaps because the flow of information between Poland and the Western news media is impossible to control, it was felt that news of the KOR's suppression, especially given its prestigious membership, would have got out very quickly. Perhaps Edward Gierek, who replaced Gomulka in 1970 as first secretary,

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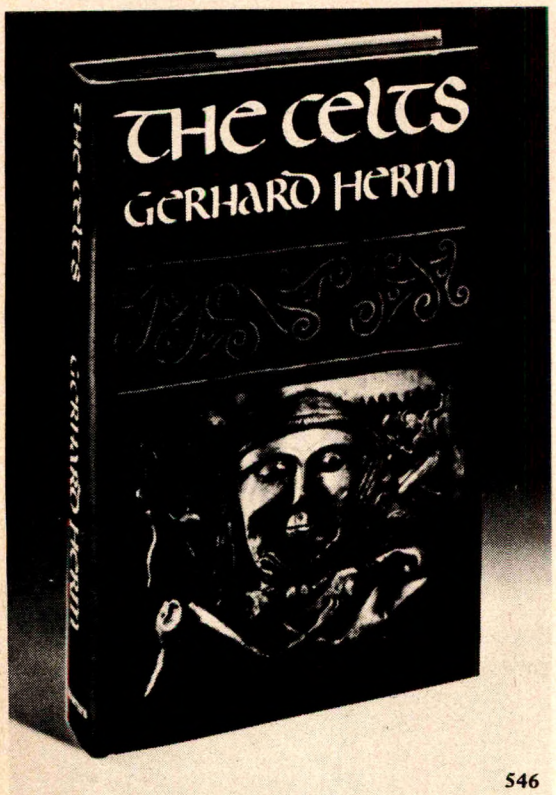

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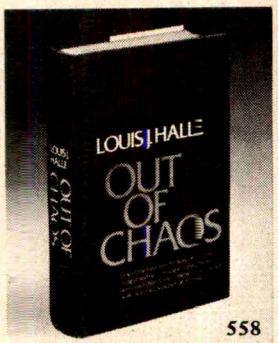

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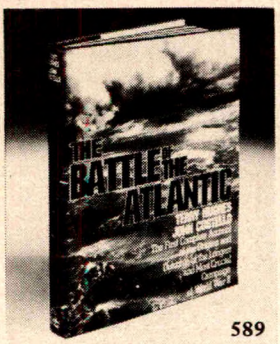

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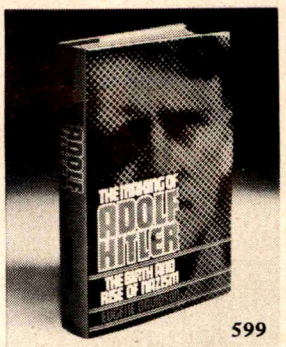

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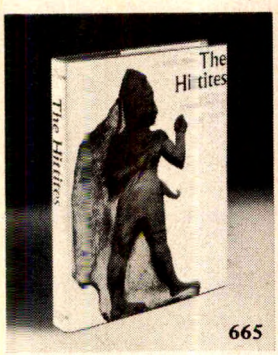

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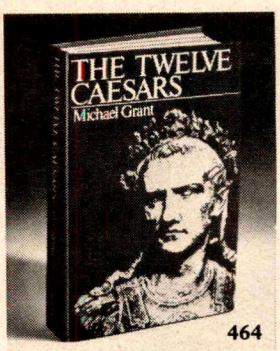

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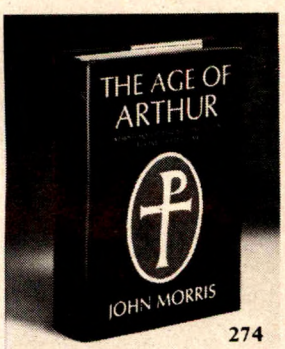

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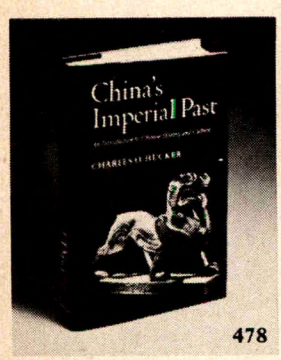

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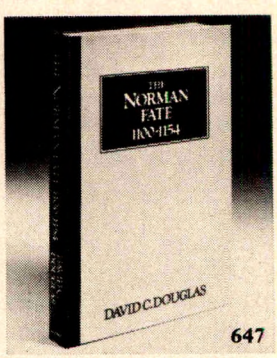

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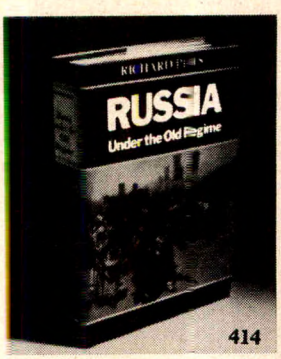

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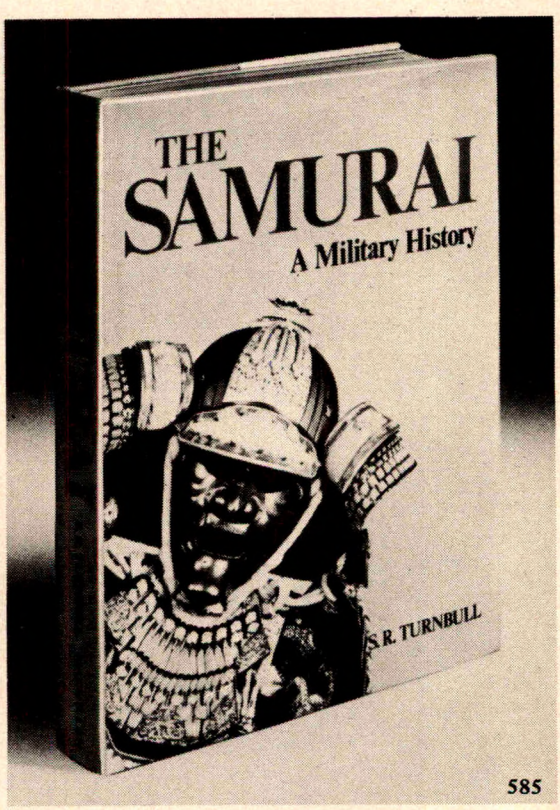

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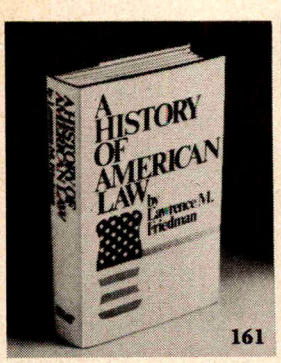

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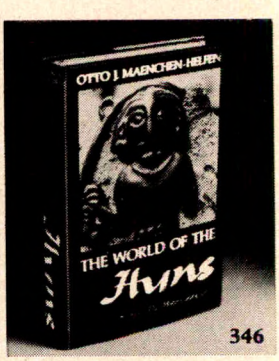

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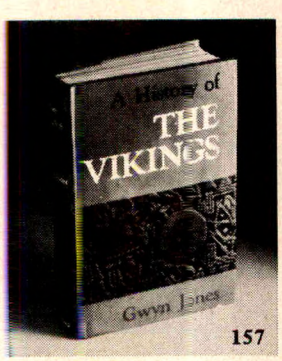

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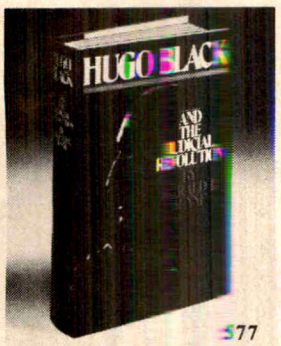

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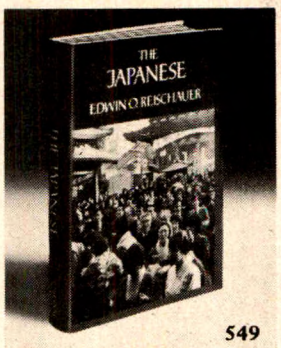

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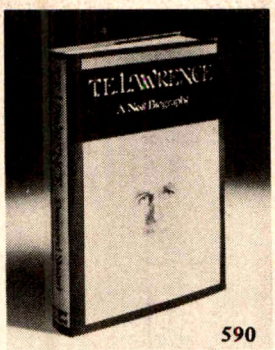

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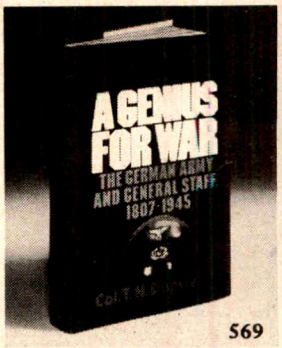

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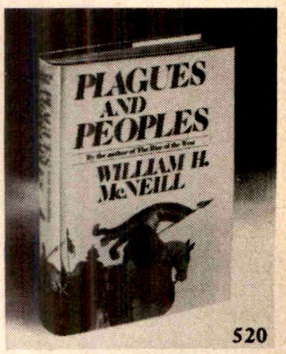

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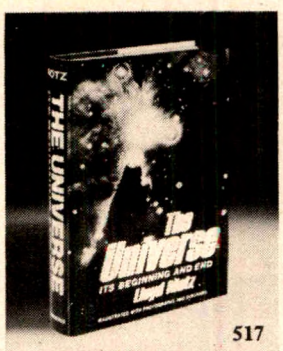

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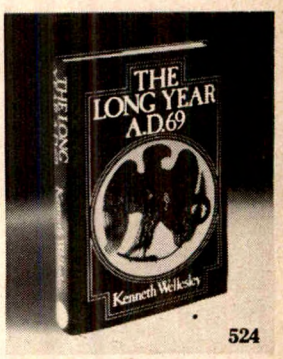

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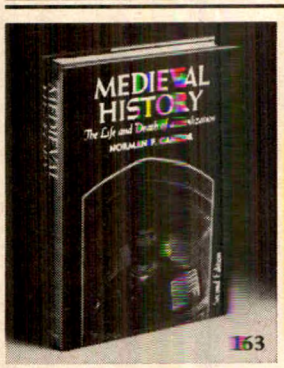

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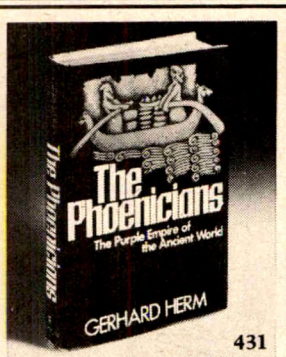

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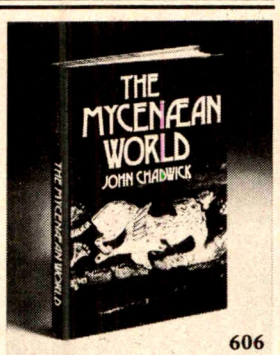

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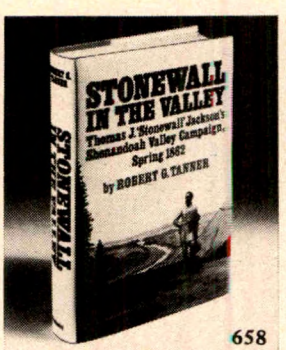

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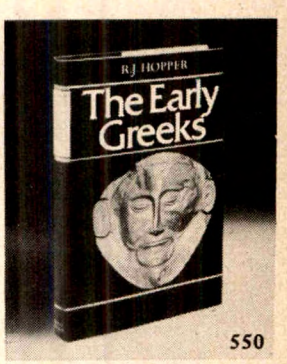

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recognized the need for some airing of grievances; the strikes suggested that the level of discontent was reaching an explosive point. If Gierek wanted an instrument for a display of liberality, he could not have chosen a better group than the KOR, which, until recently, avoided ideological pronouncements or criticisms.

But in the last few months, the KOR has issued some statements with decidedly political overtones, most notably on the subject of human rights, and it may have been that potentially dangerous change which led to the sudden shift in the government's policy toward the committee. The killing of the student was widely interpreted as a means of provoking the KOR to some response, which would then provide a pretext for reprisals. Although the KOR's response was of the most minimal and dignified sort—the committee asked students in Kraków to use their spring vacation as a time of mourning instead of for the usual celebrations—the reprisals came anyway. The two arrests I heard about were soon followed by seven others. (All of those arrested were later released.) These measures were meant to warn the KOR against further political action, but the warning proved ineffective. Far from being squelched, the KOR has reconstituted itself under another name (since its initial objectives have been fulfilled), and has broadened the scope of its activity. The government surely did not count on this.

There may have been other reasons for the rash of arrests. Their timing suggests that they were staged as a response to President Carter's human rights campaign. If so, they were probably conducted under Soviet orders as part of a symbolic show of strength, saying to Carter, "Don't meddle," and to Eastern European activists, "Don't count on his help." On the other hand, the tightening of control may be symptomatic of a Polish power struggle. There are rumors that a conservative, pro-Soviet faction is gaining ascendancy within the government, and the arrests may have been signaling its arrival.

All of these possibilities are discussed by the people I meet. The level of political awareness is, in one sense, uniformly high. Everybody—a factory worker I talk to on the tramway, a young engineering student, the saleswoman at the corner kiosk—has gone into the matter in some detail, and has done a close reading of the newspaper reportage on the events (general rule: Assume the opposite of what is printed. But not always). And yet, people know that they are basically kept uninformed and, like my friend at the Literary Club, helpless. At this level of power play, the government cannot be fought. The constant talk is not a prelude to action, but an almost compulsive outlet for tension. It is also an expression of solidarity. Poland looks to me like a country astonishingly unified in its protest.

Kraków's central square

Warsaw's privileged

A hotel room turns out to be impossible to find in Warsaw. The reception clerk at the Grand, a venerable Warsaw establishment, merely looks at me with pitying sarcasm when I make my query, and says, "A hotel room! She wants a hotel room!" Since I'm not sure whether this is an invitation for a bribe, I call some people whose names I have been given by friends in America, and I am invited to stay for a few days.

The Janowskis are among the privileged in Poland. Irena is a fashion designer and Zbyszek a successful actor. They move in Warsaw high society, take frequent vacations, sometimes abroad, and live in a "villa district"—an area of town left intact during the war, consisting mostly of small single- or double-unit houses, some of them surrounded by tiny gardens. Still, I am surprised at the modesty of their home. There is some gaiety and stylishness—large windows, books, a beautiful porcelain-tiled stove—but the rooms are cramped, there are only four of them for six people, and there is no luxury visible.

The household consists of Irena, Zbyszek, their two adolescent children, a woman who is introduced to me as "Auntie," and who is the live-in maid, and her son Staszek. Live-in maids are among the many anomalies of life in the Polish Socialist Republic. During the years when I was growing up, there were many of them working in middle-class homes. They were either professional servants, left from a prewar Poland in which the *haute bourgeoisie* flourished, or rural girls coming into the city without any skills, and willing to work for room, board, and minuscule wages. Their room often turned out to be the kitchen, but it was still the best situation they could hope for. Now—possibly because people in villages are better educated and trained for skilled work—this arrangement is becoming rarer, and it is a sign of the Janowskis' status and comparative wealth that they can afford to maintain it.

When I arrive, everybody is seated at the evening meal. The food is plentiful and good—several kinds of bread, ham, salami, some fresh vegetables. It is only later that I appreciate the time and ingenuity, as well as money, expended to procure this bounty. To get such food

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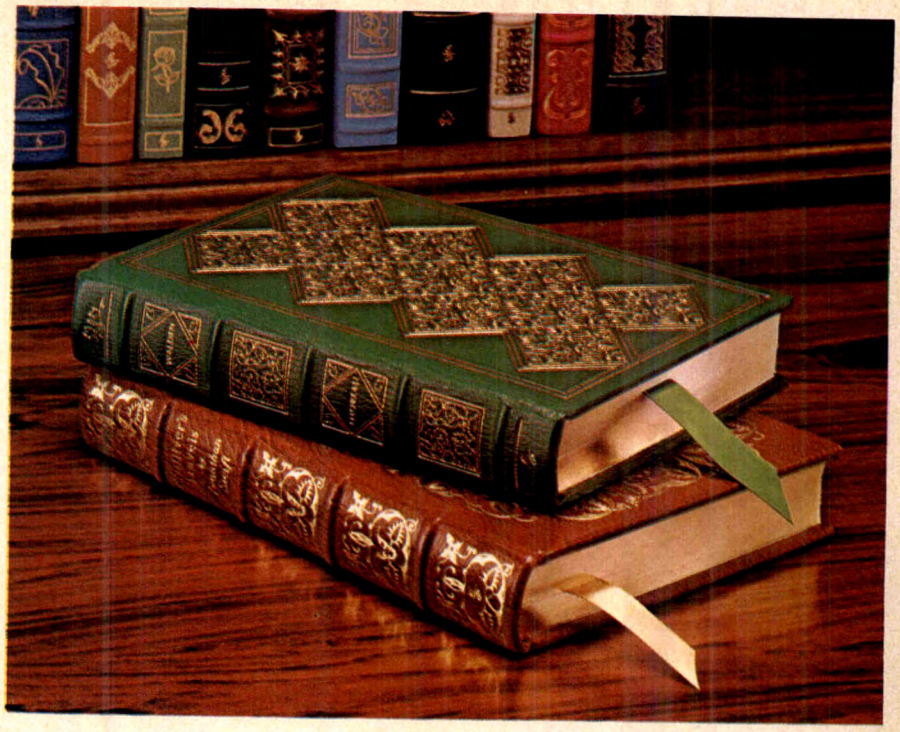

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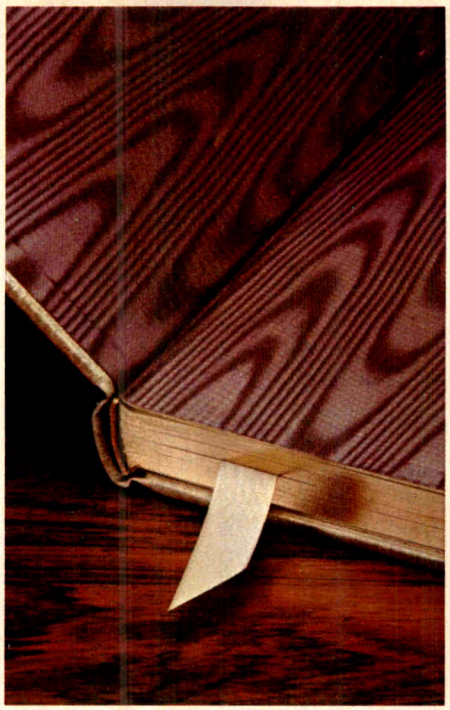

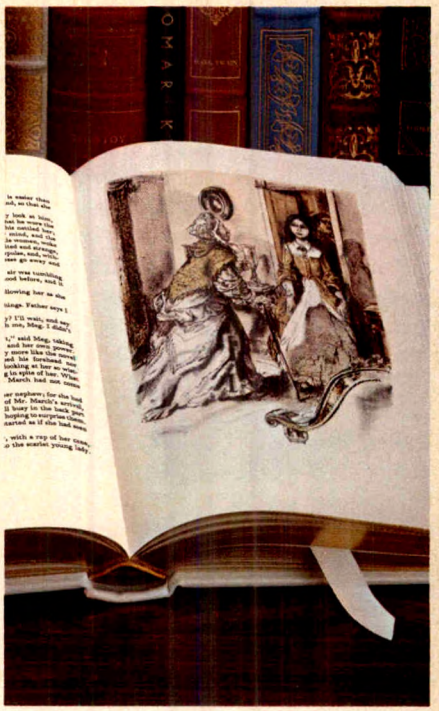

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regularly, Auntie has a private agreement with some farmer who sells her his produce "on the side," before it goes to the official government market.

The table, and the conversation, are presided over by Irena, who is effervescent, talkative, and authoritative. She and the others are curious about that intriguing entity called "America," which they regard both as fascinating and as rather frightening. Their notions of it are that everybody is well off, but people are isolated and have no family feeling . . . TV programs are all worthless, only trashy books sell well. I keep saying, "Yes, but . . .," or "That's not quite true . . .," and launch into explanations which only serve to convince me that "America" is not easy to explain.

The talk inevitably turns to politics, and here the nineteen-year-old Janusz comes into his own. Janusz's attitude toward school is a mixture of laziness and indifference ("a victim of a liberal upbringing," Irena comments), but he has an impassioned interest in political matters, and has carefully collected all the KOR communiqués. He tells me that this interest is shared by a large majority of his peers, who are as discontented with the present state of affairs as are their elders. The prognostications of those who believed that the new generations, raised and educated under the aegis of official ideology, would be indoctrinated into unquestioning assent, turned out to be inaccurate.

The political feelings and opinions that emerge during the conversation match those expressed by everybody I meet. Paramount among them is a deep, bitter resentment of the Soviet Union, which the Janowskis see as the source of Poland's hardships and unfreedom. "They rob us," Janusz says. "If it weren't for them, we could be well off. The Poles are talented. We could build up this country." The rancor spills over in "Russian jokes," which are, ironically enough, an equivalent of our Polish jokes. It extends to all countries allied with the Soviet Union, and to all experiments in socialism or communism. The Poles—aside from the most sophisticated or open-minded—find it hard to imagine a non-Soviet version of these ideologies. They have been badly burnt.

On these familial occasions when everybody participates in animated talk, Auntie is treated with affectionate though barely masked condescension. But there is nothing patronizing in the Janowskis' attitude toward her son, Staszek, who has a university degree and is a successful poet and fiction writer. Staszek is frail, has longish hair, wears blue jeans, and comports himself with a great deal of dignity. There is obviously affection and concern between him and his mother, with whom he shares a room. Earlier in the day, I saw him help her in the kitchen. She, in turn, speaks of him solicitously, and tells me of her hopes that someday he can travel, see the world—"which is so important for a writer."

Staszek reaffirms what I have heard about Polish poetry. There are many exciting poets; their names are household words; their new works are greeted with enthusiasm, and the supply of their books is sold out immediately on publication. I comment on how different this is from the American poet's situation. "Yes," says Staszek, "but in America the writer is not responsible for the conscience of the country. Here he is." Polish writers have entirely different restrictions, however. Staszek talks with bemused irony about the vagaries of censorship, by which he has been frequently victimized. Every bit of printed word—fictional, scholarly, journalistic—has to be submitted to the Censors' Bureau and pass inspection at several levels of its hierarchy. Often, censors low on the totem pole are worried about those higher up, and perform their task with fanatical but befuddled zeal. "They see allusions, associations, double meanings everywhere," Staszek tells me. "They are more adept at finding them than the most seasoned literary critic."

The haphazard nature of ideological censorship these days reflects a more general confusion about how much freedom can be safely allowed. But moral and aesthetic censorship seems to be intensifying. Profanities and scenes of erotic frankness are deleted from fiction; in poetry, rhyme, regular rhythms, and an accent on the sunny side of life are decidedly preferred. Recently, Staszek received a rejection letter which read "Dear Sir, we regretfully inform you that we cannot accept your novel for publication. We find that it mocks noble sentiments and tramples on all that is highest in human nature. Sincerely yours, The Publisher." Like many young writers, Staszek has a novel in his drawer about Poland as he really sees it. He has no particular plans or hopes for it.

After I retire, Staszek goes out to buy a newspaper which contains another article on the recent events. The death of the student is referred to as a drunken accident, and there are nasty attacks on members of the KOR, who are described as provocateurs conspiring with their allies in the West against the interests of the workers' state. Irena, Staszek, Janusz, and Auntie gravitate to Auntie's room and discuss the article in some detail. They comment on how the truth has been, once again, distorted. They conjecture that there are only initials at the bottom because the author was ashamed to sign it with his full name. I hear them talking in the tiny room late into the night.

City on a hill

I remember Warsaw only vaguely from infrequent visits when my parents had official business to transact, but as I walk about I note some obvious changes. There is no rubble visible anywhere. The traffic is heavy, especially at rush hour. There is quite a bit of construction going on, mostly of ugly, prefabricated apartment complexes, colloquially known as "anthills."

The Old Town, reconstructed from almost entire ruin, is Warsaw's pride, and it is indeed very lovely. Part of it is built on a steep hill facing the Vistula, and from a crenellated lookout there is a spacious, grand view of the river and a poplar-lined promenade beside it. The main part of the town is built around a cobblestone square, and its architecture is an attractive mixture of Renaissance, Baroque, and eighteenth-century houses, churches, and other buildings. This section of the city is inhabited by many artists, architects, and craftsmen who exhibit handmade jewelery, paintings, pottery, and glass. And then there are the coffeehouses, never empty, some of them dubbed "caves," because they are located below ground and have interiors that look monastic with their low, wide arches.

I wander into a historical museum, and am surprised at its nationalistic character. It is Poland's feudal and aristocratic past which is celebrated here, and the walls are lined with portraits of kings, queens, conquering princes, powerful bishops.

The new Warsaw bustles and hurries,

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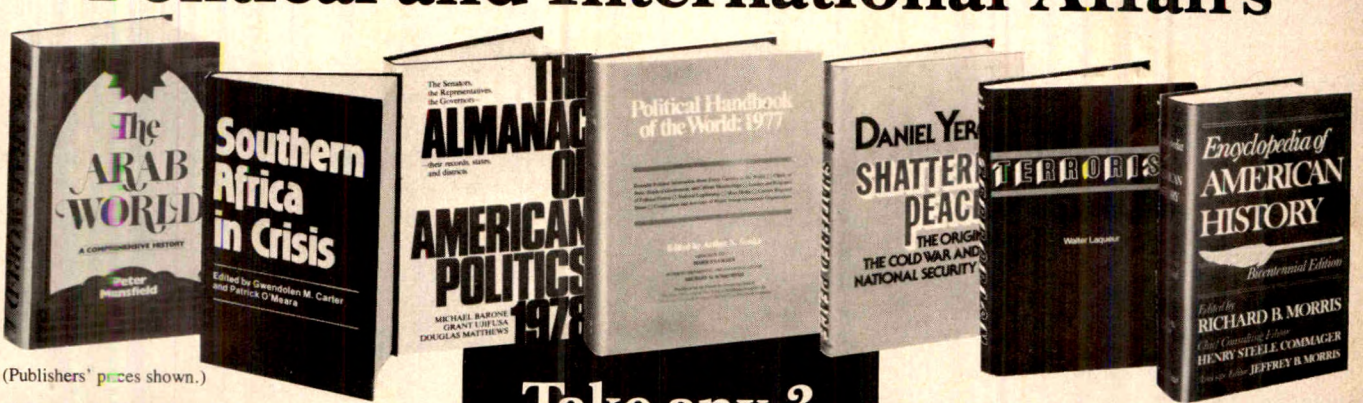

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but charm is not one of its attributes. The breadth of the streets does not compensate for the monotony of the gray buildings with their unadorned façades. I have been told much about the elegance of the Poles, but I see more attempts at chic than the real thing. It is difficult to be consistently elegant when there are so few materials with which to play at fashion.

In doing some casual window-shopping, and in observing people's lives, I am struck by a sense of scarcity. Although Poland produces more kinds of consumer goods than it did a decade ago (many people have TVs and cars these days), it is plagued by shortages in every area. The most ominous is the protracted and still worsening food shortage. Meat stores are a curious sight with their long, white, completely empty counters; on a fresh produce stand, there are a few vegetables of middling quality, and the only fruit available is apples.

Other commodities, although not as crucial as food, come in little variety, small quantities, and with irregularity. In a bookstore, there are relatively few titles; in a "better quality" clothing store, about ten dresses and an equal number of coats hang on the racks, and their cost makes them inaccessible to most people. Some goods, ranging from dishwashers to Kleenex, come on the market rarely and one never knows when.

Does this situation make the Poles less inclined to consumerism, less concerned with material things? Hardly. The effect of scarcity seems to be the opposite, in fact. People are driven to expend inordinate amounts of time, energy, and thought on providing themselves with basic necessities, and possibly on inching a little beyond the bare minimum. And Poles are tantalized with suggestions of luxury. For example, there is a special category of stores in which imported goods can be purchased with foreign currency only. The existence of these stores is a virtual sanction of the black market, although getting caught is severely punishable. Nevertheless, large numbers of people buy dollars unofficially. A man with whom I strike up a conversation on the tramway tells me, in confidential tones, that instead of buying dollars in Poland, you go to Hungary, where they are sold at much lower rates. There, you change Polish zlotys into Hungarian forints, forints into dollars, and you still come out ahead and have yourself a nice vacation besides. For the ingenious, there are ways to beat the system.

Nothing has changed

Warsaw acts as a kind of buffer zone for me, cushioning me from a too-sudden re-entry into Kraków, where I grew up, and for which I long felt an intense nostalgia. Now, ready to go there, I am worried about finding people whom I have not contacted for many years. But everybody I look up in the phone book is listed, after eighteen years, at the same address. I telephone, am greeted with astonishment and excitement, and the next day, at the train station in Kraków, I am met by four strangely grown-up versions of the children I knew. I take the bouquet of flowers they have brought me, and Tomek tells me that I am to stay with him and his mother for a while. We get into his Polish Fiat, of which he is very proud. Five minutes later, I am embraced by Mrs. Dobrzanska, and, looking round the apartment in which I spent many childhood hours, I am struck by the fact that aside from the television and a gas stove which has replaced the old wood-burning one, nothing has changed.

It is Tomek's birthday. Two of his friends are there, and we all sit around the table, eating what is obviously a special supper ("On Tomek's birthday, we still have ham," Mrs. Dobrzanska says), and drinking vodka. 'Drink up, it's good for you, it's our Polish medicine," Mrs. D. encourages in a singsong voice, and more vodka is poured into my glass. We toast each other voluminously, Mrs. D. gets a little sentimental, Tomek and his friends joke.

They are fascinated by the fact that I have done some traveling, and I am forced into capsule descriptions of every place I have visited. Tomek, a computer engineer, is the only one among them who has been abroad—he spent a year in West Germany which, in the boom economic years, provided temporary employment for a number of Poles. But even then, he didn't see much, didn't move around. He was there to make money, and he spent his time working hard, and saving even harder.

"So this is how it is, this how we live," Mrs. D. says, striking a melancholy note. "We never get anywhere. We live for today. What is there to hope for?" She makes a sweeping movement, indicating the apartment. "You see, nothing much has changed . . . My husband didn't have what it takes to make money, he was a conscientious man . . . And then, they take everything away from us . . ." Tomek says, "That's enough, Mummy, it's not so bad," and kisses her hand affectionately. "Drink up," she says, raising her glass.

The party finishes with a delicious cake, and after the guests leave, and Mrs. D. makes a fire in the bathroom stove so that I can have some hot water, we all bed down in the single, all-purpose room, managing, through delicate maneuvers, to preserve a semblance of privacy.

A woman's role

Mrs. D. is intensely aware of social distinctions and nuances of status which often seem imperceptible. The distinctions are based not so much on economic or professional standing as on the old, bourgeois class values. Thus, Mrs. Rapacka is somebody of whom Mrs. D. speaks with slight deference. She is a "lady," her background is distinguished, she is cultured. Her daughter, Teresa, although she is less professionally successful than Tomek, is regarded, by virtue of coming from a "better" family, with esteem. The prewar hierarchies seem to have survived the leveling effect of communism; and the beliefs and norms attached to them seem to have a firmer hold on people's minds than the official doctrines of classlessness.

Teresa, who was a close childhood friend, comes with her husband and three children to pick me up. The children introduce themselves with a curtsy. Teresa presents them proudly, as if to say, "This is who I am, this is my accomplishment." She broods over her family. She has become corpulent, and looks decidedly middle-aged.

We drive to their new apartment, which they acquired only a few months ago. They had lived, since the beginning of their marriage, in one room in her parents' apartment. Their new home is an "anthill" apartment which cost a staggering sum, and they could afford it only because Robert, a physicist, had a research fellowship from West Germany, and was able to save enough out of it to pay for the apartment—after exchanging the money at black market rates, of course.

Mrs. Rapacka is there when we arrive. Although in her seventies, she is

youthful, resolute, and commanding. She throws questions at me like a general debriefing one of his staff, and she talks with animated intelligence about herself. The other members of the family treat her with marked respect. Henryk, her son, an avant-garde composer in his forties, lives in his parents' apartment, often adjusts his schedule to hers, and is wary of incurring his mother's displeasure. But he doesn't chafe under this, and seems to consider it natural behavior.

Teresa seems more worn than her mother. But then, she has grown up in more harassing circumstances. I watch her during the next few days as she runs from store to store to get enough food for dinner (one evening, she comes back with only farmer's cheese) and tries to control the apartment, in which, on three successive days, the plumbing breaks down, the water is turned off, and the gas malfunctions, and I understand why she is often irritable and without energy to be interested in much beyond her daily tasks.

Nevertheless, Teresa is not fundamentally dissatisfied, and does not question the terms of her situation. The family is both her *raison d'être* and an untouchable institution. She is a bit baffled by my life, disconcerted by the fact that I am separated from my husband, and disbelieving when I tell her that the separation was partly my decision. Divorce is still rare in Poland, and she can only see it as the destruction of possibilities for happiness. I, on the other hand, find something stifling in Teresa's existence, and see my greater freedom, which usually seems so burdensome to me, as the breath of possibility itself.

Although Teresa wishes that Robert would help her with housework a little (especially during the school year, when she does full-time teaching), she does not demand much. In turn, Robert, a very intelligent young man, speaks about "a woman's natural role," and Teresa does not protest. Altogether, feminism has not made much headway in Poland, perhaps partly because it has been co-opted by official ideology, summoning up those dreary posters on which men and women, dressed in overalls, congregate around a tractor—and overalls, in Poland, do not have overtones of chic. Equal rights have meant, for most Polish women, the right to hold a job and do the housework, and the economic conditions have not been favorable to any more

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radical rethinking of the problem.

Polish women not only manage the home and oversee the development of the children, but they are respected as moral teachers, purveyors of wisdom, opinion makers. I meet a large number of authoritative, strong-minded women; it does not occur to them that they could be regarded less highly than men as thinking and perceiving beings.

Teresa is very successful in inculcating her values in her children. Lizzy, eight, describes her friends with utmost seriousness as "well-behaved" or "disobedient." She earnestly wants to impress with her behavior, and crosses herself in front of every church (as does Teresa—who also makes the gesture before starting the car). Lizzy is at an age when her desire to imitate adults may not be surprising, but I notice a willing assent to convention, a relative absence of intergenerational conflict.

Undoubtedly, there are good reasons for better relations between the generations—the virtual unanimity of political disaffection being one of them. Parents are not aligned with "the establishment"—they represent a cultural heritage which may have all the more credence because it is separate.

There is comfort in receiving a comparatively stable heritage. People question themselves less, enjoy each other more, mature through assimilation into the adult world, and are almost completely innocent of psychiatry. And yet, oddly, I find that I am discomfited by the absence of a generation gap—and I think that I am responding to a lack of choice in the situation. Even for the few who can leave their parental homes, there are not many opportunities to remake lives along different lines, or even to imagine alternatives.

Ornery breed

Robert's attitude toward "the system" differs somewhat from that of most people I meet. Although he defines himself as "opposed," he participates, as a research physicist, in work which is important to the growth of Poland, and he wants to feel some commitment to his role. Thus he points to some merits and accomplishments of postwar legislation: poverty has been eliminated, literacy is high, the all-inclusive free medical coverage is effective. Robert resents the food shortages as much as everybody else, but the current problems, he explains, are rooted partly in a postwar decision to exempt Polish agriculture from forcible collectivization. Peasants were given a choice of individual or collaborative farming, and most chose the former.

The decision was based partly on an assessment of "national character." Polish peasants were judged to be too ornery a breed, and too fiercely attached to their land, to submit to large-scale collectivization. But by now, the private ownership system has become inadequate on two counts. First of all, it is inefficient. The plots of land are too small, and the individual farmers cannot afford the machinery which would make for maximal yield. The problem becomes aggravated as more young people leave the villages and there are fewer hands to work the farms. Moreover, there may be something inherently unworkable about a partial free-enterprise principle under which farming operates. Although farmers own their own property, they theoretically have only one customer—the state. This customer, for some time, has not been paying enough to make the exchange worthwhile, and the farmers, with capitalist responsiveness to loss and profit, are producing less. The situation is not easy to fix, since Gierek is under intense pressure to keep prices down; nobody wants a repetition of the 1976 scenario.

At the beginning of Gierek's administration, to make good on his promises of economic improvement, he imported more than Poland could afford and he incurred large debts. These debts are now being paid off partly by exporting desirable products—that famous Polish ham, for example. The word "export" has rankling connotations for the Poles. It drains an already depleted economy, and it deprives them of things they badly need. Thus, when I hear Premier Jaroszewicz announcing that the internal market produced more than its quota last year, but the external market needs boosting, I get angry. I begin to see why several of my friends refuse to read the newspapers or watch television news. The media convey little information, they say, and it makes their blood pressure go up.

A place apart

I walk around Kraków half remembering it, half dreaming it, and I find my way by a kind of sixth sense. Since Kraków was one of the few important Polish cities to escape destruction during the war, there is almost no postwar box architecture or high-rises. It is a city of low buildings, tree-lined, winding streets, full of unexpected architectural gems. There are parks and a promenade surrounding the Old Town, a meeting place for people who walk with their family or friends, and who pause to rest on benches under poplars and chestnut trees. The main square, filled with flower stands, features several Gothic buildings, including the tower from which the famous trumpeter warned Krakovians of the arrival of the Turks.

The square is alive with people shopping, talking in coffeehouses, mothers taking their children for a stroll, priests in long cassocks, some horse-drawn buggies, a quartet of elderly men who play the accordion, the harmonica, and two violins, and who sing lilting, sentimental songs. At one point I stop, unsure where to turn next, and a toothless old woman in a black scarf approaches me, asking what I am looking for. I tell her the name of the street. "I don't know where that is, my little darling, I don't know, my kitten, I don't know, my little golden one," she intones lovingly, and for some reason I shiver.

My goal is the synagogue, which I have saved for the end of my tour of Kraków. When I was growing up, the synagogue was a place set apart from ordinary life, a place where my parents took me solemnly once a year, where the quirky and secretive business of being Jewish was communally affirmed. In the courtyard, people met and talked with an air of gravity and shared sorrow.

Now I approach the synagogue with some trepidation, uncertain whether it is still used as a temple. But the courtyard gate is open, and there are four old men in front of the building. Yes, the services are still held on the Sabbath, they tell me—attended by old people, the only ones who have stayed. There are about five hundred Jews left in Kraków. The anti-Semitic campaign of 1967–1968 and the subsequent 1968 emigration virtually finished the Jewish community in Poland (there were 25,000 left after World War II, only 7000 by 1971). I feel strongly the pathos of these four old men left in a place which is now only a place to die—where nothing of theirs will be continued.

I am reluctant to tell my friends

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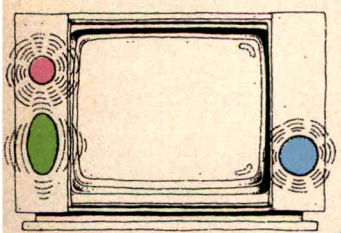

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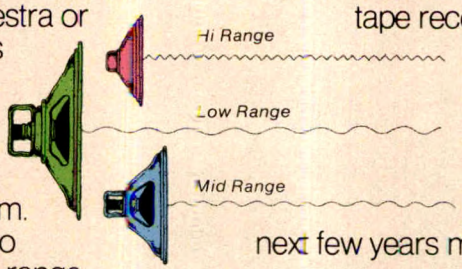

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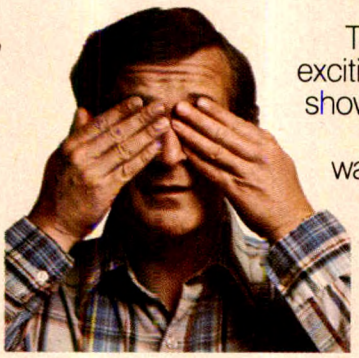

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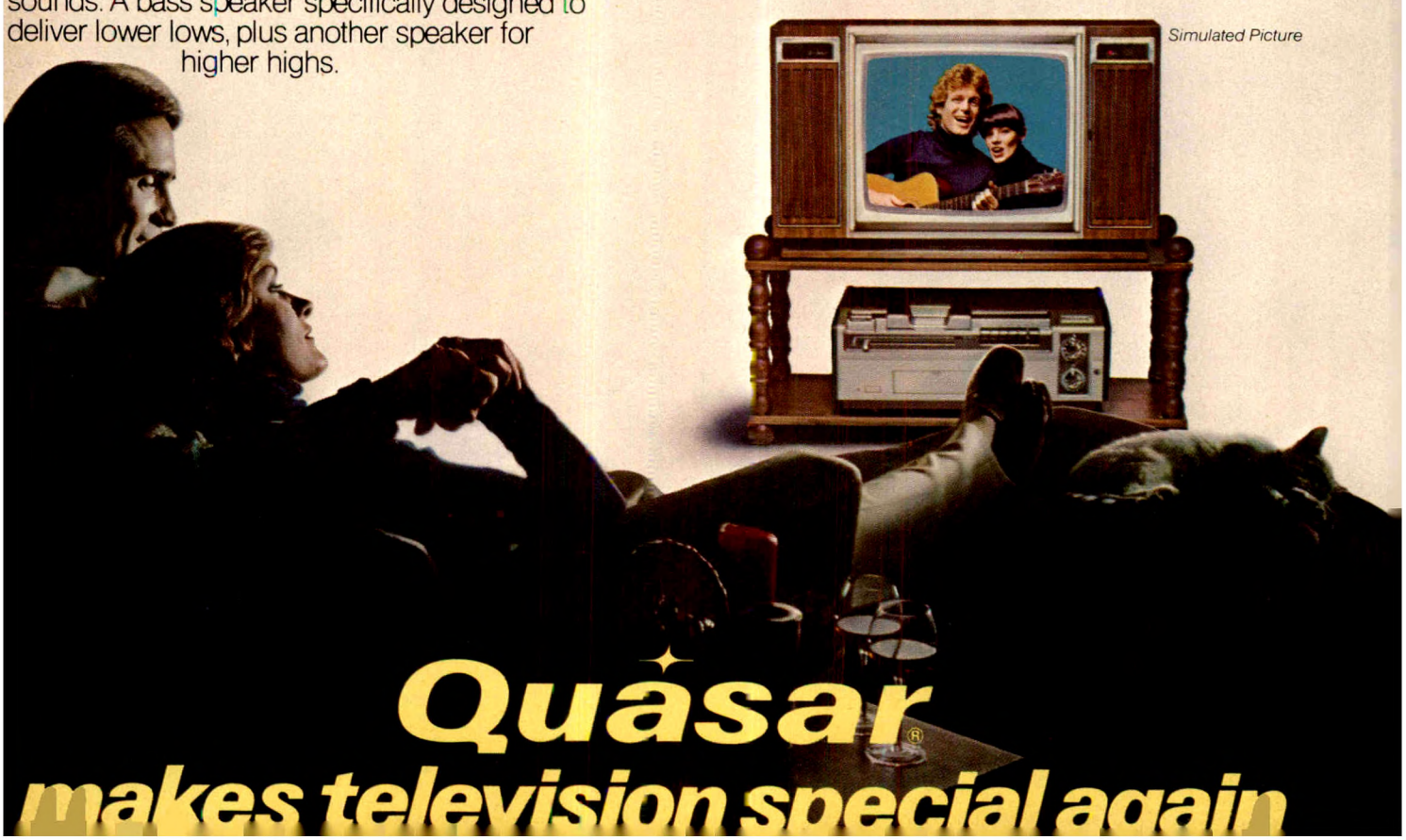

about my visit to the synagogue, or what it meant to me. There have been signs that Jewishness is an embarrassing subject; an awkward silence when I mention Israel, a long speech by Mrs. Rapacka reassuring me that she is tolerant of all faiths, a defensive denial of anti-Semitism in Poland by people who should know better. I realize that there is no way to touch this matter without awkwardness. Whatever people's particular feelings may be, the history of Polish-Jewish relations is too awful not to cause shame. I realize also that, had I stayed in Poland into adulthood, the contradictions of the situation would have driven me out eventually. I recall an incident in which some of my schoolmates turned on me in a pack, because I refused to participate in religion classes which were briefly introduced into Polish schools. But as I was being attacked, some other children came to my aid, and threw themselves into a fight in my defense. What feeling should have been uppermost in my mind—hatred or gratitude?

And, on my return, I still cannot find a single attitude I can adopt toward this question. Collective condemnation refuses to translate itself into individual rejection. Pure outrage is possible only from a distance.

The Marble Man

My friends are eager to take me to the movies and the theater. One evening, after seeing a play which I do not particularly enjoy, I convey my opinion to Irena, whose immediate response is—"But it got good reviews in the West!" The West is the touchstone, the measure.

On the whole, however, Polish theater seems to be in excellent health. The performances I see in Warsaw and Kraków are sparkling and sophisticated and the repertory uncompromising in its quality and difficulty. Political themes dominate. Ironically enough, two of the most powerful and interesting plays—*The Wedding* by Witold Gombrowicza and *The Emigrants* by Slawomir Mrozek—were written by playwrights who emigrated in the middle of their careers because of political contretemps.

The most talked-about event of this season, however, is not a play but a movie—*The Marble Man* by Andrzej Wajda, who also directed such Polish classics as *Ashes and Diamonds* and *The Canal.* The film has caused a great furor as the government threatened to ban it. It is being shown regularly however, although there is still a prohibition on favorable reviews of it.

The Marble Man is probably one of the frankest commentaries on the Stalinist era ever made and shown in Eastern Europe. Through documentary filmstrips, still photos, and a fictionalized narrative, it traces the career of a young worker—one of the thousands who were recruited to build Nowa Huta, a showcase industrial town. The protagonist—a young, energetic, and completely disingenuous country boy—is brought to the construction site, housed in primitive barracks, and worked hard. On a whim, he is singled out as an exemplary "workers' leader," and his portrait hangs in a prominent place. But he takes his new role too seriously. He agitates for improvements, for better housing, for more honesty. His idealism is punished and he lands in jail. A few years later—it is the Gomulka period now—he is rehabilitated. But, although his friends have planned a welcome celebration, he has almost nothing to say; his disillusionment is almost complete. We next learn from his son, a dock worker in Gdańsk, that he died. The docks were the scene of 1970 strikes in which many people died, and it is clear to Polish audiences that the final sequences are an allusion to these events. But the ending is cautiously optimistic: there is a chance that a young film-maker who has made a documentary based on the protagonist's story will be able to get her film shown, that the truth may not be silenced.

The audience is visibly moved and excited on the way out. "Fabulous," Mrs. Dobrzanska says, "Wajda has courage." Tomek has one objection: "Why do we always point the finger at our predecessors and imply that things are better now?"

Hunger strike

Warsaw again. I return to the Janowskis', whose house now looks like the acme of comfort and elegance.

I hear about a hunger strike staged in support of the arrested KOR workers. It is being held in a church. This is apparently the most active and open show of support for political dissent that the church has yet made.

One day, as I walk through Warsaw's Old Town, I enter one of the churches, fascinated by the fact that it is full almost to overflowing. I stand in the back and look at the congregation. There are peasant women, men who look like bureaucrats, housewives with their shopping bags, and young people in jeans and tight sweaters. Some are there in the traditional religious spirit which is deeply rooted in Polish culture, and is almost inseparable from patriotic feeling. But many young people flock to the church these days because it is the one institution where they can gather communally outside the aegis of the party. A few months ago, when the first church built after the war was opened in Nowa Huta—the setting of Wajda's movie—some 150,000 people attended this symbolic event.

When the hunger strike is over, I ask people whether they think it accomplished anything. That is the wrong question. Nobody expected "results" from it. But it is important that it happened, important to register protest, important not to become resigned, not to yield.

I spend my last evening with Julia, a historian of some repute. After a long day's work, she exudes energy. She makes dinner quickly, puts on a record of songs sung in the lyrical, chanteuse style, talks about literature, her romances, chooses her dress carefully, takes me to the theater—to see a hilarious rendition of *Twelfth Night* performed by an all-female cast—and laughs exuberantly.

No, a culture, a country, cannot be summarized. But I wonder what happens when an entire culture is forced to live in bad faith. For the vast majority of the Poles, the beliefs, doctrines, and principles which ostensibly govern them are at best an irrelevance to which they have to pay lip service, at worst an expression of an oppressive power. The real life of the culture goes on elsewhere—in places where official authority cannot reach.

—FRIEDA STEIN

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Ward Just's new novel, *A Family Trust,* will appear in the spring.

Frieda Stein is a pseudonym for a free-lance writer living in New York.

PARTY of ONE

Equality's Uneven Hand

by Thomas Griffith

There are subjects that bother and pursue us throughout our lives. I don't mean ruling passions that obsess one—as sex and money and power do—but unanswered, unshakable questions, such as religious faith or doubt, that haunt one. In my own case the question I can never resolve concerns equality; my attitude toward it oscillates constantly, like a trembling needle on a dial, and I've about decided that I'm never going to come to a still point on the subject, and be at rest with it. In its blessings and in its dangers, I think equality is the great, the basic American question.

We are strengthened by equality, we are weakened by it; we celebrate it, we repudiate it. The question haunts Americans in particular because engraved early on our brainpans is the dubious assertion that "all men are created equal." If this means they are genetically equal, or born in similar circumstances or with similar prospects, then it's nonsense on the face of it. If, then, it means "equal in the sight of God," we are soon deep in the tortured theology of those Graham Greene thrillers where the miserable sinner, because he is bedeviled, seems more interesting to God than does the well-behaved faithful one; to even things up, you have to add in the notion of grace, to assure a heavenly welcome to those who seem lacking in all earthly merit. It is the earthly aspect of equality that fascinates me.

Equality, as in one man, one vote, is the essence of democracy; the notion that I'm as good as you are is at the heart of American informality. Yet equality also implies a leveling, a resistance to every individual's longing to stand out from the crowd, and thus wars with that other basic American trait, the pursuit of success and distinction. Equality is not a subject that can be seen whole; it shows itself clearly only in facets that catch the light at one moment. Perhaps these facets put together add up to a whole. I hope.

Start then with the fact that I am a child of equality, which has given me privileges I would never otherwise have known.

Alex Haley has surer roots than I have. On my mother's Irish side, I go back to a grandfather who emigrated from Ireland, helped lay tracks westward for the Northern Pacific Railroad, and settled where it came to an end in Tacoma, Washington. Back beyond that grandfather, Peter O'Reilly, I suspect my ancestors were never far from the bog, though my Irish relatives insisted we were lace-curtain. About my father's family I am even less clear: I never heard him mention his Welsh father or say what kind of work he did; my father was always skimpy on biographical detail unless it could be invoked in moralizing, to show that his childhood was harsher than ours. If it weren't for state universities with low tuitions, I wouldn't have gone to college; if it weren't for a $15-a-month student make-work New Deal job, I probably couldn't have stayed there.

So I begin in equality's debt. Growing up among the ordinary and hard-pressed, being one of them, I have a natural feeling for that large segment of Americans who seem so mysterious and threatening to others; I'm not tempted either to exaggerate their virtues or to ignore their merit. Later, in a fellowship at Harvard and in good jobs in New York City, I got to know people who had the advantages of family, position, and money I lacked, admired them for their ease and for their schooling, which was more literate and less utilitarian than mine. But I also discovered the walking wounded among the privileged—saw how advantage can sap the spirit of some, can create in others doubts that they can live up to the higher expectancies for them.

I learned the paradox that the disadvantaged have advantages. Today's real hard-luck kid may be surrounded by money, ignored by parents too centered on their own careers to pay him attention, living in a lonely maze of stepfathers, stepbrothers and sisters, and absent parents. Since my mother died early I grew up orphaned, was farmed out to boardinghouses, but at least I knew where I was at. There was no confusion about it.

Beyond the reach of legislative remedy, more important than either race or income, the circumstances of family life and the character of one's parents really mark the inequality of all our beginnings.

Sources of confusion: Most of us benefit some of the time from equality but gain more often from accepted inequality.

Places where equality is (in principle at least) expected to reign: in being subject to the draft, or to jury duty. In bumper-to-bumper traffic jams. In lines, waiting "your turn"—at movies, bank windows, tollbooths, polling booths. In equal pay for equal work; most Americans get the "going scale" in their line of work, are governed by the union contract, the hourly wage, the in-grade pay level in the armed forces and civil service.

Places where inequality prevails: wherever money permits one to jump the queue to win unequal treatment—first class vs. tourist; orchestra vs. balcony; expense-account restaurants, at the headwaiter's rewarded discretion.

Wherever rank has its privileges—executive dining rooms, limos, private planes, gates that swing widely only for them.

Wherever having got there first matters, particularly when it comes to owning land: this is the advantage of "old money" over new.

Money is thus the approved American way of escaping the rigors of equality. "My money is as good as yours" has a democratic sound to it, but really means I have just as much right to pay for preferred treatment as you do. Money as "the great equalizer" works, except in a few enclaves of privilege—clubs, golf courses—which therefore seem doubly undemocratic, downright un-American.

Inequality prevails too in taxes. Once everyone was supposed to pay an equal share of his earnings, then with the progressive income and inheritance taxes, the better off would be paying a greater share. In fact the rich pay proportionately less than the middle

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Thomas Griffith is more than equal to the task of writing regularly for *The Atlantic.*

class. Don't expect Jimmy Carter to keep his promise that someday people of equal earnings will pay equally.

In lawbreaking, equal offenses are presumably equally punished, but the difference in the kind of lawyering one can afford is immense. A man may steal half a million dollars and not go to jail, while a street robber can get prison for stealing $50; the armed threat, not the sum, makes the difference. Crime in a white collar gets off easier.

Other forms of inequality: health, bone structure and beauty, talent, temperament, humor, taste. "All other things being equal" . . . but they never are.

The real pox of equality is envy, the notion that I'm as much entitled as he is, the smoldering resentment when someone else gets more, or gets away with more, than I do. Equality always feels threatened by diversity.

The politics of revenge is the shabby side of egalitarianism; its better side is the politics of redress, which seek to even out life's inequities, to give everyone an evener chance. This is like making the favorite carry additional weight in a horse race, but in the human race, not everyone starts from the same starting gate or at the same time. Helping the hindmost is an act of fairness; more than that, these days, it is an investment in public tranquillity.

The classic American formula for modifying (without abolishing) inequality is the idea of "equality of opportunity," which has been defined as giving everyone a fair chance to leave the others behind. Its energizing spirit is incentive, but such competitiveness is now considered gauche, greedy, "overachieving" by those who (to use another vogue word) are "laid back." So we hear a proposition urged called "equality of results," a horse race in which everyone is to be equally rewarded no matter in what position he crosses the finish line. In the name of equality, torpor gets paid the wages of effort.

Equality deserves better theory than that. Equality has a number of false friends, especially among academic apologists. Particularly noxious to me are the leveling views of Professor Herbert J. Gans, author of *More Equality*, who wants to eliminate "invidious status and other distinctions" between highbrow, middlebrow, and lowbrow levels of taste. "A culturally equal society would thus treat all ways of expressing oneself and acting as equal in value, status, and moral worth." Why? "Because they express the differing aesthetic standards of people in different socioeconomic and educational circumstances." This is condescension gone mad. It is possible to argue the creativity and quality of blues music, as it is of string quartets, but whose socioeconomic circumstances require giving the Melachrino Strings equal time?

Equality is most in trouble when it drops its "e," and must deal with quality. Its usual method is to scorn its betters, and to complain of elites, a dirty word in democracy's dictionary. Elite sounds snobbish when used by those who belong, deplorable to those who don't. Yet elites are just another way, like money, of sorting ourselves out of the ruck. There are elites, of course, of achievement, of specialization, of status; but there are also elites of common interest—of knowledgeable basketball fans, of discerning music buffs—where people talk in shorthand and quick exchanges, comfortable together, consciously or unconsciously excluding those who can't keep up. Even the meanest street has its elite.

The truth is that inequality has two strings to its bow, and equality but one. Equality is the world of fairness. Inequality at its worst is the world of privilege, unearned, uncaring, and often arrogant. But inequality is also the world of achievement, of excellence.

A hankering for equality does not prevent one from knowing that many of one's fellow citizens can be petty and selfish, slobs, or bores. The onrush of guilty snobbery really begins when one has to admit that there are people who are the salt of the earth whom one would not want to spend the evening with. Sociability and sterling worth often move on quite different tracks.

The urban songwriter who celebrates the simple values to be found only in small towns probably wouldn't live in one. The main difference between small-town wholesomeness and big-city wickedness is that one doesn't have to be as circumspect in a big city's anonymity. I prize the friends I knew back where I come from, and easily pick up again with them after not seeing them for long periods, but I also like the company I now live among, who share the big city's fast transfer of opinions and references, the big city's tastes, opportunities, experiences.

Yet I realize that much of the rest of the country feels an animosity toward the metropolis—particularly toward the publicity capitals of New York and Los Angeles, where a foolish overvaluation of commercial success and celebrityhood is shown by the new arbiters of democratic taste, the talk shows and the people magazines. In this world of the relentlessly ambitious, the right to equality of attention in the name of fairness has no meaning where merit is such a random element. As if we all didn't know that a bump of talent doesn't necessarily enrich one's character, or that the itch to make a lot of money rarely enlarges one's heart. The world of the Beautiful People is a sideshow that thinks itself a center. But how eager the many are to read about the eccentric few, maybe to envy them for being overpaid and oversexed, then to say smugly, when these paragons fall, that they knew it would turn out that way. Whoever said, in the name of democracy, that everyone is nice? □

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THE MAIL

THE ART OF POVERTY

SIR: If you wish to subsidize whining parasites why don't you give a hundred dollars to John Brooke, instead of aggravating your readers with his article "The Gentle Art of Poverty" (October *Atlantic*) in which he tickles his crushed ego?

Brooke should look at other people's needs: people who were young at sixty but who begin to feel their age at seventy or eighty; young people who never got a chance to work; people stricken with fatal diseases. Instead of scrounging for benefits from all kinds of charitable organizations, partly by cheating, he ought to offer his time and energy to working in one of these organizations.

ALMA S. WITTLIN
Palo Alto, Calif.

SIR: I know poverty well enough to know that John Brooke has never been, and never will be, poor. He may, though, have learned of that more dismal state of not belonging. "We" may educate "the poor" and give "them" opportunity, but unless we also let those rising know that they are not alone in not belonging, we may be giving them no more than an expensive temptation to suicide or miserable struggling years of the lost identity that Mr. Brooke is tasting in his opposite shift.

A sort of reconciliation and identity is found when one finally accepts one's kinship to all life and *all mankind*. That acceptance entails an end to self-destructive snobbery whether it be by the rich against the poor or by the poor against the rich.

Mr. Brooke is no more important than the squalling brat who is refused medical attention and no less important than that man he used to be.

C. JAMES
Crossville, Tenn.

SIR: "The Gentle Art of Poverty" is fascinating because many people the age of John Brooke, or a little older, are in the same position, without his resourcefulness. Many just sit and mope.

Let's hope Brooke loses his depression. If he does, I am sure he will have something to say to all of us.

MARGARET HALLIGAN
Lake Worth, Fla.

SIR: I would like to suggest to Mr. Brooke that there is more than one choice for mankind, i.e. not "to leave [his] luggage behind" but to turn his attention toward God. If that is an impossible situation for him, he should turn his efforts toward fellow human beings who are in much worse shape than he. He will find that in doing something for others he will have less of a problem within himself.

MICHAEL B. DOOLEY, M.D.
Phoenixville, Pa.

WRITING POETRY

SIR: I am disturbed by Donald Hall's article "Other Voices, Other Tones" (October *Atlantic*). He seems to equate formal poetry with the controlling and repressive ego.

He implies here that poets changed from formal verse to "free verse and fantasy" because the latter made for better readings; and, growing from this, that "iambic stanzas" are in some measure emotionally repressive, inaccessible, and unreadable. To set the facts straight, formal poetry inhibits the expression of feeling no more than free verse liberates it. I admire the poets Mr. Hall mentions, but a close look at their early, formal verse (especially the work of Kinnell and Wright) will show that these poets abandoned the more traditional mode because they did not work well in it. To assume that the deficiency is in the iambic cadence and not in the poets' ability and temperament is naive. Many distinguished poets of their generation, in addition to working in free verse, continue to employ traditional meters effectively: Thom Gunn, Edgar Bowers, Richard Howard, and J. V. Cunningham, among others.

ALAN SHAPIRO
Stanford, Calif.

Donald Hall replies:

In describing the typical, I spoke of poets who abandoned iambic, and, alas, in the same sentence I described characteristics of their poetry, and spoke of the frequency of poetry readings. From the association of these particulars, Professor Shapiro derives a theory of causation which he attributes to me. But it is a theory I do not share. I am aware that free verse and fantasy are not necessarily connected. Both Blake and Shelley were able to tell us to let go while writing iambic stanzas. I love iambic verse, and certainly do not find it "repressive, inaccessible, and unreadable." If I had found it so, I would not have anthologized, taught, and praised Thom Gunn, Edgar Bowers, and J. V. Cunningham.

PBB DISASTER

SIR: Edwin Chen describes Dr. Selikoff's study of exposed farmers ("Michigan: If Something Odd Happens . . . ," August *Atlantic*) as a "new era in epidemiology."

A brief review of the history of epidemiology would show that as early as 1692 John Graunt was studying mortality patterns (the endpoint of numerous "disease patterns"), and that a litany of diseases and exposures, or risk factors, testify to a long-standing use of the techniques Mr. Chen discovered. (To name a few: scrotal cancer in chimney sweeps, cigarette smoking and lung cancer, cholesterol and blood pressure in coronary heart disease, leukemia and breast cancer after the atomic bomb in

Hiroshima, and liver cancer in vinyl chloride workers, etc., etc.)

RICHARD F. HAMMAN, M.D.
Baltimore, Md.

SIR: When visiting Michigan this summer I talked to a farmer about the PBB in grain, dairy products, and meat in Michigan. Edwin Chen says the mixture of PBB in the grain was purely accidental. The farmer maintains that the use of PBB in grain is intentional and designed to prevent fires and explosions in the granaries. Why was this point never mentioned in the article?

DEBRA A. NOLAN
Carlsbad, Calif.

Edwin Chen replies:

To be sure, polybrominated biphenyl is a fire retardant. But the chemical, which penetrates even concrete, was never intended to come into contact with food—for animals or for people. The mixup was quite inadvertent.

As for Dr. Hamman's letter: Chemical contaminations, alas, are not new and, as he accurately points out, neither is the technique of environmental epidemiology; however, the study of potentially widespread illnesses caused by chemical substances like PBB in a *general population* (as opposed to, say, vinyl chloride workers) is.

A footnote: Dr. Irving J. Selikoff reported in August that his Environmental Sciences Laboratory of New York's Mt. Sinai Medical Center has found severe impairment to the immune systems of all forty-five Michigan residents they studied. At the same time, the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency reported that PBB has turned up in catfish taken from the Ohio River near a Parkersburg, W. Va., manufacturer—just one of more than 130 factories throughout the United States that used PBB in their products. Earlier in the year, the EPA found PBB in the air, water, fish, soil, and human hair in Staten Island, N.Y., and in Bayonne and Sayerville, N.J.

REDONNEDANCY

SIR: The poem "It Takes a Heap of Compost to Make a House a Mess" (November *Atlantic*) contains a glaring error. Felicia Lamport says that Marlowe wrote the line "Come live with me and be my love." He most certainly didn't. Donne did (in "The Bait").

JOHN GOSS
Creede, Colo.

Felicia Lamport replies:

Mr. Goss seems to have been blinded by the glare of a *fata morgana*: "Come live with me and be my love" is the first line of Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

Donne's use of the same line in "The Bait" was a clear reference to Marlowe's poem, proposing to add "some new pleasures" to the pleasures described by the passionate shepherd. I'm afraid Mr. Goss swallowed the bait and came up with a redonnedancy.

ADVICE & CONSENT

SIR: Permit me to contradict Mr. George Ball on one point in his interesting article "Asking for Trouble in South Africa" (October *Atlantic*).

In stating that "the French government . . . can probably be counted on not to halt its conventional arms shipments to [South Africa]," Mr. Ball seems to have overlooked President Giscard d'Estaing's decision, publicly announced last year, prohibiting any further sale of ground and air military equipment to South Africa and halting all such deliveries to that country.

France's position on this point was recently reaffirmed in New York by the French foreign minister both in a speech to the UN General Assembly (September 28) and during a televised interview on September 30.

ANDRÉ BAEYENS
Ambassade de France
New York, N.Y.

SIR: Denis Warner's remark that "during the Vietnam War Australian military advisers led irregular forces serving under CIA control" is substantially incorrect ("Australia: Running Out of Luck," October *Atlantic*).

Irregular forces in Vietnam came under the 5th Special Forces Group, a United States Army unit. Though the funds for the CIDG program came from, among other sources, CIA funds, the program itself was under U.S. Army control. Some Australians, and even a few New Zealanders, were posted to duty with some of these irregular forces, particularly the Mike Forces, but such service hardly put them under CIA control.

SHAUN M. DARRAGH
Hato Rey, Puerto Rico

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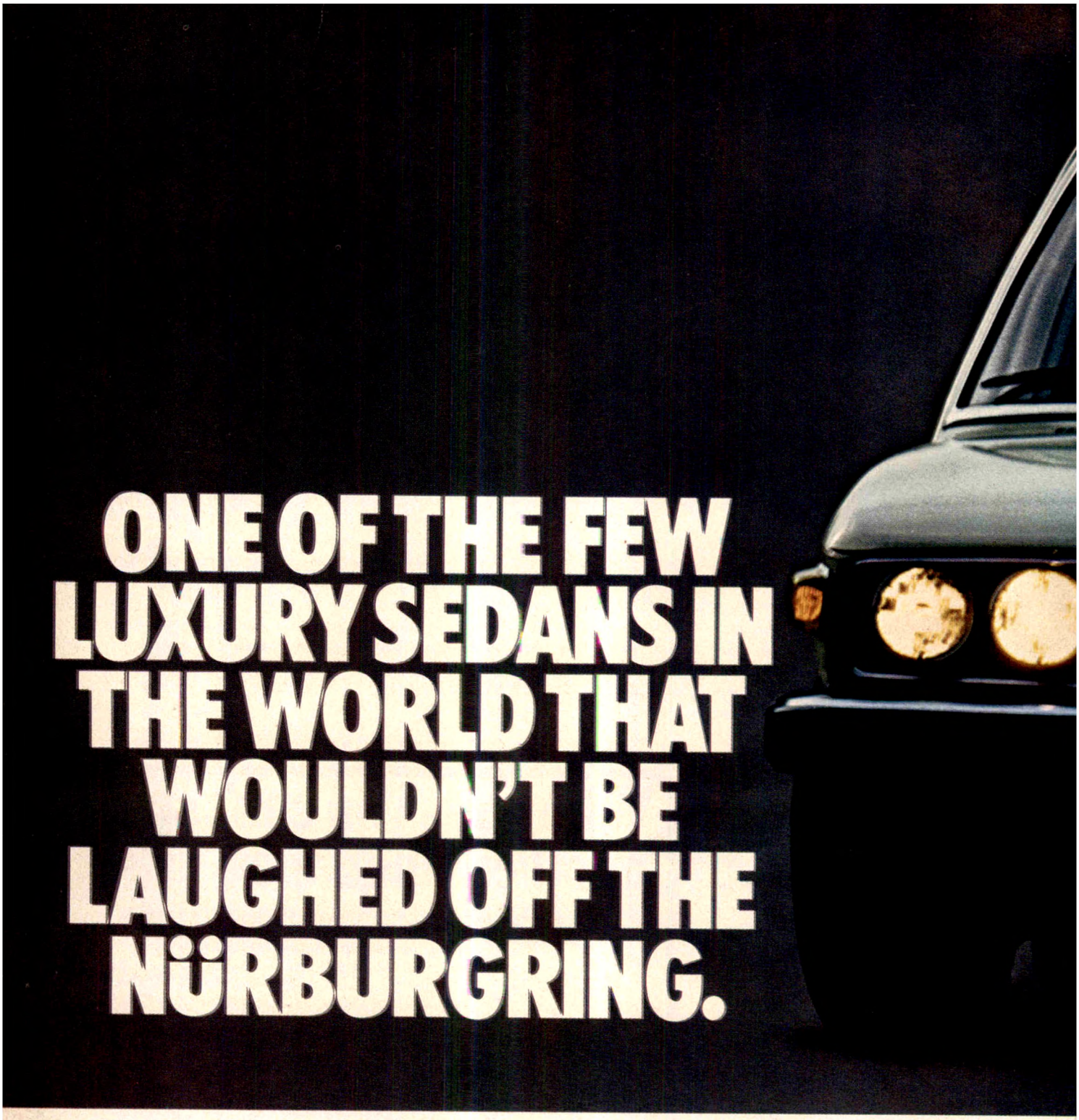

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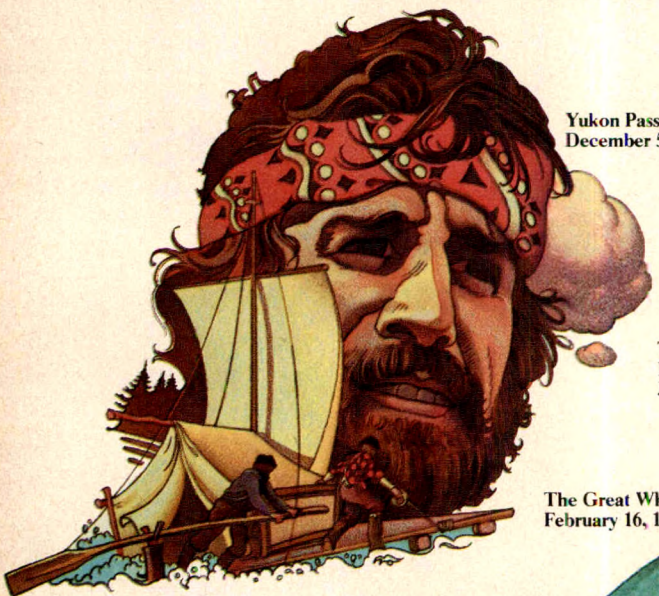
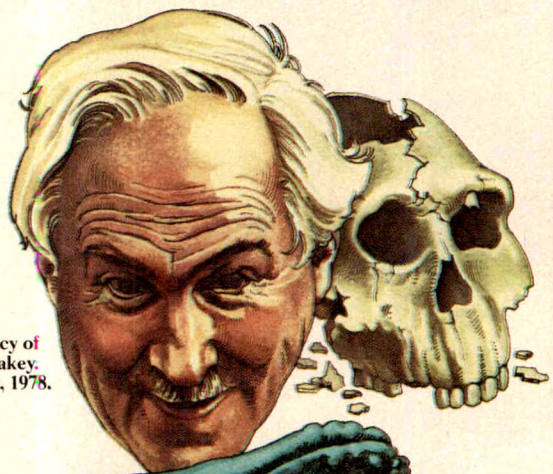
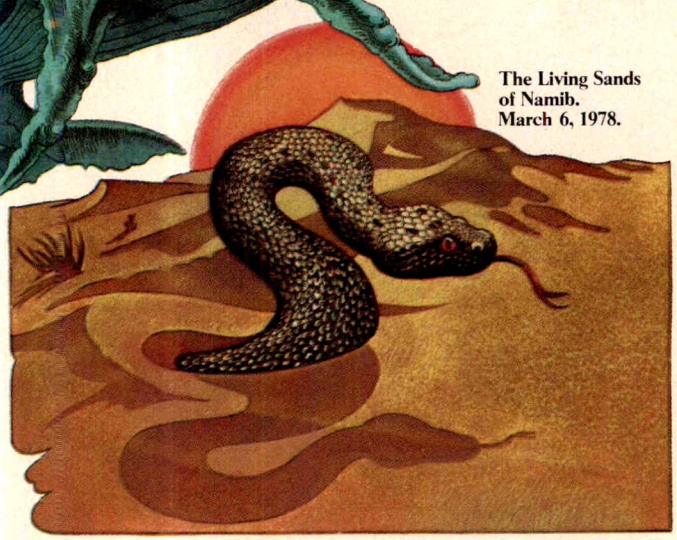


Yukon Passage.
December 5, 1977.



The Legacy of
L.S.B. Leakey.
January 9, 1978.

The Great Whales.
February 16, 1978.



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THE CANNINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

by David S. Broder

"People who stand for an idea that has energy connected with it—that's power," says the governor of California. Whatever power is, Jerry Brown wants more of it.

Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., is almost forty years old, looks about thirty, and probably wishes he were fifty, an age when he might be President. In 1976, he had the puzzling and somewhat vexing experience of defeating Jimmy Carter in five out of five primaries and yet seeing Carter go on to the White House, while Brown went back to his old job in Sacramento. Next November, Jerry Brown expects with some confidence to be re-elected governor by the voters of California, who have been more steadfast in their appreciation of him than he has been in his plans for serving them. And after that, he can get back to that unfinished business of Jimmy Carter and the presidency.

Jerry Brown is the second most publicized politician in America and, to many, at least the second most puzzling. His life has been unconventional. When his father, the amiable Pat Brown, was in the governor's mansion, the younger Brown reacted against the club-house political atmosphere that pervaded his home, and against what he saw as the underlying "greed" of his father's friends, by entering the seminary. When he emerged three and a half years later, after deciding he did not have a vocation for the priesthood, it was into the protest politics of the 1960s, at Berkeley and Yale Law School, with Cesar Chavez and Eugene McCarthy.

He disdains the trappings of office and prefers to lead a spartan life in a solar-heated, state-owned apartment building, across from his office. He rejects married life in favor of a long-run bachelorhood that is sometimes ascetic and sometimes swinging. His appointees and his chosen friends are what Senator Barry Goldwater would call "a curious crew." He is a slowpoke administrator, but an intuitive politician, capable of frequent tactical surprise. Argumentative, arrogant, quixotic, mercurial, and always skeptical, he is, in a way, everything that Plains and Annapolis taught Jimmy Carter not to appear to be. It is no wonder that he makes the President nervous.

"The little bugger is good," Assemblyman Paul Priolo assured me, when I visited Sacramento last August. Priolo, as the Assembly's Republican minority leader, is the designated Brown-baiter. "He's capable of taking the pulse of the public before the public even knows what it's feeling. . . . His only philosophy is to do what's necessary to become President," Priolo said.

The view of Brown as a cold-eyed political pragmatist is not a new one. In 1975, Jesse Unruh, the Democratic state treasurer, whose ambitions to be governor have been frustrated by two generations of Browns, told me, "Jerry Brown has screwed his friends worse than I ever screwed my enemies." That charge has been echoed, at various times, by disillusioned social activists who resigned from the Brown administration, by union heads and political reformers who, for quite different reasons, supported him in 1974, by some environmentalists, and by several of his key fund-raisers. But the characterization is, of course, denied by some Brown allies, and in the past, they have always been able to point to issues on which Brown stood on principle against the political tide.

Capital punishment was one such issue—perhaps *the* issue. When he was a young seminarian, Brown called his father one night and pleaded that, as a matter of conscience, the governor should grant a stay of execution to Caryl Chessman, a convicted rapist–kidnapper whose case had become a national symbol of the debate over capital punishment. The governor was swayed by his son, and, as the elder Brown reminded me in a recent conversation, "was immediately tagged as a vacillating and indecisive guy." That was the end of Pat Brown's dream of the presidency.

Jerry Brown faced the death penalty issue in 1977 and announced at the beginning of the legislative session that if a bill restoring capital punishment in California should reach his desk he would veto it. He carried out his threat. But as the time for an override vote approached, Brown's role became hazy. A few days before the scheduled Assembly vote, Tony Daugherty, Brown's legislative liaison chief, told me, "In all candor, we have not worked it the way we would a normal override." With the backing of strong Democratic majorities and an able, cooperative speaker, Leo McCarthy, Brown had never been overridden; in fact there had been only two successful overrides of a governor's veto in all the years since Earl Warren. But, Daugherty told me, "If we tried to pressure on this one, it would backfire on the governor. We do have an initiative in this state. It's clear to everyone we'll have a death penalty in California, and the general political view is, it will hurt him if it's not overridden now and it winds up on the ballot next November." When I asked Brown the next day if that was why he was doing so little lobbying on the issue, he said, "Well, it's a very sensitive subject. The polls show more than 70 percent of the people in California want the death penalty, and it's a matter of both principle and survival to the members of the legislature."

A few days later, the Assembly completed the override process on a 54–26 vote, exactly the two thirds required. Had Brown swayed one vote, the outcome would have been different. Brown told reporters, "I'm not surprised. I don't believe in the death penalty, but as long as it is a valid law, I will carry out my responsibility to uphold it."

The governor, who, as a young man, had picketed outside San Quentin when the last execution was held, was not in his office or even in Sacramento when California's death penalty was restored. He was in Los Angeles, presiding at a "Space Day" promotion for the state's lagging aerospace industry.

Brown discovered space in the same way he discovers many other things—by observing what turns on the young crowd. The lines at *Star Wars* impressed him, and with his usual flair for the dramatic, he took up the cause of space with fervor. The reception room–art gallery in the State Capitol, which in earlier Brown phases had displayed primitive paintings by American Indians, blacks, and Orientals, suddenly erupted with stylized NASA renderings of space colonies and solar energy stations. A life-sized dummy astronaut was on display, and a live astronaut, Rusty Schweikart, moved in as a gubernatorial adviser. On the White House lawn one day, Brown modified his 1976 ecology slogan. "On earth, small is still beautiful," he said, "but in space, bigger is better."

The big space ballyhoo of 1977 was part of what Californians call "the great turnaround." After his surprisingly narrow victory over Republican Houston I. Flournoy in the banner Democratic year of 1974, Brown's popularity with California voters ascended like a rocket. His austere life-style, his "era of limits" rhetoric, and his skepticism about everything from freeway construction to university salaries to bureaucratic jargon delighted and surprised conservative bankers as much as it did the "Save the Whales" crowd. As a result of his sparkling interviews in *Playboy* and on *60 Minutes*, he became a California superstar and entered the national scene.

But after the collapse of his presidential bid and the humiliation that Carter's forces arranged for him at the Democratic convention, Brown suffered his first serious reverses. A farm–labor referendum he fought for was rejected overwhelmingly at the polls in November 1976. Organized labor complained loudly that his "small is beautiful" philosophy was costing California jobs. When Dow Chemical canceled plans for a $500 million plant on the Sacramento River, because of its inability to get necessary environmental clearances, industry and much of the state's press blamed Brown for the "bad business climate."

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Since then, Brown has shuffled the cabinet officials handling agriculture, the environment, and industry. He named John Henning, the veteran leader of the California AFL-CIO, to the prestigious University of California board of regents. He passed out "California Means Business" buttons to his staff, personally financed his trip to Japan to lure new business, added to the freeway budget, and began beating the drum for a bigger space program.

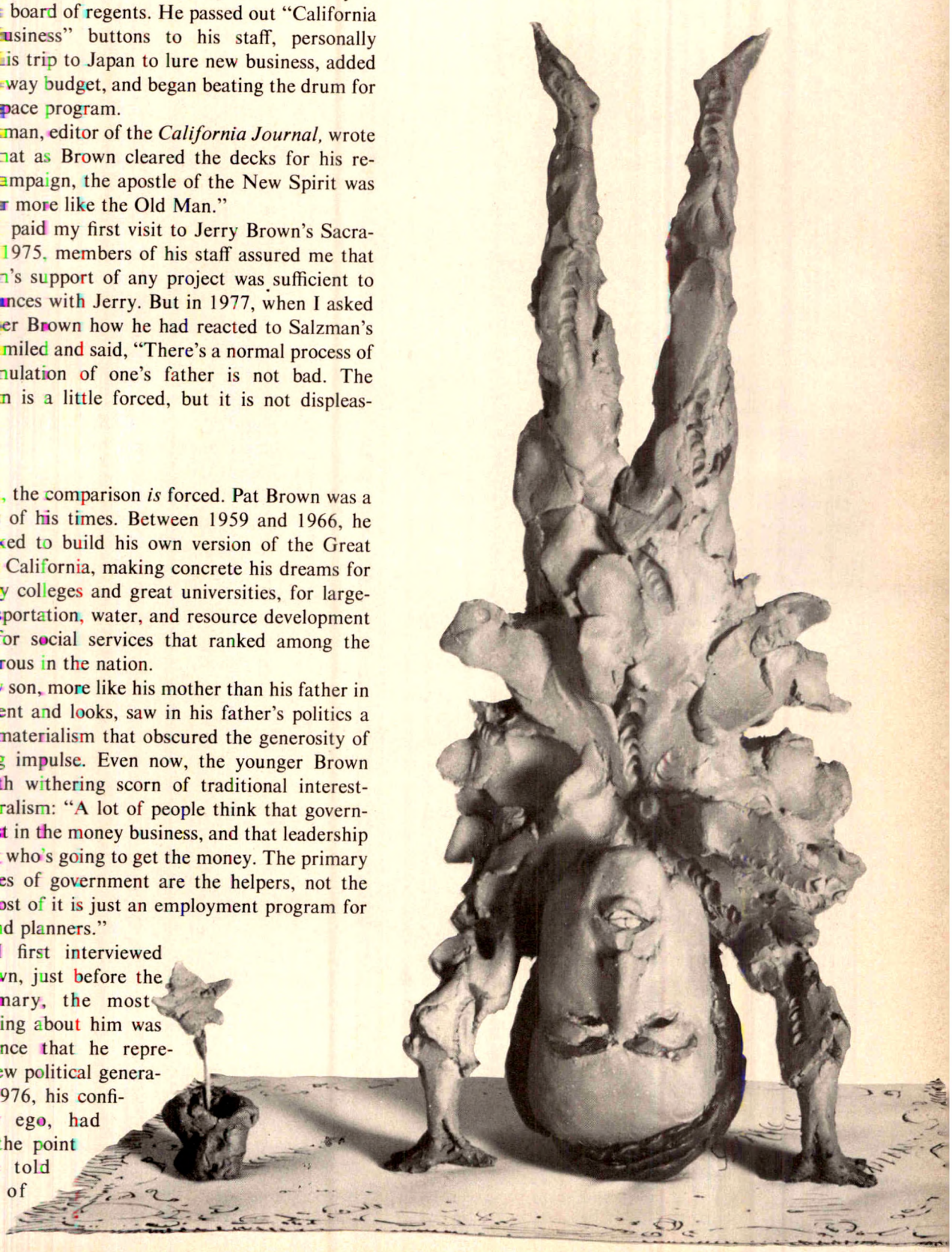
Ed Salzman, editor of the *California Journal,* wrote in June that as Brown cleared the decks for his re-election campaign, the apostle of the New Spirit was "acting far more like the Old Man."

When I paid my first visit to Jerry Brown's Sacramento in 1975, members of his staff assured me that Pat Brown's support of any project was sufficient to kill its chances with Jerry. But in 1977, when I asked the younger Brown how he had reacted to Salzman's piece, he smiled and said, "There's a normal process of aging. Emulation of one's father is not bad. The comparison is a little forced, but it is not displeasing."

In fact, the comparison *is* forced. Pat Brown was a man of his times. Between 1959 and 1966, he worked to build his own version of the Great Society in California, making concrete his dreams for community colleges and great universities, for large-scale transportation, water, and resource development projects, for social services that ranked among the most generous in the nation.

His only son, more like his mother than his father in temperament and looks, saw in his father's politics a pervasive materialism that obscured the generosity of its guiding impulse. Even now, the younger Brown speaks with withering scorn of traditional interest-group liberalism: "A lot of people think that government is just in the money business, and that leadership is deciding who's going to get the money. The primary beneficiaries of government are the helpers, not the helped. Most of it is just an employment program for auditors and planners."

When I first interviewed Jerry Brown, just before the 1974 primary, the most striking thing about him was his insistence that he represented a new political generation. (In 1976, his confidence, or ego, had grown to the point where he told a group of Washing-



ton *Post* editors, "I represent the future.") Although his opponent, Hugh Flournoy, was only eight years his senior, Brown noted that Flournoy had entered the California Assembly in 1961, while Brown himself was still in college. "He started with Camelot," Brown said, "and I came to politics out of the Vietnam War, the Great Society, and Watergate. . . . I've seen government all my life . . . and I take a somewhat jaundiced view of the ability of government to perform."

The generational difference was reinforced in my mind when I met the people Brown picked for his administration. Rose Elizabeth Bird, a Berkeley classmate of Brown's and the first woman to be appointed to the California cabinet, probably said it best:

"The governor has jumped a full generation. Instead of being in our forties and fifties, this is a government of people in their late twenties and thirties. We were trained in our universities to be skeptical, and we have lived through enough history in the last ten years to be very skeptical of government itself."

Aggressive skepticism is the basic tone of the governor's office, and staff meetings tend to turn into free-wheeling challenges of "expert" opinion or protracted philosophical debates. Brown emerged from one such session in 1975 and immediately took up the same tone with me in an interview. "Go ahead," he said. "Ask me, 'What's your program?' That's what all you Washington reporters want to know. What the hell does that mean? The program is to confront the confusion and hypocrisy of government; that's the program."

Later, in a Japanese restaurant, the game continued, with other patrons serving as verbal sparring partners. A diner attempting to give the governor a book on the arts in California was challenged repeatedly to produce some evidence that public subsidy could increase a society's level of artistic achievement. A karate teacher who stopped by to say hello found himself debating business licensing procedures.

Discovering an aggressive organizer for the California State Employees Association, Marty Morgenstern, at a neighboring table, Brown engaged him in a running argument, half-serious, half-kidding, on the issue of public employee bargaining and identical dollar increases for everyone from janitors to department heads (an idea that Brown actually carried out the next year). Morgenstern retorted, without rebuke from the governor, "Frankly, that's a lot of crap. I can't believe that you believe that."

When I returned to California last August, the Brown administration was two years older and many things had changed. For one, Marty Morgenstern had switched sides and become the labor relations adviser to a governor who not only forgave but admired such irreverence. There were many other changes, most of them occasioned by resignations of people exhausted or frustrated by Brown's unprogrammed and late-night work habits. (Brown may have set some kind of a record by having four press secretaries in less than three years.) Michael Kantor, the Los Angeles attorney who ran Brown's presidential campaign but refuses to join his staff, says, "The way he works, the hours are crushing. If you're married and have a family, it's tough. It's hard to have a home life. He respects that home life, but he won't accommodate to it."

Gray Davis, a few years younger than Brown and, like him, a bachelor, is the linchpin of the staff, and as disciplined and linear in his mental habits as Brown is the opposite. The other members of the inner circle are remarkable for their mental agility and eclectic backgrounds. When I was last there, they included:

Dick Silberman, a San Diego junk dealer's son who made money in electronics, food, banking, and real estate. He raised funds for Brown's presidential campaign and joined the cabinet to deal with problems relating to business.

Jacques Barzhagi, a mysterious French-Italian filmmaker, whose pocketless, severely tailored, monogrammed body shirts are identical to the ones that Brown wears. He serves, somewhat vaguely, as liaison with the arts.

Tom Quinn, a feisty young former newspaperman and Irish politician, who ran Brown's campaign for governor and now is the controversial head of the Air Resources Board.

Stewart Brand, the former publisher of the *Whole Earth Catalog,* who brings to the staff meetings such idea men as astronaut Schweikart.

At Brown's suggestion, I met with state architect Sim Van Der Ryn. A small, slim, modishly dressed man with a restless energy that sets him pacing furiously while he talks, he has created an Office of Appropriate Technology as a center of design for Brown's "era of limits" culture. With the governor's strong personal support, Van Der Ryn is pushing a redevelopment plan for downtown Sacramento that is the opposite of Nelson Rockefeller's Albany Mall. It features low-rise, energy-efficient office buildings, mixed in with housing and commercial establishments.

I found Van Der Ryn's depiction of Brown as insightful as any I have ever heard. "He's an amazingly complex person who operates on a lot of levels at once. . . . He is remarkably detached, and, at the same time, one of the most single-minded and intense people. . . . There are remarkably Buddhist things about him, even though he doesn't practice it." (Van

Der Ryn, Brand, Brown, and several others of the group are frequent participants in the activities and retreats of the San Francisco Zen Center.) "He approaches everything he does with incredible balance between utter detachment and total involvement. That's a very powerful thing."

Van Der Ryn defined, better than anyone else, the quality that has made Brown so effective a politician. The hot–cool style of intense rhetoric and high physical energy, combined with a sense of intellectual detachment and irony, is what sets him apart. More than any other American politician since Robert Kennedy, Jerry Brown has expressed in an idiomatic, comfortable way the attitude that political man must do his utmost, although he knows that it may little avail.

At one level, Brown's political trick is quite simple: he is a product of the Democratic Left who says things with great appeal to the Republican Right. "What I am concerned about," he said, "is the proliferation of government programs, under the guise of doing something they don't do. We have manpower training programs that were supposed to put people to work. All they did was put manpower trainers to work, not manpower trainees. We have a law enforcement administration that has spent billions, supposedly reducing crime. It hasn't done that at all. We have an Economic Development Administration in the Commerce Department that supposedly develops the country economically. It has done nothing of the kind. So there is a bankruptcy of many of these social programs that have been part of the whole New Deal, Fair Deal, Great Society tradition."

But there is a deeper level, I think, on which Brown appeals to people, not by fueling their political prejudices, but by acknowledging some of the paradoxes of life with which most politicians—including Jimmy Carter—are highly uncomfortable.

Whereas Carter is a workaholic, pursuing an ever-lengthening array of issues ("How the hell can he *know* what he thinks about all those subjects?" Brown asked one visitor from Washington), Brown takes the opposite approach. "I reject get-it-done, make-it-happen thinking," he says. "I want to slow things down so I understand them better."

In his *Playboy* interview, he said, "I don't see leadership as just passing laws. The fascination with legislation as the big solution to everything is overplayed. A person in a significant position of power can lead by the questions he asks and the example he sets. . . . People who stand for an idea that has energy connected with it, that's power."

But that is an attitude. I asked Van Der Ryn, "Is there a core of policy?"

"No," he said, "I see a particular kind of process reflected in the way the place operates and in the people who are here. He really does want a lot of dialogue. But no consistent philosophy. It drives a lot of people nuts when he quotes Gandhi: 'The means are the ends in process.' Sometimes it drives me nuts, too."

The most widely expressed criticism of Brown's performance as governor is that he is a rotten administrator. Robert L. Zenz, deputy general manager of the California State Employees Association, which endorsed Brown for governor, told me, "We find the state poorly managed. He is not an administrator; he finds himself in a very complicated bureaucratic structure, and he would like to divorce himself from it. But the people he has appointed are people almost designed to fail—personal friends or people active in his campaign, but with no administrative experience or skills."

Pat Brown says much the same thing of his son's team: "He has some very able guys, but some of them are awfully young and immature, and I get very concerned about some of the statements and decisions they make."

Leo McCarthy, the Assembly speaker, acknowledged last August that "there's discontent with the management of many departments, particularly health." (Two months later, Brown signed into law a bill splitting the health agency into six separate departments, which may or may not improve the situation.) "[Brown's] feeling is that the governor's job is to set a tone, not run things day-to-day. But we passed a very good housing bill two years ago, and it still hasn't really been implemented."

That was not the only failure. A showcase youth program, the California Conservation Corps, was two years old before it got its first 200 teenagers into camp. Highway and transportation programs have been alternately frozen and thawed, with unending controversy.

The legislative results have been better, thanks in part to Brown's willingness to defer to McCarthy. "I call this a stick-shift administration," says State Senator Peter Behr, a liberal Republican from Marin County. "When a bill is going through the legislature, the almost invariable position of the administration is neutral."

While Brown is praised, even by such Republican critics as Paul Priolo, for being more accessible than past governors, McCarthy and other Democrats find him reluctant to enter the legislative fray. "I *believe* in the separation of powers," Brown told me. "A governor can help the legislature work by giving it room to do its work."

When the legislature is as self-confident, well-

staffed, and ably led as California's, that philosophy seems to work well. In the past three years, the legislature has eliminated major inequities in the California tax code, for both corporations and individuals, and seems ready, after a bitter fight last fall, to deal with the issue of property tax relief. It has strengthened environmental laws that were, in many instances, already ahead of national standards, and has launched a major tax-incentive and technology program to encourage the use of solar energy. With Brown's strong support, it has rewritten criminal laws to provide determinate sentences of increasing severity for major crimes and repeat offenders, while decriminalizing victimless crimes. It has increased state support for education and passed measures calling for substantial equalization of school funds among rich and poor districts. The record on labor legislation was so good that, even before his appointment as a regent, Jack Henning was praising the Brown administration as the best "since Hiram Johnson and Pat Brown."

Even his critics concede that, when needed, Brown has provided critical help to key bills. In 1975, he negotiated the compromise among Cesar Chavez, the Teamsters, and the growers that produced the landmark California farm labor act. In 1976, when legislation to protect the California coastline from exploitative development was stymied, Senator Behr, its Republican cosponsor, said, "It was Brown who laid in and stuck the screws to them," and got it passed.

What strikes outsiders as most remarkable about the California government is not really Brown's work. The state budget showed a $2.5 billion surplus last year. The reason for that happy condition is the combination of narrow brackets and progressive rates, legislated under Pat Brown, the withholding system reluctantly accepted by Ronald Reagan, and incessant inflation. Together, they have made the California income tax one of the great revenue-generating machines of the modern world. "All Jerry has to do is sit back and watch it roll in," an aide said.

As Ed Salzman pointed out in the *California Journal*, the "frugal" governor signed budgets increasing expenditures by 13 percent in the first year, 11 percent in the second, and 13 percent in the third. But the glorious income tax hiked receipts in those three years by 30, 17, and 23 percent, leaving Brown sitting pretty.

A more legitimate claim to distinction is the quality and diversity of Brown's appointments to the California bench. Tony Kline, a bald and bearded public-interest lawyer who is Brown's legal counsel, said, "If Jerry was hit by a truck tomorrow, what he'd be remembered for is the people that he's named as judges."

California's judicial system is larger than that of most foreign countries, and it has long enjoyed a reputation for excellence. But it was, like most, a white, male preserve, dominated by politically active lawyers and former prosecutors. Brown's first appointment to the supreme court (as chief justice) was forty-year-old Rose Bird, a former public defender, who, as agriculture secretary in his cabinet, had drafted the pioneering farm labor act. To join the first woman on the court, the named Wiley Manuel, the first black. Then he added Berkeley law professor Frank C. Newman.

Of the fifty-seven judges appointed in Brown's first year, nine were blacks, nine Mexican-Americans, four of Asian ancestry, six Caucasian women. "Jerry's not trying to impose a viewpoint," Tony Kline said, "but judges make decisions on the basis of their life experiences, and we've just about eliminated the mind-set of who should be judges in this state."

A similar transformation has begun on the licensing boards, since Brown sponsored and signed a law making public members (lay persons) the majority on virtually all these bodies. The public appointees have been deliberately iconoclastic—a radical critic of burial expenses on the undertaker's board, a staunch women's libber with the beauticians.

"The idea," Brown told Neal Peirce of the *National Journal*, "is to challenge the guild perceptions that . . . often mask privilege under the name of professionalism. . . . I hope the people I'm putting on will question the professional assumptions, the idea that knowledge and expertise have some almost ecclesiastical authority."

A large part of Brown's public appeal, I am convinced, lies in that damn-all-experts attitude. By being consistent not in his policies but only in his skepticism, he plays out on a public stage the skepticism many citizens feel about their government. He mocks the political game even as he plays it—and he does both well. Knowing how distrustful people are of political rhetoric, he makes clear his own scorn for the traditional speech. His annual addresses to the legislature are conspicuously brief and unadorned. One, for example, began, "Last night, I was reading some of my past statements and, to tell you the truth, I didn't find them all that impressive."

Yet no one—not even Carter—understands the political impact of nonverbal communication, of the well-chosen symbol, better than Brown. Swapping Ronald Reagan's Cadillac limousine for a Plymouth, refusing to move into the million-dollar mansion built for Reagan's use, returning every gift he received, ordering the state to stop buying briefcases for its employees—of such things was a presidential campaign made.

In all likelihood, it was not his last. Brown faces a gubernatorial re-election campaign in 1978, but, with the state's economy outperforming the national averages, and the budget in the black, Republicans lack an obvious issue on which to beat him. Some California politicians think Brown's life-style may become that issue. His bachelorhood has prompted endless rumors of homosexuality, and, in the era of Anita Bryant, Brown has had to deny them publicly. One of the six prospective Republican contenders, Assemblyman Ken Maddy, told me, "People out here want to see someone who knows what it's like to make a living and raise a family. I won't raise the homosexual issue; it has no place in political life. But the reverse of it, the security of feeling there's someone in the governor's office who represents the more typical citizen, that's there."

Maybe. But few of Brown's friends think he has to do much more than hold hands in public with Linda Ronstadt to ward off that particular attack.

And they doubt that any of the Republicans can cope with the variety of maneuvers the young governor can put on them. That same suspicion haunts the White House and makes the President's staff distinctly nervous. When Carter entertained the president of Mexico at his first state dinner, the governors of all the states bordering Mexico were invited to the White House—except Jerry Brown. Later, as a favor to Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.), an important congressional ally, Carter invited Brown not only to another White House dinner but to spend the night in the White House. Yet Pat Caddell was only putting on paper what everyone on the Carter circle believes when he labeled Brown, in his post-election political memo, "the single largest threat" to Carter's renomination in 1980.

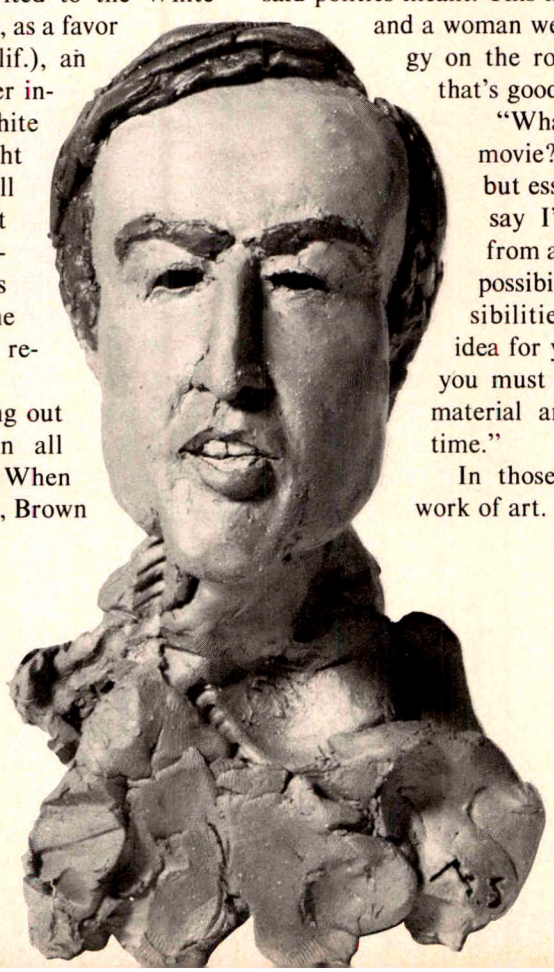
Brown is not subtle about staking out his differences with Carter—on all points of the political spectrum. When Carter opposed Medicaid abortions, Brown supported them. Whenever Carter talks coal and nuclear, Brown talks solar. When Carter's Middle East policies draw angry criticism from American Jewish leaders, Brown flies to New York and assures leaders of Jewish organizations of his "very solid support" of Israel.

The performance is as lacking in subtlety as it is rich in opportunism. But in the rough morality of the political world, the Jimmy Carter who began plotting his assault on the presidency twenty-one months into his term as governor of Georgia can hardly accuse Jerry Brown of overweening ambition. By objective standards, Brown is building a record that can well withstand scrutiny, and his claim to be the most provocative politician of the under-forty generation is a solid one. Those who would dismiss him as a flip, arrogant lightweight have a little trouble explaining how he continues to fare so well in the testing arena of America's largest state.

But don't expect Jerry Brown himself to sort out the paradoxes or provide the missing insights to his fundamental character and strength. When he is called opportunistic and inconsistent by an interviewer deliberately testing his much-advertised "cool," Brown just grins and says: "What is life but a process of synthesizing apparent contradictions? That's what Aristotle said politics meant. This morning, a Chicano, a black, and a woman were installing solar technology on the roof of my building. I think that's good. . . .

"What makes *Star Wars* a good movie? It's modern and complex but essentially very simple. People say I'm inconsistent when I go from an 'era of limits' to an 'era of possibilities.' But limits make possibilities—that's another classic idea for you. To make a work of art, you must recognize the limits of the material and its place in space and time."

In those terms, Jerry Brown is a work of art. □



HOME IS THE HERO

A story by Bernard Malamud

On the road he saw a jogger moving toward him, a man with a blue band tied around his head.
The man slowed down as Dubin halted.
"What are you running for?" the biographer asked.
"All I can't stand to do. What about you?"
"Broken heart, I think."
"Ah, too bad for that."
They trotted away from each other.

Dubin was fifty-seven on the twenty-ninth of December, 1973, and the last thing he wanted was to celebrate the dismal occasion, but Kitty had urged, insisted. "For Pete's sake, let's get out of the rut we're in. We haven't had a dinner party since before you left for Italy." He was born in a cold season, a season he disliked, yet he liked to think he had been conceived in spring. Dubin dragged his feet because he had forgotten Kitty's last birthday, in April, and wanted her to forget his.

But she roasted two ducks, produced some bottles of Cabernet Sauvignon and five of champagne, and arranged masses of red and lavender anemones and bronze chrysanthemum daisies in white vases. He decided her favorite color was white.

Kitty, for the occasion, had invited the Greenfelds, Ondyks, Habershams, and, of course, Myra Wilson. The Habershams were new guests: Kitty had met them often at Myra's and at last invited them. Fred Habersham was an activist civil rights attorney, and his wife, Ursula, a Vermont state senator, one of three women in the legislature. The Ondyks were present, Evan and his wife, Marisa, a lady with thin cheeks, high nose, lips down at the corners. When you kissed her on the cheek she said "mmmuh," meaning a passionate kiss in return. Her passion was a play-reading group she had formed which Kitty sometimes attended.

Kitty and Flora Greenfeld were currently amiable and though they were never really at ease with each other—one coveted "more," one "less"—greeted one another cordially. It was, through the years, an ambivalent relationship. Flora was an animated woman of regal bearing, a violinist without career or children. Kitty pitied her for not having children, not because she hadn't had them, but because she had wanted children and Oscar hadn't. Dubin had always responded to Flora; they kissed on meeting. Kitty called her "born dissatisfied."

"She pretends, hides so much. When you talk to her you can feel the weight of all she's holding back."

"We all hide," Dubin confessed.

"Obviously," she said sadly.

"Then why blame her?"

"She pretends not to."

He let it go at that.

Myra Wilson, at eighty, was a still vital self-reliant white-haired farmer's widow. Widowhood had not frightened or soured her. She lived alone and competently with her arthritic pains. "So long as I have my aspirins." Kitty admired her and invited the old woman to her dinner parties; she almost daily attended her. They talked often on the phone. Kitty was genuinely fond of old people, perhaps women more than men; she had been brought up, she often said, by a loving grandmother. Dubin, for this birthday and this mood, would have preferred a few young people around, but only Flora was younger than fifty. Not that much younger. But she was feminine and attractive in a low-cut dramatic black dress. She was the one woman Dubin was drawn to that night.

"We hardly ever see you, William," Flora said. "Oscar says he meets you on his walk once in a while. I hear you're into a new biography."

"Deeply," said Dubin.

Oscar Greenfeld and the biographer embraced after skirting each other during drinks.

"Give us at least half a smile," Oscar said. "Anything wrong?"

"Does it show?"

"A strained swimming against the stream."

"My work, I guess."

"Not going well?"

"No."

"Too bad I didn't bring my flute to cheer you up."

"Too bad," said Dubin.

He went through the evening with a show of having a good time. Knowing he wasn't, he ate too much too quickly, tasted little, shoveled down more food, grew irritated with himself. He hurried upstairs to brush his teeth.

Dubin slogged through the night in a saddened mood. Kitty, taken in by his pretense, seemed to assume the party was working for him. For dessert she sailed in with a birthday cake she had baked, lit with a flickering candle; and the guests toasted the biographer with champagne as he smiled with his head bowed.

Kitty would not play the harp when Flora asked her to, amid the applause of her dinner guests. "No, no," she laughed and almost cried, "I'd spoil the fun."

"Oh come on," said Flora.

"Let her alone," said Greenfeld to his wife.

Afterward Maud called. Dubin, sitting in the downstairs bathroom that morning, had heard Kitty dial Maud and quietly ask her to remember to telephone her father that night. He assumed Kitty had also called Gerald but doubted she had been able to persuade him to put in a collect call.

"Hi, Papa," Maud said, "Happy Birthday!"

"Thanks. How are you, Maud?"

"No kicks."

Dubin said he missed her and was counting on her coming home for the winter vacation.

"I miss you, too. I will if I can."

As he sat at the phone in the hallway he was watching Kitty in the kitchen by the sink. Both faucets were running, and she was talking seriously with Ondyk.

If she's consulting him about me I'll break her ass, Dubin thought.

Maud said she'd be back in early February.

"I thought the intersession began in mid-January?"

"I'd like to rest up a few days after exams. I hate to leave the sun."

"It would help me to see you," Dubin said.

Her voice grew serious. "Is something the matter?"

"I like to look at you," he said. "I like you around."

"Please don't put any more pressure on me, Papa. I'll be taking five exams."

He said there was no pressure and felt low. She had changed. If a man needs his daughter so much, he thought, maybe he needs someone else more.

Maud's voice was tender when she said goodbye.

In their bedroom later he thanked Kitty for the party.

She was sitting in a chair, her skirt hiked up over her knees, legs raised, looking long at them.

"I have pretty good legs," she said. "Not bad for my age."

Dubin agreed.

"Did you like the evening?"

"Yes. Thanks for going to the trouble."

She got up to undress. "I don't think of it as trouble. You don't look very happy."

"I don't pretend to be," he said, though he had pretended.

Kitty asked whether he might want to talk to Evan Ondyk. She said it doubtfully.

"Were you talking to him about me?"

"No, about myself."

"What would you like me to say to him?"

"Stop being ironic. He might be able to help you pinpoint things—to figure out where you stand."

"I know where I stand," Dubin said huffily. "He doesn't know. I doubt he knows where he stands."

"I know people he's helped. He's an excellent therapist."

Bernard Malamud's most recent novel, *The Tenants*, was published in 1971; his latest collection of short stories, *Rembrandt's Hat*, appeared in 1973. This excerpt is drawn from his new novel in progress.

"I don't need his advice. His view of life is reductive. With him more is determined than with me. I know how free I am. I've picked the horse I ride."

"Never mind the horse. How free do you feel?"

"I asked him his interpretation of Thoreau and he came up with the usual can of Oedipal worms. There's that but there's a lot more."

"He's not a literary critic."

"He's not wise."

"Neither are you," said Kitty.

"That's true," Dubin said after a pause, "but I think I know as much about life as he does. Once I didn't, now I do."

"No, you don't," she said. "Maybe you do about the careers of certain accomplished literary figures, but not necessarily about yourself and not necessarily about the unconscious."

"Biography teaches you the conduct of life. The unconscious is mirrored in a man's acts and words. If he watches and listens to himself sooner or later he begins to know the contours of his unconscious self. If you know your defenses you pretty much know what it's about. In my work I've discovered how to discover. You see in others who you are."

"Mirrored is right. You ought to hear yourself talking in the bathroom."

"I hear, I listen. That's the point I'm making. I've lived fifty-eight years."

"Fifty-seven."

"Fifty-seven. I think I know myself reasonably well. No one knows himself totally. There's a great mystery in knowing. The big thing is what you do with what you know."

"You exercise? You lose weight?"

"Right now I'm saying to myself that I *can* exercise and lose weight."

"Where does that get you?" Kitty asked. "You're still a depressed man who has trouble working. William, I feel there's more to this than either you know or have said."

She's clever, Dubin thought, but this is still not the time to tell her about Fanny. He thought he would wait till the worst blew over. What's past and in perspective will hurt less than what's bothering her now. I won't clobber her with honesty, hers or mine.

He said he had real literary problems with his book.

"It's dry, a compilation of facts rather than a living life—more like De La Grange's *Mahler*, or Blotner's *Faulkner*. I want life in it that I haven't got so far. My reaction is not, simply, neurosis."

She never said it was. "I feel in the dark," Kitty said, her voice strained. "In the dark I'm afraid. I feel you can't work for a reason, William. If you know what it is, please tell me. Don't keep me in the dark."

Dubin told her that he would tell her when he knew.

"Losing weight won't do it," Kitty went on, looking at him with moist dark eyes. "Nor what you think you know about life because you write biographies. Working it out with someone usually helps. If you don't want to talk to Evan, why don't you go see Dr. Lecroix in Salem? I hear he's very good."

"I haven't got that kind of time. Salem is seventy miles one way and another seventy back. It'll kill a day to go there."

"Go once to talk to him instead of frittering the morning away getting nothing done."

"Once leads to twice, then twice a week. I haven't got that kind of time."

"Stop yakking about time, for Christ's sake. You're not doing much with it."

"Life is what I'm thinking of," Dubin said. "I know its structure and spin and many of the ways of surprise if not the whole pattern or order. I know enough, in other words, to take my chances. I want to run my own life my own way, not like yours or Nathanael's. I don't want to go on sharing with you to my dying day the benefits of your previous marriage."

"That's cruel."

Kitty drew her dress over her head. He looked away from the mark on her buttock through her white underpants. When he looked again she was slipping on a white nightgown.

"Don't be so fucking proud," Kitty said in bed.

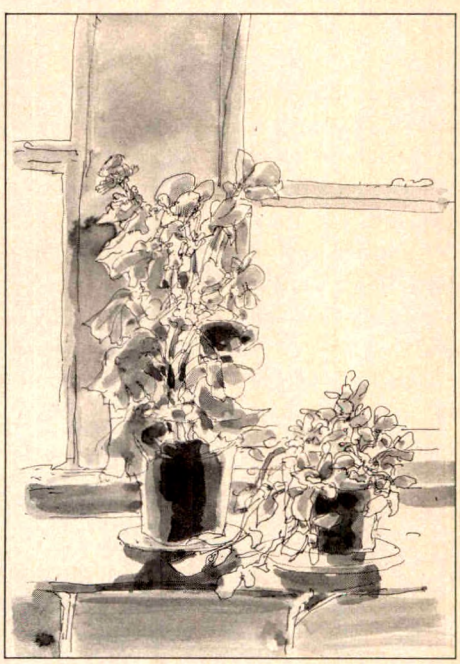
My pain is tolerable, Dubin thought. All I can not do is work.

He fought winter as if it were the true enemy: if he tore into it the freeze would vanish, his ills be gone, his life, his work, fall into place. He would overcome belly, mood, joyless labor—lust for Fanny, the burden of his unhappy experience with her. Dubin fought the winter by daily testing himself: running through its icy womb to demonstrate he was not afraid of the dead season. Not fearing it he would fear less the dysfunctioning self—what was happening, or not happening. He ran in rain, slush, in end-of-December fog—to show weather, winter, staring at him as he ran, the quality of Dubin's self, his premise, the thought he ran by. As a youth he would hold a burning match till the flame touched his fingertips: if you held onto the glowing matchstick to the very end the girl you loved would love you.

It was as hard a winter as he had feared it would be. He had to force himself, after breakfast, to open the back door and step into the frozen morning, facing his icy breath. The cold struck him like a blow from a fist. His face tightened, he could tell every stroke he had

shaved. Dubin walked two steps and broke into a run, his spine touched by chill; across the inert grass, through light snow, along the solitary path of the icy-damp morning wood. Thoreau had called winter a resonant instrument that twanged its own music. Dubin, as he ran, heard branches creaking in the cold; once on an icy day a dead tree exploded. The listening wood, animistic, druidical, recalled Stonehenge. Occasionally he saw a small animal stirring, rat or woodchuck scuttering across the brush; or a dark bird in flight, unrecognizable. Dubin thumped alone along the path in the wood.

He left Kitty's Wood—she had named it her wood, years ago, when they had moved to the country— trotting on the dirt road to the bridge, the stream misting by his side, his breath flowing behind him. If a car appeared this early in the morning, neither jogger nor driver dared look at the other. Dubin slowed down at the bridge, limped through the booming snow-covered edifice, crossed the highway, and at the fork relentlessly ran into the long route. There were times he turned back at the wooden bridge: temporary cure: he felt he could get into his work if he tried. He turned back rarely. Dubin went on if when he thought of himself it touched pain. The trick was to get into the winter world and out of within, shift the weight of inner conflict to outside. The cock's tail turns to where the cock's head had been. His thoughts therefore were images of gnarled broken-fingered oaks, naked white birches, delicate leafless ash—there were more winter birds than he had guessed—and the frozen circular road.



It took him a half-hour to turn the shivery clinging cold in his clothes to warmth gained in running. He then slowed to a fast walk, past farmhouses with monumental barns resembling forever; cows in the winter pasture as still as statues, their breaths flags in motion; hard frozen fields undulating up the mist-streaked hills. He pushed on in winter silence, every step striding against the force of nothing, aware of roadside rows of mustard-yellow willows, their long yellow strings dancing in the cutting wind. He plodded breathlessly up the road, conscious of the weight of ascent, dismal cold, the unhappy task he had set himself. Walking uphill, Dubin stared at his feet lest the hike to the top slay him. Trotting down, he kept his eyes in the beckoning distance. The ascents were endless. Segments of the road he had thought level were, he now realized, graded up from ten to twenty degrees. He tried not to stop on the walk up; it was hard to get started again. Ravenous for summer, for an end to the barren season, he hurried on, thinking of the next bend or rise. He felt with each step the resistance of the long long walk-run, monotony of self-inflicted cure. Climbing is not ascending. My will is my enemy. It restoreth not my soul. Yet he stayed with it: if he overslept he ran faster.

The flutist remembered him at this time as a strained, almost haggard, man in motion, heavily bundled up, a grim-faced man who had lost weight, or might, without knowing it, be ill. He wore a red wool hat his wife had knitted, a long striped scarf his wife had knitted, galoshes with unbuckled buckles that clinked as he ran, and a poplin fleece-lined coat with synthetic fur collar. He ran slowly, heavily, in snow or slush, as if his boots were lead and each step an ordeal, his sober inward grayish-blue eyes set dimly in the distance. What he saw there Greenfeld hesitated to guess.

When they met, although the biographer appeared to be drowning in all there was to say, he was mute. Sometimes in passing he would stammer half a sentence, break off and hurry on.

William, Oscar cried, let's not forget each other. Let's keep our friendship alive. William, it's a lonely world!

Greenfeld was haunted by the expression of Dubin's eyes as he looked back—almost embittered—as though the fault were the flutist's that he did not then know what his friend was living through.

When Dubin was back in the house, after resting he tried to work. He never did not work, though he stayed at it less time now, down to an hour and a half each morning. He wrote long swirling sentences on sheets of yellow foolscap and reflected on each. Kitty, one Saturday morning, brought up a cup of consommé. He took a grateful sip and thanked her but did not finish it.

"Don't you like it?"

"Warming—after that long haul."

"Why don't you finish it?"

He did not want to eat between meals.

"You're mad," she said.

last he flung the blanket aside. At the window the moon was full and the somber hills bathed in a bronze glow. He stared at his wristwatch on the night table: it wasn't yet ten. He looked again in disbelief. He had slept a few hours and now it felt as though today were tomorrow. He felt a sadness of waste. Dubin dressed and went down the stairs.

Kitty, reading in bed, called to him through Maud's closed door. "Is there something you need, William?"

"I waked up and can't sleep. I'm going out for a short walk. It's a full moon."

After a moment she asked, "Would you want company?"

He didn't think so.

Dubin drew on his overcoat and wool hat and buckled on his galoshes. He took along a short thick stick that had once belonged to Gerald. He might walk to the bridge.

"It's a cold night," she said through the door, "don't go far."

He didn't think he would.

He was at first afraid to enter the wood. Then he walked through it, the lit trees casting shadows on the dimly moonlit snow.

At the road he turned left, instead of right toward the bridge. A few fleecy clouds floated in the lit night-blue winter sky. After some minutes of careful walking on and off the snowy road he passed the Wilson farmhouse, a narrow two-story white frame house with a sloping addition on the left side. It lay off the road about two hundred feet. An orange light burned in the upstairs darkened bedroom. It was Myra's night-light. An old woman alone in a farmhouse in the dead of winter.

He imagined her sleeping alone in a bed she had lain in with her husband for fifty years. Ben, the dog, growled as Dubin went by. He held his stick tightly.

Oscar Greenfeld's house was a half-mile farther up the road, a two-story spacious red clapboard with a large lawn. Dubin thought of their friendship with regret. He had enjoyed coming to Oscar's in the past—walking along this road in summer, driving the front way through town streets in winter. They played cards and chess and talked and drank. The flutist had come less often to Dubin's house. He never came with Flora. "If you're not alone with a friend there's no friendship." In his company Dubin drank more than he was accustomed to, and Kitty worried when he got into the car at one or two A.M. to take Oscar home. The flutist didn't drive. Flora drove him there but wouldn't call for him that late at night, though she stayed up waiting. That was one of the things about her that antagonized Kitty: Kitty would go for Dubin when she had to. Both women didn't care for the drinking, and driving on the icy streets. Oscar Greenfeld stopped coming to Dubin's house; then Dubin stopped going to his. After an evening together hitting the brandy bottle, Oscar when he woke in the morning would reach for his flute and move to Mozart on the music stand. With Mozart flipping out the notes Oscar could toot away most of his hangover. Dubin, working with words, felt he was pushing rocks with his nose, so he stopped visiting the flutist though they sometimes talked on the phone. But a phone conversation wasn't good enough.

He drank, Oscar had told Dubin, because he was not a better flutist.

"You're one of the best, Oscar."

"Not in my own ears."

"Rampal thinks so."

"Not in my ears."

As Dubin entered the driveway he heard Oscar's flute clearly from within the house. He listened: Schubert's "Serenade." Lately Oscar had been transcribing lieder into flute songs. The song was like a lit candle in the night. In his "Short Life of Schubert" the biographer had written that the composer, on hearing the song sung at a concert, was supposed to have said, "You know, I never remembered it was so beautiful." How moving a simple song is, Dubin thought. How often they go to sadness. It's as though the sad song is the natural one, the primal song. Someone sings without knowing why, and it's a song expressing hunger for love, regret for life unlived, sorrow for the shortness of life. Even some of the joyful songs evoke memories of something lost yet enduring.

The moon bathed the birch trees on the lawn in liquid light. There were white trees in an irregular circle, bent in different directions, looking like dancers in the snow. Oscar had written a flute song called "The Birch Dancers."

Listening to the serenade, this lied of yearning, the biographer reflected that Schubert had often intertwined themes of love and death. At a certain time of his life the two experiences had become one. He had died of typhus at thirty-one. A few years before, at

twenty-six or -seven, he had been infected with syphilis. "Each night," he wrote to a friend, "when I go to sleep I hope I won't wake again; and each morning reminds me of yesterday's misery." Love, he told his friend, could offer only pain. The doppelgänger sees the mystical fusion of love and death.

Dubin did not go into the house. When the song had ended he left the driveway and walked toward town.

in diesem Haus wohnte mein Schatz;
sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

It looked in the garish moonlight like a piece of stark statuary, or an old painting of an old house. Ah, Fanny, what if you had found me in the Gansevoort that night in the city, would a different beginning have made a decent ending?

A window went up with a rasp on the top floor of the house under the high-gabled roof and Dubin was too surprised to duck into the shadow of a tree. A naked large-shouldered man with a hairy chest leaned out into the wintry night and stared down at the astonished biographer. This was not the Eve of St. Agnes nor was Dubin Porphyrio, so he could not have expected to be gazing at Fanny, naked or clothed; but it was a strange surprise, and not unrelated to his mood, to behold Roger Foster's bare, curly-haired chest and moonlit handsome face.

"Good God, Mr. Dubin, is that you down there?" the librarian said in surprise.

On a freezing January night he talks to you naked from his window without a shiver.

"I'm afraid so."

"Anybody in particular you're looking for?"

Dubin calmly replied, "No one in particular. I couldn't sleep and am out for a walk."

"Sorry about that. Anything I can do for you? Would you care to come in for a drink or maybe a cup of hot coffee?"

"Thank you, no."

He wanted to ask about Fanny but dared not.

"How are things going, Roger?"

"Pretty good. All's well at the library. What with the help of your kind wife."

"Wonderful," said Dubin.

"Has anybody heard anything from Fanny?" Roger asked. He had once lived with Fanny and still wanted to.

"She's in Rome, I believe. Haven't you heard from her?"

"Just a postcard, a couple of weeks ago, that she was in Venice having herself a ball."

"You don't say," said Dubin.

"She sure gets around."

"She seems to."

"You know, Mr. Dubin," Roger then said, "someday I hope we get to understand each other better. We have things in common—bookwise, I mean to say. We keep your biographies, every one of them, on our shelves. I know you've never liked me all that much but I'm not such a bad guy, if you ask around, and I hope to accomplish more than you might think."

"You put it well, Roger, I wish you luck."

"And I wish *you* luck, Mr. Dubin."

He breathed in the cold air and exhaled a steamy breath.

"Well, good night now, it's getting chilly."

Roger shut the window and pulled down the shade.

Dubin waited a minute for Fanny to peek out through a slit in the drawn shade. She did not.

After walking home, he listened to a recording of "Death and the Maiden." It was after midnight. Kitty came down in her robe and had a drink as she listened.

They went to sleep in the same bed, Kitty wearing a black chiffon nightgown. She offered herself, and he accepted. Afterward she changed into a white flannel nightgown and got back into their double bed.

"I want to travel again soon," Kitty said. "There's so much of the world we haven't seen, so much that's varied and beautiful. Let's have more fun than we've been having. When do you think we'll travel again?"

Dubin didn't know.

It seemed to him he'd been sleeping profoundly when he heard a shrill ring and sat stiffly up in bed. At first he thought the doorbell had sounded and was about to run down the stairs when it shot through him that the phone had rung piercingly once and stopped.

No one answered his insistent hellos.

"Maybe it was Maud," Kitty said. "Or Gerald."

If it was Fanny calling from Rome he was glad she had rung off.

Kitty was soon asleep. She had snuggled close, and fallen asleep.

Dubin lay awake.

Middle age, he thought, is when you pay for what you didn't know, or have, when you were young.

The man trudged diagonally across the snowy field to the slushy road. Dubin watched him as he came, listing to the left. He seemed insufficiently dressed for the cold—had on a ragged jacket, denim pants, wet field boots. He wore no hat, his thin hair black, eyes expressionless. He was a burly man with small ears and heavy features, face unshaven. He waited in the road till Dubin had caught up with

him and then walked at the biographer's side.

"Good morning," Dubin said.

The man grunted. Once he hawked up a gob of phlegm and spat at the snow. Every so often, as they went on, he lifted his arms as if he were pointing a shotgun at a sparrow flying overhead. "Bang bang." The bird flew off. The man lowered his arms and trudged on with Dubin.

Who is he? Does he think he knows me because he's seen me walking here? They were alone on the road and he was uneasy with the stranger.

"You live nearby?"

The man barely nodded.

They walked on, saying nothing. Dubin, after a while, would point at something in the distance and say what it was: "Frost's farmhouse, one summer—the poet. His daughter Irma went mad that year."

The man trudged along with him, scanning the sky. Is he an escaped convict? Dubin worried, or some poor bastard looking for company?

Suppose he knifes me? He saw himself lying dead in a pool of blood in the frozen snow. There's Dubin lying in the road with a gaping wound in his chest, both gray-blue eyes staring at the gray-blue sky. It's a long hard winter.

The man hung close, their arms occasionally bumping as they walked. Dubin reconciled himself to his company. It's a public road. He's picked me to walk with, though who he is he's not saying.

"Neither am I," he said aloud.

The stranger scanned the sky.

Suppose a man like this hangs close to you forever? You try to shake him but he follows you home. You have him arrested and he convinces the judge he's your uncle and moves in. Suppose by one means or another he stays forever. Who is he to you then? The biographer talked to himself sub voce.

As he was thinking these thoughts two crows flew overhead in the white sky. The man dropped to his knee with a grunt and raised his arms as though sighting up a gun barrel.

"Boom boom." To Dubin's astonishment one of the black birds wavered in flight and plummeted to the ground. The stranger let out a hoarse shout and plunged into the white field to retrieve the bird. Holding it up for Dubin to see, he pressed the dead crow to his chest and awkwardly ran, kicking up snow, diagonally across the field in the direction he had come.

Can a crow have a heart attack?

One of us is crazy, the biographer thought.

He must not tell Kitty.

Dubin ran in his wide circle.

He remembered, when he was twelve, one day walking home from school with his teacher, a broken-nosed knowing nasally talkative young man. As they were walking, a strange reddish-haired woman wearing a green hat trimmed with bright red felt flowers approached in excitement from down the block, and when William saw his insane mother coming at them he said goodbye in the middle of somebody's sentence and ran across the street. When he looked back she was standing alone on the sidewalk, sobbing crazily, waving her fist.

"In diesen Wetter, in deisen Braus,
nie hatt ich gesendet kie Kinder hinaus,"
Kitty sang at her harp.

Q. Why don't you keep a journal?

A. I'm afraid what it might say.

At night they sat in opposite armchairs, hers a wing-back against possible drafts, reading in separate pools of light. He had offered to build a fire but she felt too hot.

"This is one of those nights I keep sweating, then getting cold."

"Don't open the window," Dubin advised.

"I will if I want to."

When they were reading, Kitty, a day behind with the papers, read him humorous snippets of yesterday's news.

"Don't," Dubin said. "I find it hard to concentrate."

"Why bother?" She said afterward, "We used to talk about everything in the world. We talk about nothing now."

He got up to put on a record, not because he wanted to listen to music but because he had to think of Fanny. His thoughts of her were a gluey collage, representing an immovable desire to be with the girl.

†Based on 1977 EPA Gas Mileage Guide. 1978 data not available at press time.
*1977 Mercedes Benz acceleration (0-50 mph) from Car and Driver, March 1977. Comparison based on std. equipment cars. © Volkswagen of America.

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

Why don't I tell Kitty about her and maybe the misery will yield?

It seemed to him he hadn't told her because Fanny was still possible. If he wrote her a note they would meet again.

Mad, he thought, after the treatment she had dished out in Venice. What can I anticipate, despite her recent letters, but more of the same? What imbecility am I living in? I'm making of her more than she is. Or I flirt with the future—see her as she may one day be. In any case, it's fantasy.

After the record had ended Kitty asked him if he would like her to play the harp. He said no, did not want to pretend he was listening to his wife as he lay with the girl.

He was in his thoughts with Fanny, living it as they hadn't lived it. Dubin was in Rome, in her room, eating what she cooked, sleeping with her, enjoying life. They strolled through the Pincio in winter sunlight; wherever he turned he felt her embrace. They talked about themselves for hours at a time. Before his eyes the girl had changed, become loyal, loving, protective, kind. She loved Dubin and he, in his right mind, loved her.

"Tell me about Lawrence," Kitty sometimes said as they sat alone in the room, and he would make the effort to relate episodes of the man's life.

"You tell it so interestingly, why is it so hard to write?"

"It resists my pen."

"Why don't you try dictating?"

"That's not for me."

"Why not?"

"I've tried it," Dubin said.

"I feel cold. Is there a draft?" Kitty asked, looking around.

"It's you, the house is warm."

Shivering, she tried to read. She glanced at the book she had opened, took in a few sentences, then stole a look at him, or looked away. She read slowly, every word of every sentence. She wanted to know totally what each sentence said. He knew the book she was reading.

She had suggested chess and Dubin had declined. He had never felt, he thought, this much apart from her. Kitty sat huddled in the Queen Anne chair, wearing pants and two sweaters, a rose cardigan over a black pullover. She's hurt by what she doesn't know.

From behind his book he reflected on his silence. He had nothing to say because he hadn't said what he had to say. What you don't say makes more not to say. A locked house is full of locked rooms.

He was, in his silence, elsewhere. He was not who she thought he was. Whoever he was, wearied by his sticky fantasies, he wanted escape from his dream-drugged existence. He did not forever want to go on dreaming of Fanny Bick as she wasn't now and never would be. Dubin waited for this drawn-out hot reverie at last to come to an end. He waited for it to wither, die in the mind. Until it did he was separate, alone, a fog in a chair pretending to read. He chilled the room with his presence. Kitty hugged herself against the cold.

At ten she glanced at her wristwatch, yawning, and shut the fat book.

"You've been whispering to yourself all night, William. Why don't you let me in on it?"

"What was I saying?"

"I wish I knew. Would it help," she asked, her long hands clasped between her knees, "if I were to stay home mornings—I mean quit the library?"

God, no, he thought.

He didn't think so, Dubin said. He wanted not to say it, to say he needed her here; but the truth was he felt no need of her.

"Is there something I can do for you? Some other way I can help?"

He was grateful for her patience, he said.

"Patience is minimal. I'd like to do more for you if you'll let me."

Only patience, he urged. The misery would not last forever.

She spoke firmly: "You're splendid with your gymnastics, William. You take brave long walks in every weather. You diet as planned—I give you credit, though I'd go mad if I had to do it if I were feeling like you. You do what you've set yourself to, although I don't know what it comes to except that you've lost weight, your clothes droop on you, your face is strained. I almost don't know what to say to you anymore. You're out on your private little sailboat in the rough sea and here I am alone on a dreary shore. I don't know how to comfort you. I've never seen you so low so long. It has me frightened."

He asked her not to be.

"I can't help it," Kitty said, her voice wavering.

He spoke these words: "I've lost weight and move more easily. I feel lighter, a change at least. Something good may be happening. One day you wake up and whatever it was that was sitting on your head has flown off. You feel yourself again."

"I hope so." She seemed doubtful. "Nathanael wasn't a psychiatrist—he almost became one but wouldn't because he enjoyed physical medicine. But he read a lot in psychotherapy, possibly because of me. I remember his saying that a sudden depression usually had a specific cause—you lost a job or love object—a specific disappointment or loss would set it off. William, did anything unusual happen to you while you were abroad?"

Dubin thought: Right here I could get off the train.

I could walk out from under the pile of rocks I wear as a hat.

"I saw Gerald," he said. "It wasn't a happy time."

The train chugged on. There was no station. He had not got off.

"I don't mean that. I mean something in Italy?"

He did not meet her eyes. "Why Italy?" he asked, irritated, not wanting her to guess what was his to say.

"Just a feeling I have."

He said, believing it, the trouble was his work. If he solved that he'd solve everything.

She vehemently denied it. "It isn't your work that's doing this to you. It's you doing something to your work. I know your doubts about Lawrence as subject but you had similar doubts about Thoreau. You always have doubt at the beginning. Please don't put it ass-backward. It's not your work that hurts your work, it's you."

"Why would I need Ondyk if I have you?"

"I'm not trying to sell you anything," Kitty said with hauteur. "But I think you need help."

"I'm not a kid anymore," Dubin said. "I don't doubt I could have been helped by analysis once but I've lived my life without it. Now I have to go on what I know."

"I've been reading about depression and I think you've had it more often than you think, sometimes simply as lack of joie de vivre—"

"Does the book explain why you sometimes lack joie de vivre?"

"Not as much as you. Sometimes I think you've never felt young in your life; you've almost always interpreted it as obligation or lost opportunity. I'm basically a more carefree happier person than you."

He hoarsely denied it.

"There are times your nature dampens mine," she said.

"That works both ways."

"Let's drop it," Kitty said emphatically. "Forget the joie de vivre. I know you know a lot about people, William, because of the way you contemplate lives, but I'm saying you could cut out a lot of unnecessary suffering if you consulted with someone. The will isn't everything."

"It keeps me going," the biographer shouted.

"If you know what's wrong with you," she said, her voice thickening, "for Christ's sake, tell me."

He said he needed time, things would change in time.

"But what about me while you're dieting and exercising for wisdom? I feel like shit when you want nothing."

"I want everything," he shouted, waving his arms.

"You seem to want nothing I have to give. You hide your life, whispering what I can't hear. You're not affectionate. We never really talk."

"What the hell are we doing now?"

"We aren't talking. You're yelling, we are not talking."

"You have no confidence in me. You insult me by giving me psychiatric advice. Spare me Nathanael's textbooks. I don't want to be his posthumous patient. I don't want to be yours."

Grabbing her *Handbook of Psychiatry*, Kitty ran up the stairs.

To quiet his self-disgust for renewing, replenishing, the deceit, Dubin sniffed the gas burners for her.

He found the brandy bottle and poured himself a glassful.

He drank with his hat on in the cold house, his coat draped on his shoulders. The wind clattered down from the mountains. He drank, listening to the roaring wind blowing snowflakes through the straining groaning crackling branches of the trees. After midnight he felt himself go to bed in a blizzard. Dubin wound the clock gloomily, unable to look at it. The wind wailing around the house seeped in through storm windows. He felt it like a live presence in the room. Undressing, he got into the lonely bed, compounded by two. Kitty slept soundly, her breathing heavy. Dubin lay awake listening to the storm; primordial blast, blowing from the beginning of the world. If it could only change a man's life. He slept and woke heavily, resisting waking. The drinking had added to the weight of the heaviness. It was a black heaviness, iron on the soul. Or you were drowning in nothing and this stone arm forced your head under. The arm was your own.

He rose in the live morning dark and stumbled groggily, step by step, through the brutal routine of the day. I must go through it. It is to show the depression that it is not all. It is to show I fear it only so much, only so far. It is depression, an entity, it is not all. I know its black heaviness. I must be detached. I will not

lock hands with it so that it becomes an adversary, another self; an ax to hit me with. I will wait for it to go its way. If I daily do what I have to, go through the motions, it will leave the house. It wants me to be its love, fuck it, marry it, but I won't. I welcome the white blizzard. It is a thing to think of, to be in other than depression. Thoreau was wrong in saying nature doesn't sympathize with sorrow. It does because it interrupts; it flings its frozen self at you; presses against the plots and conjurations of my bleak brain.

He was old in the bathroom mirror. Dubin was afraid not to shave. He told himself not to but didn't know what else to do. This was the wrong day not to shave. He had rarely not shaved when he wasn't sick.

In the lusterless mirror his left eye was distant, cold; contemplating his right eye, fixed, frightened.

Dubin felt himself groan.

"Hush," said Kitty, impatiently, from the bedroom.

"Horse's ass," he groaned.

"Who?" she asked.

He groaned silently.

"Be silent," Carlyle writes in his journal, "be calm, be not mad."

Dubin tried to get a religious thought going.

"Love," Lawrence wrote, "is a thing to be learned through centuries of patient effort."

Who has time?

"Please come out of the bathroom," Kitty said.

She was up early, dressed, studying herself in the mirror. A night's decent sleep had helped her mood, looks; had brightened her eyes, vitalized last night's lank hair.

"I wouldn't go on the long walk if I were you," Kitty said. "It's going to blizzard."

"I thought it already was."

"So far it's been the wind, with snow flurries. The radio says a storm's coming."

"I thought it had begun."

"That was the wind," Kitty said.

If it snowed he'd come back to the house, Dubin said.

"No more than to the bridge," she cautioned. "And put on long johns and your wool socks or you'll catch cold."

He looked away from her. They ate breakfast in silence. He listened to her chew her crisp toast.

Kitty left for the library. She returned to sniff the burners. "Ta ta," she called as she left.

He tried to work; not think how he felt. He held the misery off, kept it at bay with a stiletto as he wrote out his long yellow page of snaky sentences, reflecting on each, trying to connect them; by some act of grace to weave a tapestry, a life, a biography. Then on a white page he wrote a dozen new sentences and read them carefully to see what they said; to find out if they were taking him seriously. He read them with dignity to show the sentences he had written and respected them, and must himself be respected. They were not to crawl or slither or flop around. They must go somewhere seriously into the life of D. H. Lawrence, revive, recreate, illuminate it. But the last sentence, when he read it, said, "I am trapped." Dubin with a cry flung his pen against the wall. Disgust rose to his gorge and he fought the approach of panic. I've got to get out of here. I've got to get away from my fucking mind.

He left by the kitchen door and ran through the trees into the field. Here the wind leapt at him, struck him, clawed his face. He gasped, choked, stood immobilized by the wind. His eyes teared, breath ached, as he tried to push on. The wind was a gorgon with an armlock round his stone head.

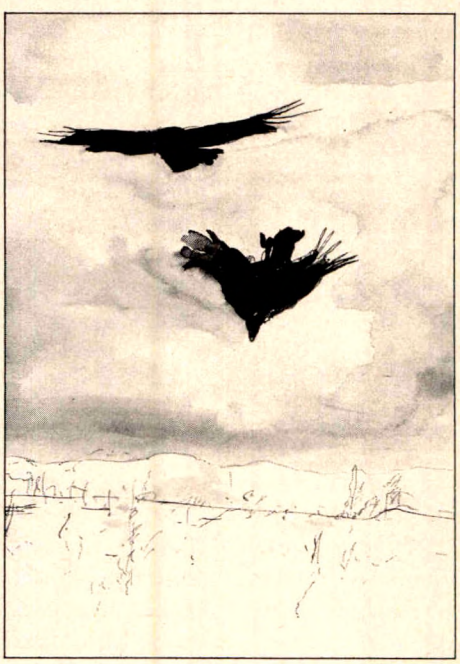
He retreated to the house, waited, shivering, in the kitchen, to recover his strength. He wanted not to go anywhere, to stand there till the weather abated, winter disappeared, the world changed. But he was afraid, if he stayed, of nothing, heavy, painted black. He was afraid of the silence ticking. After endless minutes he went out the front door, stumbled down the steps, hurried along the street. The heavy wind tore through the moaning trees. He made his way downtown, icy snowflakes stinging his face.

Dubin hurried to the library. If he bought a newspaper he could read it there; he dared not return to the empty house. Could he sit in the library reading the paper? Not with Kitty around, disturbed to see him there. It was best not to buy a paper. He'd be better off in his routine, better part of it than none. Not doing what he had to do added to the misery. He would walk in the weather rather than do nothing.

He went slowly in the falling snow to the outskirts of town, past the thermometer assembly plant, the auto graveyard, two gas stations; then a motel and a tourist house. Along the wet highway he trod, approaching the long route by the back way. A circle, once you're in it, is a circle whichever way. He had never walked it this way before. If Kitty asked why he had taken the long walk after all, he would say he had never done it this backward way before.

Whatever diverts the mind from its pain may help. What else is there to do? The wind-driven snow was now falling heavily. Dubin tramped on a quarter of a mile in a world growing white, then had to tell himself it was no use, to turn back. For a while the wind had been shoving him forward and it was no great trouble plodding on. Now it shifted, blew at him from the east. The wailing wind blew the coarse snow in blasts across

the open field, assailing him like a cluster of arrows, as though he were its only target. His field of vision was luminously white. He had turned tail but had trouble walking back to the highway. Dubin inched on, stopping every several steps to see if he knew where he was. When the blustery, freezing wind died down and the snow thinned he was able to stride along. Once he beheld in the distance winter fields growing white, a wall of whitening black trees, and beyond that the rising mist-white fields flanking the snow-topped hills. Extraordinary sight: he felt a minute of elation before it vanished in the snow. Dubin peered around for a house but saw none. Most of them were behind him, toward the middle of the long road. He expected he would soon reach the highway. The wind came at him again. He wavered, staggered forward, then realized the ground had roughened and he was no longer on the road. The snow, blowing in veiled gusty waves across the fields, had wiped out every sign of it.



He felt fright, an old fear: his mother frightened by weather; himself, city boy, out where he oughtn't to be. Dubin felt himself moving on a slope, propelled downward. With fear in his gut he diagonally ascended the incline, following his tracks disappearing as he sought them. The snow came down momentarily slowly, the flakes hanging in the air before touching earth. He was standing in a hollow in an unknown field. As he tried to think which way to go he saw a rabbit skittering through the snow, pursued, he thought, by a dog, then realized it was a fox. The rabbit slid up against a rock. The fox pounced on it and in a moment tore the screeching creature apart. The snow was covered with blood. Dubin stumbled away. The "wild" begins where you least expect it, one step from your daily course. A foot off the road and you're flirting with death. He had changed the black inner world for the white outer, equally perilous—man's fate, to varying degrees; though some were more fated than others. Those who were concerned with fate were fated. He struck his boot against the inhumanly white ground to get a fix on where he was but could not tell one part of the frozen earth from another. He could see nothing in the distance, had no awareness of direction. Then he kicked up some threads of dead grass and knew he was still far from the road.

He waited for the wind to die down so he could see more than snow whirling around him. But the blustery wind continued to blow strongly. Pushing into it, assuming it was coming from the east and that he had probably gone off the western side of the road, because he had not been walking facing traffic, he wandered amid ridges that rose at last to a level surface. Dubin, with relief, stumbled onto the road. He chose what he thought was the direction to the highway and walked on, holding his arm above his eyes, trying to see ahead. Now and then he could make out a utility pole streaked with snow, and occasionally, overhead, the snow-coated thick utility wire. Lowering his head against the wind he pushed on, stopping often to peer around through his snow-encrusted eyes. He brushed the snow off his face with his wet mittens. He had gone perhaps an eighth of a mile farther when he felt his galoshes sinking into the soft snow as a grove of trees opened before him. Disheartened, Dubin knew he had lost the road once more.

Panic shot through him. He saw himself running in circles, then managed to bring himself under control. For a while he stood motionless, breathing heavily, trying to puzzle out where he was. No tracks of his own could he see beyond ten feet. Probably the road had turned, though not he with it. He must be near it and surely not far from the highway? Backtracking, he was once more in the open. He thought he knew where he was: the road had curved to the right as he had walked on level ground straight ahead, gone into the trees. If he had turned with the road and stayed with it he'd soon have got to the highway. After a mile, possibly via a ride he might hitch in a passing truck—if there was a truck in this wild weather—he would be safely into Center Campobello.

To find his way he had to make the right next move. Dubin trudged along in the direction he had taken, stopping at intervals to listen for traffic in the distance; or perhaps a car on the road he'd been walking. Sooner or later a clanking snowplow would come by; sooner on the highway, later on this country road. He heard only the soughing wind. The storm was increasing in intensity. He heard a shrieking bird but could not see it. He wanted to run but dared not—break his leg if he ran into a hole. A moment later it became strangely light. He looked up at the sky; there was no sky. He beheld an oceanic whiteness. Why haven't I learned more about nature? Which is north? He had seen moss on all sides of a tree. How can I keep from going in circles?

You can't if you live in them. He felt fear again; he felt an icy trickle on his head, his brain pierced by cold. With a cry Dubin tore off his wool hat and slapped it savagely on his arm, beating off the wet snow. The red hat in his hand startled him. Nature was not the only thing present—a good sign.

He was growing tired. Coming to a low stone wall—would it be bounding the road or dividing a field?—Dubin climbed over it, following until it ended in a spill of rocks amidst trees; then he slowly traced it back the other way. The wind had decreased in force, coarse wet snowflakes falling so rapidly he could barely see five feet ahead. He thought he might follow the wall, touching it with his hand; but it was not there to be touched. He was into the trees once more. The woods were gusty, terrible when the wind blew through them. Now I am really lost. Should he cry out for help? Who would hear him in the wailing wind? If a car came by, its windows would be shut. No one would hear his shouts.

Was there a shelter somewhere? He pictured an abandoned house. He pictured the kind of hut children built and left in the fields. After walking up the long flank of a ridge and then down, Dubin was again at a gray lichen-covered stone wall—the same?—another? It made no difference; he must stay with it, go where it led. The wall crumbled as he climbed it. Dubin, after a while, got himself up, brushed off his clothes, limped on. He went through a grove of high pines. For a minute he was sure he knew where these trees were—close to the road before the bend to the highway where the road sloped down on the right. But there was no downward slope he could feel, let alone see. Are these the pines I think they are? Am I where I think I am? What a stupid thing not to have stayed home with my small, stationary miseries. Now I risk my life. He thought he ought not move until he could think of something sensible to do. How few choices there are when the weather is white, wind fierce, and snow thick. I'm mad to be here. There was a man in his mind wandering in the snow.

Exhausted, Dubin sank to the ground and crawled under the branches of a large spruce. Here was room to sit. Above, the drooping branches were heavy with snow, the lower ones dry tufts of green. The beige spruce needles that covered the ground between trees were dusted with patches of white. He sat with his back to the spruce, waiting for fatigue to ease, trying to hold down his fears, to stay alert.

It was quiet where Dubin sat, though he could hear the wind groaning in the swaying trees, and once in a while a pile of snow fell, sifting like mist through the spruce. He would wait till he had recovered his strength to get up and go on being lost. His lungs ached, burned. He could feel a trembling of the mouth. Despite the cold he felt sweaty; he felt his age. It was easy enough to sit under a tree but he feared the woods filling with snow. He saw himself trapped amid trees, in snow up to his neck. Embarrassing to die so close to the road; like drowning in a bathtub. Dubin let out a shout for help but the strange cry frightened him, so he sat with hard-pounding heart, silent in the still spruce grove.

What a mad thing to happen. What a fool I am. It was the having I wanted more than the girl. She doesn't deserve the feeling I give her. See what I've done to myself. I'm like a broken clockworks, time mangled. What is life trying to teach me?

The woods grew dark. He sat unable to decide whether to stay longer under the trees, wait the storm out. Suppose it snowed till nightfall and throughout the night until morning: Dubin, frozen stiff, snowman? Death's scarecrow? He heard a sudden plop in the branches overhead and cried out as lumps of snow showered over him. His first wild fear was that a bobcat had seen him and had leapt for his throat; but when the powdery mist settled, he beheld a hook-nosed white owl, perched on a swaying branch above his head, staring at him through the slits of its cold blinking eyes. But the owl, as though frightened by Dubin, flew off into the wind-driven snow with a hoot and great flapping of its long wings. Dubin rose to his knees, crawled out from under the spruce, moved into an open field.

The wind had quietened; the snow was still falling silently. It was now more than a half-foot deep, deeper in drifts. He floundered around the fringe of a stand of thin bleak trees, two of which were down. Dubin picked his way over the fallen trees. Through the brush ahead he made out a snow-covered stone wall at least a foot higher than the others he had encountered. Separating him from what fate? He was dully fatigued, could barely keep his eyes open. With difficulty he lifted himself up on the wall, trying not to hope. He climbed because it was the next thing to do. It was next because it presented itself at this moment. He lifted himself up and over the rock wall. For once his guess, if it was that, was a good one: the biographer again found himself on the recognizable road. He assumed he had in his wandering crossed and recrossed it.

The narrow road had been plowed, plowed narrowly, though he hadn't heard the truck go by. Since then another two inches of snow had fallen, but there were earth-streaked mounds of plowed-up snow banking both sides of the road, and he felt with relief that he could easily follow it. Yet snowflakes continued to come down thickly, so that he still could not tell direction; was still not sure which was the way to go. It begins again: which is the nearest way to the highway? What side of the road did I go off? Where did I come

out of the field? Did I cross the road without knowing it? Why is it I don't remember the high stone wall I just climbed? Has it always been there and have I never noticed; or have I noticed but am now too scared to remember? Is this the long hard-topped road I usually walk, or have I gone somewhere I have never been before? It must be more than a secondary road or they wouldn't have plowed it so soon. Unless some farmer plowed his own access road and I'm on it.

That should mean there would be a barn or farmhouse nearby. Dubin gazed around but saw no lights. Now which way shall I go? Am I already into the turn of the road, therefore head west for a short distance, then south and I should soon hit the highway? But if I go the other way, north—if I'm lucky and there's a light—I may sight a house in twenty minutes if I can keep going that long.

Dubin turned left where he had been standing at the wall and after some tedious and, at moments, forgetful walking, as dusk grew darker, he was convinced he was on the right road plodding the long but wrong way back. He stopped, deathly wearied, trying again to decide whether to go the other, possibly shorter way. He was cold, his clothes wet, face stiff, hands and feet freezing. The wind had died down and it was beginning to rain as well as snow. He could feel the icy rain and see it snowing. Dubin trudged on.

After a white wet timeless time it seemed to him something was approaching, a truck, or car, its wheels churning in the slush, lights on, wipers flapping as it loomed up like a locomotive out of the raining snow. The biographer flailed both arms, frantically waved his red hat as he stumbled toward the slowly moving vehicle. It then went through his frozen head that the white-faced woman, her head wrapped in a black shawl, who sat tensely behind the wheel, peering nearsightedly through the fogged windshield, frightened, perhaps already in mourning, was his wife.

Kitty held the door open as Dubin numbly got in beside her.

"I saw a white owl."

Crying silently, she drove him home. □

THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT

You declare this makes you tired, and sit down.
I understand; we've come a long way today
Between curling our tongues like small bowls
Around cold grapes and deciding finally

To be lovers. All I want now is to peel
Your sweater and jeans away from your breasts
And hips with my thumbs, like the smooth
Release of an orange from its bitter rind.

My lips might turn you to trembling then.
But you edge away, and stop me with a kiss.
Your face opens with tears when I touch
Your thigh. *Only kiss me,* you whisper,

Pushing me hard with your fists. My hands
Wilt against my chest. *Only kiss me,*
You insist. I nod, so you sigh and lean
Back into me, as if nesting safely

Against a wall, avoiding a dangerous light.
Your breathing slows and your eyes ease shut.
Only your hands still clench, and I sense
The tense spaces between our bodies, the fears

Of being lovers, of leaping into that black hole
Where light never escapes, where we must live
Without vision, always requiring the necessary
Comfort of our bodies beside each other.

by Jim Parlett

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Old MacDonald had a house. And in that house he had solar panels, honey bees, a graywater system, rabbits, a Clivus Multrum, chickens, a Savonius rotor. . . .

THE URBAN

The morning sun peeked over the far hills and shone obliquely down rows of alfalfa, catching here and there the blue of the flowers. A cock crowed. A distant train whistle blew mournfully. The windmill creaked in the morning breeze.

Traffic rumbled on the freeway, six blocks away. Elco Manufacturing Company clanked into operation—a high, grating noise, like the sound of an infant machine being tortured. The mournful train grew louder and passed very close, on the Southern Pacific tracks that run down Third Street in Berkeley, California. The pinkish morning clouds were plumes from the stacks of Colgate-Palmolive. The rows of alfalfa were only two, and the horizon toward which they stretched was immediate—the low-peaked roof of a two-and-a-half-story Victorian house on Fifth Street. The house was Integral Urban House, an experimental farmhouse in the city. Its compact fields looked much like the vegetable gardens that surrounded houses like it in the nineteenth century, when Victorian houses were young, and before ornamental plants became the rage. The compact fields look, the residents believe, uncannily like the gardens that will surround city houses in the twenty-first century.

Ten years before Integral House got its name, I lived on Fifth Street. *My* old Victorian house stood several blocks to the south. The young black men of the neighborhood called this section of Berkeley "the Front," short for waterfront, with a nod to *frontier* too, I think, for the neighborhood was the wildest in several counties. It was, as it remains, a black ghetto peppered with Mexican-Americans and salted with a very few whites and Chinese. Berkeley's low-numbered streets are its seediest. West of First Street is the freeway, and west of the freeway are the mud flats of San Francisco Bay. The houses are small and low, their paint peeling in the salt air. As in any poor country, churches, many of the storefront variety, are plentiful. Light industry occupies the corners, and old houses the midparts, of the blocks. The trees in the paltry yards look stunted—owing to the salt air, I've always assumed, or to airborne chemicals from the light industry.

In the early 1970s, young people with a little money bought old places in the Front and began renovating. They painted the Victorian façades audacious colors. Here and there on the drab blocks, houses stand out brightly, like random lacquered nails on work-worn hands. In 1974, the Farallones Institute, a small organization of biologists, architects, and craftsmen, bought the 1896 Victorian at 1516 Fifth Street. The building was as overgrown as a Mayan temple. The yard was a tangle of weeds, fruit trees, and prickly-pear cacti, with a small clearing in which some previous owner had put an old sofa and easy chair out to pasture. The new owners cleared the land and planted gardens after the fashion of Helga and William Olkowski, two of the institute's founders, whose Berkeley home was the prototype for what became known as Integral Urban House.

When I revisited the neighborhood in August four small black girls greeted me at the Integral gate. They unlatched it and went out as I entered.

"You can't have no food," one of them warned.

"No?" I said. "What's that you've got?"

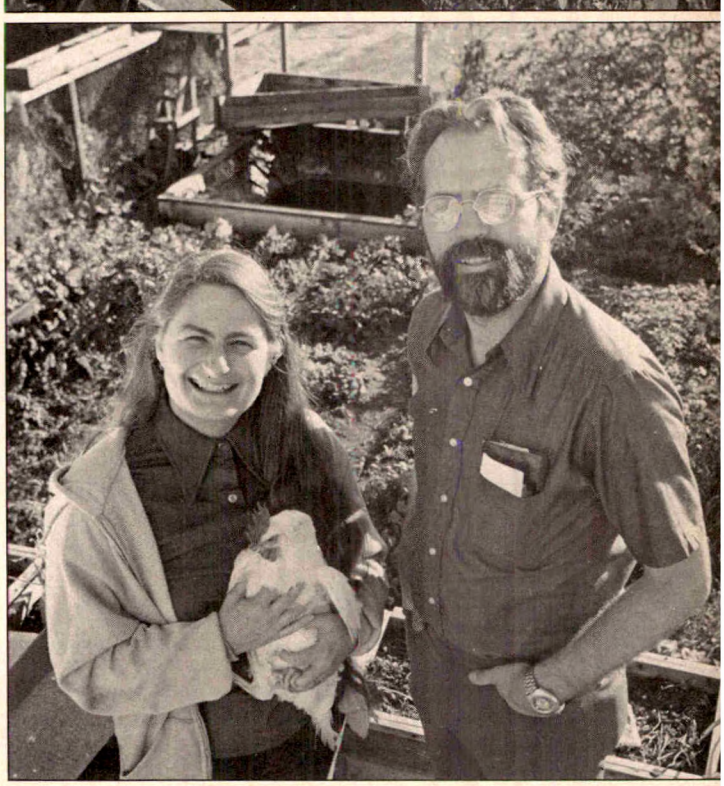
"Strawberries," she answered forthrightly. Nothing in her manner conceded that I'd caught her in an inconsistency.

I walked inside. In the second-floor kitchen, Tom Javits, manager of the house, was eating a hurried breakfast—a hamburger omelet. He was medium-sized, twenty-five years old, and wore a brown moustache. He appeared to have just gotten up, but that did not affect his performance; Javits could explain Inte-

Photos, clockwise from the top: The Integral House; Helga and William Olkowski; a member at work in the greenhouse.

by Kenneth Brower

FARM



gral House in his sleep. The eggs he was eating came from the chickens in the side yard. The hamburger, he confessed, was from the supermarket. He rose for his morning chores and suggested that I follow.

Carrying a handful of twine and a small hand ax, he stopped first in the front yard. Outside the fence, in those sidewalk rectangles usually planted to lawn or abandoned to weeds, grew alfalfa. A quick-growing perennial, alfalfa requires little attention and no fertilizer, fixes nitrogen as grass does not, and is high in protein. You do not throw alfalfa clippings away, like lawn clippings. You feed them to your rabbits. Integral House harvests its alfalfa every four to six weeks. One of the rectangles outside the fence was a stubble of cut stalks.

Along the fence grew a line of young mulberry trees. When they were fuller, Javits and his colleagues planned to prune them into a hedge. The prunings would be fed to silkworms raised in trays in the greenhouse. The worms would produce silk. The empty cocoons would be used as insulation in clothing and quilts. The pupae would be fed to the chickens, or eaten by the human residents of the house, as they are in the Orient.

"That's spinach," said Javits, pointing to a green patch inside the fence. "It looks just like an ornamental, doesn't it? But it's spinach, a New Zealand variety." He followed a short path through a lawn of strawberries, and with his twine began tying up squash vines.

That done, we walked around the house to the side yard, where the rabbit hutch and chicken coop stood against the side fence. The yard was a narrow space with little direct sunlight, not good for growing vegetables but fine for growing meat. Javits passed handfuls of lettuce leaves into the hutch. The rabbits received them politely, rising on hind legs in a soft crowd. "These are market leaves that are otherwise thrown away," he said. "We collect them, along with sawdust from local lumberyards and wood chips from the city. That way we're tied into the whole waste-resource network. The animals take eight or ten minutes of care a day. We eat two rabbits a week—five pounds of meat. We grow half the food we feed to the animals. Rabbit meat costs us thirty-five cents a pound, eggs forty cents a dozen. The yard takes three or four hours of work a week from each of the three or four residents. In 1976 we produced $1500 worth of food.

"We knew we couldn't provide for 100 percent of our needs on this amount of land. We decided to concentrate on fresh foods, which people drive so often to the store to acquire, burning up petroleum. The yard provides all the vegetables and 40 percent of the protein requirement for a family of four. We mainly have to buy only grains and carbohydrates, the cheapest foods. We raise our animals more economically than is done commercially. Commercial animals are fed grain products that people could eat."

He paused to spill a handful of green pellets into the rabbit hutch. "These are alfalfa pellets, which people can't eat."

"Don't you get tired of rabbit meat?" I asked.

"No. There are so many ways to cook it."

Beside the chicken coop were three large bins of compost. Droppings collected in trays beneath the coop and the hutch went into the bins, along with kitchen leftovers and weeds. It was a fast composting system, generating a temperature of 160° F for sixteen days or so, enough to kill any insect larvae, weed seeds, or plant diseases. Before a month was out, the compost would be mulch on the garden.

On top of one bin was a mesh flytrap. A problem with compost is its attraction for flies. Integral House has tinkered with the problem and turned it into a virtue, recycling its flies as chickenfeed. Snails in the Integral garden gain the same immortality, becoming chickenfeed, compost, mulch, vegetables, then Integral snails again.

We entered the greenhouse. Seedlings of various kinds sat in cut-off milk cartons against the glass. Javits selected some bean sprouts for transplanting. Picking up a trowel, he waved it at the glass walls on several sides of the structure.

"Properly built, a greenhouse can help heat the main house. We designed this one too early; we didn't know what we were doing. If we had known, we would have made a system where fans blow hot air into rock storage. That's just porous rock under the house. In the evening you blow it back into the house. You can do the same thing with fifty-five-gallon drums. You set a row of them in the greenhouse and fill them with water, which gives up heat slowly."

In winter, cucumbers and tomatoes grow to adulthood in the greenhouse. In summer, seedlings are started there, and on reaching a size safe from predators, they graduate to the garden. Integral House controls its greenhouse pests biologically, with pesticidal insects and diseases, as in Britain and Scandinavia, rather than with chemical pesticides, as in most American greenhouses.

Javits stepped into the garden. In raised beds around him grew broccoli, lettuce, potatoes, tomatoes, corn,

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beets, peas, carrots, celery, squash, spinach, chard, and more alfalfa. There were fig, quince, and avocado trees. Espaliered against the north fence were dwarf apple, plum, and lemon trees. The back yard had an imploded look. Its 2500 square feet contained more organization and growing things than seemed possible. Javits dug holes with his trowel and slapped the bean sprouts in place—more roughly than necessary, I thought, as if to demonstrate the hardiness of bean plants reared in greenhouses.

The rows of vegetables were all labeled with the variety and expected harvest date. Not all were intended for humans. On a sign above one clump ran this jerky litany:

> For flower power, plant:
> Caraway, Coriander, Dill, Lovage, Chervil; Parsnips, Parsley & Yarrow;
> Angelica, Carrots & Celery. Queen Anne's Lace.
> Grow these plants in your garden and let them flower. Their shallow throated blossoms will provide a nectar source for certain *Very Beneficial Garden Insects:* "mini-wasps." So small that you can barely see them, these harmless wasps lay their eggs in the bodies of many other insects, such as aphids and caterpillars.

Javits walked to the fishpond for a pail of water. The pond is an experiment in polyculture. In it lives a community of native Californians: Sacramento blackfish, rainbow trout, and crayfish. Integral House's word must be taken for this, because one can see no more than a few inches into the bright-green water. The pond is an algal soup of garden weeds, worms raised in the trays that catch chicken droppings, various insects, and human urine. Urine, a nitrogen source, is mostly a symbolic ingredient, a trace element—one quart per week.

Javits dipped a pailful of water and headed for his newly transplanted sprouts, pausing to splash a little on some onions that looked thirsty. He was, I had learned, manager of the compost program in the city of Berkeley, consultant in appropriate technology for California's CCC camps, and an adviser to developers seeking ecological sanity in their developments. His pamphlet on graywater (recycled water from sink and shower) had been adopted by the local water utility as the western drought tightened. Yet he was worried that the word was not getting out. "The impact of this place is too small, considering the quality of the ideas encompassed here. We need to get government support and recognition, and interest from the private sector. The next step, probably, is an Integral Urban *Neighborhood.*"

A Savonius rotor, a windmill made from salvaged timber and old oil drums, rotated above the pond. The drums were cut in half, the halves offset and arranged in three tiers to catch wind from any direction. The rotor drove a homemade pump, which changed the pond water every four or five days, passing it through a filter—an oil drum filled with crushed oyster shells—then through a faucet aerator, which splashed it back into the pond. Above the pond were beehives. Integral House keeps two colonies of bees, which produce fifty pounds of honey a year. The hives rest on an antproof stand designed by one of the house's founders so that no ant poisons would be necessary. When bees die, they fall in a trout-nourishing rain on the pond.

Yet somehow the placid green surface of the water troubled me. Acting on intuition, I asked Javits if the pond was a disappointment.

"Disappointing in productivity, yes, so far, but not as a focus of interest. Not as a place to study the organisms."

He began weeding the onions ruthlessly, with the irritable, jerking motions of any backyard gardener.

I looked over a Cyclone fence into the yard of the neighbors to the south. It was wild with grass. A "Roots" T-shirt hung from the line. Two chickens pecked in the grass under an old fruit tree. They looked at least as content as the Integral chickens living on wire.

I asked Javits if his vegetable gardening and poultry raising involved anything new.

"No. There's nothing new about this house. It's all old stuff that's been put in new packages. It's all been brought together."

The weeding took him about forty seconds. When it was done, he excused himself. His chores had consumed fifteen minutes. He retired to the office, where he would begin the real work of Integral House—explaining the significance of those fifteen minutes.

Indoors, Integral House has the same imploded, microcosmic feel as it does outdoors. It has too much useful space, too much going on, to be contained in an old frame building of its dimensions. On the first floor is an entry room lined with pamphlets and sign-up sheets, an office, a workshop, and a toilet room. In the middle of the last hulks a Clivus Multrum, a device the size of an early A-bomb, into which human and kitchen wastes drop through pipes from above, to emerge several years later as sweet-smelling compost. The toilet room is also a vegetable storage room and a hide-tanning room, with stretched rabbit pelts on the wall.

On the second floor is the kitchen, with shelves of home-canned foods, an old-fashioned cupboard cooler, and a combination gas and wood stove. Tall glass kitchen doors open onto a balcony, where the herbs of the house are grown in pots. Also on the second floor

are a seminar room, with a high-ceilinged Victorian spaciousness, bedrooms, and a bathroom with three toilets: one for the Clivus Multrum, one to collect urine for various uses, and a conventional toilet for guests, so they won't overload the system.

The house, like the yard, is full of old wisdom enlivened with new twists: solar panels on the roof; an experimental "passive solar heater"—a window rack of gallon wine jugs, some painted black, some filled with black fluid, which store heat during the day with the shutters open, reradiate it at night with shutters closed; a graywater system that collects used water from sink and shower for re-use on the garden.

I sat in the garden to escape the racket from Integral House. The syncopated rhythms of hammering overlapped, faltered, began again. The attic was being converted into living quarters for the residents, who were tiring of fishbowl life, with five hundred visitors a week trooping through their kitchen. "It's kind of schizoid," says Jeff Poetsch, a graduate student in architecture who lives in the house and directs its renovation. "From morning until five o'clock we're nice to visitors—amenable and open. After five, if anybody came in the door, I think we'd kill him." This was an exaggeration. People often enter after five, and the resident staff is unfailingly polite. The residents were, though, looking forward and upward to the completion of the attic, to which they could then retreat for privacy.

One of the carpenters was Richard Worthy, a small, slight black man from Spartanburg, South Carolina. Worthy is thirty-one, an architecture student at Berkeley. He wore a green T-shirt, a sparse beard, and a cap. His face was owlish and comic, his manner a bit eccentric. He was much stronger than he looked, and had spent the morning carrying heavy eight-foot planks up a new outdoor staircase, then into the house. He paused once next to where I sat, in a patch of New Zealand spinach, and told me this story:

"I was talking to a black guy from Johannesburg, South Africa. He had spent four years in school, and worked three years with an architect. They wouldn't let him establish an office in Johannesburg. But he got his license, and he was building in Soweto. He told me about the government housing there. He was making concrete block houses, with wooden beams on top, and corrugated steel roofs sitting on top of the beams. Concrete slab floors. Nothing else. No water. You could buy the house, but you leased the land from the government. You had to pay rent forever. They were building thousands of them.

"He asked me to do some working drawings of alternatives. What would *I* do? I had to tell him I probably couldn't do much better. That's why I took this job. If I learned to set up a system like this—the meat and eggs and—if I could incorporate some of this—not all of it, just some of it . . ."

Gazing off toward the greenhouse, he left the thought incomplete. Then he changed the subject. His parents, he said, were church people, back home. He had a tacit understanding with them: he felt himself sent out, a sort of emissary of his place, to make the world better.

"I'm from Spartanburg, South Carolina," he repeated, to the greenhouse or to himself. The declaration seemed to have private meaning for him. Then he remembered me and leaned close. "And do you know what? I'm going to move to Johannesburg. How about that?"

Stuart Leiderman, an environmental-action organizer from southern Missouri, sat at a desk on the first floor, behind the intricate swarmings of the demonstration beehive. He was working up plans for a course. Leiderman, who normally works with homesteaders in the Ozarks, was about to teach homesteading to the city people of Berkeley. His lanky frame and lean, somber face belonged in the Ozarks, I thought. His hair, wild and electric, looked fine in Berkeley. He is thirty-two, and prematurely gray. His conversation is a stream of information, yet somehow seems laconic. His smile is quickly here and gone. It's preoccupied, like the smile of a farmer worried about getting the crop in, or a biologist fretting over pesticide residue on cabbages. In his career Leiderman has approached agriculture from both angles. He dipped occasionally into a wooden fruit crate beside his desk for a plum or a peach. The crate came from a local organic-food supplier.

I asked how his work in the Ozarks compared to his work in Berkeley.

"In the Ozarks, the problem is heavy cultivation and overgrazing. There we're moving toward a more permanent perennial agriculture, to drought-resistant trees like honey locusts, walnuts, certain species of edible oaks. The problem in Berkeley is high pollution levels. Both are difficult places to grow food. The Ozarks are rocky and depleted of organic matter; Berkeley is an urban environment, very toxic, with lead and other poisons in the air.

"Ozarks people have more sense of place, more dedication to the land. Berkeley is more a social environment. People in Berkeley spend more of their lives in their heads; Ozarks people spend their lives on the land and in their bodies. In the Ozarks, people cooperate a lot more. A lot of talented people live in Berkeley, but they're not working much together. Everyone looks at everyone else as a potential customer, not as a fellow citizen. In the Ozarks, the goodness or badness of an

idea is tested, and is apparent to everybody. In Berkeley people are reluctant to come together and evaluate the quality of one another's work.

"Ozarks people are involved in securing food, shelter, and clothing, day in and day out. In Berkeley they're not concerned. They're sort of subsidized, supported by a shadow Berkeley somewhere out in the middle of the United States."

Leiderman, a native of Silver Spring, Maryland, had been a student of Barry Commoner's at Washington University in St. Louis, then for three years had taught courses in biology and ecology there. In the Ozarks he fought the Meramec Dam, which would have flooded the last of the free-flowing rivers in Missouri, as well as the cabin in which he was living. He ran as an Independent for Congress, against a dam advocate, and lost (but the dam was blocked). He was now to spend a month as a visiting professor of wind pumps, aquiculture, composting, food raising, and pest management.

"The idea," he said, "is that the house should become less museumlike and more a workplace, more effective in the community. I'm hoping for at least ten students. Those ten will establish their own homes as demonstration centers, and will help teach and organize.

"The course will put a high priority on practicing what you preach. In the third and fourth weeks, we'll be working in the homes of participants, installing solar energy equipment and graywater systems, and starting gardens.

"We want to prove that vacant land in the cities can be made to produce lushly. That vacant land *should* be used that way. That if food in city gardens is being contaminated, through the city's failure to meet air quality laws, then the city is taking food out of people's mouths. The garden is a good indicator of the quality of life in the community. To me, it is *the* most effective community-organizing tool. Gardening is a land reform activity as much as a food-getting activity. It's going to make city people compete with skyscrapers and freeways. They'll insist on air and water quality. That's the way we'll get a livable environment.

"In St. Louis there are over two thousand acres of vacant land. I've heard that here in the San Francisco Bay area, there are fifteen thousand acres. There is one sixth of an acre on this lot. With one fourth of an acre, a family could become self-sufficient. Suburbia has yet to be discovered as a real natural resource."

The last few millennia of human history can be read as a long, steadily escalating war between city and country. The city has always won. It concedes a few battles—Troy, Carthage, some gold towns in Alaska, some rubber towns in Brazil—but it wins the campaigns. It captures orange groves in California, mangrove swamps in Florida, forests in China and Greece. Country people, on peeking out to see the city's legions, its sooty banners, have usually waved the white flag. Integral House is a counterattack behind enemy lines.

Javits, Worthy, Leiderman, and the other men and women of the house are fifth columnists. They are dedicated revolutionary hicks trying to green the cities from the inside. They want to squash the urban core, to pumpkin and peach the suburbs.

Outside, the sun was setting through leaves of corn. The rabbits were huddling against the approaching cool, and the bees had retired to their hives. An evening wind stirred the alfalfa. Traffic droned on the freeway. A siren wailed from the street. □

Tom Javits

1735-70

"They weren't making my kind of movies anymore"—so the author decided to write one himself. And thus began his education in a cutthroat industry made up of "highly motivated, good, sweet, kind, lovable, brilliant, and highly cultured people."

WHO KILLED HOLLYWOOD?

by Alan Trustman

Remember Y. A. Tittle?

Y. A. Tittle was the great dramatist of the 1960s. He co-founded living theater and reinvented dramatic tension, the denouement, and suspended disbelief. What is more, he did it all in the perfect idiom of the age in which he worked.

Remember those glorious Sunday afternoons? Two touchdowns behind in the fourth quarter, a minute and a half left to play, Tittle back to pass, there it goes, complete! You could feel the tide changing, you knew the Giants were going to win, and they did, week after week.

Thank you, Old Baldy, wherever you are. As I sat at your feet I learned all the drama I know today. You did a lot for me. When you retired in the mid-1960s, something magical went out of my life. Sunday afternoons became a great emotional void. The Giants were awful; I couldn't watch. I couldn't play golf in the fall; I lost too many balls in the leaves. There would be no skiing for another two months. Where could I find the marvelous feelings you had been giving me?

Where had I found them before you arrived? At the movies, in the old days. The movies could provide again. They weren't making my kind of movies anymore. It was up to me.

I wrote *The Thomas Crown Affair* in ten Sunday afternoons, *Bullitt* in another three. And there I was, on the top of the Hollywood heap. With my customary uncanny sense of timing, I pounced on the pile just as it started to crumble. I had a taste, but only a taste, of the good old life—and the good old days before they disappeared and before life in the industry butcher shop became truly short, brutish, and nasty.

Actually, the golden age of the film world had commenced its decline two decades earlier, when the government destroyed the economic foundation of what had been a profitable, productive, and sturdy industry. Since that time the industry has been operated in flagrant defiance of the laws of economics by a collection of highly motivated, good, sweet, kind, lovable, brilliant, and highly cultured people, each of whom knows all about the movie business, economics and everything else. Which is one of the problems of the industry.

They do, however, have enormous resilience and incredible energy, sufficient to carry on their backs the aging remnants of the earlier industry. In order to understand the magnitude of the problems, it is helpful to focus for a few moments on what the movies meant to us in the late 1940s.

They taught us drama, music, history, style, and taste, formed our characters, shaped our personal relationships. Thirty years ago (according to a poll) the average moviegoer went to forty-four movies a year, liked fourteen, and loved four. Supporting us in our addictive habit was a flourishing free enterprise industry. Twenty-five thousand theaters grossed $2 billion in 1948 dollars—an average of $80,000 apiece—a figure at which most theaters could be profitable even today. And at the other end of the pipeline were eight flourishing studios turning out 300 to 400 pictures a year. Nearly all of those pictures played, and most of them made money. It was all quite wonderful. It deserved to flourish. It kept us happy.

Much has been written about the studios, but the colorful stories sometimes obscure the essential characteristics of the studio system and the way it worked to insure both the quality and the quantity of yesteryear's movies. To begin with, the studios were highly disciplined, monolithic dictatorships run by that legendary generation of highly motivated, good, sweet, kind, lovable, brilliant, and highly cultured people. Their discipline gave us a sense of direction and coherence on the screen, a pleasurable contrast to the messy uncertainties of our own lives. Chaos was not tolerated on the set. You were professional, or you didn't work.

The people who were making the pictures had the security of regular jobs, not just one-picture deals, and some of them had employment contracts running for terms of years. As a result, they tended to be more relaxed and less frantic than the people who make pictures nowadays. That pleasing, casual style showed in the characters on the screen and we responded, going to the movies to forget ourselves, our friends and families, all of whom tended to be relatively more nervous and desperate.

Professional pride flourished in the studios. People were pleased when their group made a good picture, their studio made a good picture, and sometimes even when somebody else made a good picture. They ran a regular training program in the movie crafts, constantly bringing along new apprentices.

Actors and actresses were methodically built into stars by the studios who had them under long-term contract. The highly motivated, good, sweet, kind, lovable, brilliant, and highly cultured people in the front offices would take a handsome face, make it even more handsome, analyze audience impressions of the character, and deliberately purchase properties so that the public could come to know the star in consistent character roles four to six times a year. Regardless of the picture, we connected with the man or woman we loved. The star system built the industry.

Finished pictures were previewed—legitimately previewed. If a picture did not work, it was sent back and re-edited, even reshot if necessary. That was possible then, when all the cast and crew were under contract. Many pictures were salvaged, promising films turned into huge successes, and the consistent level of quality was significantly higher than is practical today for the independent-production picture.

And finally, supporting the studio system were assured play dates for virtually every picture, because the studios owned theaters, owned partial interests in theaters, or had other friendly arrangements with theaters, many theaters, across the United States. If a movie played in only 1000 theaters—four percent of the total—and played for only a single week, and generated film rentals of only $1000 a theater, that $1 million in distributor gross easily translated into $650,000 available to recoup production costs, which was enough to pay for the average picture. Statistically the 400 pictures released generated $2 billion in box office gross, or an average of $5 million in box office per picture, nearly $2.5 million in distributor gross per picture. It was glorious, everyone getting rich, and there were lots of pictures and lots of good pictures. Yes, there were abuses. Some of the studio heads were not always so good, sweet, kind, or lovable. And some theater owners couldn't get the pictures they wanted without buying other pictures they did not want, but so what? Who cared?

The government cared. The government stepped in and murdered the industry.

The first swing of the ax was the Paramount case, United States against Paramount Pictures. In theory it was an appropriate attack on the "block-booking" and other predatory practices of a ruthless monopoly. It was tried for the industry by John W. Davis, who was the best trial lawyer in America, but did not understand the movie business; it was tried for the government by a staff of lawyers, most of whom did not understand the movie business; and it was decided by judges in the district, circuit, and Supreme courts, practically none of whom understood the movie business. Their decision was truly ingenious. It managed to preserve and intensify all of the monopolistic abuses of the industry while at the same time destroying the economic underpinnings that had made it a successful business. It left the majors free to finance, produce, and distribute films, but prohibited relationships with theaters and neatly eliminated guaranteed play dates. To be sure that most films made money, the majors had to reduce the number of films produced, to create a shortage and assure exhibitor demand. It was a disaster for the industry.

Meanwhile, another branch of the government was swinging the ax a second time. Suddenly we had television, which, under any circumstances, would have represented serious competition. Instead of encouraging a healthy sort of competition which might have caused both industries to flourish, the government

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Alan Trustman, a former Boston lawyer, is a screenwriter whose films include *Bullitt, The Thomas Crown Affair,* and *The Next Man.*

meticulously created in the television industry the very same monopolistic conditions it deplored in the movie business. Regulatory policies mandated into existence three colossal networks and permitted them to produce and finance production of programs, competing with their own suppliers while being largely free from competition by cable or pay-TV. As a result the networks have had since the beginning of the industry a total stranglehold on both the content of television and the bulk of the money being generated. As a conception, the television monopoly called "free" (advertiser- as opposed to consumer-supported) television was breathtaking; it was only a matter of time before it became unbeatable competition for the movies.

Into the breach rushed Arthur Krim—who gave the movie business its fix of the fifties. Arthur Krim, who gained control of United Artists, was a business genius who correctly evaluated the economic realities underlying the movie industry's problems. He saw that if you could not control theaters and thereby assure a market for your product, you could not afford a studio. United Artists became a studio without a studio—a pool of money and a distribution organization which maintained very small offices and rented as it needed them its studio facilities. Krim turned and said to the directors and actors, "Here is what you've always wanted, here is the money to make a picture, without studio controls, go and make pictures and be free and be happy." The directors and actors responded with enthusiasm, and there was a burst of new creativity.

The success of United Artists promptly spawned imitators throughout the industry. Those who owned their own studios cut them back drastically. Independent productions became the lifeblood of the fifties. They made good movies and continued to do so until, at the end of the decade, television started experimenting with quality. We all stayed home to watch *Playhouse 90,* and the movie business started running out of steam again.

Then a wonderful thing happened: the movies were saved by the 1960s, when we all started playing a game called prosperity. Those were marvelous days, the 1960s.

Remember the stock market? People who didn't understand business bought pieces of paper they did not understand for prices that were sheer insanity and sold them for higher prices to other people driven by the same madness. Meanwhile, the stock market created the conglomerate and the conglomerate saved the movie industry.

A beautiful word, conglomerate. You take a number of utterly unrelated businesses and put them all together in the same corporate structure and pretend that somehow, as if by magic, each helps the other to grow, like flies cross-fertilized in a bottle. The magic word was "symbiosis," and the magic phrases were "two plus two equals five" and "the whole is greater than the sum of its parts." Those exquisite phrases somehow turned men's minds to Hollywood and glamour and the movies—and money and creativity.

You see, a movie business is a perfect siphon, a perfect laundry, and a perfect iron. Perhaps these words need a bit of explanation. If you have a business that is making money, once a year you have to take half your earnings and pay them over in cash, whether or not you have that cash, to the government. And so, on the unhappy ides of April, if you are a resentful treasurer of a conglomerate, and if you have made lots of money, but unfortunately it is *here,* and you wish you had it *there,* what you want is a mechanism for getting money from here to there without leaving any trace and without any publicity.

Furthermore, every once in a while you want to pay money to a great statesman, out of appreciation for his services to mankind, but because you are inclined to be modest, as he is, you would both just as soon not leave any record. At all. None. No publicity. And if you use money there, not here, it is easier to leave no trace of it and to leave no publicity.

Now, if you have a movie company, you simply make a series of big-budget pictures overseas; the amount of money that can disappear (permanently or temporarily) in weeks is absolutely mind-boggling, and there is no practical way it can ever be audited. Similarly, if you have a picture that is a huge success, and you decide to distribute it overseas, you never get an honest count from any foreign distributor anyhow, so an extra-short count on one film where the funds end up in a friendly bank account is similarly immune to audit.

That is how a siphon works. Of course it is done in many businesses, but there are very few where it can be done so easily and efficiently.

As for "laundry," that is a far more familiar term. Everyone knows what a laundry is. If you have it *there,* and you want it *here,* and are willing to pay the taxes to get it here, you put it through a laundry. In the movie business this is easy. You release or re-release a picture over there; it does well, unexpectedly well; you receive the film rentals and you pay the taxes. Neat, effective, no way to audit: a lovely laundry, because it works so quickly.

An iron combines the siphon and the laundry. If you

are a conglomerate and want to sell your stock for ten to twenty times earnings instead of four to eight times earnings, it is helpful if every year your earnings go up in a straight line, without fluctuation or cyclical moves. An iron is a combination of techniques to flatten the tops and the bottoms so you get a steady progression of increases. Of course you can do a lot of this if you happen to be in the movies.

Back to the 1960s. The conglomerates discovered the movies and most of the majors were acquired by conglomerates or themselves became conglomerates, and hundreds of millions of new dollars were poured into the movies.

At the same time, the movie business got its creative fix of the 1960s. In the twelve years since the studios let everyone go, we had not been building any stars or training any actors or new directors, except in television, and since we needed heroes for the advertising and publicity, all of a sudden we made heroes of the directors. We discovered the *auteur* theory. It was very well done, with real intellectual pretensions and historical justification. The "new wave" French directors had in fact written, produced, and directed, and sometimes even acted, in their own rather small but frequently superb films. In the 1960s Hollywood, latching on to the "free to be you and me" theme of the decade, decided it wanted to do that too. Naturally the Hollywood directors loved it. Now they were intellectuals and artists and not merely hack directors. They were going to have their say, make "their" movies.

Many of them got public relations agents and started feeding copy to the newspapers and magazines. We started reading interviews with Hollywood directors who would claim that they wrote the script, took the pictures, acted, edited, practically wrote the music. In short, they did everything, they were really *auteurs*. The odd thing about it was, they started making good pictures. A number of directors who had never really turned out anything particularly distinguished read their own publicity releases, believed them, became tremendously enthusiastic, and started making good movies.

At the same time there was a second creative release, as Hollywood slightly loosened its hitherto rigid moral standards. It is hard for us to believe today, but there was a time, not so very long ago, when Hollywood was positively prudish. The country generally had discovered sex at least six or seven years before Hollywood ever started to notice, and the country had situation ethics and the new wild and woolly sexual morality nearly a decade before Hollywood started to catch up with it.

In *The Thomas Crown Affair,* Steve McQueen was a Bostonian who robs a bank twice and goes off to Europe to live happily ever after. The distributor promptly had a huge fight with the censors. Why? Because the hero had committed a crime and got away with it. The picture was released without change and no one noticed the breach of the code, but eight years later, an editorial in the Sunday New York *Times* protesting sex, violence, and incitement to riot concluded that the Steve McQueen picture had triggered the moral decline of the movies.

And so, the sixties: hundreds of millions of dollars provided by the conglomerates, directors who had suddenly become geniuses, and a slight loosening of taste restrictions. It was indeed boom time.

It all peaked for me in November of 1968. At ten o'clock one morning, a confusing detective story with a car chase opened at the Radio City Music Hall, and by noon that day I never had to work again.

It was a wonderful day and I learned a lot about the movies.

At four o'clock that afternoon I arrived at the Radio City Music Hall with my three children. The only thing I have ever done in my whole life that impresses my kids is not paying when I go to the movies. That afternoon, as I went up to the box office, my oldest son, who was then twelve, said to me, "Dad, you mean you're going to pay to get into your own movie?"

Since I am the kind of father who never says no, I said, "Yes, John, you're right, I will call the movie company," and I strode aggressively toward the nearest pay phone and called my agent. And asked my agent to call the movie company.

He did, and it was then, on that beautiful fall afternoon, that I had my first contact with a man who is one of the truly great people of the motion picture business, highly motivated, good, sweet, kind, lovable, brilliant, and highly cultured. We will call him Arnie Hoppitt. He is known in the trade as The Nutcracker. He is a vice president of the movie division of Cash Corporation of America, a famous conglomerate. He is vice president in charge of not paying off on percent-

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ages. Approximately one picture in thirty-six makes money the way the distributors keep the books in the movie industry, and sometimes the director, the actors, and even the writer have a contract right to small percentages of that money. Figuring out ways not to pay them is Arnie's passion. In any event, my agent asked for the ticket freebies and Arnie replied with words which have become legendary in the industry. He said, "Tell the effing writer we paid him for his screenplay, now he can pay us for the tickets."

I paid.

My picture became a runaway success, and so Arnie re-released it in the sixth week of its first general release, packaged everywhere with another which was then two years old and which Arnie's movie company now owned 100 percent of. Naturally Arnie attributed half the revenues to each picture. And since the other was a well-known picture, having been out for two years, Arnie attributed 100 percent of the distribution expenses to my picture. Everybody knew the other picture. Nobody knew my picture. When I found out what he was doing I demanded an audit.

"Sure, you can have an audit," said Arnie. "You give me a court order, I'll give you an audit. Let's budget five years for litigation and $300,000 apiece for the lawyers."

I called my lawyer. He said forget it.

I forgot it.

On December 30 of the following year I heard from Arnie again. "Congratulations," he said, "we're settling our little dispute tomorrow." That was indeed good news, and I told him so and asked him for how much. He named a figure which was somewhat lower than the last figure he had offered, and I told him I would see him in hell first. "I got news for you," said Arnie. "On January 1 the tax law changes, and the maximum bracket on earned income, federal and state combined, drops from 83 percent to 52 percent. If you are reasonable and settle on my terms, I will pay you the whole thing on January 2. Otherwise I will dump on you tomorrow everything I admit I owe you and that will increase the tax bite on it by 60 percent unless you can buy a tax shelter tomorrow before the banks close at three-thirty."

"Listen," I said to Arnie, "of all the dirty rotten things I have ever heard, this has to be the lowest, bar none."

And he said, "Say it again, I love it."

I called my lawyer. He said take it.

I took it.

Six months later the stock market collapsed, the conglomerates collapsed, the country collapsed, and people stopped going to the movies. When the dust settled, the industry had probably lost $200 million of other people's money over a period of something like four years, and the business shriveled. Budgets were greatly reduced and production was cut back to a relatively few pictures, and those were being made only by the "in" group.

But then, once again, the movies revived. The business got its fixes of the seventies. First, it became Yablansized. This is a term named after Frank Yablans, formerly head of Paramount, now a successful producer. He is a remarkable little man, highly motivated and the greatest salesman in the history of the movies.

In the spring of 1969, Frank Yablans made *Love Story* about the girl who said: "Being in love means never having to say you're dying of leukemia." It was a huge success and he really sold it, grossing nearly $100 million. And he discovered the basic economic principle underlying Yablansization in the process: If you have one winner, it will make enough to pay for fifty stinkers and leave you with a fat profit. That's all there is to it. Yablans and the rest of the industry grasped the significance of the new discovery. Find the big one and sell it. So they did. Paramount followed with *The Godfather,* Warner Brothers with *The Exorcist,* Universal with *The Sting* and *Jaws,* Fox with *Star Wars.* Soon there will be $200 million box office movies!

Meanwhile, all of them were rolling in money. Happy days were here again. So they extended the Yablansization principle still further. Instead of trying to sell all fifty of the pictures they made each year, hoping to find the big one, they would make thirty and try to sell only ten, dropping the other twenty at once if they were not immediate hits, and they would not really try to sell all of the ten, but would try to find the one big hit. They would save in the process all the excess print and advertising expenses. What the impact of this might be on the public, who were in effect being educated to believe that there were now going to be only four or five pictures a year worth seeing, nobody

in Hollywood stopped to figure. Furthermore, the impact of this policy on exhibitors was to squeeze them dry, dry, dry, and this the studios proceeded to do with gusto, imagination, and genius. Indeed, as the supply of pictures which were really being sold dwindled and dwindled, the pressure on the exhibitors grew greater and greater. It became a distributors' market, in which theater owners first became worried, then desperate, then suicidal.

A friend of mine in the Paramount sales department once questioned the wisdom of all of this. He was a very nice man, highly motivated, good, sweet, kind, lovable, brilliant, and highly cultured, a little odd, perhaps, by industry standards: he was still on his first marriage. Anyhow, he raised the question at lunch one day but he never got an answer. Except that when he went downstairs after lunch, his desk was gone. As they say, it is a tough business.

Back to Yablansization. I haven't done it justice. In fact, it was such a successful principle that they carried it one step further. Instead of making thirty, selling ten, and hoping for one, why bother to make the thirty at all? Why not make ten? Or eight? Or six? What this would do to a public that was being taught that there would be only one or two movies a year worth seeing, and to exhibitors who couldn't get any pictures at all, was of no concern to the distributors, or even the Department of Justice, who continued to maintain that exhibitors could not make films themselves. So theaters started to close.

Indeed, there were people in Hollywood who were becoming dimly aware of the ultimate logical projection of Yablansization, and although no one articulated it, the rationale went something like this: The public is fickle and unpredictable and you never can tell which pictures they are going to like, their tastes vary so from year to year. The only thing that does not vary is total box office gross, which seems to be at a plateau of about $2 billion annually. Furthermore, there is no way you can predict from a package—meaning the screenplay, the director, the actors, the budget, and the like—whether a picture is going to be any good or not, let alone whether or not the public is going to like it. It is all a huge gamble. Therefore, in a perfect world, the six remaining distributors would get together, and all they would do in any given year is make one home movie for one dollar, thus saving the hundreds of millions of dollars they hadn't had to spend on production; the one home movie would show in all the theaters, since that would be the only new product; the public would pay the same $2 billion in box office gross; the distributors would really be able to kill the exhibitors on terms; and the distributors would simply divide up the entire $2 billion less the few dollars they would have to leave with the theaters.

Neat, huh? It could only happen in the movies. But it could happen in the movies. Indeed, it might have come to pass in some form had the industry not received its second fix of the seventies.

And this one started with me. My first two pictures had been both box office and critical successes, and I made the logical next decision: I wanted to direct a picture. So I announced to a breathless industry that I wanted to direct a picture.

Nothing happened. I started to daydream about it. Wouldn't it be nice if I could figure out some way to get the money, all the money I wanted, to make all the pictures I wanted to make, and nobody had to risk any money.

Like in real estate! I had it. Why not try to make movies into a tax shelter like real estate? People could put up a dollar, borrow a second dollar from a bank, distributor, or exhibitor, without personal responsibility, deduct both dollars, and get the first dollar back from the government through the savings in taxes, assuming a tax bracket of 50 percent. And the people who started to do it would have to do it every year, in order to roll their tax shelters ahead from year to year or pay the taxes in the year the liability was released. The tax shelter investor would become a captive constituency. Intoxicated with the magnificence of the conception, I set out to find a good tax lawyer. I came up with a man we will call Ed Hunter.

Ed is a great tax lawyer, and he is the true father of the movie tax shelter. In three days, he had the structure right. The same day he had the money. I could direct my own movie. There was one little problem, however. I was starting to panic. I wanted people to put up one dollar and deduct two, getting one back from the government if they were in the 50 percent bracket, no real cash-out-of-pocket cost, and we had the money for the movie. But, Ed pointed out, why not put up one dollar and deduct three? Or five? Or even six? In fact, he had structured my deal at five for one. He had raised the money on the basis of a deduction of five dollars for every one paid in. Well? How about it? I looked at him. I was nervous. All I needed was a problem with the IRS. A two-for-one deduction was a good business deal. But five-for-one sounded greedy. The IRS is mean to taxpayers who are greedy. But there it was, the money, the deal, my chance to be a

DIRECTOR. Did I have the courage? I did not. I went home, taking my script with me. End of career as director.

Ed went on with our movie tax shelter structure to make thirty different pictures. On one deal the investors got a nine-for-one deduction, and all of a sudden everyone in the industry started to follow Ed's lead, first a trickle, then a flood. An estimated half a billion dollars had poured into tax shelter pictures by the time Congress changed the tax law to shut down movie tax shelters, at the request of a Treasury that failed to appreciate Ed's contribution to the movies. The only thing wrong with Ed's deals was something which should have made the government happy. Movie tax shelter deals are supposed to lose money. That is the reason you spend as much money as you can, so everybody gets rich making the picture, and the investors get the maximum possible deduction for making the picture because it has cost the maximum possible amount of money. The one thing you never want is a tax shelter picture to be a success and *make* money, because if it *makes* money, then the investors not only have to pay taxes on the profits, they have to give their extra deductions back to the government.

A terrible thing seemed to happen on a surprising number of Ed's pictures. They made money. Movie projects seemed to turn to gold whenever they came anywhere near our Ed. There is no way you can fairly blame any of this on Ed, though. He never even read the scripts. It finally got so embarrassing that he had to tell his clients in writing that he was making no contribution whatsoever to selection or production of the pictures. Indeed the SEC was thinking of making Ed put on the front page of his offering circulars words to the effect that Mr. Hunter is a genius at picking projects and his past record makes it statistically likely that, despite the astronomical waste built into the budget, the insane prices paid the stars and director, and the idiocy of the financial terms being agreed to by the investors, the picture will probably make money anyway, your deductions will all become worthless, so don't invest and save your money. (In fact, the only reason the SEC didn't insist was so that it wouldn't embarrass the IRS, which was arguing that Ed's deals had no tax substance because they were designed to lose money.)

Ed is a tax hero, and he did a wonderful thing for the movies. An enormous amount of money was poured into movie productions because of Ed's tax shelters, and this undoubtedly supported the industry for most of the 1970s. Pictures continued to be made and distributed, despite the Yablansization efforts of the studios and distributors. Indeed, during the mid-1970s the distributors had the best of all possible worlds: a limited number of pictures to distribute in search of the great big one, and little or no financial risk in most produced movies.

The end of 1976 saw the end of the tax shelters. Now who is going to make the movies? The best of the big-budget projects are still being made, some by the major studios, some by the independents, many financed by presales overseas, but some of them are going to have to be huge successes, or this sort of financing is likely to dry up quickly. It is too dangerous and too risky to make a big-budget movie.

Fewer and fewer people are seeing fewer and fewer pictures. It is very serious. Theaters are closing. Why? They can't get any movies. Total box office receipts are still $2 billion a year, but they can't get any movies. (Also, the $2 billion are 1977 dollars, which are worth a lot less than the same number of dollars twenty-five years ago.) Where there used to be 300 to 400 movies a year, there are now 150 to 200 movies a year.

Movies are less highly disciplined than they were thirty years ago. Professional pride in the business has diminished radically. There is no job security, panic is rife, unemployment is high. There is no depth of talent or staff available. Pictures are made on tight budgets and on the tightest possible time schedules. They are rarely if ever recut and virtually never reshot. There are no long-term contracts with actors. Whereas thirty years ago you had a sure distribution and a sure profit on the average picture, today the odds are wretched.

Let's look for a moment at the odds today. At least five or six times a year, I get a phone call from some friend. The words are nearly always the same. "This man I know has bought rights to a book, and he's going to make a picture. I have $5000 I can afford to lose. What do you think? Should I do it?"

He's not asking me, he's telling me he's going to do it. Whatever I say, he's already hooked. He's going to invest in the movies. So I tell him just what the score is.

The very best screenwriters are lucky if one screenplay in nine is actually produced as a picture. Lesser screenwriters face worse odds, one in ninety or even higher. Of the movies that get produced, one in nine breaks even, one in thirty-six makes significant money. Consequently, if you hire a top writer, you have one chance in 81 of breaking even, one chance in 324 of making real money. With lesser screenwriters the odds are 1 in 810 of breaking even, 1 in 3240 of making real money.

But friends do call, and ask for advice. They're not going to take it, but they do ask. So what do you tell them to make the point? The odds? There's no point in that, they're just not interested. So I do a little number:

You have $5000 you're prepared to lose and you want to have a little fun? Here's what you ought do. Take your $5000 in cash, and get yourself on an airplane. Go to London, to Curzon House, go to the roulette table, step up, pick your favorite number, seven or zero or whatever it is, and bet the $5000 on that number, the whole $5000. On one number, one turn of the wheel. For twenty-three seconds you will have that exquisite tension of not knowing whether you are going to win or lose, you can positively quiver with pleasure and fear. If your number comes up, and it may, you win $175,000, cash, and a story you can tell for the rest of your life. If you lose, and you probably will, at least you'll know that once in your drab, humdrum life you had the courage to step up and bet it all, $5000 at 35-to-1, yes, five grand all at once on a number, and that is something you can be proud of.

That's worth $5000. Isn't it? Of course it is. You'll always be glad you did it. You'll have something to hold onto.

Where are we going from here in the movies?

We are clearly not going back to classical free enterprise, where the studios and distributors can own theaters and the theater owners can make pictures, desirable as that might possibly be. The Department of Justice would have to permit it, and the antitrust division hasn't ever admitted it was wrong about anything relating to movies.

We are also clearly not going to get to regulated real competition, in which you could not make or finance a movie and also either distribute or exhibit it, and producers would auction to distributors and distributors to exhibitors, one picture at a time—no blind bidding for pictures you haven't seen—and the networks would be prohibited from making or financing pictures.

Either system would have a chance to work, would materially increase the quality and quantity of films, and would achieve economic success for the industry. Consequently, we won't have either. The government won't permit it.

What I think will happen is more of the same, a seriously hobbled industry. Box office will stay at $2 billion a year. The number of pictures will decrease, of course, but not below fifty pictures. Most of them will be made by the same small "in" group of producers plugged into the studios. Theater owners will suffer. Many more theaters will close. Those who have the staying power will profit, at least in the boom times. The business will not disappear unless there is an eighteen-month run of nothing but stinkers. That could happen, but I don't think it will. There will always be some good pictures, I hope, and one or two terrific pictures.

There will also be new fixes. I predict a run of low-budget hits. The economic attractiveness of a semi-repertory company making four to six low-budget pictures a year is so great and so obvious that someone will attempt it. And of course when anybody hits once with a low-budget major feature film, we'll have a flood of low-budget pictures for years.

I expect more foreign films to play here. They are very high quality and state-subsidized, which means the state is training technical people, directors, and actors.

And I expect the difference to disappear between films made for television and films made for theaters. The television audience will soon demand better subject matter. I think the market is ripe right now for television movies as good as those we see in the theaters.

Finally, I anticipate continued, crablike progress toward widespread home-delivery movie-on-television-without-commercial-interruption business. The market is here and has been here for years: the large TV screens now available are fine. With the cost of gas and parking, it's $12 to go out to a movie tonight. I would rather watch the picture at home and would happily pay the $12. Or more. Someday, somehow, at some price, whether by cable, pay-TV, cassette, disc, or something else, we *will* be able to stay at home and watch the first-run movies.

That will change the business drastically. We may end up in ten years with the first-run theaters and nothing else, playing only the latest hits for those who want to get out of the house and watch with others in

an audience. The second market will stay at home and watch movies on their television sets—on cable or pay-TV or with cassettes or, more probably, video discs. As home TV sets get larger and more and more people get cable and pay-TV and the hardware to play cassettes and discs on their television sets, the second-run theaters will lose their appeal and eventually cease to exist.

I think this would have happened by now except for the marketing problem that faces those in the industry who can make the cassettes and discs. As they push the new technology, the theaters who are their customers today will close in droves. They will have to. And what happens then to the $2 billion in annual box office gross? How can the industry control the transition? Do they dare destroy the theaters? Can they *ever* build the home market without killing themselves in the process?

What if they *can* do it, by separating the flicks for each market, or by insisting on a clear six-month run for the theaters before the discs go out, or by selling 5 million home units for a dollar apiece all on one day, so the home market appears by magic and they can afford to let all but the first-run theaters close—what happens then to the distributors? Remember that you *need* them today, distributor organizations, film exchanges, salesmen, auditors, all the rest, to deal with the 18,000 screens in the 12,000 theaters. But once the home market is out there, who will need the distributors?

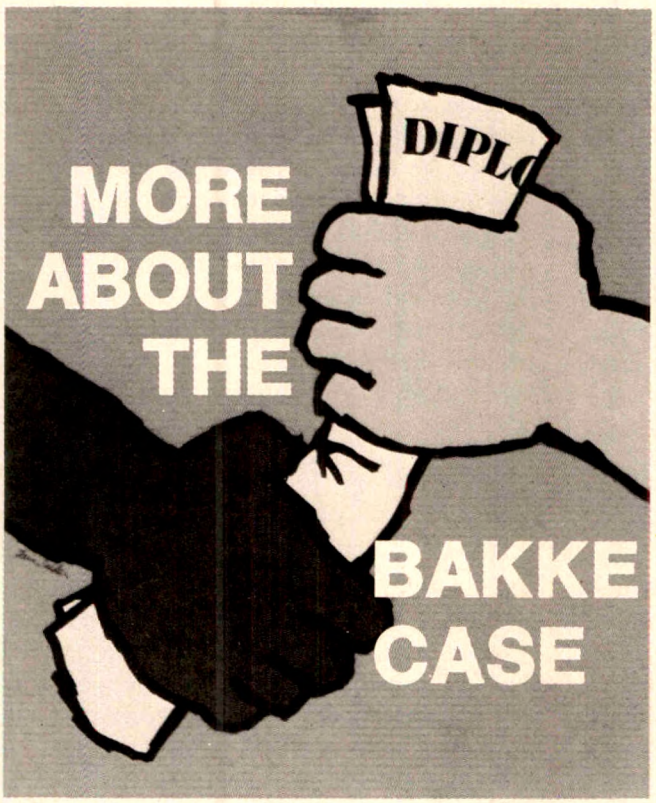
Someday soon there may be first-run theaters only, ten screens per city, only fifty first-run market cities. With only 500 first-run screens to service and 5 million home video units in place, whose owners can be supplied by record or department stores or special new movie discount stores or TV, radio, or newspaper ads and mail or phone order services, clearly the distributor function would change. The new industry, newly structured, would have its own economics, more like those of the record companies, and that would be relatively healthy for both the makers and the consumers of movies.

Whatever the delivery system is, there will always be new movies. Some will be poor, most will be fair, or good, and a few will be marvelous. For movies are commercially packaged dreams, and as long as people are packaging dreams, other people will pay the price to open the package and see the dream, and once in a while it will be their dream, their kind of movie. □

THE QUESTION

I dream I am flying above the city
on the strength of my two outflung arms
and looking down upon the streets
where people look like so many
bacteria moving about upon a slide.
I am alone up here, with no one
to contradict me, free of the noise,
tumult and violence of the living.
Here is my true residence,
and if I say the people are bacteria
who will deny it? I declare
in my circumstances that the people
are what I say they are. The only
question now is whether I can keep flying.

by David Ignatow



In the November *Atlantic*, McGeorge Bundy argued that educational institutions must be free to consider the race of their applicants as a qualification for admission, and urged the U.S. Supreme Court to uphold the use of "affirmative action" aimed explicitly at helping racial minorities. Here is a selection of responses to that article, many of them edited in the interests of brevity and variety.

Affirmative Action: Yes

McGeorge Bundy's article on the Bakke case eloquently deals with a matter of complicated justice. In every lawsuit one side must win and one must lose, but the result the author urges in this case means that one group must be diminished while another is raised up to its level. Mr. Bundy's position is, should Bakke lose, the harm to white males as a group will be so small as to be constitutionally imperceptible.

The acceptance of this argument is almost intolerable to a society which has come to believe that our system has as its primary value the individual above all. It is a proposition to which many of us (notably Justice William O. Douglas in his opinion in *DeFunis* v. *Odegaard*) have subscribed for so long that it is a tenet difficult to abandon. In that value system, ideally and constitutionally, one judges and is judged by neutral characteristics in which color plays no part.

Yet Bundy contends that the theory must change, and he is totally persuasive. He argues simply that the system must be sufficiently flexible to accommodate a need which it cannot otherwise meet, and that the United States Supreme Court has the power to effect such accommodation by constitutional interpretation. Failing this, a built-in inequality will be constitutionally preserved into the next century.

The old system stands on the false premise that identifiable groups have been relatively equal. If this were the case, then the goal would be to keep the system open and legal barriers down. Thus the fit would survive to reach the top of the ladder. At least one group, however, has been unequally treated for two hundred years. Saying it now is equal does not make it so. If the system cannot bend a little for a time to make up for such inequality, it cannot achieve parity—those now ahead have too much of a head start. The system itself must then give way to one which is more realistic.

This is not the inevitable result. It does not stretch the Constitution too far to incorporate into equal protection the concept of affirmative action. The Court has already faced this need in the struggle for effective school desegregation. Although in *Brown* v. *Board of Education* the Court struck down state-mandated segregation, seventeen years later it recognized, in *Swan* v. *Charlotte Mecklenburg Board of Education,* that the elimination of legal

barriers does not go far enough. Race-conscious school assignments are accepted as necessary to achieve equal opportunity in education. The Bakke case raises the same issue on a higher and wider level and should reach the same result.

LIZABETH A. MOODY
Trustee and former President
Women's Law Fund, Inc.

A strict construction of the language of the Constitution provides an impeccable argument that Bakke was denied the equal protection guaranteed him by the Fourteenth Amendment. The force of this narrow interpretation is amply illustrated by the fact that it has captivated such distinguished liberal constitutional scholars as Professor Alex Bickel of Yale and Mr. Justice William O. Douglas.

However, the broader purposes of the Fourteenth Amendment would be ill-served by so strict a construction of its language. A racially neutral or totally color-blind admissions policy will not at this stage in our history permit us to provide an opportunity for educational excellence to an adequate number of our minority citizens. Such an opportunity is indispensable—not only to the broad purposes of the Fourteenth Amendment but, in all probability, to the future health of our nation.

This does not mean the adoption of quotas or even the admission of unqualified applicants, but it does mean that the Constitution should not be held to prohibit entirely any consideration of race in evaluating those applicants who are qualified.

BENNO C. SCHMIDT
New York, N.Y.

McGeorge Bundy lays out the Court's work: to weigh conflicting values, not narrow to Bakke's absolute claim.

While admissions officers may be "practiced in husbanding their candor," former Dean Bundy exposes their strength when he suggests they do look at other things besides test scores to identify promise and quality, and he makes the case for me when he suggests race is and permissibly should be one of those other things, logically, to be looked at. To neutralize it as a factor at this point in history would require the ethical blinders that once narrowed our vision to the claim that separate was equal.

A majesty of our history is the room the Constitution leaves to do what is right. Bundy eloquently invites the justices beyond the narrow chains of legal reasoning offered to them in this case and compels them toward the uplands of our society's decent interests.

EUGENE PATTERSON
Editor and President
St. Petersburg *Times*

When the justices go to decide *Bakke,* one pivotal question they must confront is whether the kind of special procedures that were used in this case are truly necessary to insure that a minimum number of minority students have places in medical and graduate schools during the next decade. McGeorge Bundy shows that no reasonable person—let alone an open-minded Supreme Court justice—can possibly conclude that ruling for Allan Bakke will *not* gravely impair such minority opportunities, or that any program other than the general kind used by the University of California presents a practical alternative way to achieve this goal.

DR. ALAN F. WESTIN
Editor
The Civil Liberties Review

McGeorge Bundy's article is one of the most compelling and soundly reasoned arguments for affirmative action that we have seen to date.

BENJAMIN L. HOOKS
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People

McGeorge Bundy's analysis of the Bakke case was profound and enlightening.

Those who do not support affirmative action in general will rejoice in a negative decision by the Supreme Court. I believe that the Court is, in essence, ruling on the whole issue of whether minorities in our society can be given special consideration as we try to remove the obstacles and scars of hundreds of years of racism.

CORETTA SCOTT KING
The Martin Luther King, Jr.
Center for Social Change

From the day applicants exceeded places in entering classes, admissions criteria have involved qualifications other than previous academic performance and test scores, and properly so—qualifications often measurable only by highly subjective means. The new element, if new it is, is the increasing importance of society's needs in defining such qualifications. These needs, in the nation's interest, must be reflected in admissions "goals," not just for the sake of the nonwhite minority but for the sake of the white majority.

NILS Y. WESSELL
President
Alfred P. Sloan Foundation

The national commitment to racial justice and equity is at stake in the crisis around the false issue of "reverse discrimination." If parents of five children recognize that two of them are seriously ill, it is not an injustice to the healthy three to administer medical preference to those who are infected. In fact, such preferential ministry benefits the entire family, for if those who are ill are not cured, the survival of the family is imperiled.

DR. JOSEPH E. LOWERY
President
Southern Christian
Leadership Conference

If the Constitution allows us to keep blacks out of our medical schools because they are not as smart as whites, can we not bar blacks from kindergartens and high schools for the same disability?

GEORGE PANCERA
San Jose, Calif.

Affirmative Action: Think Twice

It seems to me as dangerous as it is absurd to tinker with the majestic neutrality of a color-blind Constitution. I recognize, of course, the fact of black poverty, unemployment, and disadvantage. I understand the black despair which cries for expedient measures. But I believe those expedient measures will undermine constitutional principles for evanescent goals.

Of course we need more black doctors, Hispanic lawyers, and Chicano professors. But these goals should not be achieved by giving a racial twist to a Constitution which black leaders for seventy-five years rightly insisted was intended to be "color-blind."

McGeorge Bundy's position will inevitably result in an institutionalized division of the pie of opportunity by bureaucratic decisions as to the group disadvantaged and the numbers of each group to be benefited. Anyone familiar with institutions knows that measures of temporary relief so denominated become virtually permanent parts of a system.

Moreover, I have seen the enormous progress generated by color-blind interpretation of the Constitution, and the reliance on the natural forces of our society once legal barriers have been removed. As early as 1966, the Field Foundation granted scholarship funds for black students, on the initiative of Emory University Law School in Atlanta. Thereafter through 1971, annual grants from that private philanthropy to a private Grade A law school produced approximately fifty black lawyers without compulsion.

The University of California's methods will create a sense of unfairness, leading to backlash and a reversal of social progress.

MORRIS B. ABRAM
Paul, Weiss, Rifkind,
Wharton & Garrison
New York, N.Y.

When I go to a doctor or a lawyer, I want the best I can afford, not one who had to plead nonwhite for admission to school; who had to demand extra coaching to get by required courses.

JESSE OSBORN
St. Louis, Mo.

In judging the pros and cons of race consciousness, we must start weighing the overall impact of minority fetishism on U.S. law, business, crime, urban policy, education, and even communications.

As Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has courageously suggested, U.S. law is beginning to smack of Nuremberg. In May, under signature of the departed Bert Lance, the federal Office of Management and Budget entered the ethno-racial definition business—somebody with one South American grandmother is a minority group member, a full Syrian-American is not. The occasion: promulgation of new federal data-collecting standards. In a related vein, several cities have even set up racial inspection and evaluation offices. Such is the fruit of the quota–affirmative action mentality.

Or look at urban and educational policy. Pro-minority housing subsidy schemes (notably the Federal 235 and 236 programs) have destroyed whole city neighborhoods. Racial busing has prompted white flight in a number of cities. Minority-oriented educational sociology—downgrading basics, eliminating culturally "unfair" tests, promoting and graduating illiterates—has at least contributed to growing public school inability to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic skills.

Another point. Since the mid-sixties, U.S. law enforcement has also been undercut by minority policy. Because many criminals come from "deprived" backgrounds, increased emphasis has been put on their "rights" rather than those of their victims.

Corporations, too, are being undercut by the spirit that undercut Allan Bakke. Companies supposed to be manufacturing steel, aircraft, or automobiles are being forced to divert their efforts to compensatory sociology. In October, Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps announced that her department is developing a "Social Performance Index" to measure corporate social concern and awareness! Among the yardsticks: affirmative action hiring, buying from minority-owned businesses.

Finally, today's minority fetishism is even spreading to communications. Minorities are demanding quotas in news coverage as well as in media employment. And in what may be the ultimate absurdity, black actor Raymond St. Jacques has just criticized *Star Wars* for his "Terrifying realization that black people (or any ethnic minority for that matter) shall not exist in the galactic space empires of the future."

The minority fetishism and ethnic Balkanization of the last decade or so has already cost Americans dearly. As of 1977, it's time to try to turn things around—and the Bakke case ought to be a beginning.

KEVIN P. PHILLIPS
The American Political
Research Corporation
Bethesda, Md.

McGeorge Bundy's logic is more persuasive than either his political or his ethical judgment. Men and women, black and white, can understand what it is to treat one another as equals however often they may fail in that endeavor. But only a nation of saints might reasonably anticipate that a long-sustained policy of reverse discrimination will have effects other than those associated with plain discrimination; that is, perpetuation of the antagonism and other barriers that separate black from white. Mr. Bundy exemplifies the process: long a champion of the pursuit of excellence as the proper goal of those involved in higher education, he now insists that it is sufficient—for blacks—to be qualified. With friends like this, minorities need no enemies.

E. L. PATTULLO
Winchester, Mass.

I agree with Mr. Bundy that "color-blindness" is a metaphor which cannot

and should not mechanically guide our social policy, and that strenuous efforts are required and justified to redress the consequences of past (and present) discrimination against blacks and other disadvantaged minorities in every sphere of life.

Where I differ with Mr. Bundy is in equating the California quota system at issue in the Bakke case with "all forms of affirmative action that are aimed explicitly at helping racial minorities." For me, the use of quotas is an immoral means—and an ineffective one, at that—to secure a highly proper and moral end.

At many points in his article, Mr. Bundy refers to the proportion of blacks in the population as an appropriate point of reference for affirmative action programs in professional schools. This is misleading. Only qualified college graduates should be eligible for admission to graduate and professional schools. Mr. Bundy never tells us the percentage of blacks and other minority students in that pool.

I have long been convinced that test scores are not fully reliable tools for measuring a candidate's "promise of professional distinction," which should be the only criterion for admission to a law school. Several studies of student performance at the Yale Law School indicate that differences of 75 to 100 points in the test scores are significant, and must be considered, although interesting individual exceptions to even that generalization occur. Lesser differences are often overcome by factors of motivation, character, discipline, and personality. When I was dean of the Yale Law School (1955–1965), I advocated that we admit the exceptionally well-qualified candidates first, and select the others—who among Yale applicants constituted in fact a fungible group of well-qualified B students—by lot.

The basis for our conclusion is supported by the experience of black and other minority law students at the Yale Law School. A recent study of their performance indicates that where their test scores depart radically from the norms for the class, many do not do satisfactory work, and a considerable number fail or withdraw, but that where their test scores are not far from the norm, they do the work satisfactorily, by the same standards applied to other students.

This experience by no means supports the quota approach involved in the Bakke case. It does justify a measure of sympathetic selectivity in the admissions process, depending upon the number of minority candidates who come close to the pseudo-scientific norms for the class, embodied in test scores and college grades supplemented by interviews and letters from former teachers and others who know the candidates well.

In theory and in practice, a quota system or other numerical target leads to admitting unqualified candidates for the sake of fulfilling the quota or target. This is cruel to the student admitted, who feels inadequate in comparison with his abler classmates. Such students often drop out, with a sense of traumatic failure and defeat. It is damaging to human relations within the institution. And it represents a departure from the constitutional norm of equality of opportunity that is wrong in itself, and can have damaging consequences for the future.

EUGENE V. ROSTOW
Yale University Law School

The Real Issue: Early Education

Many have persuaded themselves that if the Supreme Court upholds Allan Bakke's claim to admission, no matter how narrow or how technical the grounds for its decision, all will be lost in the struggle for fair and equitable treatment of nonwhites in America. This despite the fact that the admissions policies and procedures in effect at UC-Davis Medical School are very far from representative of those at selective professional schools generally, and may well be more vulnerable to constitutional challenge than most.

For many others, as Bundy points out, "a hypothetical future hazard" of quotas-run-rampant dominates every other aspect of the case, including the fact that (in his words) "there is no racially neutral process of choice that will produce more than a handful of minority students in our competitive colleges and professional schools."

On one point, however, I believe Bundy is too sanguine, and overlooks what may be the most intractable problem, so far, in affirmative action. "There is indeed," he writes, "a growing pool of applicants who are black or brown and bright by any test." I know of no evidence that we are getting from the high schools "a growing pool" of well-prepared black and brown students—or white, either, but the deprivations of the minorities being the more serious to begin with, the failure of the schools in respect to them is the more devastating. *Bakke* rivets attention at the wrong end of the problem; doing something effective about the primary and secondary education of the disadvantaged is the most urgent matter on the affirmative action agenda.

RICHARD W. LYMAN
President
Stanford University

While McGeorge Bundy's argument is thorough, measured, and persuasive, in perverse moments I nonetheless hope that Mr. Bakke wins. A decision for the Regents or a decision which leaves the key issues ambiguous would let us continue to obscure and ignore the central issue raised by this Bakke hullabaloo for public policy (if not for constitutional law).

The issue is clearly put by Bundy: ". . . the gaps in social, economic, educational, and cultural advantage between racial minorities and the white majority are still so wide that there is no racially neutral process of choice that will produce more than a handful of minority students in our competitive colleges and professional schools."

Minorities presently can't compete on their merits for places in graduate schools. Therefore, the Bundy argu-

ment goes, one has to give them limited preference for admission, correcting for past discrimination.

Why can't they compete? For many reasons, the principal one being inferior education in the schools below the university. Only if Bakke wins is the small army of elite university liberals, now so concerned over this issue of disadvantagement, likely to look once again at the sorry facts which Michael Harrington and Lyndon Johnson so tellingly brought to light in the mid-sixties: poor children are miserably served in this society, and the proportion of poor among minority groups is high. Until the education of children is improved, the painful paradoxes of the Bakke case (for example, the facts that one has to focus on race to eliminate racism and that one has to ignore some sound predictors of academic and professional success in order to admit to graduate school the ultimately most effective group of professionals) will persist. Our country cannot long endure such paradoxes.

A victory for Bakke would be a setback for "affirmative action" in higher education, but it might concurrently remind all of us that the issues of fairness require far more fundamental steps than the majority of us have yet had the courage to take.

THEODORE R. SIZER
Headmaster
Phillips Academy

Goals vs. Quotas

Bundy underscores two points often overlooked in the plausible but simplistic arguments advanced by those who support Bakke's position.

The first is the distinction between goals and quotas. Goals are targets we strive to attain or even exceed by actively seeking qualified members of minority groups—including women as well as blacks—when hiring new employees. A quota would mean that we would set aside a number of positions exclusively for minorities, and either fill these with less-than-qualified applicants or leave them unfilled until a qualified member of a minority turned up. This would be not only impractical but unfair—and injurious to the morale of other employees. So the distinction between quotas and goals is a real and significant one.

The second point in the article which certainly needed emphasizing is the importance of weighing factors other than test scores in determining the qualifications of applicants. A black today who achieves a score of, say, 550 is likely to be a more promising student (or employee) than a white who scores 600, if only because of the handicaps imposed by past racial discrimination which he or she had to overcome—whether by harder work, perseverance, or self-discipline. We know by now that test scores, like IQ's, do not tell us everything about a person's abilities or potential—and practically nothing about his or her character. Consequently, as Bundy suggests, race must be taken into consideration, considering the severe handicaps—both social and psychological—which skin color imposed until very recently on black Americans.

One last observation: I wish that Bundy, in response to those who fear that *unqualified* blacks would get preferential treatment at the expense of whites, had stressed even more strongly that taking race into account would be a factor only in making a judgment about an otherwise qualified applicant—*not* in qualifying one who was, say, academically deficient.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD
President and Publisher
Newsday

The ABA's amicus curiae brief filed in *Bakke* advances the proposition that race may be considered, along with other factors, in determining which applicants to accept in a professional school when the object is not *invidious* discrimination, but is rather to afford professional education to members of minority groups.

The ABA does not endorse quota systems in the admission of minorities to professional schools. However, the ABA supports remedial admissions programs which establish goals for a number of *qualified* disadvantaged minority applicants. As Mr. Bundy points out, there is a meaningful distinction between goals and quotas.

The point I would like to emphasize, not stressed in the Bundy article, is that special admissions programs will eventually lead to a diversity of ethnic and racial backgrounds in the professions. This will be of positive value to both the professions and society.

WILLIAM B. SPANN, JR.
President
American Bar Association

Remand the Case

I do not know what nonacademic factors correlate with the responsible practice of medicine, but they may exist and therefore could be systematically accounted for in the admissions process. I am certain that race is not a factor correlated with the responsible practice of medicine, law, or management. Having finally gained understanding and acceptance of this important principle, we should not sacrifice it without giving faculties an opportunity to resolve the problem in a manner consistent with the First and Fourteenth amendments.

I hope the Court remands the case until an adequate record can be formed; if it must act in the absence of such information, then let it be against Mr. Bakke.

LAWRENCE E. FOURAKER
Dean
Graduate School of
Business Administration
Harvard University

The Potency of Racism

McGeorge Bundy's article is a tightly reasoned and wholly persuasive argument for permitting race to be considered as a factor in the admission of students into medical schools. But he assumes rather than states the major premise behind all affirmative action programs, namely, that racial bias has

rested and still rests in the hearts of the white majority.

Does anyone really believe that bias in white attitudes toward the black has been eliminated? If not, can public policies now leave to the white majority the assurance of justice?

Doubts on this score underlie the whole business of goals and quotas, and the difference between the two is directly dependent on the optimism or pessimism for white compassion. Optimism suggests goals, pessimism suggests quotas, while affirmative action stems from concern.

The dangers of quotas are real, the administration of goals is complex, but the bias of whites is at the heart of the matter. When bias is effectively eliminated, goals and quotas will be irrelevant. Until they are substantially reduced, goals and quotas will be the dangerous and awkward price we will pay for our own white social cancer.

JAMES A. PERKINS
Chairman
International Council for
Educational Development

What Mr. Bundy was too decent to say is that the public behavior of the various forces most immediately involved with this Supreme Court case has been less than honorable. Easy charges and cross-charges of racism and philistinism can only obscure an exceedingly complex question of constitutionality and human decency. To take to the streets with verbal battering rams will not give us justice in this country. Mr. Bundy's sense of vision will.

GEORGE W. BONHAM
Editor-in-Chief
Change

The "cruel irony" of a Supreme Court decision favorable to Mr. Bakke would be that more than a century after the abolition of slavery, the nation's Constitution does not unequivocally sanction equal opportunity for blacks; and, if the polls are right, a majority of Americans think that is just fine.

THOMAS WINSHIP
Editor
The Boston *Globe*

Bundy's article makes most of the points I would have made myself. But it makes too much of the difference between qualified and highly qualified students. My impression is that test scores and grades do correlate with grades in law school, for example, but they do not tell us who will be the more successful lawyer in conventional terms of money and power. Students who have high test scores make Law Review and obtain better first jobs, but in part they obtain better first jobs because they had high test scores and made Law Review. This doesn't mean necessarily that over a career they will make more money, serve the public better, or have more power than these non-Law Review, non-high-test-score fellows.

The discussion about everyone claiming to be a minority confuses the issue. The reason for affirmative action is a legal denial of rights in the first place. The disadvantaged position of blacks stems from their having been denied legal rights during the years of slavery. I know of no other minority in this country that by law and Constitution was deliberately put in a position where it could not have access to equal opportunity. Many whites may be disadvantaged, but the Constitution did not make them so.

MARY F. BERRY
Assistant Secretary for Education
Department of Health, Education
and Welfare

Amen

I can't think of a serious writer or thinker in America today who would not say, after having read McGeorge Bundy's article on *Bakke,* "I wish I'd written that." The wealth of historical research that has gone into it; the careful delineation of all the issues; the abundant evidence of a first-rate mind probing its way through intense differentiations—all these qualities make his article as compelling as it is valuable.

NORMAN COUSINS
Editor
Saturday Review

The quality of Mr. Bundy's essay is compatible with the immense scale of the subject. Few pieces in the abundant outpouring of comment on the Bakke case deal so lucidly and evenhandedly with the issue. Our society should harken to his wise counsel.

S. P. MARLAND, JR.
President
College Entrance Examination Board

This is the most powerful and persuasive argument that I have yet seen for a denial of the Bakke claim for reverse discrimination. Above all, it makes plain how slender is the hold of the Supreme Court on an issue which so transcends the question of mere constitutionality or lack of it.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS
Washington, D. C.

We're Building An Ark

It doesn't really look like Noah's ark, but it's the same idea. The Nature Conservancy is busy finding and protecting the wildlife and plants threatened now by a flood of development.

As a non-profit conservation group, the Conservancy depends on members and contributions to save wildlife and land.

The Conservancy strives to preserve the best examples of the variety of the natural world; we work with other conservationists, government and business to get the job done.

It is a big job, but since 1950, over 1.1 million acres have been preserved—home to millions of birds, animals, insects and plants, many rare or endangered. So far we have created more than 670 Conservancy sanctuaries.

The sanctuaries protect much more than wildlife. Consider: Many life-saving medicines originated in natural sources—penicillin, quinine, digitalis, streptomycin, aureomycin. The list is much longer.

There is every reason to expect future discoveries. Is a cure for cancer hidden in the chemistry of a tiny forest orchid?

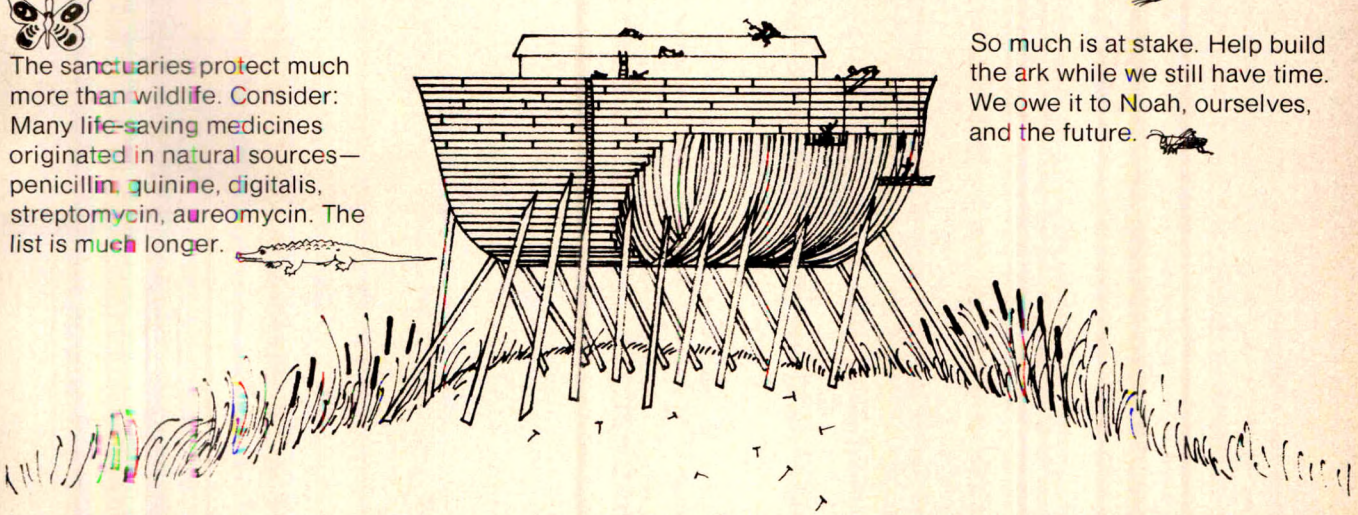
Wild grasses yielded wheat and corn. Even today, the wild strains help keep the domestic forms healthy.

But what about tomorrow? Does the secret of a new high energy food lie in the genes of a prairie grass? Without an ark we will never know.

Unfortunately, today, many species are unprotected, sanctuaries not created. Yet the rain clouds are gathering and we need to move quickly.

Researchers estimate that we now lose, for all time, one species each year.

So much is at stake. Help build the ark while we still have time. We owe it to Noah, ourselves, and the future.



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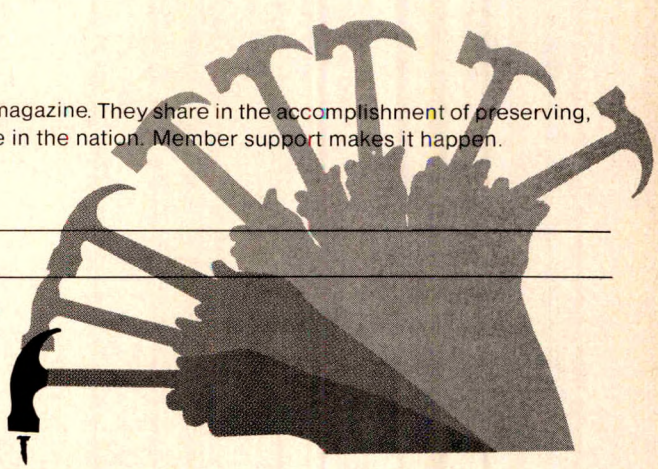

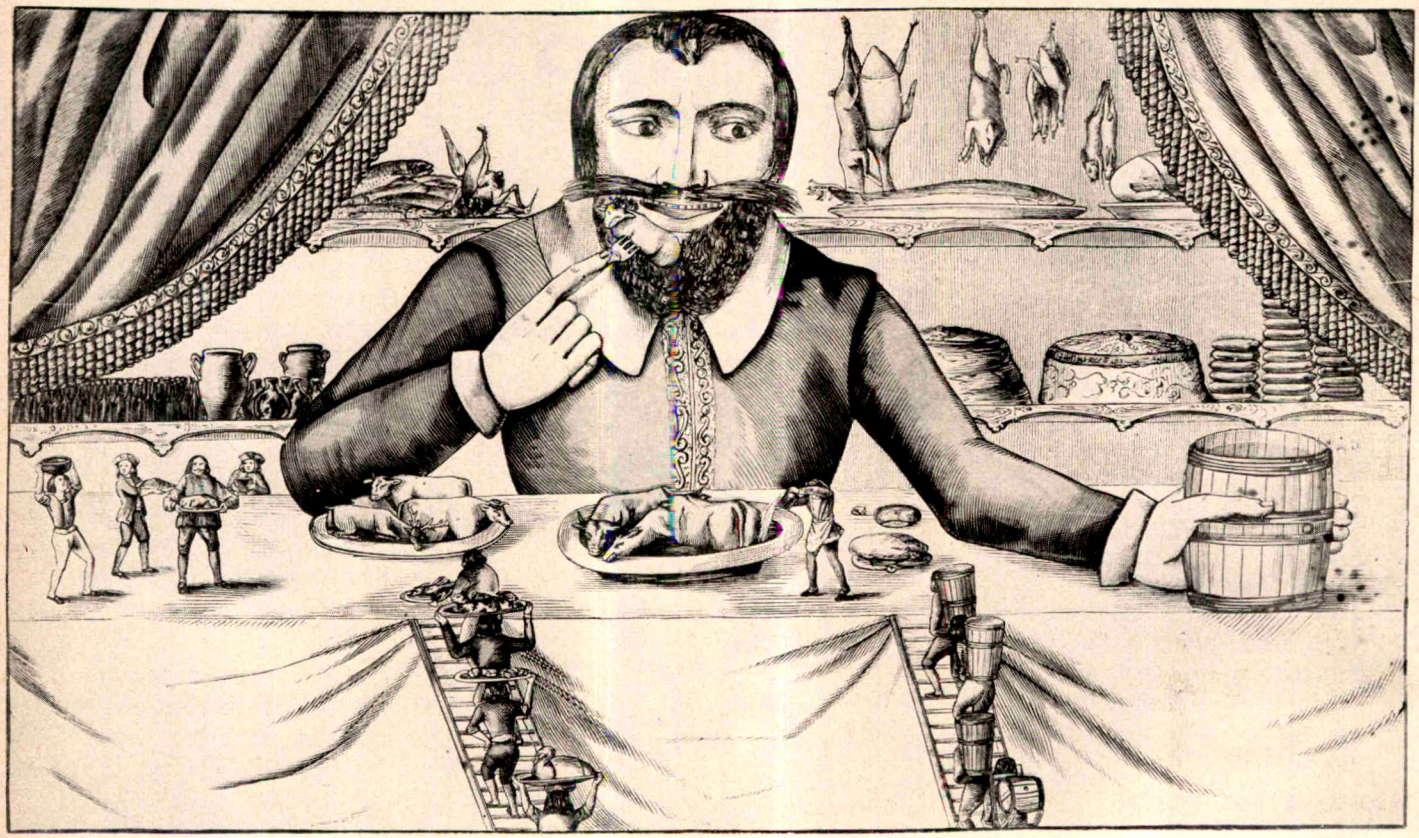

THE CHAMP

A story by T. Coraghessan Boyle

Angelo D. was training hard. This challenger, Kid Gullet, would be no pushover. In fact, the Kid hit him right where he lived: he was worried. He'd been champ for thirty-seven years and all that time his records had stood like Mt. Rushmore—and now this Kid was eating them up. Fretful, he pushed his plate away.

"But Angelo, you ain't done already?" His trainer, Spider Decoud, was all over him. "That's what—a piddling hundred and some odd flapjacks and seven quarts a milk?"

"He's on to me, Spider. He found out about the ulcer and now he's going to hit me with enchiladas and shrimp in cocktail sauce."

"Don't fret it, Killer. We'll get him with the starches and heavy syrups. He's just a kid, twenty-two. What does he know about eating? Look, get up and walk it off and we'll do a kidney and kipper course, okay? And then maybe four or five dozen poached eggs. C'mon, Champ, lift that fork. You want to hold onto the title or not?"

First it was pickled eggs. Eighty-three pickled eggs in an hour and a half. The record had stood since 1941. They said it was like DiMaggio's consecutive-game hitting streak: unapproachable. A world apart. But then, just three months ago, Angelo had picked up the morning paper and found himself unforked: a man who went by the name of Kid Gullet had put down 108 of them. In the following weeks Angelo had seen his records toppled like a string of dominoes: gherkins, pullets, persimmons, oysters, pretzels, peanuts, scalloped potatoes, feta cheese, smelts, animal crackers. At the Rendezvous Room in Honolulu the Kid bolted 12,000 macadamia nuts and sixty-seven bananas in less than an hour. During a Cubs–Phillies game at Wrigley Field he put away forty-three hot dogs—with

buns—and 112 Cokes. In Orkney it was legs of lamb; in Frankfurt, Emmentaler and schnitzel; in Kiev, pirogen. He was irrepressible. In Stelton, New Jersey, he finished off six gallons of borsch and ninety-three four-ounce jars of gefilte fish while sitting atop a flagpole. The press ate it up.

Toward the end of the New Jersey session a reporter from ABC Sports swung a boom mike up to where the Kid sat on his eminence, chewing the last of the gefilte fish. "What are your plans for the future, Kid?" shouted the newsman.

"I'm after the Big One," the Kid replied.

"Angelo D.?"

The camera zoomed in, the Kid grinned.

"Capocollo, chili, and curry,
Big Man, you better start to worry."

Angelo was rattled. He gave up the morning paper and banned the use of the Kid's name around the training kitchen. Kid Gullet: every time he heard those three syllables his stomach clenched. Now he lay on the bed, the powerful digestive machinery tearing away at breakfast, a bag of peanuts in his hand, his mind sifting through the tough bouts and spectacular triumphs of the past. There was Beau Riviere from Baton Rouge, who nearly choked him on deep-fried mud puppies, and Pinky Luzinski from Pittsburgh, who could gulp down 300 raw eggs and then crunch up the shells as if they were potato chips. Or the Japanese sumo wrestler who swallowed marbles by the fistful and throve on sashimi in a fiery mustard sauce. He'd beaten them all, because he had grit and determination and talent—and he would beat this kid too. Angelo sat up and roared: "I'm still the champ!"

The door cracked open. It was Decoud. "That's the spirit, Killer. Remember D. D. Peloris, Max Manger, Bozo Miller, Spoonbill Rizzo? Bums. All of them. You beat 'em, Champ."

"Yeah!" Angelo bellowed. "And I'm going to flatten this Gullet too."

"That's the ticket; leave him gasping for Bromo."

"They'll be pumping his stomach when I'm through with him."

Out in L.A. the Kid was taking on Turk Harris, number one contender for the heavyweight crown. The Kid's style was Tabasco and Worcestershire; Harris was a mashed potato and creamed corn man—a trencherman of the old school. Like Angelo D.

Harris opened with a one-two combination of rice and kidney beans; the Kid countered with cocktail onions and capers. Then Harris hit him with baklava—400 two-inch squares of it. The Kid gobbled them like hors d'oeuvres, came back with chili rellenos and asparagus vinaigrette. He KO'd Harris in the middle of the fourth round. After the bout he stood in a circle of jabbing microphones, flashing lights. "I got one thing to say," he shouted. "And if you're out there, Big Man, you better take heed:

I'm going to float like a parfait,
Sting like a tamale.
Big Man, you'll hit the floor
In four."

At the preliminary weigh-in for the title bout the Kid showed up on roller skates in a silver lamé jumpsuit. He looked like something off the launching pad at Cape Canaveral. Angelo, in his coal-bucket trousers and suspenders, could have been mistaken for an aging barber or a boccie player strayed in from the park.

The Kid had a gallon jar of hot cherry peppers under his arm. He wheeled up to the Champ, bolted six or seven in quick succession, and then held one out to him by the stem. "Care for an appetizer, Pops?" Angelo declined, his face dour and white, the big fleshy nostrils heaving like a stallion's. Then the photographers posed the two, belly to belly. In the photograph, which appeared on the front page of the paper the following day, Angelo D. looked like an advertisement for heartburn.

There was an SRO crowd at the Garden for the title bout. Scalpers were getting two hundred and up for tickets. ABC Sports was there, Colonel Sanders was there, Arthur Treacher, Julia Child, James Beard, Ronald McDonald, Mamma Leone. It was the trenching event of the century.

Spider Decoud and the Kid's manager had inspected the ring and found the arrangements to their satisfaction—each man had a table, stool, stack of plates, and cutlery. Linen napkins, a pitcher of water. It would be a fourteen-round affair, each round going ten minutes with a sixty-second bell break. The contestants would name their dishes for alternate rounds, the Kid, as challenger, leading off.

A hush fell over the crowd. And then the chant, rolling from back to front like breakers washing the beach, GULLET, GULLET, GULLET! There he was, the Kid, sweeping down the aisle like a born champion in his cinnamon-red robe with the silver letters across the abdomen. He stepped into the ring, clasped his hands, and shook them over his head. The crowd roared like rock faces slipping deep beneath the earth. Then he did a couple of deep knee bends and sat down on his stool. At that moment Angelo shuffled out

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T. Coraghessan Boyle lives in Iowa City where he is a fiction editor of *The Iowa Review*.

from the opposite end of the arena, stern, grim, raging, the tight curls at the back of his neck standing out like the tail feathers of a tern, his barren dome ghostly under the klieg lights, the celebrated paunch swelling beneath his opalescent robe. The crowd went mad. They shrieked, hooted, and whistled, women kissed the hem of his gown, men reached out to pat his bulge. ANGELO! He stepped into the ring and took his seat as the big black mike descended from the ceiling.

The announcer, in double lapels and bow tie, shouted over the roar, "Ladies and Gentlemen—," while Angelo glared at the Kid, blood in his eye. He was choked with a primordial competitive fury, mad as a Kamikaze, deranged with hunger. Two days earlier Decoud had lured him into a deserted meat locker and bolted the door—and then for the entire forty-eight hours had projected pornographic food films on the wall. Fleshy wet lips closing on éclairs, zoom shots of masticating teeth, gulping throats, probing tongues, children innocently sucking at Tootsie Roll Pops—it was obscene, titillating, maddening. Angelo D. climbed into the ring a desperate man. But even money. The Kid gloated in his corner.

"At this table, in the crimson trunks," bellowed the announcer, "standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at 377 pounds—is the challenger, Kid Gullet!" A cheer went up, deafening. The announcer pointed to Angelo. "And at this table, in the pearly trunks and standing five feet seven and a half inches tall and weighing in at 323 pounds," he bawled, his voice rumbling like a cordon of cement trucks, "is the heavyweight champion of the world—Angelo D.!" Another cheer, perhaps even louder. Then the referee took over. He had the contestants step to the center of the ring, the exposed flesh of their chests and bellies like a pair of avalanches, while he asked if each was acquainted with the rules. The Kid grinned like a shark. "All right then," the ref said, "touch midriffs and come out eating."

The bell rang for Round One. The Kid opened with Szechwan hot and sour soup, three gallons. He lifted the tureen to his lips and slapped it down empty. The Champ followed suit, his face aflame, sweat breaking out on his forehead. He paused three times, and when finally he set the tureen down he snatched up the water pitcher and drained it at a gulp while the crowd booed and Decoud yelled from the corner: "Lay off the water or you'll bloat up like a blowfish."

Angelo retaliated with clams on the half shell in Round Two. Five hundred and twelve in ten minutes. But the Kid kept pace with him—and as if that weren't enough, he sprinkled his own portion with cayenne pepper and Tabasco. The crowd loved it. They gagged on their hot dogs, pelted the contestants with plastic cups and peanut shells, gnawed at the backs of their seats. Angelo looked up at the Kid's powerful jaws, the lips stained with Tabasco, and began to feel queasy.

The Kid staggered him with lamb curry in the next round. The crowd was on its feet, the Champ's face was green, the fork motionless in his hand, the ref counting down, Decoud twisting the towel in his fists—when suddenly the bell sounded and the Champ collapsed on the table. Decoud leaped into the ring, chafed Angelo's abdomen, sponged his face. "Hang in there, Champ," he said, "and come back hard with the carbohydrates."

Angelo struck back with potato gnocchi in Round Four; the Kid countered with Kentucky burgoo. They traded blows through the next several rounds, the Champ scoring with Nesselrode pie, fettucine Alfredo, and poi, the Kid lashing back with jambalaya, shrimp creole, and herring in horseradish sauce.

After the bell ending Round Eleven, the bout had to be held up momentarily because of a disturbance in the audience. Two men, thin as tapers and with beards like Spanish moss, had leaped into the ring waving posters that read REMEMBER BIAFRA. The Kid started up from his table and pinned one of them to the mat, while security guards nabbed the other. The Champ sat immobile on his stool, eyes tearing from the horseradish sauce, his fist clenched round the handle of the water pitcher. When the ring was cleared the bell rang for Round Twelve.

It was the Champ's round all the way: sweet potato pie with butterscotch syrup and pralines. For the first time the Kid let up—toward the end of the round he dropped his fork and took a mandatory eight count. But he came back strong in the thirteenth with a savage combination of Texas wieners and sauce diable. The Champ staggered, went down once, twice, flung himself at the water pitcher while the Kid gorged like a machine, wiener after wiener, blithely lapping the hot sauce from his fingers and knuckles with an epicurean relish. Then Angelo's head fell to the table, his huge whiskered jowl mired in a pool of béchamel and butter. The fans leaped to their feet, feinting left and right, snapping their jaws, and yabbering for the kill. The Champ's eyes fluttered open, the ref counted over him.

It was then that it happened. His vision blurring, Angelo gazed out into the crowd and focused suddenly on the stooped and wizened figure of an old woman in a black bonnet. Decoud stood at her elbow. Angelo lifted his head. "Ma?" he said. "Eat, Angelo, eat!" she called, her voice a whisper in the apocalyptic thunder of the crowd. "Clean your plate!"

"Nine!" howled the referee, and suddenly the Champ came to life, lashing into the sauce diable like a crocodile. He bolted wieners, sucked at his fingers, licked the plate. Some say his hands moved so fast that they defied the eye, a mere blur, slapstick in double time. Then the bell rang for the final round and Angelo announced his dish: "Gruel!" he roared. The Kid protested. "What kind of dish is that?" he whined. "Gruel? Who ever heard of gruel in a championship bout?" But gruel it was. The Champ lifted the bowl to his lips, pasty ropes of congealed porridge trailing down his chest; the crowd cheered, the Kid toyed with his spoon—and then it was over.

The referee stepped in, helping Angelo from the stool, and held his flaccid arm aloft. Angelo was plate-drunk, reeling. He looked out over the cheering mob, a welter of button heads like B&B mushrooms—or Swedish meatballs in a rich golden sauce. Then he gagged. "The winner," the ref was shouting, "and still champion, Angelo D.!" □

EQUINOCTIAL

What a relief
to speak what can hurt nobody:
". . . Crows from the north came early . . ."
implying nothing, only
a hard winter and a difference
in crows (the winter ones
soaring more, cawing in flight more,
like ravens); and, to a sawyer, per-
haps, that the years also
are sawed into lengths and seasons
by a ragged alternation of black-
quilled rakers and cutters, rasping
to and fro, north and south.

Push and pull push and pull,
half a yard only, my own
alternation goes. No talent's
required, only standing in one place. How much
more should one ask, though,
when whatever's gone is gone
and what is to-come-or-not-come nothing
can reach, and what we have
we have only on balance?

One is happiest sawing wood, I guess,
balanced there over the cut—as much
pull as push—as the blood goes—
from the heart, then toward it;
or the breath goes, or a fiddle bow.
We're at home somehow
where a balance is.

So much is out of reach.

The banties going to roost
in the lilac and apple branches,
the last light high up the hill,
the blue-gray and gold slow
soundless catastrophes of the clouds,
crows flying eastward;
the heart's-desire . . . the mind's dominion . . .

by Peter Kane Dufault

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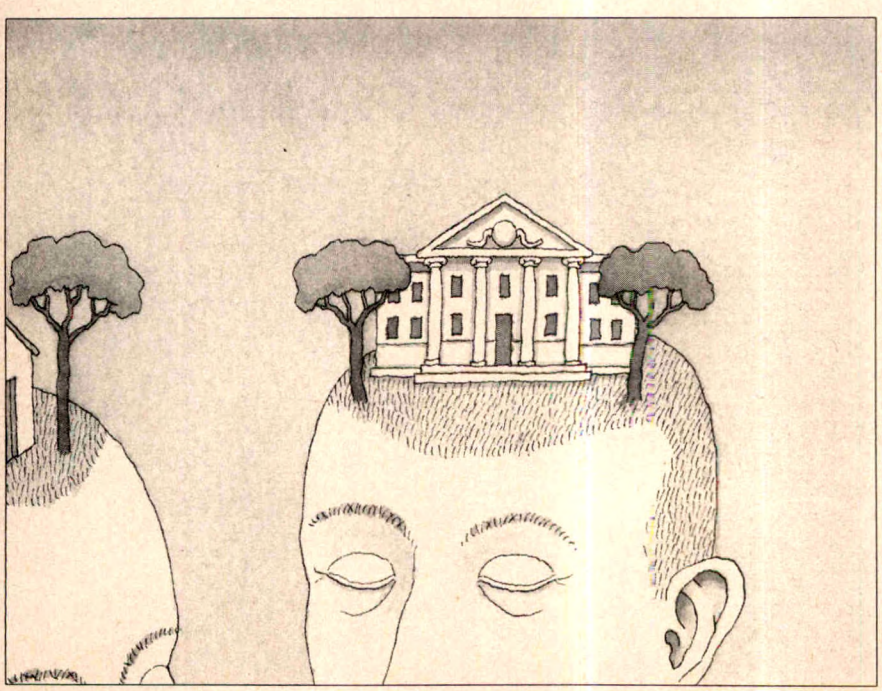
LIFE & LETTERS

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

by Linda Lewis

When I was nine or ten and lived in a dark fourth-floor apartment in a building that had seen better days, I fantasized mansions that were more suited to my romantic nature. I began by drawing long, long halls with rooms strung like Christmas tree lights along them, my mother's and sister's bedrooms to be at one end of the spine, my father's and mine at the other. As my schemes became more elaborate, sunrooms, sewing rooms, game rooms, ballrooms, and indoor pools were slotted in. When I outgrew the naiveté of the long halls and began to arrange the rooms on floors, grouped within recognizable perimeters, my architect father thought it was time to let me know that custom-built houses must be drawn with some knowledge of the parcels of land they will occupy, the size of the plot, the outlook, where the sun will rise and set. No problem. I set about enthusiastically detailing the outer domain, delineating terraces and gardens, stables and avenues of stately elms, grassy banks beside hidden pools deep in the woods, the adolescent equivalent of gamekeepers' cottages. Nice things could be expected to happen even to pubescent girls in gamekeepers' cottages.



The best sort of satisfaction is the accomplishment of a childhood dream. Thomas Jefferson knew as a boy that he would build his house, Monticello, on the wooded mountaintop he had roamed on foot and ridden on horseback. Long before he was able to build, he had begun an orchard, planned the gardens, had trees cut and planks sawn and put to season. His design, adapted from one of Palladio's plans, was unusual for a colonial estate, both more elegant in concept and more finely detailed, and Jefferson emphasized his singularity by building as near the sky as he could, for the sake of the magnificent view, the sense of lift and freedom.

Monticello is a glorious house, serene, comfortable, undaunting, and unpretentious, full of insights into the mind of the man who designed it, lived in it, loved it. The details of the construction are reminiscent of God's specifications to Noah when it comes to the solid strength they imply, the pride and purpose of the artisan-builder, and the good intentions of the designer. The Palladian influence is basic, but not overwhelming—classical themes humanely adapted, hints of musical intervals in the relation of room sizes, the

expansive, open-armed embrace suggested by arcaded wings. When I toured the house more than twenty years ago, I carried a nine-month-old baby on my hip; and as we moved from room to room she made wonderful sounds I had never heard before, a high, warbling, calling and answering song. Could she have been in touch with the ghosts of Jefferson's grandchildren who had skipped through those rooms, or was she merely enchanted, as I was, by the manifold harmonies, the way the inside welcomed the outside, the rightness of proportions and arrangements of spaces, the subtleties of light and shadow?

That is one house I should like to have lived in. There are others. Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin West, in the Arizona desert, for one—Tibetan temple bells chiming softly in the breeze, fires built in huge wedges opening to the sky, a waist-high two-foot-wide ribbon of glass running around two sides of a room so that the narrow stripes of desert, distant mountain, and sky become an unfurled horizontal scroll. Once, at a concert there, I huddled under a shelf during a rainstorm and stayed dry while everyone else was spattered with the drops that leaked through the canvas roof. Wright used tent canvas for the sake of the soft light, but when it rained, there were problems.

Certain discomforts had to be endured for the sake of the Big Thrill. To enter the living room ordinary mortals passed through a dark, small cave, stooping, in order to stand tall again, to consider things anew—the relationship of a single body to an articulated volume of space, the significance of movement, scale, the act of entrance itself. But Wright came in from his own quarters, upright, through a green jungle growing in an eight-foot glass cube with doors so narrow that he had to go in and come out sideways. He wore a cloak, and the theatricality of that gesture as he swung his shoulder and arm and the heavy circle of fabric into that beautiful room was worth any minor discomfort, any sense of being relegated to the peasantry.

The differences in architectural vocabularies notwithstanding, Wright and Jefferson had much in common. They were both innovators, both concerned with comfort, both anxious to share their vision with their fellow men, both stubborn foes of mass culture. Both of them appreciated the lessons they learned from the forms and felicities of nature.

Most of the houses I covet are well related to an agreeable landscape. I wish, in shameful, undemocratic lapses, that Henry II had given the Castle of Chenonceaux, its white arches spanning the river Cher, to me instead of to Diane de Poitiers. I wish I had inherited a smallish castle standing in a smallish moat in the Loire Valley or in Scotland, or a largish Georgian house in Ireland. There is a house set in a grove of almond trees in the Algarve that would do in a pinch, its curved, whitewashed walls shaped by the hands of the local builder. The long, thin window sliced through one wall holds a single tall candlestick; a square recess dug out of another hugs a fat bowl of flowers.

In London's Limehouse district an envied friend lives in a beautifully restored old house; the Thames flows directly beneath her windows. Walls and ceilings dance with the shimmering reflections of light, and the tides rise and fall. Each day's pageant is different: flatboats, red-sailed, gaff-rigged Thames barges, sightseeing launches. The huge cranes of dockland and the sunrise are on her left, Tower Bridge and the sunset on the right. She loves that house. I do, too.

What is it that makes a good house? Architect Robert Woods Kennedy says: "The themes of living are love, sociability, privacy, self-expression, comfort, belongingness. . . . [and the] house is no more than a receptacle to receive them. . . . A good house has been warped, pushed, moulded, compromised, and recompromised by its architect, client, site, climate, the laws it is built under, the amount of money available, and by the customs, traditions and history of its location." Marriages break up over the building of new houses, and marriages go wobbling on because neither party can bear to leave a much-loved home.

In the real world, where life-and-death issues compel the attention of the governors and the governed, architectural grievances are Grade B grievances. Yet the insidious legacy of cramped, dark, dangerous, undignified living quarters, while not immediately measurable, is real and terrible. We behave differently in different kinds of rooms, and make different kinds of statements about ourselves by means of

January report on

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ESKIMOS, CHICANOS, INDIANS

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LITTLE, BROWN

the spaces we occupy. We are powerfully influenced by shapes and sizes, light and color, by degrees of privacy and security and beauty. Housing policies and patterns of living say a great deal about the health and prospects of a society.

On the express from London to Glasgow, the industrial town of Wigan, in the north of England, flashes past the window, and I try to imagine the lives lived in those all-alike houses lined up facing each other across the narrow, gray streets. It looks unchanged since George Orwell described it in his diary in February 1936.

> Housing conditions in Wigan terrible. Mrs H tells me that at her brother's house . . . 11 people, 5 of them adults, belonging to 3 different families, live in 4 rooms, '2 up 2 down.' . . . They have got into the way of thinking that a livable house is something absolutely unattainable.

And yet, Orwell says, people in Wigan would rather have a house of their own, however bad, than an inexpensive flat near their work with the same number of rooms, a certain amount of sunlight, and a bathroom with hot water. Recent studies of working-class housing in England confirm certain advantages of the apparently dreary terrace (row) house: it suggests independence; it permits easy access to the street; if it has a small back yard, that is where the creative tinkerer may make his messes, fiddle with the motorbike, grow a rose, house a rabbit.

It is instructive, if not exactly encouraging, to imagine what other people's houses are like. Rose-covered Elizabethan farmhouses can be damp and dark, and especially traumatic for tall people who reel and slide on hammocky floors and hit their heads on the lintels. Castles are cold and inconvenient. The lives lived in book-lined rooms, or behind the billowing silk curtains of duplex apartments overlooking the Seine, or in perfectly proportioned houses on well-located hilltops, may be as boring, anxious, or sad as any other lives. I used to think my friends' houses told me almost everything I needed to know about them. I used to think that people living in houses I had fallen in love with were happier than I was. Now I know what goes on behind those closed doors, and things are less confusing, if more complicated. There are many fantasies.

I still draw dream houses. This year's (and last year's too), has been a sort of upgraded pigsty-by-the-sea, a cave with a tent on top, a combination burrow and aerie. Hunkering down in a hollow, it has big windows to the south, no electricity, no telephone, a privy, a hand pump, a wood stove, a bathtub, a bed, a table, and enough space to dance a jig. The upper portion has two uninsulated bedrooms for summer use only, and I get to live there in winter, for days at a time, alone. Knock. Knock.

THE NEW BIG ONE

by Richard Lipez

E. L. Doctorow, Robert Coover, Gore Vidal, Truman Capote, and Irving Stone were gathered for a gossipy informal literary luncheon at an outdoor Manhattan café one sunny day when a big black limo pulled up and out jumped U. S. Grant, Jacqueline Onassis, Walter Matthau's wife, Henry Ford, Richard Nixon, and Michelangelo.

"Get in!" Grant barked at the writers. "Now! In, in, *in!*"

All the writers leaped up in astonishment, their chairs clattering to the pavement—except for Gore Vidal, who remained seated and unperturbed. "He's pie-eyed. Ignore him," Vidal mewed, and sipped his espresso.

"Let's take him," Grant yelled, collaring Vidal and yanking him out of his seat. Nixon and Walter Matthau's wife helped Grant shove the nonplussed Vidal into the limousine; the novelist cocked an eyebrow, but to no avail, and the other writers soon were hustled into the back seat alongside the witty, popular author. Passersby gawked in amazement as the doors slammed shut and the limousine sped away, wheels squealing.

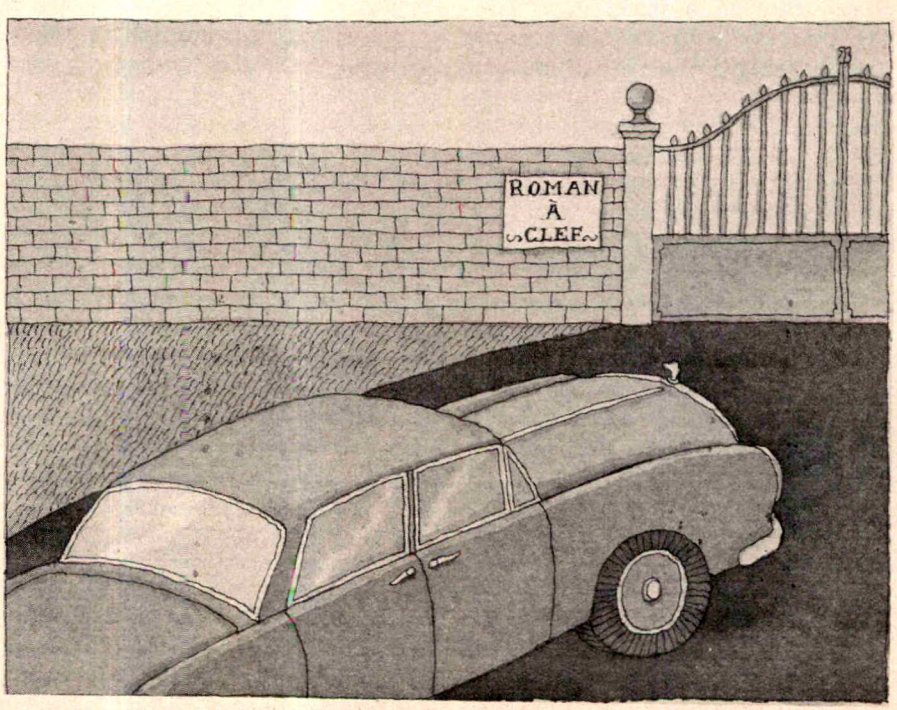
Doctorow leaned forward hesitantly and spoke to the driver, a tight-lipped Jacqueline Onassis. "Where are you taking us? What have we done? Our luncheon was pleasant. Till now."

"Shaddup," U. S. Grant snarled from his position on the jump seat. "You'll speak when we tell you to speak. This time *we'll* decide what you'll say and when you'll say it. Right, guys?"

"Yah! Yah!" The gang members all hooted, then guffawed with a merriment that sent a fresh and awful chill through the captured novelists.

No one spoke for a long while. Then, as the limo hurtled onto the Long Island Expressway, Robert Coover suddenly sat up straight and gasped, "Good God! They—now I understand. They're going to *put us in their novel!*"

The abductors glanced at one another grimly, knowingly.



"Let me out!" Coover bleated. "This should have been handled through my agent! I don't want any part of this."

Richard Nixon, who shared the jump seat with Grant and sat facing Coover, leaned toward the novelist and pressed a nubby index finger hard against Coover's breastbone. "Relax, Bobby-baby," Nixon said sweetly. "You'll love it in our novel. In fact, I've invented a character just for you to spend some time with, Bob-O. I call him Uncle Muse."

The abductors' shoulders shook with mirth at the mention of Uncle Muse; Robert Coover buried his face in his hands and began to whimper.

"This is simply appalling," Truman Capote said, testily adjusting his hat brim. "You've hurt Robert's feelings. There, there, Bobby, chin up. Literature is gossip, and I guess if we can dish it out we should be able to take it."

Coover looked up woefully. "Yes, but . . ."

"You said it, Tru," Walter Matthau's wife chirped from the front seat. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"Cliché! Cliché!" all the writers chorused, furiously tapping X's with their forefingers—except for Irving Stone, who jerked his head back and forth and asked, "What? What's that? What'd I miss?" The other novelists looked away from Stone and shrugged at their captors in embarrassment.

The limousine soon arrived at Easthampton and turned up a long tree-lined driveway. It screeched to a stop in front of the *roman à clef*, an enormous, rambling, slightly forbidding structure overlooking the roiling surf and styled in a bizarre but irresistible blend of the traditional, contemporary, and avant-garde.

Henry Ford and Michelangelo charged out of the limo and yanked open the back doors. "Outta da cah, punks!" Michelangelo growled. "Getta moofahn. Get inna da novel and make it snappy. We gotta six-figah advance on dis job and we won't put up wit no funny binness."

Sword in hand, U. S. Grant took up the rear as the procession hut-hutted up the front steps past a blurb from *Publishers Weekly* ("A lazy-day literary luncheon turns into an afternoon of terror as five novelists in the habit of using public figures for their own artistic purposes are hoist on their own petard—shocking, but overdue"), and on into the grimly compelling first novel.

"You. Coover," Nixon snapped. "Give us an epigraph."

"Help!"

"Ha ha, good, that's good!" The kidnappers all nodded and hoo-ha-ed wickedly.

"Now off you go," Grant commanded, gesturing menacingly with his sword. "You each get five chapters, then we'll all meet in the denouement. Have a nice day."

Desperately muttering clever insults, the writers were being led off to their respective sections of the novel when suddenly Robert Coover wrenched away from Nixon's grasp and hurled himself toward an open window. "Oh no you don't!" came a voice out of the darker side of American life, and a large representative figure emerged from the shadows, grabbed Coover, and wrestled him toward the inner recesses of this grotesque but oddly appealing *tour de force*.

"Bring him right this way, Uncle Muse," Nixon intoned gravely, and the daringly original work had begun.

During the ride back to Manhattan no one said much. Two of the novelists wept quietly, and one was unconscious.

"You won't get away with this," Doctorow said at one point. "Mark my words, you'll hear from the Authors Guild."

Henry Ford eyed Doctorow contemptuously. "Button your lip, E. L. Unless you want to appear in a sequel, sweetheart, you cool it."

Doctorow frowned. "Anyhow, I feel queasy. Your style made me seasick."

"Here." Walter Matthau's wife handed Doctorow a paper bag. "It's for style sickness. Use it in good health."

The historical personages chortled gaily, and the authors rode the rest of the way in sulky silence.

A year later, when *Six Characters Turn on Their Authors* was published to generally favorable reviews ("a hauntingly evocative whiplash that builds to a remarkable vision of truth—or is it merely a hellish beauty?"—*Vogue*), Grant and Walter Matthau's wife were interviewed on the *Today* show.

"How much of this outrageous novel is true?" Jane Pauley asked.

"Not a word of it," Grant replied blandly, nudging Walter Matthau's wife under the table, and rolling his eyes. □

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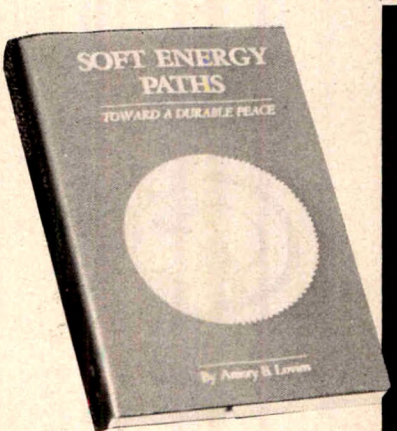

SOFT ENERGY PATHS

By Amory B. Lovins

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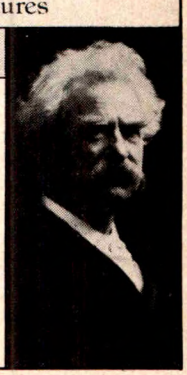

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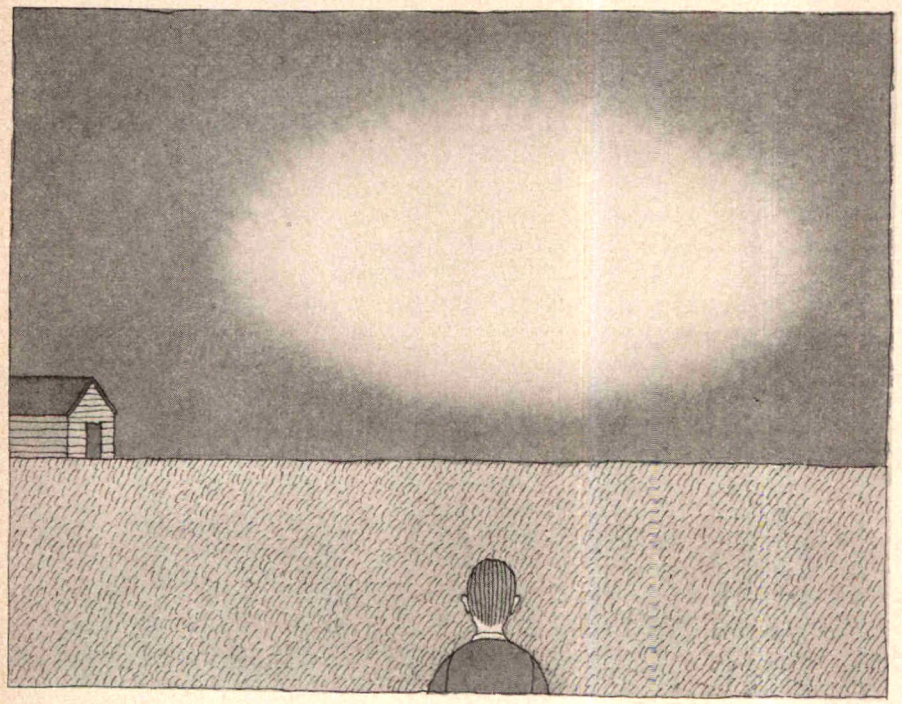

FILMING THE UNKNOWN

by Andrew Ward

It is a failing, I realize, but to the question "What if?" I tend to reply, "So what?" Consequently, I have never had much luck with science fiction. Writers have better things to do, it seems to me, than to concentrate on the unknown, since, by definition, it is indescribable. Only rarely in literature does anyone come close to success in describing the indescribable, and then it is only by implication. James Thurber once created a monster, for instance, that felt like lip, smelled of unopened rooms, and made the sound of rabbits screaming. But neither it nor the lame concoctions of science fiction—the octopi with headlights; the bubble-headed humanoids; the goopy mobile gobs of glop—can hold a candle to the bat, the manta ray, or any of the beasts that scurry for the shadows when a stone is overturned. Science fiction writers set out to awaken us to the possibilities of the universe and, for the most part, wind up merely painting a moustache on Mother Nature: bestowing superhuman intelligence upon a jellyfish, inflating a toad with a bicycle pump.

It is from this uncharitable perspective that I approached *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, Steven Spielberg's ode to the UFO, which was screened at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York. Columbia Pictures had sunk $18 million into *Close Encounters*, and its stock had more than doubled in anticipation of the movie's success, so there was an understandably anxious quality to the screening.

Usually, movies are given several press screenings in one of the plush, hushed little screening rooms scattered throughout Manhattan, but Columbia chose to get it all over with at once this time, and nearly packed the Ziegfeld with as many industry celebrities as critics, in the hope, I guess, that the former's loyal enthusiasm would infect the latter. A lot of prosperous gentlemen with cigars and aviator glasses sat in a central reserved section of the theater, shifting restlessly in their seats and turning to blonds for pats of reassurance as a nightmare of critics filed in to do their worst. These roped-off men have attained a standard of living which is an inspiration to all of us, and I couldn't help but wish them well as the houselights dimmed, for it seemed to me that they were in a terrible business if it stood or fell on the strength of a single movie, especially this one.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (the title is Air Force terminology for putative contacts with creatures from outer space) begins with a string of strange events. A mysterious scientific committee, headed by Claude Lacombe (played for some reason by François Truffaut), arrives in the Sonora Desert to inspect a squadron of fighter planes, missing since 1945, that have suddenly appeared, pilotless but in perfect working order, in the middle of a sandstorm. Then we listen with air traffic controllers as two airline crews report a blinding object flitting near their planes. And we watch as a small boy in Muncie, Indiana, is lured out into the night by a strange force that has rifled the refrigerator and animated all his toys.

Finally, throughout the same region, the power goes out, and a young lineman, Roy Neary (played by Richard Dreyfuss with his customary zest and intelligence), is sent out to discover what's gone wrong. Lost on a dark country road, he stops to consult his map. A car approaches him from behind, headlights glaring, and he waves it past. He drives on a little way, stops again to check his map, headlights again approach him from behind. He waves again, but this time the headlights rise ominously into the air, and suddenly the soundtrack groans, mail boxes flap along the road, and his truck is caught in a searing beam of light.

At this point in the proceedings, my hopes began to rise. I realized that if anyone was going to scare me on the subject of UFOs, it was Steven Spielberg, whose last movie, *Jaws*, had me vacationing inland for two summers, vigilantly wading along freshwater beaches. But just as *Jaws* began to go wrong when the shark, which had been dining with terrifying plausibility on swimmers for the first few reels, developed a sense of destiny, and attacked its pursuers with all the determination and tactical precision of Admiral Nelson, so *Close Encounters* falters as soon as we begin to figure out—well ahead of the principal characters—what these extraterrestrial beings have in mind.

Lest we forget this is science fiction, Neary loses everything because of his close encounter. He's fired from the electric company, and his wife thinks her husband's crazy, as wives always do in these scenarios. In exchange, however, Neary has acquired a destiny, symbolized by his obsession with a heapish shape he takes to sculpting out of shaving cream, pillows, mashed potatoes,

clay, and garbage, only to discover that this image which he has received from the UFO is of a mountain in Wyoming that the Army has evacuated, ostensibly because of a poison gas leak but actually because Truffaut has ascertained by decoding extraterrestrial radio transmissions that it is to be the site of a Close Encounter of the Third Kind: an actual conference, in effect, with beings from another planet, or another solar system, or something.

It is here that the special effects boys take over completely. They have been much in evidence, one way or another, throughout the film. To begin with, they have made *Close Encounters* the noisiest movie I've ever sat through. I suppose this was intended to intensify the experience for me, and hats off to the Dolby sound system people for it. I found it distracting, however, just as I would have found it distracting had a studio employee been directed to pound at my ribs with a padded mallet during dramatic peaks on the screen.

But most of the $18 million appeared to have been tied up in the creation of the climactic Mother Ship, a spectacular monstrosity which floated over the mountain like a Frisbee, approximating, I think, Hollywood's vision of God. Studded with lights, its belly looked like Los Angeles at night and its back looked like Manhattan.

Of course what we were shooting for all evening was not just another UFO sighting but a Close Encounter of the Third Kind. So a ramp, blindingly floodlit, descends from the belly of the Mother Ship, and eventually we begin to make out the approach of alien forms of life. The trouble, I regret to report, is that they don't turn out to be alien enough, just antsy, egg-headed children with clumsy talons (how, I wondered, did they manage to change all those lightbulbs aboard ship?) led by a swan-necked, animated silicone figure that blinked a lot to look convincing, like the King Kong dummy.

Close Encounters of the Third Kind ends happily, even ecstatically, with the Mother Ship sailing off into a benevolent universe, and believe me, I would have gladly gone along with it if it hadn't been for the movie's documentary pretensions. I kept getting the feeling that Spielberg wasn't content with fantasy, that he was actually out to clear up the matter of UFOs for us once and for all, because he kept presenting his speculations as if they were suppressed facts. But of course they were only earthbound guesses, from first to last. Spielberg has no more idea of what a creature from outer space looks like than I do, so what was I to make of his version when it hazily revealed itself? With a little Plasticine and a couple of marbles I could have come up with something just as plausible. Like Columbia Pictures, Steven Spielberg put everything he had into *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, but it wasn't enough, as no amount of money and talent can be enough, to overcome the contradiction of filming the unknown.

TWO REPORTERS: AT PEACE AND WAR

by Benjamin DeMott

Readers get a lot to like in reportage by John McPhee. Superbly particularized evocations of odd corners of the natural world, as in *The Pine Barrens* (1968). Unromantic celebrations of well-made things, as in *The Survival of the Bark Canoe* (1975). Shrewdly dramatized studies of the interaction of mind and body, as in *Levels of the Game* (1969). Self-effacement—the honest kind, rooted in awareness that practically any precisely rendered object-in-view is more interesting in itself than the inner perturbations of the person viewing it. And remarkable consistency: thirteen titles in nine years, and there is not a bad book among them; seldom indeed a laxly composed page.

In short, John McPhee—whose newest book, **Coming into the Country** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $10.95), reports on contemporary Alaska—has become the name of a standard by which ambitious magazine journalism is now judged.

He isn't, on the other hand, a writer notable for surprises, and partly for that reason—also because I'd already scanned a section or two of the latest book (the entire volume appeared in *The New Yorker*)—I launched on *Coming into the Country* in a mood of respect rather than of edgy anticipation. Lovers of *The New Yorker*, like myself, enjoy its politics, its pastoralism, even its occasional prigs—those characters who, from time to time, launder oily birds off Watch Hill and file reports on their moral superiority for "The Talk of the Town." But we're not so beguiled as to expect astonishments in spoiled-wilderness material that appeared first in that magazine.

And in truth, astonishments are slow arriving. *Coming into the Country* begins with two sections entitled "The Encircled River" and "What They Were Hunting For" which describe, respectively, a kayak trip taken by a four-member state-federal team assigned to study the Salmon River of the Brooks Range and a helicopter journey during which Alaska's Capital Site Selection Committee drops down at various locations held worthy, by somebody, of consideration as successors to Juneau. And each section is structured by unstartling contrasts between the Alaska that runs "off the edge of the imagination, with its tracklessness, its beyond-the-ridgeline surprises, its hundreds of millions of acres of wilderness," and the Alaska represented by Anchorage—a "pustule," a "portable Passaic."

We meet, predictably, a fathomlessly vulgar real estate salesman who, peddling half-acre lots by plane, doesn't hesitate to buzz a bear.

> He throttled back, and we glided silently down on the bear, which stood still, in nearsighted perplexity, wondering where the sound had gone. Then, suddenly, Leifer advanced the throttle and buzzed the astounded animal, which ran across the muskeg in a kind of rolling cringe as we passed over and then gained enough altitude to clear the trees.

Hard-lining conservationists speak a perfect prose with a hint of that conventional moral superiority: " 'Throughout the history of this country,' " says a National Park Service planner, " 'it's been possible to go to a place where no one has camped before, and now that kind of opportunity is running out. We must protect it, even if artificially.' " Willie Hensley, head of the Democratic party in Alaska, born in a sod igloo and educated at a Bureau of Indian Affairs school, has "detached humor [playing] across his eyes" and is yet another master of pithy speech: " 'In Alaska, too

many people seem to think they are floating to Heaven on a sea of oil.' "

As it happens, though, *Coming into the Country*, while not completely proof against its original habitat, is on the whole amply wary of formula. In quoting the pro-growth rhetoric of Robert Atwood, publisher of the Anchorage *Times* ("They're making it very difficult for man, these people. They favor animals, trees, water, flowers"), it doesn't omit his by no means foolish contention that planners simply can't know the future with exactitude. More than once it teases people who are extravagantly overprotective—a Bureau of Outdoor Recreation official who refuses to cast a line even in the wilderness. ("He has wearied . . . of molesting the fish, of shocking the ones that, for one reason or another, go back. He says he wonders what kind of day a fish will have after spending some time on a hook.") More important, the book's longest section, which is set in the bush and tells the stories, one by one or pair by pair, of river people who have elected to make their homes in the wilderness, breaks away altogether from familiar dialectic, becoming as independent in its sympathies and enthusiasms as the people whose lives it chronicles.

The pleasures of this section are enormously more various than could have been expected. There's a harrowing account of a wilderness escape brought off by the sole survivor of a mid-World War II bomber crash. There's shrewd cultural observation—about, for instance, the tendency of wilderness domesticity to organize itself around the central figure of the hunter, thereby reanimating male tyrannies and chauvinisms finished except "in the country." The joys of provisioning are everywhere, not merely descriptions of the look, scent, and taste of fresh game and produce, but re-creations of basic Crusoe rewards—the naming and contemplating of ranged tools and supplies, the poetry of human essentials.

> Split firewood was there, and matches, and a pile of prepared shavings. On a table were sacks of dried raisins, sugar, cocoa, and powdered milk. There was a barrel stove, frying pans on the wall . . . in the cache [there were] hammers, saws, picks, drills, coiled rope, and two tents.

And the author provides close readings, attractively straightforward and humorous, of his own embarrassments as a city man ravished by the woods but still dependent upon comforts. After a dinner of fresh-killed muskrat he beds down in his sleeping bag on hard ground beside his hosts, a homesteading man and wife—but can't quite doze off.

> Antithetical forces are in strife within me. What I want is my pillow. Its capacity to soften the coming sleep is perhaps not as great as its capacity to humiliate me before these rugged pioneers. Shame at last loses out to comfort. My hand goes into the pack. The pillow is small and white. The slip is homemade, with snaps at one end, so that it can contain a down jacket, which it does. I mumble an explanation . . . .

Between the purchase of Alaska more than a century ago and statehood in 1958, only about half of one percent of its 375 million acres came into private hands; the rest belonged to the federal government. At present roughly a quarter of this area is owned by the State of Alaska; an eighth has been awarded to 60,000 native Alaskans, under the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act; and that same legislation directs the interior secretary to choose 80 million more acres for possible preservation as national parks, wild rivers, wildlife refuges, and national forests. The effect of this partitioning, together with the discovery of oil in 1968, the subsequent building of the pipeline, and the beginning of effort by the Bureau of Land Management to police federal holdings, has been the creation of a series of highly intricate conflicts. Not the least achievement of *Coming into the Country* is that, in eschewing formulas, it manages simultaneously to represent fairly the positions of the parties in conflict—developers, conservationists, renegade individualists—and to show forth the implications, for human society, of the loss of the ground on which the dream of "lighting out for The Territory" has immemorially been based.

But there's a larger achievement, namely that of transcending the terms in which these disputes are waged. As personal probities face off against each other in this book (the federal patrolman down from his chopper to inform a resourceful, self-respecting trapper that the cabin built with his own hands no longer belongs to him), the subject expands. The question How could it have come to this? is set, time and again, in the context of history and prehistory, with the result that, well before the end, the reader grasps that what is really in view in *Coming into the Country* is a matter not usually met in works of reportage—nothing less than the nature of the human condition.

Learning the war

The focus of Michael Herr's **DISPATCHES** (Knopf, $8.95), a volume of magazine pieces about the Vietnam War by a correspondent for *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*, is the Tet offensive and its aftermath, and the book's pace, sounds, and images are nightmarish. Once or twice suspicion arises that style and convention are preceding or shaping substance—the same sort of presentiment that accompanies the first half-hour with McPhee in Alaska. *Rolling Stone* conventions are, to be sure, remote from those of *The New Yorker*, but it doesn't follow that they're lightly held. (The *Stone* likes noisy apocalypse and casual comma splicing, and dislikes writers who neglect to speak at length about their dope trips, avoid the word "fuck," or allude to, say, Thoreau or Edward Abbey, or other bookmen—as McPhee does—rather than to Frank Zappa, Jimi Hendrix, or The Grateful Dead.)

Like John McPhee's, however, Michael Herr's reach exceeds the bounds of local customs. The best-known piece in *Dispatches*, "Hell Sucks," is about the end of the battle for Hue, and, a decade after the event, it remains little short of devastating. But the subject of the book as a whole isn't devastation, or the hideousness of war, or the asininity of Our Leaders. In the course of his exposure to combat the reporter discovers (no bravado in the equation) the satisfactions of bravery—of being perceived by oneself and others, that is, as a person demonstrably possessing guts. And that discovery both changes and enlarges him as a man and widens his range as a writer, forcing homage to the modes of solidarity brought into being by ultimacy, crisis, disaster shared.

A first book, *Dispatches* has flaws—in particular a note of self-congratulation about the writer's instinctive sympathy for combat infantrymen. But on the contrariety of our kind and the profounder human needs—"If you can't find your courage in a war, you have to keep looking for it"—these pieces are

exceptionally authoritative. Many well-regarded poets and novelists, not to mention statesmen and pundits, flourishing at this hour aren't half as inward, half as aware of human complexity as the newcomer Herr and the veteran McPhee. Bless the great reporters in our midst.

PLA

Le Bestiaire ou Cortège d'Orphée by Guillaume Apollinaire. Metropolitan Museum of Art, $14.95. In 1911, Apollinaire succeeded in obtaining publication for his animal verses, which are partly an impish parody of a medieval bestiary and partly a serious, subtle consideration of the poet and his art. He persuaded Raoul Dufy to do woodcut illustrations for the work on the grounds that it would make them both rich. The book was beautifully designed, hand-printed on fine paper with Dufy supervising every move, and altogether a superb production. Author and artist got about 100 francs apiece out of the project, which lends melancholy point to Apollinaire's lines on the industrious caterpillar. This edition is a fine facsimile of a lovely book, altered only by the discreet insertion of Lauren Shakely's translations and the addition of a brief foreword.

The Violins of Saint-Jacques by Patrick Leigh Fermor. St. Martin's, $7.95. Mr. Fermor's elegant rococo fantasy about a volcanic eruption on an imaginary Caribbean island is just close enough to reality to raise a genuine shiver—possibly even a genuine tear. In truth, it is a timeless small masterpiece—as effective today as it was when *The Atlantic* serialized it in 1953.

My Life and Times With Mr. Anonymous by Willard R. Espy. Hawthorn, $10.00. One of literature's more unlikely uncles is Mr. Espy's excuse for a mixture of comic reminiscence and a sort of anthology of authorless but immortal verse. Attractive because the simple desire to make readers chuckle is a rare thing in these nervous times.

The Tall Stones by Moyra Caldecott. Hill and Wang, $8.95. Any author who sets a tale in Britain in the second millennium B.C. admittedly has a pretty

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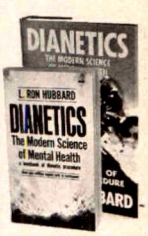

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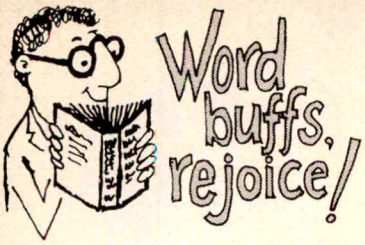

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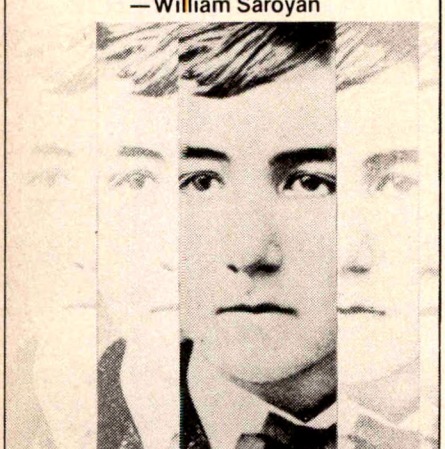

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free hand, there being so few known facts to restrain invention. Such restraints as there are, however, Ms. Caldecott has managed to violate, achieving a novel so egregiously silly that it is almost (but not quite) worth reading as a monument of its peculiar type.

BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS edited by Leslie A. Marchand. Harvard, $13.50. Volume 7 is as vivid, witty, testy, and surprising as usual, and ranges even more widely than usual in subject matter, for by 1820 Byron was well involved with his Italian countess and had begun scratching at the edges of Italian politics. What a man he was! Admirable notes, index, and all that.

GNOMES by Wil Huygen. Abrams, $17.50. With the help of Christmas-cardish illustrations by Rien Poortvliet, the author presents a deadpan report on the size, weight, life-span, sexual habits, beliefs, customs, artifacts, and occupations of gnomes. Whether this is an amusing spoof of social anthropology or a waste of time is strictly a matter of the reader's temperament. In either case, it is a pretty book.

TREASURES OF IRISH ART 1500 B.C.–1500 A.D. by G. Frank Mitchell, Peter Harbison, Liam de Paor, Máire de Paor, and Roger A. Stalley. Metropolitan Museum of Art and Knopf, $25.00. All those cooks have not spoiled the broth. The explanatory text is efficient and the photographs, largely by Lee Boltin, are dazzling. Short of getting to the exhibition of which this book is essentially a catalogue, one could not ask for a clearer view of the magnificence of Celtic art. 134 plates, 86 in color. Bibliography.

THE RIVER CONGO by Peter Forbath. Harper & Row, $15.00. In describing the European discovery and exploration of the Congo, Mr. Forbath has been obliged to cover five centuries of history, beginning and ending with meddlesome royalty. From Prince Henry the Navigator to the infamous Leopold of Belgium is quite a stretch, and that stretch is filled with episodes of courage, duplicity, blood, folly, knavery, triumph, and tragedy. It is also populated by a zany variety of characters. Mr. Forbath has kept his mass of material under firm, logical control. He writes well, if not quite as well as his idol, Alan Moorehead, and his book is as pleasurable as it is informative. Illustrations, index, bibliography, maps.

THE MIRACULOUS JOURNEY OF MAHOMET with introduction and commentaries by Marie-Rose Séguy. Braziller, $35.00 pre-Christmas, $40.00 thereafter. In the fifteenth century, a sophisticated and literate court flourished at Herât in Khurasan, and this book reproduces a magnificent illuminated manuscript created there for the library of Shah Rokh. The subject is Mahomet's journey through the seven bejeweled heavens to ecstatic contemplation at the feet of Allah, and his subsequent return through the seven sinister hells. Quite apart from the great beauty of the illustrations and calligraphy, there is an intriguing similarity between this Islamic material (centuries old when the Herât book was made) and Dante's *Divine Comedy.* Notes, bibliography.

THREE ALEXANDER CALDERS by Margaret Calder Hayes. Paul S. Eriksson, $15.00. Calder's older sister has written an affectionate "family memoir," thoroughly justified because the brilliantly innovative artist was distinctly a family product. His mother was a painter. His father was a sculptor and the son of a sculptor. Mrs. Hayes herself has been for many years a teacher of arts and crafts. Calder's parents, well aware of the financial uncertainty of their profession, would have been pleased to have their son an engineer, but when his urge to make things proved irresistible, they raised no objections. Art was a family affair among the Calders, and their devotion to it and to each other's abilities surely accounts for much of the confidence and gaiety of Calder's work. The illustrations are numerous and engaging and there is lavish quotation from letters.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Linda Lewis is the author of *Birthdays.*

Richard Lipez, Andrew Ward, and Benjamin DeMott are frequent contributors to *The Atlantic.*

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Jim Parlett (page 57) teaches English at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio.

David Ignatow's (page 74) *Tread the Dark* will soon be published.

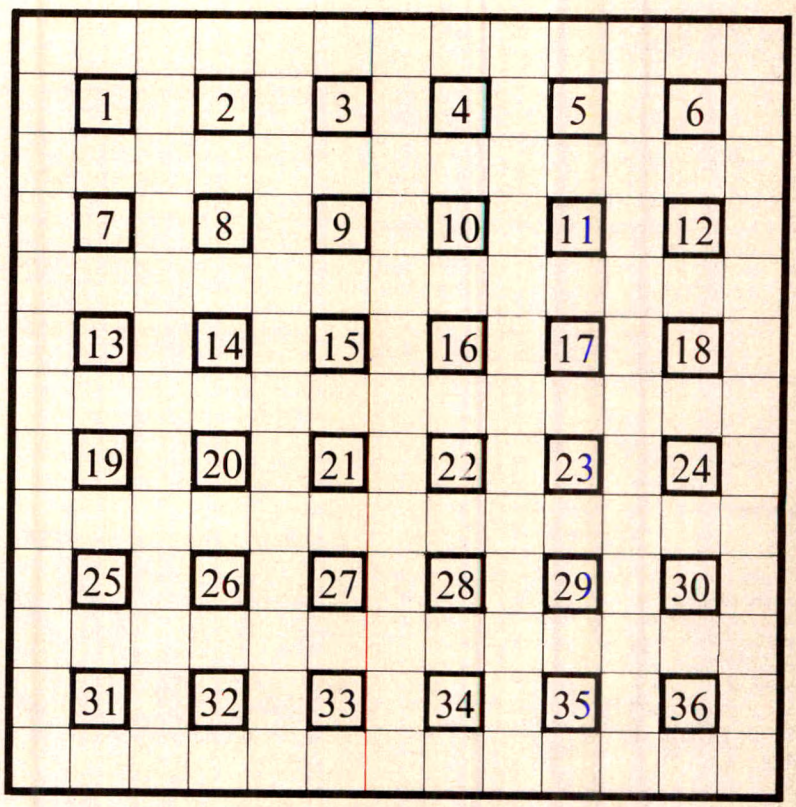
Peter Kane Dufault's (page 85) latest book is *For Some Stringed Instrument.*

The Atlantic PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

"EIGHTSOME REELS"
(Acknowledgments to Azed)

Each numbered square in the diagram is surrounded by eight blank squares. All clues lead to words of eight letters, to be entered in the squares around their appropriate numbers; the words may run clockwise or counter-clockwise, beginning anywhere. Solvers will have to determine where each word begins and the direction in which it is to go. One answer, 6, is not common. Remember that punctuation in the clues may be used deceptively.



1. Most spacy items—pet rocks
2. Meat-head gear?
3. On hill, somersault for sum of money
4. Food that may be kept with salt or be pickled
5. Consult alopecist on sure serotherapy for bald spots
6. Diviner to use harp when unraveling unknown
7. Silver bullet's last in a certain "rod"
8. Cricket to chirp when it gets left inside
9. Troll in southeast part of river is the one carrying off kids!
10. Not wearing clothes except at Leslie's, briefly
11. Poison-pensters—true villains
12. Makes a point of thrashing rash writers
13. "Piglet"—Spanish for "king having gained pound"
14. Gardening plot can grow noiselessly
15. Rude manners to eat steak, bone, and scraps
16. All over *Times*—red and black marks
17. Makes agreeable to nose drops
18. Sun rotates inside earth, goddess sternly judges
19. Bit of communication from Zeus has sun god inside globe
20. Debut of pedal-operated instrument of eating
21. Shrouded by gossamer, I, Diana, circle round the earth
22. Restructure Emerald Isle internally for improvement
23. Foggy idea about song for you to play back and identify
24. Count keeps returning nose-ring
25. Keep nearly inanimate, but spirited
26. Person doling out $1000 for string
27. I act after prayer to statue
28. Don't start killing for amusement
29. Gold ring and guinea briefly kept for fortune telling
30. Soak broken arm in tea
31. "Stormy Sea"—print by Winslow Homer, etc.
32. Result of broken bat triples—on base with none out
33. What led to romance between Mr. Wodehouse's sheets
34. Missing original pieces of eight, king is for war
35. Fruit waste has little character
36. A carpet backed with bark from a tree

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 100.

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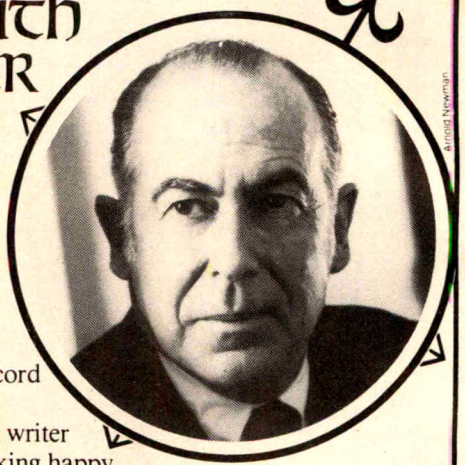

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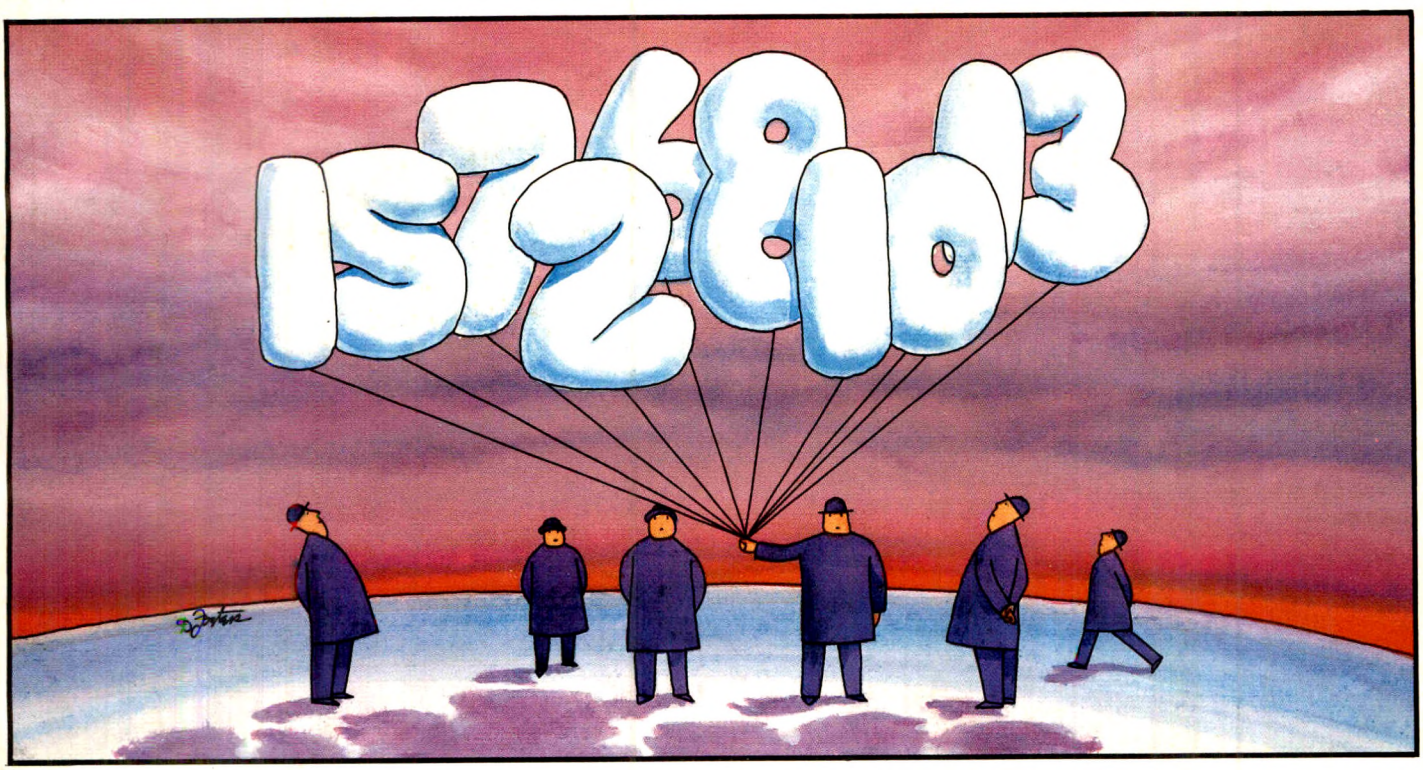

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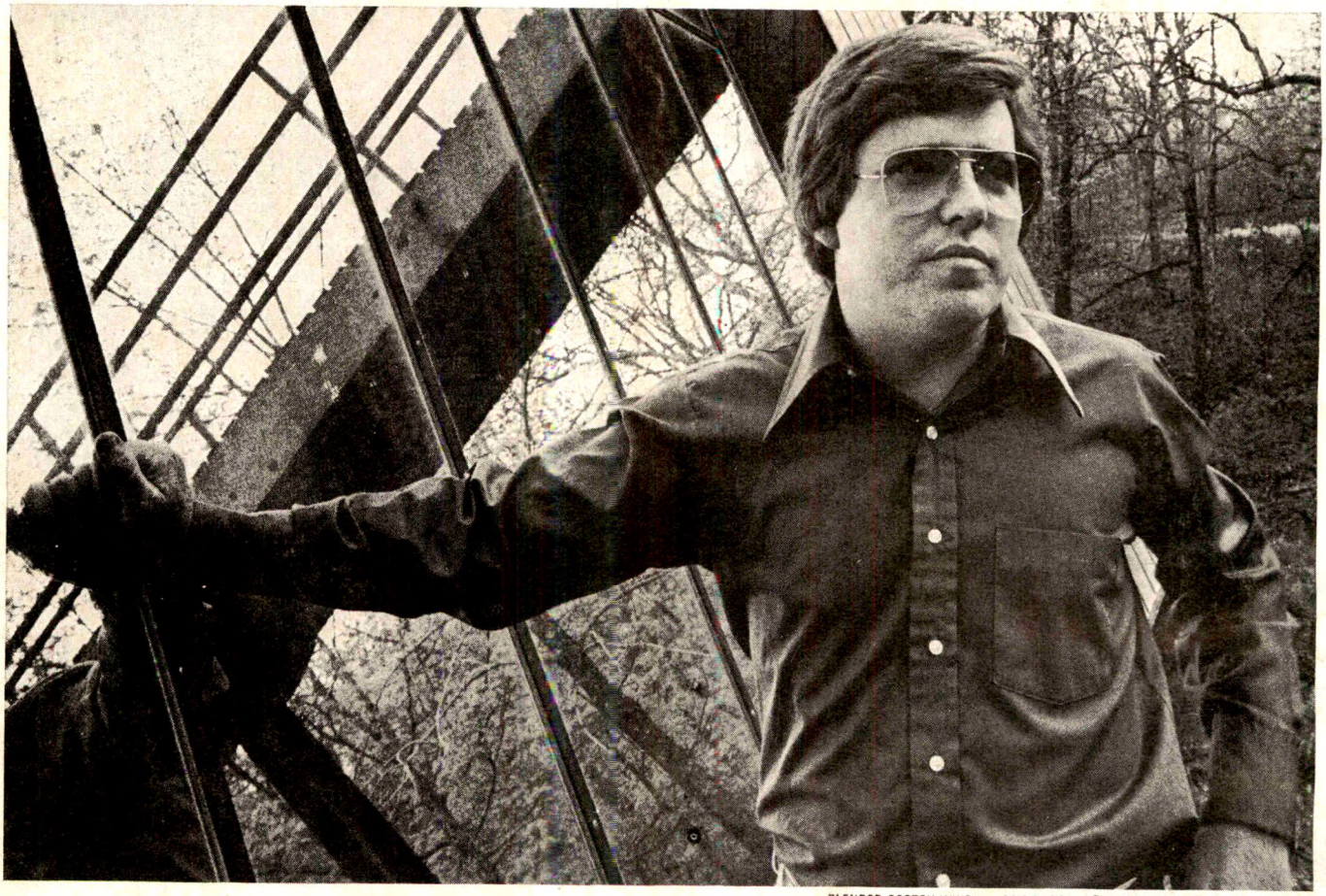

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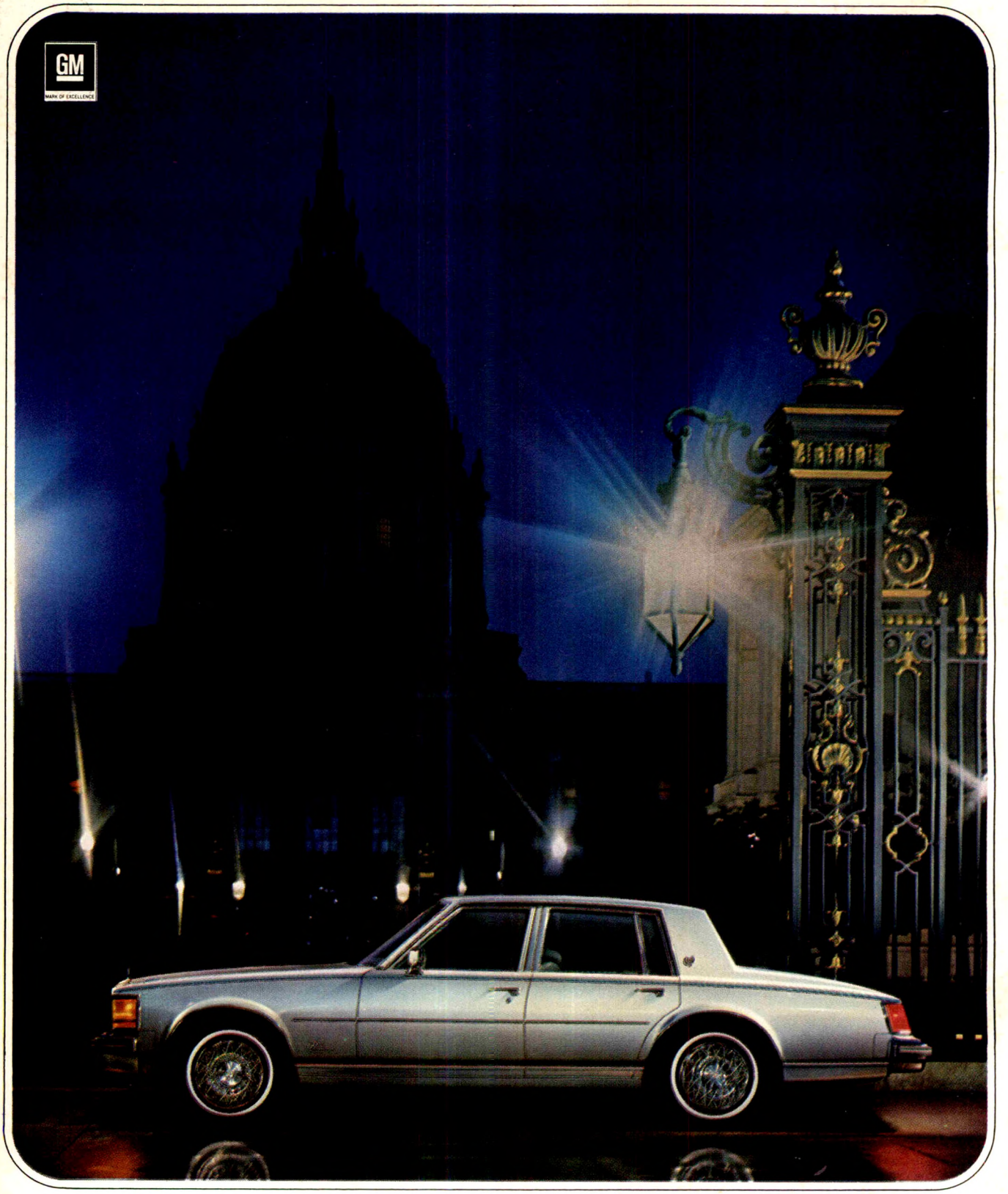

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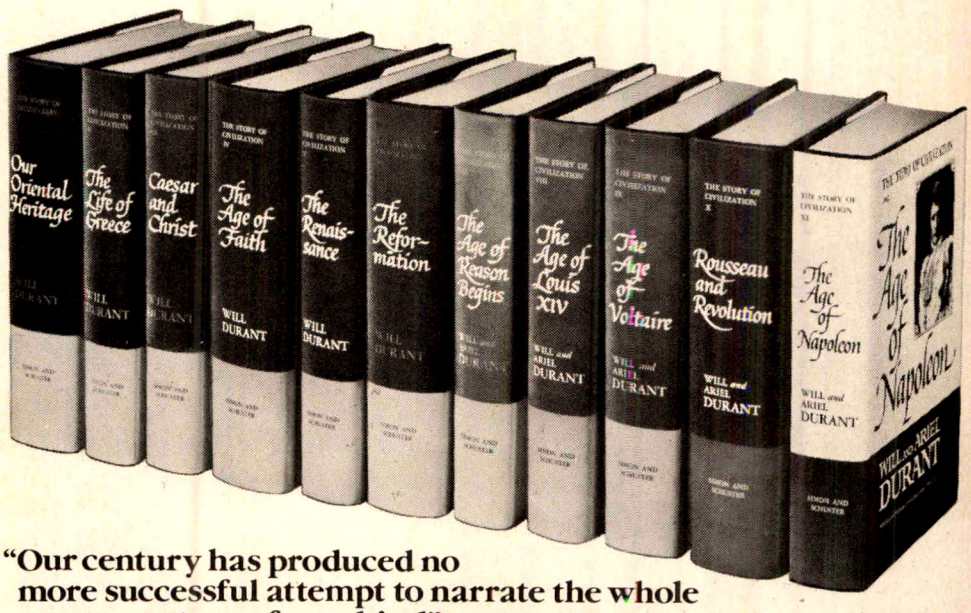

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REPORTS & COMMENT

FRANCE: At Last, the Demise of Gaullism

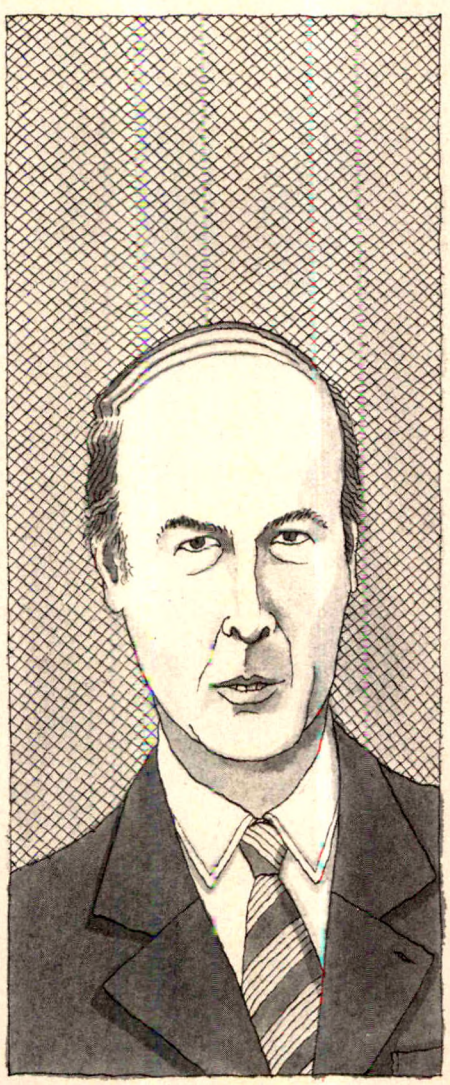
On the eve of its national elections, France faces the end of two decades of political stability.

In mid-March Valéry Giscard D'Estaing will face the first major test of his presidency—the elections for the National Assembly. He himself is not running, nor will he take to the hustings for his party's candidates, but, indirectly, his policies and his style will be up for judgment.

Predictions on the outcome of these elections and what it will mean are as numerous as French political parties. But one thing is sure. The prolonged stability of French political life, maintained for twenty years by the mystique of Gaullism, has begun to break up. No matter who wins, or by how much, France after March will move into what Prime Minister Raymond Barre calls "a new political landscape."

For more than a year the French press has been obsessed with politics in an orgy of analysis and conjecture that probably has no pre-electoral parallel in any other democracy. This is because the French are fascinated by themselves in the special way of a people educated to believe that their country is the navel of the world.

What happens to France, the French believe, matters to everyone, and understandably, they take their politics very seriously. To give them credit, when it comes to the approaching elections they are probably right to do so. Among the industrialized democracies, France is the only country in which a defeat of the ruling majority could produce not the accession to power of a loyal opposition but profound changes in French institutions and the balance of economic and social power.



Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

In the place of the Gaullists, who have held the majority of seats in the National Assembly for twenty years, could come the Socialist party (now the biggest party in the country), led by First Secretary François Mitterrand. Mitterrand, sixty-one, has survived longer as a major public figure than any other politician in the Fifth Republic.

Unlike many opposition figures in other nations, Mitterrand is little known outside his own country. He was raised a devout Catholic in a comfortable provincial family in central France, where his father was first a stationmaster and then local head of the national federation of vinegar producers. He is one of four brothers, all of whom have had brilliant careers; one is a general who heads France's largest airplane manufacturer, another is a vice-president of Sperry Rand. His public career began as did the careers of most of France's older politicians—during World War II, after a spectacular escape from a German prison

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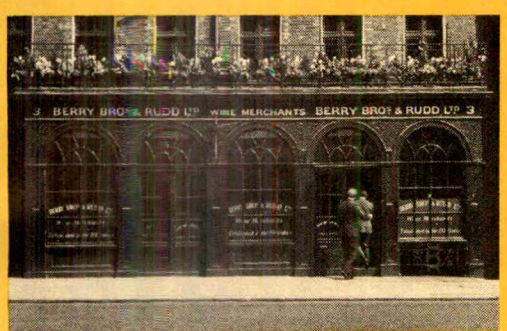

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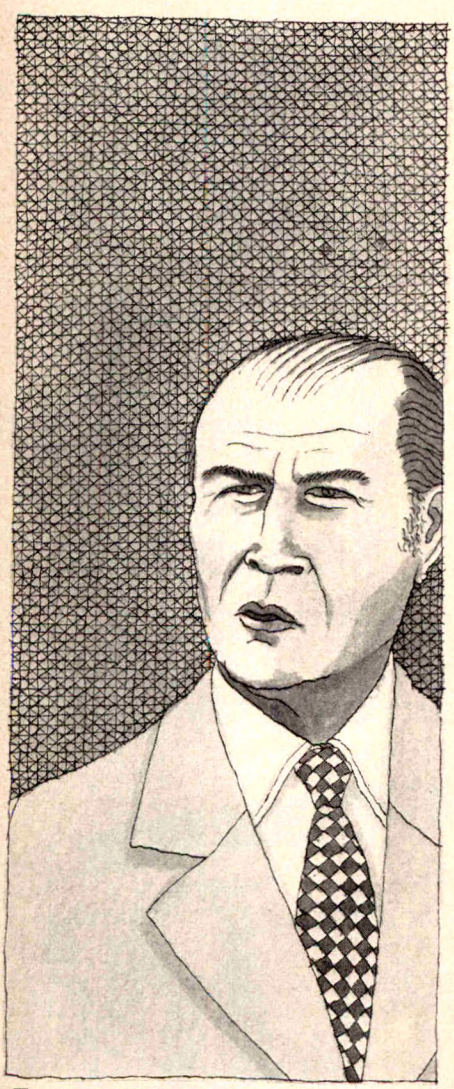
camp. It was his third, finally successful attempt, and it led to increasing responsibilities in the French Resistance and his first encounter with General de Gaulle.

Mitterrand and De Gaulle conceived an instant and visceral dislike for each other. A cold, disdainful meeting took place in Algiers, where the general was masterminding Resistance activities and where he was using a certain amount of intrigue to insure his postwar leadership of France. Mitterrand challenged De Gaulle's authority to give him orders and made it clear that he was unimpressed by the imperious general. Upon returning to France Mitterrand reportedly told friends, "De Gaulle is not a republican."

Nonetheless, though De Gaulle scratched Mitterrand's name from a list of those to be honored for their war efforts, his Resistance record assured him a place in De Gaulle's first postwar government. After that, and throughout the Fourth Republic's many cabinets, he held a bewildering variety of ministerial jobs, eleven in all. His own small but pivotal party, the center-left UDSR (Union démocratique et socialiste de la Résistance), repeatedly provided the necessary votes to make coalition governments possible. Says a former Gaullist deputy, "It was maneuvering there at the center that developed his skills as a political tactician."



François Mitterrand

The experience proved crucial. The overwhelming national support for De Gaulle's take-over of the government in 1958 (Mitterrand denounced it as a "coup d'état") forced Mitterrand to stake out a claim on the Left, the only space remaining in the political spectrum. Since that time he has relentlessly pursued what may be the major accomplishment of his career: the welding of France's socialist formations into a single party which may become the "first party of France."

Though Mitterrand is regularly listed as France's second most popular politician, he remains a distant, enigmatic figure. He has few friends and little is known of his private life. But that's the way he wants it. He undoubtedly agrees with De Gaulle, who wrote, "A leader is inevitably aloof . . . because there can be no prestige unless he keeps his distance." The critical *"classe politique"* has accused him of scandal, opportunism, and being a poseur, hardly surprising for a man whose public life has spanned some thirty-five years. Recently, he seems to have deliberately donned the statesman's mantle. His popularity has developed as he has successfully projected concern for the poor and exploited. On television, his eyes blink rapidly and sincerely like an earnest young girl's. Above all, he exudes intellectual prowess. In France, almost everything is forgiven if one is clever enough.

Posters at Socialist party headquarters proclaim that socialism is an idea whose time has come. If true, much of the credit must go to Mitterrand's controversial alliance with the Communist party and its rough, tough leader, Georges Marchais. In 1972, the two men, along with Robert Fabre, the leader of a tiny splinter group, managed to draft and sign a concrete electoral platform, a "common program of government." This simplistic catalogue of lofty principles and specific policies was just imprecise enough to satisfy both Communists and Socialists, but its detailed list of industry nationalizations and major social and economic reforms terrified the ruling establishment.

It proved, though, to be the making of the Socialists. At the time it was hammered out, the Communist party held its usual 20 percent share of the electorate, compared to the Socialists' 15 percent. Now, the Socialist stake stands at about 28 percent while the Communists remain stuck at 20 percent.

Socialist strength grew with the increased credibility of the alliance, the result of minor shifts in dogma, made by Georges Marchais, which reassured voters that the most dictatorially rigid of Europe's Communist parties was capable of change.

The French Communists' efforts to appear transformed can almost be measured by Georges Marchais's improved wardrobe (some say Pierre Cardin) and more sophisticated public style. In a country where television is dominated by second-rate American films and talk shows, Marchais is the most original domestic program available. He steamrollers his questioners with uninterruptible diatribes. He hoots with derisive laughter. His eyebrows shoot up quizzically over bright blue eyes. His face registers astonishment, his tone irony. He thoroughly enjoys himself. He is, of course, another clever Frenchman.

Socialist growth is obviously not merely the result of communism's more respectable image. It parallels the realization among voters that France's explosive industrial growth has created enormous problems which the majority party seems unable to solve. Over the past twenty years, French agricultural workers in search of jobs have streamed into crowded, ugly cities where rootlessness and alienation find their expression in violence, drugs, and broken families. Politically, though, for parties exploiting discontent, high-rise buildings are easy to organize. The fastest growing department in France, a suburb south of Paris, now sends three Communists to the National Assembly. Says Georges Chavannes, a socially innovative motor manufacturer, "Industry has unwittingly proletarized France."

The traumas of industrialization were acceptable when all incomes were increasing. But since the 1973 oil crisis

Business and the rational mind, Part I

Surviving in a complex world•The slot machine theory•Strengths, frailties, and shared water

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We believe the United States has entered a period in which people will increasingly want to know more about a corporation than just the quality of its products and services. We believe that more and more people are going to want to know something of the value patterns and basic convictions of the individuals who run a corporation, the individuals who in many ways set the tone for the entire company and who inevitably exert an impact on society.

Which is to say that what people think of a company has a lot to do with whether or not it makes money, or indeed even survives. A company such as ours certainly cannot plead that it exists solely to sell goods and services and to earn a profit. No such company can any longer take for granted even the right to be in business, because that right could be withdrawn any time such action seemed desirable to enough people.

In the words of a former chairman of Mobil, "No business is truly safe unless it serves its customers better than they could serve themselves, persuades them that it is doing so, and retains their goodwill in the process. One can't be too sure how long corporations would retain their present opportunities to operate at a profit if making money were their sole contribution to society."

Mobil tries to be a good employer, a good supplier, a good customer, a good investment, and a socially conscious organization. We try also to be responsive to the aspirations and legitimate needs of minorities and others of the disadvantaged, to environmental problems, and to a host of other concerns. And we would not argue that this is undiluted altruism.

Clearly, however, a corporation labors under severe handicaps in trying to establish itself as a good citizen. The criteria are frequently hazy and subject to sharp differences of opinion among contending groups. There are, and probably always will be, those who find something sinister in the very existence of a large corporation—particularly, we suppose, a large oil company.

Many people view the modern corporation as a glorified slot machine created and operated by glassy-eyed, flint-hearted bankers, lawyers, and technocrats. All this quite naturally plays into the hands of political demagogues, who realize that relatively few of the general public have the information necessary to make value judgments where complex issues of economics and technology are involved.

Since many politicians' concept of infinity extends only to the next election, it is probably unrealistic to expect them to behave otherwise. But this compounds the problems of more-responsible politicians and of businesses that are laboring to persuade the public by concrete example that they are fair, conscientious, public-spirited, and socially desirable.

This is not to argue that all businesses—or any of them, for that matter—are perfect. Far from it. But the individuals who run businesses did not resign from the human race when they became corporate managers. And the individuals who devote themselves in such large measure to denouncing our industrial civilization do not thereby acquire halos. We all have our frailties.

Having said that, we have to add that we are mystified that so many of our critics can forget that we have to breathe the same air they breathe, drink the same water they drink, live in the same towns and cities they live in, enjoy the same beaches they enjoy, and exist in the same society in which they exist. How could we possibly be oblivious to the quality of life or to the aspirations of an upwardly mobile society?

We think the public is ill-served by a situation in which private business and its critics find themselves in a running battle of charge and counter-charge. In our view, our country needs and is entitled to a calmer, more constructive dialogue to delineate more sharply the most productive relationship between business and society. That way, we believe, lies the best hope for the future.

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and the subsequent slowdown in economic growth, expectations have been daunted by rising unemployment (1.2 million in late 1977) and an untamed inflation rate (10 percent for two successive years). As European voters have demonstrated, it's a situation made for the opposition. In France, the Socialists have gained at all levels: among the working class, where the Communists are traditionally strong, among white-collar workers, farmers, lower- and middle-class management, and even company owners.

A profile of the party is an almost perfect mirror of France. Geographically, the Socialists have gradually developed a national appeal as their support spread in the conservative, Catholic bastions of eastern France and Brittany. Then the party acquired the legitimacy it had lacked when, in 1974, François Mitterrand was chosen as the single candidate of the Left. Socially and politically it was finally acceptable to vote Socialist. The number of people who did so surprised the nation. Mitterrand came within 3 percent of beating Valéry Giscard D'Estaing for the presidency.

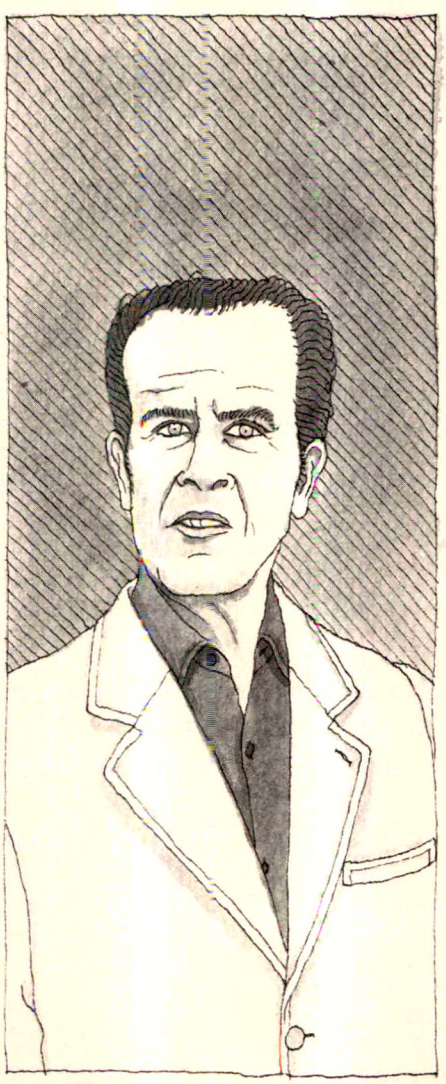
Giscard's narrow victory was the culmination of forty-eight years of preparation for the job. From the beginning, he had been earmarked for the presidency by his ambitious father. When he was in his teens, Giscard's piano teacher suggested that the boy enter the conservatory. But his father had other ideas.

Giscard has considerable intelligence; he sailed through the right schools and on to a series of choice government appointments leading to France's top cabinet post, minister for finance. He has never been a Gaullist. Instead, he heads up a tiny center-right formation, the Républicains Indépendants, whose political philosophy reflects its well-heeled, well-educated, business establishment membership. The party is for Europe, America, fiscal integrity, and mild doses of reform. As such it is close to Giscard's own political beliefs. But its size has suited him too. The Gaullist party, the UDR (Union des Démocrates pour la République), was and is too crowded with jostling political barons of national reputation to offer Giscard enough space for his ambitions.

Over the years, he has not been uncomfortable supporting most Gaullist positions. Tactically, it was a way of having the best of both worlds. It paid off in growing national prominence while he waited for the inevitable slippage of Gaullist power. In 1969, Giscard felt sure enough to mark his distance from the UDR. Asked whether he favored the referendum submitted to a national vote by De Gaulle—to approve or disapprove the transfer of substantial power from Paris to the regional level—Giscard equivocated, and some of the most loyal Gaullists never forgave him.

Not so Georges Pompidou, who appointed Giscard for a second term as finance minister in the government formed after De Gaulle's resignation and his election as president. Giscard began preparing his own run for the presidency during Pompidou's long, unacknowledged illness. Almost the day after the funeral, Giscard's supporters were ready to paste up billboards displaying the finance minister's face.

Giscard owes his success to some smart image marketing. The candidate was photographed at home, at work, pumping an accordion, and playing soccer with the hometown team. His campaign also made much of his career as the technocratically competent finance minister. Only six months before the elections, the Arab-Israeli war had sent a shiver of apprehension through the oil-dependent economies of Europe. Giscard was familiar with national budgets and international heads of state. In the end, he came over as slightly more reassuring than his Socialist opponent.



Georges Marchais

From the outset, Giscard's presidency and policies have needed the support of the Gaullist party and its rising new leader, Jacques Chirac. Chirac, now forty-six years old, first worked for Giscard, was later troubleshooter and hatchet man for Pompidou (who called him "my bulldozer"), and finally became head of the politically sensitive Interior Ministry. At Pompidou's death, Chirac decided that Giscard could win and would be the manageable president Chirac needed for his own future plans. He threw his frenetic energy into galvanizing the Gaullist party machinery on Giscard's behalf. He was repaid by being named prime minister.

The choice of Chirac for this position has troubled Giscard's three and a half years as president. For the first time in the history of the Fifth Republic, the president and his majority leader belonged to different parties. It's a situation not foreseen by the French constitution, and it was inevitable that the conflicting ambitions of the two men would eventually raise the possibility of a constitutional crisis.

Giscard and Chirac have sharply contrasting views of France. Giscard is convinced that the French are ready to move beyond the confrontation politics of the Gaullist era, the time when André Malraux could say, "Between us [the Gaullists] and the Communists, there is nothing." Giscard sees himself as the architect of a new non-Gaullist majority made up of both the immediate right and the immediate left of center, which would continue the gradual reform of French society without recourse to the profound changes advocated by François Mitterrand and Georges Marchais.

For his part, Chirac finds the president's strategy naive and amateurish. The enemy for Chirac was and is the Left in all its forms. There is no way, he

believes, that the cold war of French political life can be transformed into some replica of the moderate alternatives available in Anglo-Saxon countries.

But Giscard insisted on trying. He began by pushing through a number of long overdue reforms. Abortion was legalized and divorce made easier. The voting age was lowered to eighteen. Government studies proposed changes in the way company presidents would conduct their businesses. Worker representatives were to sit on corporate boards. A capital gains tax (there is none in France) would be levied on the sale of real estate, gold, paintings, and furniture. Tax evaders (a shameful percentage of tax revenue is lost through fraud) would be prosecuted.

Meanwhile, projecting a Kennedy-esque style, Giscard breakfasted with immigrant street cleaners and sat down for simple dinners with workers' families. He ordered the Bastille Day parade rerouted to the lower-class boulevards of eastern Paris and the orchestration of the *Marseillaise* made less martial.

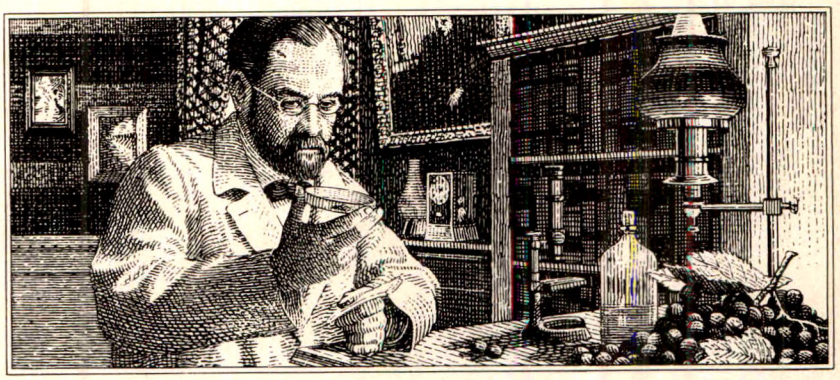
However, the voters refused to be tempted. In fact, in the 1976 cantonal elections, local tests which had never before been politicized, the Union of the Left received 51 percent of the vote. Chirac had predicted this. France enjoyed its quarrels too much ever to give them up.

Chirac had also proposed a solution. As far back as the spring of 1976 he insisted that Giscard could stem the leftist tide only by calling for early legislative elections, which would catch the Socialists off guard and take advantage of what was to be a brief spurt in the French economy.

Giscard refused. French presidents do not resort to such patent electioneering. Besides, Chirac's suggestion symbolized precisely the kind of confrontation politics he opposed. Elections called ahead of schedule would deprive Giscard of an important political club to hold over the legislature: under the constitution, the president must wait a full year between dissolutions of the Assembly. The disagreement between the prime minister and the president festered and finally burst into the open. In August 1976, Chirac stormed out of the government, the first Gaullist prime minister to leave voluntarily.

He was also the first to make no secret of his views. With barely disguised contempt he characterized Giscard as indecisive and politically inept.

Fermentation: The miracle that turns the juice of the grape into wine.



Although it is an oft-proclaimed truth that fine wine is a living growing thing, nowhere is this more evident than during that critical, and still somewhat mysterious, process called fermentation.

Yeast: The Catalyst

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A Louis Pasteur Discovery

Until 1864, wine-making was a matter of uncertainty. But then Louis Pasteur discovered that these yeasts were, indeed, the agents that caused fermentation.

Equally important, he discovered that specific strains with desirable characteristics could be isolated and substituted for the wild yeast in the wine-making process, a major step toward predictable excellence.

Today, our winemakers are devoted to the study of yeasts and to their improvement. Because no one yeast works equally well in every case, we are constantly striving to isolate the ideal yeast for the different varieties of wines.

This development of the specific yeast which maximizes a grape's natural flavor potential is a primary study we have pursued for years.

To achieve a wine of predictable excellence year after year, we developed the first successful dehydration of pure wine yeast. The dehydrated form maintains the consistent purity from year to year and provides us with a "cleaner" wine that is truer in flavor and fragrance to the grape.

Some Like It Cold

During fermentation, heat is created. If we permit the fermenting juice or "must" to attain a temperature of only ninety degrees, the yeast can be injured. At one-hundred degrees, most yeast will die.

Over the years, we have developed precise cooling methods for keeping the fermenting liquid at the optimum lower temperature. This varies from grape to grape. For example, the Sauvignon Blanc, French Colombard, Chenin Blanc, Riesling or Chardonnay we use for our white wines are far more delicate and sensitive to temperature than their more robust red cousins.

We determined that fermenting them at a cooler temperature slows the change from juice to wine and protects the delicacy of the resultant wine.

In this cooled state, the juice can ferment as long as fourteen days rather than three or four.

The Test Fermentation

Knowing the precise moment to draw the wine is a combination of the skill and art of our winemakers.

In some cases we actually take grape samples a few days before harvest and, on a small scale, proceed with fermentation. This gives us a preview of what to expect, and, we then make whatever adjustments necessary to produce the most consistently excellent wine.

The Reason For All This Care

It is only by utilizing all the skills gained in many years of work and study that we can achieve our intent: to bring you the finest wines that we, or anyone else, can provide.

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Chirac's criticisms were seconded with almost pathetic eagerness by businessmen who blamed the president for dealing hesitantly with France's first serious recession in twenty years. One by one the disillusioned Gaullist barons sheepishly slipped off to pay Chirac allegiance in his spacious new skyscraper headquarters behind the National Assembly. When, in December 1976, he triumphantly convoked a national convention to refurbish and rename the UDR (he called it the Rassemblement pour la République, which audaciously recalled De Gaulle's Rassemblement du Peuple Français, the RPF), they were virtually all present and accounted for.

That was the nadir of Giscard's presidency. His popularity in the polls sank to 38 percent. He was ridiculed for the ham-handed imposition of his own lackluster candidate for mayor of Paris.

Jacques Chirac

Chirac, incensed at the attempt to wrest control of the capital from the Gaullists, countered by running for the office himself. When the municipal elections took place in March 1977, he won handily.

Chirac's good showing in Paris was expected. What was not expected was the magnitude of the Socialist-Communist victory outside the city. Unperturbed by Gaullist efforts to dramatize the Communist menace, voters elected coalition lists that put seventy-six Communists in office as mayors of France's larger towns.

The majority was stunned. For days and weeks afterward, polls and analysis predicted the unthinkable—that the legislative elections, scheduled for March 1978, would return a National Assembly dominated by the Socialists and their Communist allies.

Despite this bleak outlook, the municipal defeat had no unifying effect on the majority. Raymond Barre, a respected, roly-poly economics professor who replaced Chirac as prime minister, had taken on the task of righting the foundering French economy. But so far, his mild austerity program of blocked prices and frozen salaries had had little effect. Chirac was only too pleased to point this out, and even added that Barre's pedagogical admonishings of the French public on television had no political appeal whatsoever. As the majority quarrel intensified, the French business community abandoned itself to apathetic acceptance of the prospect that France was doomed to collectivism and huge doses of state planning.

On the Left, euphoria rose in direct proportion to the majority's despair. Superconfident, Mitterrand masterfully crushed the outcroppings of dissent at his party's national conference in June. Socialist party working groups drew up some 200 position papers outlining priorities for the first non-Gaullist government in twenty years. Meanwhile, the Socialists took pains to assure the press, and foreign visitors, that the Left's victory would not threaten the free enterprise system and that the Socialist party would find it easy to dominate its Communist partner when the two parties began to govern together.

It was at this high point of the Left's expectations that Georges Marchais had second thoughts. France, he said, had evolved politically, economically, and socially in the past five years, and the Common Program had to be renegotiated and rewritten to reflect this. Mitterrand reluctantly agreed, but made it plain that he referred only to the details of the platform. The overall principles would stand. It is now clear that Marchais had already decided to torpedo the alliance.

At first, the Communist demands were diagnosed as ploys in a struggle to gain more power within the alliance before the elections. But as the summer progressed, positions froze and the dispute grew more shrill, deteriorating into a bitter public wrangle. The questions under debate were narrowed down to how many subsidiaries of the nine companies set for nationalization would be taken over and how they would be controlled.

The press gave wide coverage to the demands of both sides, and as party leaders took to TV and radio, after each negotiating session, to explain and blame, a few commentators wondered out loud if the Communists did indeed want to win and govern. Most concluded that the momentum of the five-year alliance was so great that a split was out of the question. Certainly the Socialists were profoundly shaken when a last-ditch conference broke up at two A.M. on September 23 with the unadorned admission that the Left could not agree among themselves.

In retrospect, it seems surprising that the inevitability of the breakup was not foreseen. Almost before anyone realized the enormity of what had happened, the Communists began such an intense campaign of invective that it became hard to believe that the partnership had ever been possible. Accusations and justifications continued in orchestrated measures, all through the fall. They reflect an internal party logic which outsiders overlooked. Clearly, for the French Communists, governing is the goal only if it promises the means to effect profound change.

Marchais has repeatedly said that the party does not want to come to power to "manage the crisis." On one level he means that he can't accept the sort of ideological dilution or "historic compromise" that has hamstrung the Italian Communist party in its association with the Christian Democrats. On a less lofty level, he sees how few options any government, Left or Right, has in what will be a long period of slowed economic growth. He simply does not want to participate in a fail-

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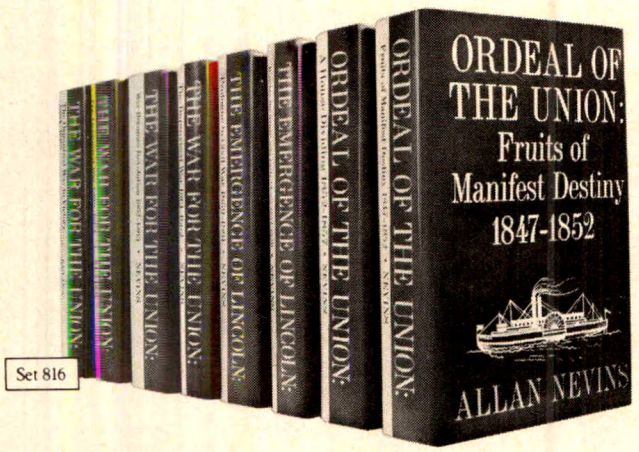

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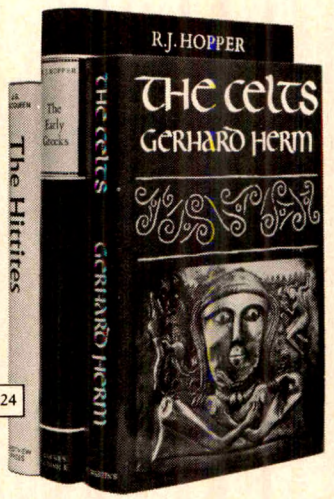

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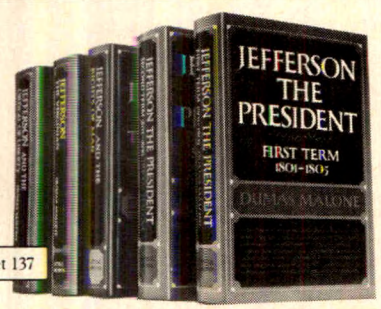

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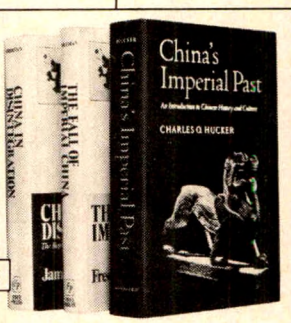

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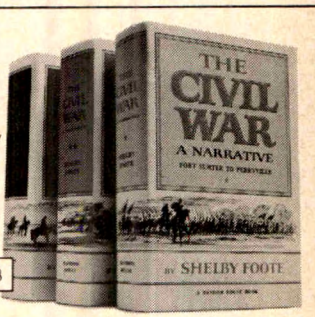

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Answers to the January Puzzler, "EIGHTSOME REELS"

P	T	I	P	K	N	A	R	O	N	S	P	E
M	1	E	2	R	3	B	4	T	5	U	6	X
E	T	S	P	O	L	L	E	S	E	R	A	H
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L	I	N	I	T	S	R	I	T	N	E	N	S
K	13	G	14	N	15	E	16	S	17	C	18	U
R	O	P	L	A	N	M	E	D	E	S	E	R
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P	31	T	32	P	33	I	34	I	35	I	36	A
S	R	E	R	S	G	N	G	F	E	N	D	T

1. EMPTIEST (anag.) 2. PORKPIES (pun) 3. BANK-ROLL 4. STORABLE (anag.) 5. TONSURES (hidden) 6. HARUSPEX (anag. + *x*) 7. S(T)ERLING 8. S(PORT)ING 9. S(TROLL)E-R 10. (at)TIRE-LES'S 11. SERPENTS (anag.) 12. SHARPENS (anag. + *pens*) 13. POR-K(L)ING 14. PLAN-TIN-G(row) 15. REMNANTS (anag. + *t*) 16. DEMERITS (anag.) 17. DESCENTS (double def.) 18. CENSURES (anag. in *Ceres*) 19. RA-IN-DROP 20. P-RAN-DIAL 21. MERIDIAN (hidden) 22. REMEDIAL (anag. + *i*) 23. DIAGNOSE (*song* rev. in *idea* anag.) 24. RESONATE (*nose* rev. in *rate*) 25. MAINTAIN (anag. without *e*) 26. MAN-DOLIN(g) 27. I-DO-LATER 28. (s)LAUGHTER 29. AU(GU)RING 30. MARINATE (anag.) 31. PAINTERS (anag.) 32. SPLINTER (anag. without *o*) 33. P(LATIN)G'S 34. (c)F(e)IGHT(k)ING 35. FIG-URINE 36. TAMARIND (*a mat* rev. + *rind*)

FRANCE

ure. He also doesn't want to run in harness as a junior partner.

It takes little astuteness to see that the short-lived alliance dramatically strengthened the Socialist party and reversed the power roles that existed when the Common Program was signed. By 1978, the Communists could not hope to have equal status with the Socialists, once in government.

Yet of the two parties, the Communists have the least to lose from the split. Their organization is strong and can count on the support of France's largest trade union, the CGT (Confédération Générale du Travail). They are accustomed to being a power out of power. It's a safe, pure role, and the party is still old-fashioned enough to believe that in time its chance will come. Meanwhile, it has no interest in continuing an alliance that is sure to make the Socialists the largest party in France.

What the Communist party did not foresee was the wave of disappointment among its own membership and sympathizers when the reality of the rupture sank in. At cell meetings in Paris, restless younger members disagreed with the leadership's explanation that it was not prepared to pay any price to govern. The militants argued that even moderate changes with a government of the Left would be more acceptable than five more years of the Right.

So far the leadership's view has prevailed, and there is little hope of agreement on a revised Common Program. About the best the dismayed voters can expect before the March elections is an "electoral agreement" between the two parties to support each other's best-positioned candidates in the runoff elections that are held one week after the first round. Recriminations have been so bitter that it's doubtful that such an agreement would carry much weight. Voters may simply decide to stay home on the second electoral Sunday in March.

It is possible that with or without an "electoral agreement," the Socialists and Communists could end up with the largest percentage of the popular vote but without the majority of seats in the legislature. At the same time it is likely that Chirac's RPR will lose the commanding position Gaullist formations have held throughout the Fifth Republic. With the Assembly that is then

ALMOST EVERYONE HAS A $10,000.00 IDEA. HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

By Ernest P. Weckesser, Ph.D.

Several years ago, while I was teaching college in Indiana, I stumbled across a "money" hobby that has changed my life.

Oddly enough, I discovered it while browsing through magazines in a drug store. In almost every magazine there were dozens of small ads selling one basic thing—printed information.

The financial magazines contained small ads for "newsletters," "reports" and "booklets." The science and mechanics magazines were loaded with classified ads for all sorts of "how-to" books, "instructions," "plans," etc.

I was most surprised by the fact that almost all the ads were placed by individuals—not by large companies.

This was too fascinating to resist. I decided to place two small ads myself.

I put together a booklet containing some of my best wine recipies and another about Australia. A few days after the ads appeared I stopped by the post office.

When I looked through the little glass window on my P.O. box, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed—packed full of envelopes. Hundreds of orders containing cash and checks! I couldn't believe it.

$9,450.00 IN 45 DAYS

When the dust finally settled around our house, I talked with other successful advertisers. I discovered . . .

1. A young graduate student in Texas markets a body-building manual for $3.00. He uses one classified ad in six magazines. It's strictly a spare-time activity but he reports earnings of $300.00 monthly.

2. A retired U.S. Army sergeant in Arizona wrote a 24-page booklet. His three $17.00 classified ads brought him $300.00 in cash orders.

3. A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page travel booklet for $1.00 was literally swamped with orders. In 87 days her classified ad running in six magazines made a net profit of $2,230.00 from a gross of $3,250.00. She was 69 years of age, widowed and living alone in her apartment at the time.

4. A husband-wife team in Oregon compiled their own "how-to" booklet. They put a small display ad in one newspaper. Within only 45 days that one ad pulled $9,450.00 in cash orders.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

I realize this all sounds too good to be true. But here's a way you can actually verify what I'm saying in your home or office.

TRY THIS TEST

★ First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy them . . . just borrow them from the library.
★ Second, get old copies of the same magazines—at least 10-13 months old.
★ Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old magazine beside the new magazine.
★ Fourth, compare both. Cross-check each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE PROFIT TEST. It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

WHY NOT YOU?

Consider these facts:

- It's simple to begin . . . just an hour a week can get you started at home.
- It's inexpensive to begin . . . I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for only $13.50. Your total starting investment can be less than $25.00.
- You don't have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you an easy way to get hundreds of different books at wholesale prices or less.
- If your test ad produces even a modest profit you can run wild with it. The whole nation is yours.
- Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%! My wine book cost 36 cents to print yet sold for $3.98.
- It's private. Even if you begin making $75,000.00 a year you can run your entire business from your home or apartment.
- It's safe. Information booklets and newsletters aren't breakable, mechanical or chemical. They're easy to mail in small envelopes and can be stored in a closet.
- You don't have to be a "writer". My first effort was only 14 pages and sold for $1.98. I had it run off for 8¢ a copy. Even so, it pulled in thousands of dollars, month after month.
- The market is almost infinite. My own "best-sellers" include . . . **101 Ways To Fix Hamburger, How To Win Contests, How To Stop Smoking, How To Make Champagne At Home,** and others . . .

I want you to see this for yourself. That's why I put everything . . . every secret . . . in a simple, easy-to-follow beginners guide. It's entitled, **Dollars In Your Mailbox.**

I'll show you . . .

- **Where to get hundreds of books wholesale.**
- **Where to advertise . . . which magazines and newspapers are most profitable.**
- **Where to get national ads for less than $15.00.**
- **How to have your own booklets printed for less than 12¢ each.**
- **How to save 40% on all printing.**
- **How to get "free" advertising and publicity.**
- **How to start with no money in stock or supplies.**
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- **How to rent your mailing list for extra profit.**

PLUS

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HERE ARE SOME READER COMMENTS

- **". . . Through the use of Dollars in Your Mailbox I started my own publication. It sold 402 copies in just five days . . ."**
  J.J., California
- **"Super! I'm converting 22% of my inquiries using a classified ad in Rolling Stone magazine."**
  T.M., Maryland
- **"Excellent! I've gotten 600 subscribers to my newsletter in the first year . . ."**
  V.J., Missouri
- **"Enclosed is a pamphlet I wrote after reading Dollars in Your Mailbox. It sold 400 copies from an ad in the Atlanta Journal at $2.00 each . . ."**
  F.A., Florida
- **". . . the enclosed booklet is one I had printed and have done WELL with . . . Thanks to you!"**
  R.D., Pennsylvania
- **"I can honestly say that your book is the best I've ever read!"**
  G.R., Arizona

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You'll receive my materials for two months at absolutely no risk to you. That is our unconditional guarantee.

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formed, all the ground rules will change and Giscard will face some hard decisions.

During the Fifth Republic, France was polarized by De Gaulle into two hostile blocks, a convenient cleavage that served him and the Communists equally well but left the country with the choice of social and economic upheaval or more Gaullism. As a result, Gaullism spread across the entire political spectrum, isolating the Communist party and permitting no other party to grow in its shadow. It gave the French the longest period of internal stability and economic growth since the Bourbons.

But Gaullism in its present mutation has lost momentum. Chirac is labeled with disturbing accuracy as a rightist. Under his autocratic leadership, the party's well-known names are uneasy, their faces timeworn, their programs undefined. To judge by the events of last fall, the Communists remain unaltered, but for them, too, the opponents are no longer the same. For the first time since De Gaulle came to power, voters have in the Socialists a credible alternative. Four years of polls have persistently shown that the majority of the French want what the Socialists are offering—a moderate, center-left government that can provide the real "change with continuity" that Giscard promised in his campaign.

Giscard feels vindicated. He claimed all along that the Union of the Left was an "unnatural alliance" and could not last. Sadly, if he turns out to be correct, he can take no credit for events. He has not led them; they have led him.

But the quarrels of the Left may give Giscard the chance to become his own man. A new Assembly, with a more balanced distribution of party strength, will not necessarily presage a return to the games and deals of the Fourth Republic. This is true because the presidency of France was conceived by De Gaulle to command events. The president has enormous powers—to dissolve the Assembly, decree laws, and call referenda. The office is an instrument that could, in a period of troubled transition, forge a political system to deal with the social and economic changes of the last twenty years, and with the maturing aspirations of the French people. What is disturbing is that no one can be sure that Giscard has the political sensitivity and toughness needed for such a delicate task.

—PATRICIA H. PAINTON

PERU: The Mismanaged Revolution

Striving to combine social justice and economic growth, Peru's revolutionary junta has both overspent and overpromised.

Francisco Pizarro was magnificent as a conquistador but deficient as an urban visionary. Never was a city more unfortunately located than Lima, which he established as his capital in 1535, after capturing Peru for the Spanish crown. Surrounded by brown, barren hills, Lima sits desolately at the spot where the bleak Peruvian desert meets the sea. A chill Pacific wind keeps it enshrouded in gray clouds most of the year. Lima is almost always damp, never rainy, so that hardly a flower or tree lightens the gloom.

Disregarding the faults of the setting, Pizarro called Lima the "City of Kings," and in colonial times, when gold poured out of the Andes, it is said to have been a splendid place. Even as late as the 1940s, when it was a city of a half-million or so, Lima was known for a certain charm, with vestiges of old Spain in its overhanging balconies, heavy Gothic churches, and statued plazas.

But in Peru, as in other Third World countries, the population has since swollen, factories have appeared, the peasantry has become dissatisfied with the land. In a country of 16 million people, Lima houses nearly five million, and its population is growing at the rate of a half-million a year. The flavor of old Spain has faded from its soul, and squalor has spread for miles across the lifeless sand.

On the swarming, dirty, half-decayed streets of central Lima, the three civilizations of Peru—Hispanic, mestizo, Indian—brush by one another uneasily. The white-faced "Europeans," descended (culturally if not genetically) from the conquerors, form a tenth of the Peruvian population. They run the banks and the big businesses, the top levels of the bureaucracy, and the professions. At the end of each day, they flee to the nicely packaged suburbs of San Isidro and Miraflores.

The chores they spurn are performed by the mestizos, almost half of Peru, a sullen underclass of policemen, industrial workers, government clerks, shopgirls. The mestizos are also Lima's sidewalk merchants, the tens of thousands who peddle combs, fruit, religious objects, clothes, home medicines, and the deep-fried foods whose acrid odors pervade the already heavy air.

In turn, the mestizos show little interest in the Indians, the proud masters of pre-Columbian Peru, who cling desperately to an ancient mountain culture which can no longer sustain them. A group apart, the Indians gravitate ineluctably to the city, miserable and disoriented, in search of work that does not exist.

In 1968, a band of generals came to power, behind the rumble of tanks on Lima's pavement, promising to address radically the inequities caused by poverty and social class. In the fashion of Latin American juntas, they scattered the political parties, clamped down on the press, and exiled many dissidents. But they also announced that their vision was a revolution of the Left, not in the Latin military tradition at all, and they embarked, through improvisation rather than dogma, on a dynamic program of national renovation.

What they sought was to make a better life for Peruvians by simultaneously pursuing social justice and economic growth. No developing country has achieved both. Brazil and Chile have promoted growth at the expense of economic equity, China and Cuba economic equity at the expense of growth. Either emphasis leaves something to be desired. Peru's experiment was unique, and a failure—probably because these two objectives, in a poor country, may be incompatible. If anything, Peru's condition seems more hopeless today than it was a decade ago.

Symbolic of the Peruvian revolution was a mestizo general named Juan Velasco, whose army, thanks to the Europeans' indifference to military careers,

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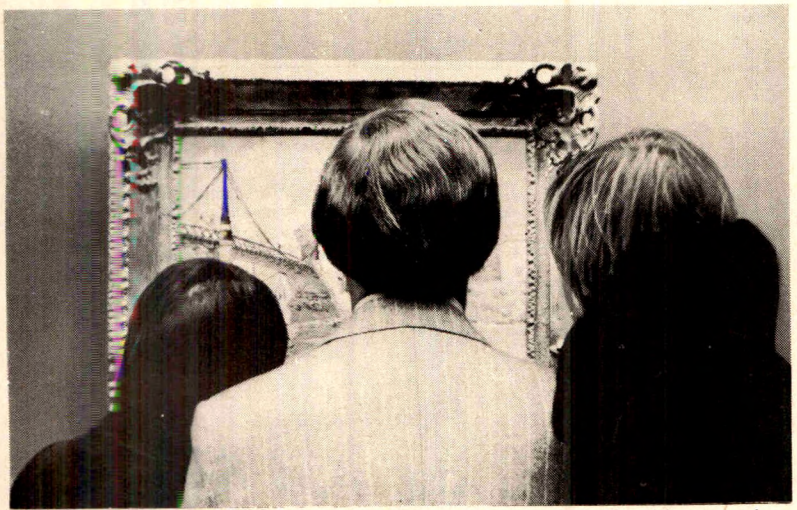

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G. Clark Healy's original etching, *Lotus Pond*. Signed limited edition of 125.

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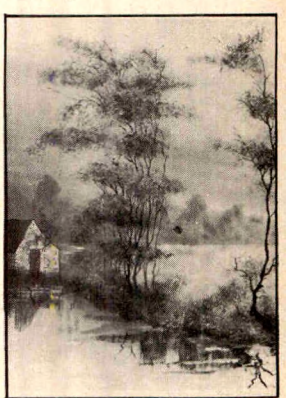

Bernard Charoy's original lithograph, *Paysage Bleu*. Signed limited edition of 175.

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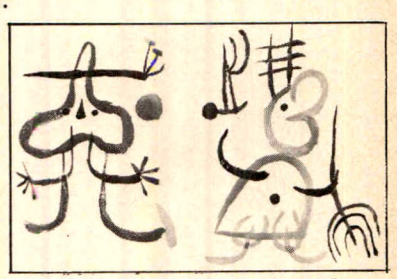

Joan Miro's original lithograph, *L'Enfance d'Ubu*. Signed limited edition of 120.

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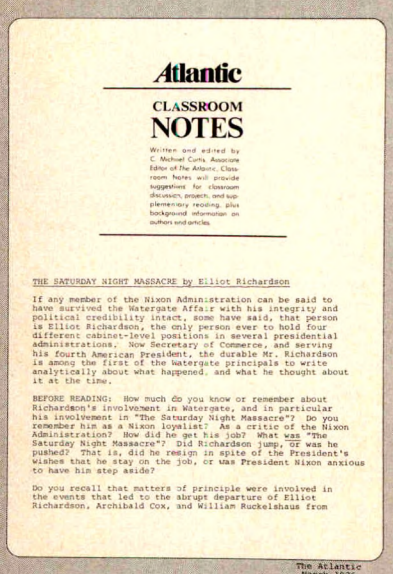
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CLASSROOM
NOTES

Written and edited by C. Michael Curtis, Associate Editor of The Atlantic. Classroom Notes will provide suggestions for classroom discussion, projects, and supplementary reading, plus background information on authors and articles.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MASSACRE by Elliot Richardson

If any member of the Nixon Administration can be said to have survived the Watergate Affair with his integrity and political credibility intact, some have said, that person is Elliot Richardson, the only person ever to hold four different cabinet-level positions in several presidential administrations. Now Secretary of Commerce, and serving his fourth American President, the durable Mr. Richardson is among the first of the Watergate principals to write analytically about what happened, and what he thought about it at the time.

BEFORE READING: How much do you know or remember about Richardson's involvement in Watergate, and in particular his involvement in "The Saturday Night Massacre"? Do you remember him as a Nixon loyalist? As a critic of the Nixon Administration? How did he get his job? What was "The Saturday Night Massacre"? Did Richardson jump, or was he pushed? That is, did he resign in spite of the President's wishes that he stay on the job, or was President Nixon anxious to have him step aside?

Do you recall that matters of principle were involved in the events that led to the abrupt departure of Elliot Richardson, Archibald Cox, and William Ruckelshaus from

The Atlantic
March 1976

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PERU

had also become largely composed of mestizos over the years. Son of peasants, Velasco grew up near the Esso oil fields in Talara, where he acquired an anti-Americanism to complement his mestizo's resentment of the Peruvian elite.

Modestly educated, deeply nationalistic, Velasco could arouse the country with his dramatic words and acts. As president, he had to answer to the junta, which in 1975 chose to remove him from office. But better than anyone else he embodied the character of the revolution: idealistic, demagogic, xenophobic, anticapitalistic, and more than a touch romantic.

What it was not, most Peruvians agree, was evil, at least by regional standards. Latins measure revolutions by those that have taken place in Brazil and Argentina, more recently in Chile, where military governments have brought about widespread murder, torture, and imprisonment. Velasco's revolution was mischievous and costly to Peru, because hundreds of talented young men left the country to practice their professions in the freer atmosphere of the United States or Venezuela. But, even in his worst moments, Velasco kept an eye on social and economic priorities. He was never bloodthirsty and, if he exploited the radio and censured the press, he never imposed a complete blanket on criticism, nor did he employ terror to suppress every dissident thought.

His first priority was the land, the stinginess of which is apparent as one crosses the terrain. The desert is moonscape, and its extent surpasses all the arable land in Peru. Even the Andes are extraordinarily barren, often sustaining only a herd of goats or alpaca sheep for miles at a time. In the few fertile valleys, the Indians dig terraces high into the mountainside, suggesting that a patch of corn may be all that stands between them and hunger. Never rich in food, Peru has become increasingly threatened by shortages as the population has soared.

It is within this context that Velasco ordered the seizure of all the large agricultural properties in Peru, and some that were not so large. His grievance was that the best of the land was in the hands of absentee owners in Lima, and in some cases of foreign corporations. In the first year of the regime, more than 70 percent of the land under cultivation changed ownership. The landed aristocracy was wiped out, along with many of Peru's best commercial farmers, and foreign landholding was eliminated.

Farmers' cooperatives replaced the old pattern of possession, but the peasants did not adjust to the new system easily. Land management suffered, and the government let the decline worsen by failing to provide credit, technology, and other essential assistance. Productivity fell, and Velasco had to turn to the world food market to make up for the deficits.

Even now, the government justifies the decision. "It was more important for us to distribute the land than to assure a smooth transition," General Jorge Chavez, the planning minister, told me. "We were thinking of the future. If production had been our only consideration, we would still be talking about the transfer." Chavez says the decline is over. But others say the worst is yet to come—as machinery wears out, livestock die from lack of proper care, and there is little capital available to replace them.

During the same period, the government nationalized most of Peru's large industrial holdings, the best known of which were American. Some of the take-overs were by cordial negotiation, others by abrupt governmental fiat. Among the most abrasive were the seizure of Esso's oil fields, where Velasco had spent so much time as a boy, and of the copper and iron mines of Cerro and Marcona. During the years it took to reach settlements on these expropriations, Velasco kept relations with Washington extremely tense. For a time, he would not even speak to the American ambassador, or attend official embassy functions.

The regime also nationalized, in whole or in part, the public utilities, the major banks, the cement factories, the insurance business, the gasoline distributors, the import and export industries, and the fishing fleet. As for small companies, hundreds of which were foreign-owned, the government—arbitrarily, it seemed—bought into a few, insisted on Peruvian shareholders for others, and left many completely alone. Most American companies maintained a low profile in the early 1970s, hoping to avoid notice, and a large proportion thereby weathered the Velasco days.

But, erratic as its practices were, the government had a vision—to transfer control of the economy from foreigners, mostly Americans, to Peruvians and, wherever possible, to the government itself. What it failed to understand was the difference between business and economic decisions: while the state ran Esso's wells, its control of Peru's economy began to slip away.

It is difficult to prove that these structural changes have bettered the life of Peru's workers. Blue-collar wages are about $5 daily, and unemployment runs at nearly 35 percent. In Lima, electricity is all that distinguishes working-class slums from non-working-class slums, and in the mining towns in the Andes the new homes appear as grim as the old ones.

What the government has done is create a rather prosperous class of bureaucrats, perhaps the only real beneficiaries of the revolution. Its activist policies have swollen the ministries. Its deficit-oriented management has kept payrolls inflated. This new class, mostly mestizo, is its strongest support. Its members fill the new high-rises and patronize the new boutiques of San Isidro and Miraflores, pockets of prosperity which may not survive on the landscape of Lima's poverty.

Through all of the cataclysmic change, the generals insisted that they were by no means hostile to private investment—but no one took the assertion seriously. "The government never believed it could achieve development without private money," General Chavez, the planning minister, told me. "But if we analyze the situation coldly and objectively, private investment before 1968 was not always good for the country. We needed new rules."

The government got its new rules, and private investment stopped. There were a few exceptions. Southern Peru Copper, an American company, invested nearly $1 billion to open a new mining complex, and the international petroleum companies poured in several hundred million more to explore for oil in the Amazon. But in both cases, many of the "new rules" were waived.

In addition, some foreign companies reinvested their profits, or their expropriation payments, since they were not allowed to send funds home. ITT, for example, built a new Sheraton hotel in downtown Lima with its indemnities. But the government has regularly rejected foreign investment projects, fearing they will compete with existing Peruvian enterprise. So, with a few exceptions, growth has been dependent on what little the government has been able to invest—and that will be even less in the future.

The government's critics argue that, what is worse, most of the investment made since the revolution has been nonproductive. Functionaries were hired and new ministries formed. Subsidies were budgeted for food and petroleum imports, and health, housing, and education programs were expanded. As much as $2 billion has gone into military equipment, including French Mystères and Russian MiGs, to please the armed forces. Yet the regime never seemed to find enough money for roads, electrification, phones, and the other basic investments necessary to an industrial economy.

For a few years, the generals financed their program rather handily. The economic stimulation contained in deficit budgets generated an annual growth rate of more than 7 percent in the early 1970s, and tax receipts climbed commensurately. Mining and fishing exports paid for imports, and then some. The prospects of Amazon oil excited international bankers. The generals gave little thought to the dangers of Peru's going a little deeper into the red each year.

The critical moment came in 1974. That was the year of worldwide recession, when the price of Peru's minerals collapsed. Copper, its most important earner, dropped from $1.50 to 50 cents a pound. That was also the year when the price of imported oil quadrupled and that of imported wheat soared.

In 1974 the government also had to acknowledge that, with the disappearance of the anchoveta from its coastline, the fishing industry was unlikely ever to be a major earner again. In addition it had to face up to the possibility, after spending $1 billion on a pipeline, that it would never get much oil from the Amazon.

At first Velasco's government ignored the reversal of its fortunes, hoping that conditions would change. Then, rather than retrench, it turned to commercial banks, mostly in New York. The banks, waiving the most elemental tests of credit-worthiness, lent to Peru by the hundreds of millions, then by the billions. According to the government, its external debt rose from $3 billion to $4.4 billion between 1973 and 1977, but that figure overlooks its enterprises. Ac-

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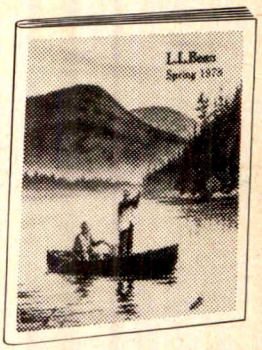

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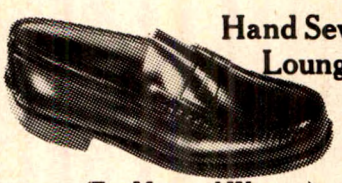

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cording to analysts, the foreign debt is actually between $6 billion and $9 billion, and the debt service is a staggering 40 percent of export income.

The most notable victim of the increasing deficits was Juan Velasco himself. As the tensions of government worsened, he became more irascible, given to inflammatory statements and imperious acts. How much pressure came from abroad is unclear, but in August 1975 the junta deftly removed him from office. Having freed Peru from the control of foreign businessmen, Velasco fell because he lost the confidence of foreign financiers.

The new president, General Francisco Morales Bermudez, is a much different man. Morales is a European, not a mestizo, an upper-class descendant of a former president, with an excellent education and independent wealth. He is a soft-spoken intellectual who shuns both publicity and oratory. He is cautious and conservative and, though he periodically pledges his fidelity to the revolution, he was clearly brought into power to end innovation.

Yet Morales has not found it easy to roll back the economic policies of Velasco. He is not powerful enough to impose reductions on the junta, each of whose members identifies himself with the interests of his ministry, and military expenditures remain especially high. He needs to import grain to prevent starvation and raw materials to keep the factories going. Last summer when the regime slashed food subsidies Peruvians took angrily to the streets. A majority in Peru unmistakably favors retention of the revolution's changes, but the banks to which Peru is indebted want their money.

In the economy's present state the Morales government has no hope of keeping up with the payments, but it is shrewd enough to know that both Peru and its creditors want to avoid a default. The creditors—principally Citibank, Bank of America, Chase Manhattan, Morgan Guaranty, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, and Wells Fargo—have in turn gone to the International Monetary Fund with the dilemma.

The IMF, plagued by underdeveloped countries that are over their heads in debt, cannot risk triggering a chain reaction of defaults. But it will exact from Peru, in return for $110 million in standby credit, a rigorous austerity program. Thus, once again, Peru's economic policy is being set from abroad, with the government free to negotiate with the IMF only over the extent of the cuts it will make.

At best, the next years will be hard for Peru. Diets will be thinner and unemployment will be up. Government services in health, education, and housing will be curtailed. Public investment will be all but suspended, and consumer products will be short.

Of course, the international metals market could turn up, the anchoveta could return to the Pacific, and oil could suddenly appear in the Amazon. The government keeps saying, furthermore, that its debt payments will be manageable by 1980. But hope has too often become delusion in Peru, and the official optimism is unconvincing. Despite the government's shouts of welcome, private capital will go elsewhere. Before Peru experiences an economic resurgence many years will pass, during which population will grow and suffering intensify.

The gloomy forecasts help explain why Morales Bermudez announced recently that the generals would initiate procedures next year to restore democratic government by 1980. Morales has made no claim to being a democrat. His aim is to save what he can of the reputation of the armed forces. The transfer of power will be an admission of the revolution's intellectual exhaustion.

Yet the political parties, slowly reorganizing after nearly a decade of inactivity, will not repudiate the regime. Most Peruvians think the revolution is better than what preceded it. The laws reforming the social and economic structure will surely be modified, but they will not be abolished.

These laws, however, have not discredited the revolution; it was the laws of economics, beyond the capacity of generals to change, that did the damage. Having spent too much money too fast, Peru demonstrated that the concerns of revolution must be managerial no less than ideological. Important as social equity is in transforming an underdeveloped country, economic growth is indispensable, and it cannot be produced by decree. Peru's generals played against heavy odds, and lost. Their experience seems to indicate that if the good life is attainable at all in a poorly endowed country like this, the transformation will take a lot more time and sacrifice than Peruvians have thus far been willing to give.

—MILTON VIORST

Façade of La Merced Church, Lima

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Patricia Painton, Paris correspondent of Business International, reported on France for *Fortune* for seven years.

Milton Viorst is a Washington writer whose latest book is *Hustlers and Heroes.*

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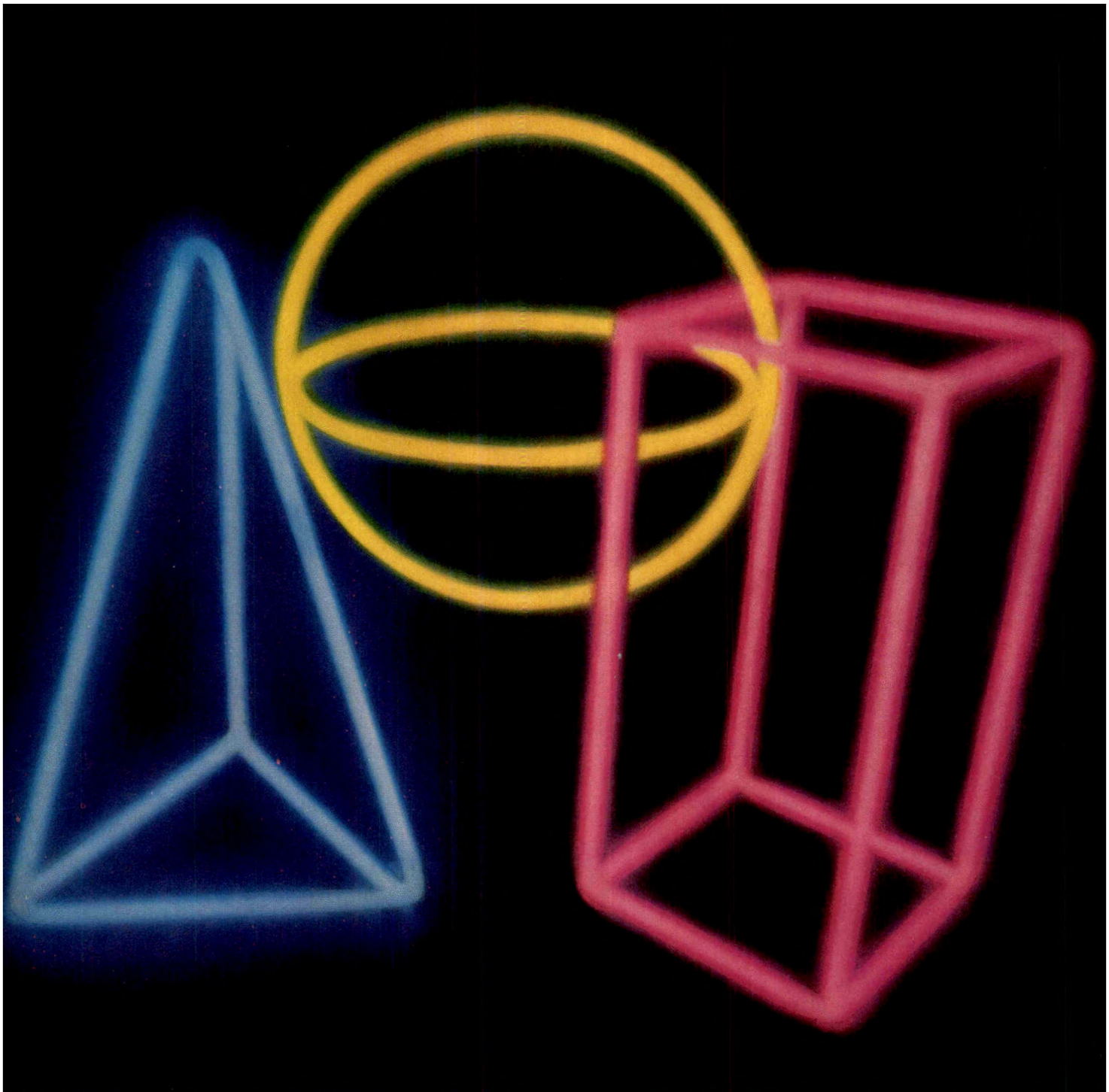

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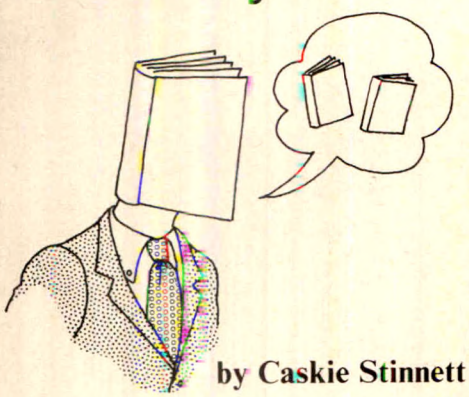

by Caskie Stinnett

The burden of selling a book these days being on the author, a new and unsettling requirement is now added to the writer's already crowded identity. That is the need to be an entertainer. Novelists, biographers, historians, poets, and even those who prepare hardcover lists and dictionaries are endlessly crisscrossing the country in what has become known as the book promotion tour or, as it's called in the trade, the motor-mouth circuit. No television talk show is without the author; there he or she sits, nervously clasping and unclasping the hands, the eyes slightly glazed, tiny beads of perspiration pearling the brow.

A few weeks ago in Boston, I encountered S. J. Perelman, the humor essayist, restlessly pacing the lobby of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel; he confessed that the next day he was to address a group of ladies at Wellesley College and the day after that he was scheduled to appear on the Dick Cavett show, all to promote the sale of his new book. Since I had that day addressed *two* groups of ladies at Wellesley in behalf of a book I had written, I led him into the bar to tell him what to expect. "How long a speech did you write?" he inquired anxiously. "Write?" I asked. "You don't write a speech for these occasions. Does Bob Hope read from a paper? Just stand there and radiate." The color drained from his face and the hand holding the glass trembled slightly. "I've got to read my talk," he insisted grimly. "I couldn't do it any other way." When we parted a short time later he wore the expression of a man on the way to a dentist for root canal work.

It is the publisher's conviction that there exists a separation between author and reader, and that once this gap is bridged the book publishing industry will prosper and be revitalized. Since there were nearly 40,000 hardcover books published last year, it is reasonable to assume that in time the airwaves and lecture halls of America will be choked with writers struggling to make an impression upon their readers, not by the quality of their work but by the force of their personalities.

The author by nature is a reclusive chap who makes his living in what amounts to solitary confinement, and who is either trained or born to express himself with words put on paper, not words transmitted by television or radio or even by public-address system. In the main, he or she is poorly equipped to compete with professional entertainers in the lively dive and swoop of talk-show repartee.

Nonetheless, we all now live a persuasive way of life, and the literary effort—like the detergent and the cat food—must make its way in the competition of the marketplace. The writer of verse must take his place beside Morris the Cat, and if he, the poet, has agoraphobia, it's too bad. The quality of the poetry may lift the work to the shelf of immortality, but the poet who counts on that is dreamier than most writers, which is saying quite a lot. If Browning were alive today, he would be hastily trying to arrange a spot for himself on the Johnny Carson show, and in my mind's eye I can see him take his place between Ed McMahon and, say, Don Rickles. McMahon has pumped his hand, Rickles has kissed him under the misapprehension that he is a fellow actor, and Carson says, "Bob, in writing this thing called 'Pippa Passes,' did you have a movie in mind?" Now that I see it *in situ*, maybe it wouldn't be a bad show.

There are writers, I am sure, who enjoy the almost unending travel of the promotion tour and who are stimulated by the glare of television lights, the long radio interviews, the sweeping minute hand of studio clocks, the nervous waiting while other guests are before the camera. Joan Didion, writing of the tour she made in promoting her most recent novel, seemed to benefit from her experience by achieving a glimpse of her country that she had never before encountered. This was not my own feeling after returning, only a few days ago, from a tour that took me to New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, and back to New York. There were comic moments, but my most lasting recollections are wake-up calls from sleepy hotel operators, taxiing through dark streets in the early hours of the morning, stumbling over cables, wires, and the assorted ganglia of television studios, endless cups of coffee in Styrofoam cups, and the same tedious questions, over and over, from talk-show hosts. One soon learns what to say to get the best reaction from the host and the studio audience, and it is the slow-witted author who doesn't quickly develop a standard commentary of his own, like the comedian with one surefire *shtik*.

I would like to make a brief deposition on the matter of book promotion tours in the hope that my findings will provide the reading public with some idea of what writers are willing to go through to bring their work to the attention of readers or—perhaps more accurately—of buyers. I was a little stunned (we were all innocent once) when, on my first radio interview in New York, one of those programs where listeners are encouraged to call in questions which the guest will answer, a listener telephoned in to complain to the hostess that all he heard these days was "filth, filth, filth." "But you haven't heard Mr. Stinnett talk filth," the interviewer protested. "No," the listener replied, "but he's *thinking* it." It was then I realized that I was in for an uncertain fortnight, and that the telephone was not the unparalleled achievement we have always imagined it to be. Entering a studio the following day for another interview, I encountered Susan Sontag emerging. "How did that seem to go?" Miss Sontag anxiously asked the young girl accompanying her, an obvious publicity person from a publishing house. "Fine," the girl replied. "It went fine." Even in a foreign medium, the writer's anxieties are never far away.

In New York, I discovered, some of the interviewers had read my book; in Chicago, most of them had; and in Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco, all of them had. I can't explain this and I won't attempt to. The interviews thus

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Caskie Stinnett's book *Grand and Private Pleasures* has just been published.

tend to improve as one moves westward. Radio interviews are generally far more relaxed and informal than television, around which an atmosphere of confusion and impending disaster constantly hovers.

At a large television studio in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago, a businesslike young woman asked me for "whatever visuals you have brought with you." I offered her a score or more color slides which the publisher's representative had instructed me to take along, and she riffled through them quickly, taking out only three. "We can only use horizontals," she said crisply. "Have you any more?" I shook my head negatively, and she looked annoyed. "Take him to the couch," she directed a studio assistant, who shepherded me through a maze of studios until we came to the one where my interview was to take place. The "couch," it turned out, was the standard sofa one sees in all interviews, this one fronting a mural backdrop of the Chicago skyline. A pleasant and pretty young woman came in holding a copy of my book. "I liked it," she said, smiling. "There is a lot we can talk about." I asked how much time we would talk, and she replied, "Either four or six minutes, depending." I didn't ask what it depended upon, and I was pleased that I hadn't, because the interview was over almost as soon as it began, and the camera had switched to a stack of canned goods. "That should sell some copies," the lady said, shaking hands with me cordially. I didn't share her optimism.

I had just returned to my room from breakfast when my telephone rang and it was the publicity girl from my publishing house who was a little concerned about my being alone in the Great Plains. She assured me that reviews and comments about the book were fine, and that all interviews for the day had been rechecked. New Yorkers are convinced that anyone who has wandered off Manhattan Island is in grave danger of Indian attack. Oh yes, she added, there was one more thing. In a few minutes I would get a telephone call and when I answered it I should remember that I was on the air. I would be interviewed by telephone.

She rang off cheerfully, and a moment later the phone rang. My inclination was not to touch it even with tongs, but on the fourth ring I lifted it gingerly to hear the hearty, personality-laden voice of the interviewer welcoming me to Chicago. Several times during this strange conversation there were interruptions while advertisements were read, and then he abruptly said, "That's fine and I want to thank you." I was in the middle of a story when the line went dead, and I let the receiver sink slowly back into the cradle. I looked out of the window at Lake Michigan. It had started to snow.

In a San Diego television studio, I waited late one night while a Soviet dissident explained how he got out of Russia, a vintner introduced a new Beaujolais and discoursed endlessly on the Gamay grape, and a pleasant young woman from a kitchen utensil company explained how the metric system would work in the kitchen. It was 12:45 in the morning before I was interviewed, a time when I was reasonably certain the book-reading public had gone to bed, and when my interview ended the station went off the air. The wine producer offered me a glass of wine as he packed up, and asked me what I thought of it. I told him it was probably the worst wine I had ever tasted, which was perfectly true. It's not easy to be pleasant at one o'clock in the morning when you've done five radio and television appearances during the day just ended.

The next morning at seven-thirty I was back at the same station being interviewed for the *Sun-Up* show and this time I had only to wait while a young man explained how to cut back poinsettias to make them live all year long. For a fleeting moment I racked my brain for something to say that I had not said in that same studio a little more than six hours before, but it didn't seem worth the effort. The numbness that gripped my mind allowed no new thoughts to enter and I heard a detached voice uttering the now familiar speech.

There were times when the notion occurred to me that I was alone in some exotic land, moving from one brilliantly lit cubicle to another, and I was vastly relieved to encounter other writers, all wearing grim expressions and clutching in their hands "the schedule"—that worn and wrinkled sheet of paper that instructed them where next to appear. Peter Ustinov, alone among us, seemed at home in that strange world. I couldn't stifle a twinge of resentment that his long career in show business had prepared him for this, and on one occasion, when he was brilliantly amusing, I resolved to get even with him by not reading his book. Casual acquaintances suddenly took on the qualities of long-lost friends. I recall meeting Studs Terkel in the waiting room of a Chicago radio station and we fell into each other's arms like brothers. It was not until I was back in my hotel room that I realized I had met him only once before in my entire life.

After San Francisco, I went back to New York for some appearances at department stores and some radio interviews which had been arranged since I had last been there. My final interview was at a studio on West Seventy-fifth Street, and, running late, I left a taxicab stalled in traffic on Broadway and walked in pouring rain the last eight blocks. As I was mopping myself dry with a handkerchief, the host of the show inquired if I knew S. J. Perelman. "He was on my show yesterday," he said proudly. "Amazing man."

So I was back where I had started out in Boston, with Perelman—how long ago? It seemed an eternity. But riding back to my hotel I was thinking about my next book and my next talk-show tour, and while the rain beat against the windows of the taxicab I could feel the warm glow of the television lights and I could imagine Merv Griffin asking me a question to which I had a brilliant answer. I don't know what it is right now, but it's going to make Ustinov look like an Appalachian schoolboy.

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BAKKE: STILL MORE

SIR: McGeorge Bundy's (November *Atlantic*) unequivocal statement that "no one is arguing for the admission of the unqualified" provides one of the keys to any sound policy aimed at increasing the number of members of racial minorities found in graduate and professional schools. This approach suggests, as has been recommended by the Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education, that identifying an available pool of fully qualified candidates for admission is an essential first step in any selection process that gives racial experience or other individual characteristics special consideration. The second important element in selective admissions procedures is that race alone does not offer a decisive criterion. What counts is the significance of the racial experience, and that varies considerably with individuals. For some it signifies a life of special effort and determination to overcome disadvantages; for others it signifies an opportunity to infuse fellow students with points of view that may have educational value; for others it signifies potential to provide badly needed service to a profession or society. And clearly, viewed thus, the racial experience of some individuals may not, on close examination, differ remarkably from the experience of the candidates identified as members of the white majority.

For too long, the arguments about the Bakke case have been in the hands of those who want to rely only on grades and test scores of applicants on the one hand, and those who want to rely only on quotas on the other. It is encouraging that some more "golden mean" and realistic viewpoints are now being expressed, and most persuasively among them your article by Mr. Bundy.

CLARK KERR
Chairman, Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education

SIR: The reverse discrimination argument would not be necessary if we were only doing what we ought to be doing, that is, if we began at the beginning. If minority groups were receiving equal education with the majority in kindergarten, elementary school, and high school, then there would be no problem of discriminatory quotas for college or graduate school admissions. Every applicant could then be judged on merit instead of arbitrary preference. That would be true equality.

VICTOR ROBERTS
Norristown, Pa.

SIR: As a non-lawyer and native-born black, I find it hard to imagine race-free solutions to problems deeply rooted in race and accompanying disadvantage.

The combination of the Court's earlier seniority decision and a decision in favor of Mr. Bakke would effectively seal off most blacks from inclusion in that American mainstream from which they have been cut off by custom, precedent, and law since 1619.

M. CARL HOLMAN
President, National Urban Coalition

SIR: If admissions are based on a conscious effort to select those who will make the greatest contribution to the entire society, affirmative action seems not only defensible but the only logical course of action.

FRANK NEWMAN
President, University of Rhode Island

SIR: Students of the American Constitution have long agreed that its greatest virtue and its saving grace is that it is broad enough to allow interpretations which change with the course of our history while at the same time preserving our basic heritage. The Bakke case spotlights both the timelessness and the flexibility of the Constitution.

In my judgment the viability of the Constitution and the welfare of the people will be better served in the long course of our history if the Supreme Court finds a way in Bakke to allow us to rectify an old wrong. I am glad that McGeorge Bundy feels the same way.

R. W. FLEMING
President, The University of Michigan

SIR: Bundy's article is a welcome contribution to the Bakke debate. The heart of the matter, as Bundy puts it, is the importance of action to increase minority enrollment. Once one concedes that importance, it is pretty hard to countenance a decision against the university. I only wish the article had dealt a little more persistently with those purists who still argue that race or minority status should be an irrelevant consideration in school admissions, and that only merit should count. But at least Bundy credits the meritocrats with decent motives, and he sympathizes with their concern that affirmative action can lead to quotas and to a debasement of quality standards. This is a question that demands some fine distinctions. Bundy knows how to draw them, but I have less confidence that the courts will be able to.

ROBERT LUBAR
New York, N.Y.

SIR: We cannot discuss the Bakke case realistically unless we frame it in the historical context of a society that for the better part of three centuries was inherently unfree and unequal if one happened to be black.

As Bundy notes, for only ten years now have we provided a modicum of equal educational opportunity in our professional schools, especially in medicine and law.

Even this embryonic effort of a decade has multiplied by a factor of ten or more the number of minority students

now preparing nationwide to be doctors or lawyers. To impede or render ineffective this first honest effort to make the promise of the Constitution a reality for those to whom it was for centuries denied would be a cruel travesty, especially if perpetrated in the name of constitutional law.

THEODORE M. HESBURGH, C.S.C.
President, University of Notre Dame

SIR: Re your November cover and the heading "Who Gets Ahead in America?" Your illustration very clearly answers the question. I note both hands (black and white) are *male!!*

SAM RUNGI
Lutz, Fla.

SIR: Admission to medical schools, particularly publicly supported schools such as the University of California at Davis, should not be doled out as reward for undergraduate achievement. Rather, an admission policy should primarily address the medical needs of the community. Thus, selection should be based upon a predictive analysis of the type of practice the candidate is likely to develop. The goal should be to assure qualified medical representation in all segments of society, including the less-popular rural and urban ghetto practices.

Such an analysis would require profiling each candidate, taking into consideration race as well as innumerable other characteristics, not for the purpose of compensating for past injustice, but rather for the purpose of assuring adequate medical care for all. It would be revealing to correlate the types of practices adopted by physicians with their racial and socioeconomic backgrounds.

Is Bakke more or less likely to serve the medical needs of the minority community than the black candidate who replaced him?

ARTHUR FREILICH
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Bundy either slights or misconstrues the most important argument for affirmative action, that based in fairness. He slights the argument in that he spends virtually all of the article arguing for the social utility of affirmative action. He misconstrues it by invoking fairness only to support Bakke's claim for equal treatment. Fairness, however, lies more comfortably with the minorities' claims than with Bakke's. That minorities as an aggregate do more poorly on standardized tests than do others is undoubtedly evidence of a bitter legacy of slavery. And every minority carries some of the psychic hurt of discrimination.

Without some attempt to correct this injustice, professional school admissions is a game in which chips are distributed in advance only to some players and all are then allowed to play by anteing up.

ROBERT MASS
Editor-in-Chief, The Harvard Civil Rights—Civil Liberties Law Review
Harvard Law School

SIR: Mr. Bundy's case for affirmative action is compelling and hard-hitting. He addresses all the points: the cries of "reverse discrimination"; the code words such as "quota" which only serve to distort the purpose of corrective measures for pervasive racial discrimination; and the pious rhetoric about "qualifications." We know that the issue is one more of equity than of "merit," when so many qualified people are seeking to avail themselves of limited opportunities.

ROY WILKINS
Executive Director Emeritus, NAACP

SIR: Although the list of the historically disadvantaged is certainly not limited to American blacks, the struggle for racial equality of opportunity is young. We have a long way to go. A knowledgeable sensitivity to race is crucial. For college admissions, as well as for professional school admissions, no "racially neutral" process of choice can truly contribute to progress in this effort.

THEODORE FRIEND
President, Swarthmore College

SIR: Mr. Bundy comes to the inescapable conclusion that racially based remedies must be implemented to undo the effects of the racial discrimination that so tragically deforms our national life and subverts constitutional guarantees. I fervently hope the Supreme Court will reach the same conclusions.

VERNON E. JORDAN, JR.
Executive Director
National Urban League, Inc.

SIR: In *The Atlantic*'s editorial about the Bakke case, one reads, "The Constitution forbids discrimination, true, but where does it prescribe remedies . . . ?" Alas for the uncomprehended Constitution!

The American system was created for citizens to act upon matters themselves. It demands what we fondly refer to as "voluntarism." All the Constitution is supposed to do is to draw the perimeters beyond which we must not stray; that space is freedom. If the Constitution were to "prescribe" what we must do, then we would live in a paternalistic regime like so much of the world, with no choice but to obey. This is happening and we hate it.

JOAN MATHESON
Valentine, Nebr.

SIR: Mr. Bundy's broad argument in favor of the free use of racial quotas and goals to aid blacks may be more dangerous to affirmative action than Bakke's challenge. Aiding the underprivileged and the discriminated-against appeals to most Americans more than does the favoring of a particular racial group.

A limited decision by the Supreme Court in favor of Bakke could go far to reassure Americans that affirmative action will be used to extend opportunity to worthy individuals rather than to favor unfairly one group over another.

MICHAEL MALLOY
Ellicott City, Md.

SIR: If Bundy is right, then affirmative action may be a noble but necessarily token gesture and race may be a rational way of classifying the needy. On the other hand, if theories of racial superiority and inferiority are nothing but the crackpot theories of bigots, the Supreme Court cannot rationally interpret the Civil Rights Act and Equal Protection Clause one way for Americans of black, Asian, Indian, or Puerto Rican ancestry and a completely different way for Americans of Jewish, Irish, Italian, Polish, or Portuguese ancestry. I earnestly hope the Supreme Court will not yield to such shortsightedness.

JAMES M. CRONIN
Westport, Mass.

SIR: If we decline to assume, first, that poorly prepared youths armed with our sensitivity can compete equally with youths superbly prepared for academic excellence in graduate schools, and if we decline to assume, second, that a career in medicine or law is morally superior to a job as a plumber or a clerk, then it becomes frivolous to take racial head counts in the graduate schools, and admissions based on race

are immoral and absurd. Our society surely has methods of conferring status or financial reward on those we feel should have them, other than urging a controlling judicial decision that we must wrong one person at the expense of another.

RONALD POOL
Tucson, Ariz.

ADVICE & CONSENT

SIR: May I toss one more wreath on the many that must have been heaped on Mark Kramer's "Making Milk" (November *Atlantic*)? It's superb.

I'd be lost in admiration even if I didn't love Ray Totman and all he begets and belongs to.

It is true writing and real writing and memorable.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
Conway, Mass.

SIR: I must thank Mrs. Lewis for her inspiring report "Domestic Manners of the English" (November *Atlantic*). For the sake of American mores, we really ought to find out how our transatlantic friends, steeped in genteel decadence, have managed to overcome sincerity and other pretensions.

QUENTIN REGESTEIN
Boston, Mass.

SIR: George W. Ball's essay "Asking for Trouble in South Africa" (October *Atlantic*) was the most informed and most soundly reasoned recitation of the problems facing that part of the world, from both within and without, that I have yet read—or indeed expect to read.

JOHN S. LALLEY
Baltimore, Md.

SIR: Barry Spacks's poem "In Memory of L. E. Sissman" (December *Atlantic*) reminded me that formerly, with the arrival of each issue of *The Atlantic*, I opened first to "Innocent Bystander." We were all diminished, in some way, when Sissman took his observations elsewhere.

BERT R. CRAMER
Baltimore, Md.

CORRECTION

In the January issue, two parts of Peter Kane Dufault's poem "Equinoctial" were unfortunately transposed. *The Atlantic* regrets the error. The correct version of the poem appears in this issue on page 86.

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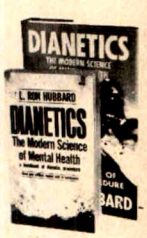

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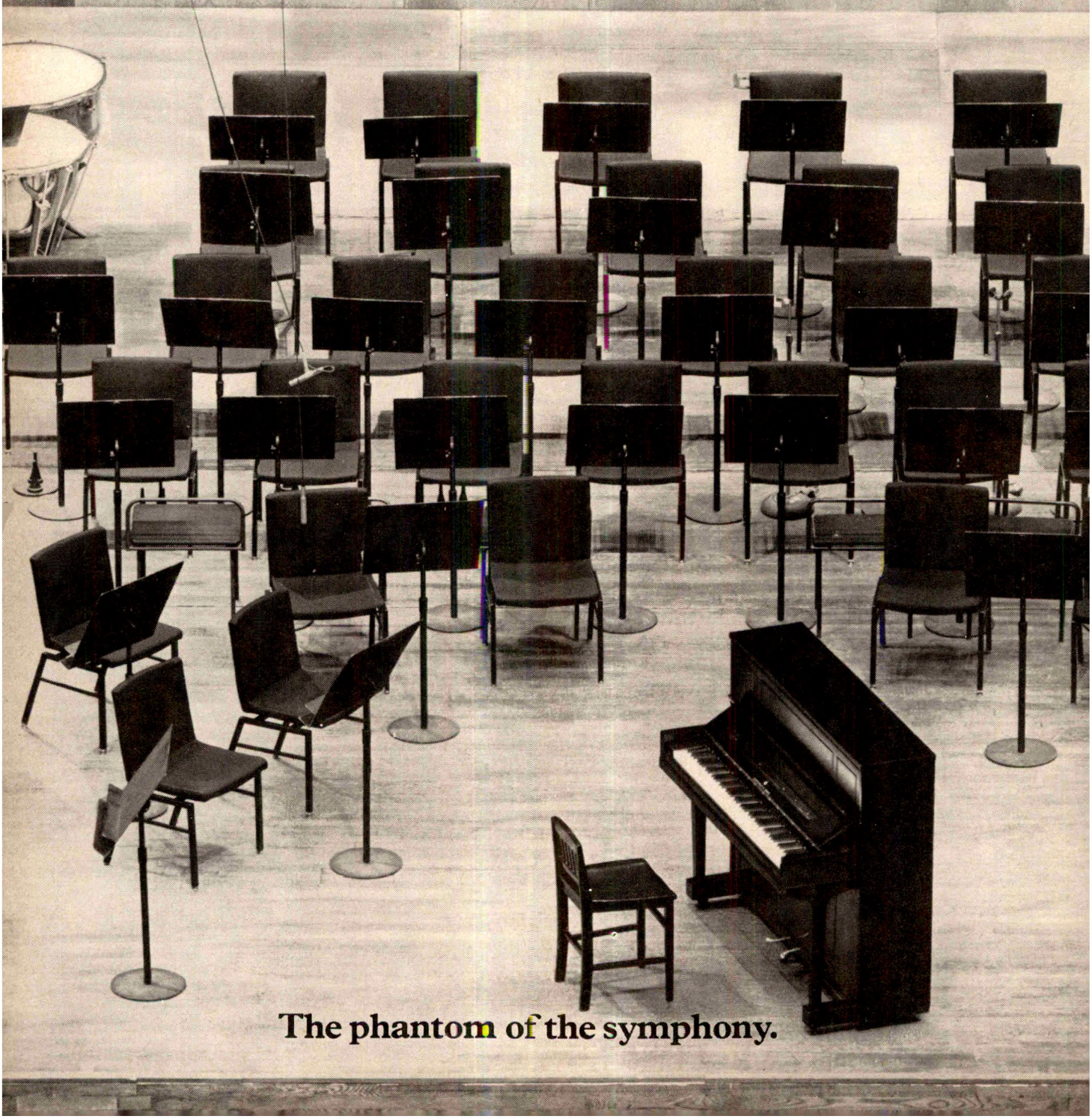


The phantom of the symphony.

THE Atlantic
FOUNDED IN 1857

The Arabs, Their Money...and Ours

A Middle East Journal by Adam Smith

If oil is $22 a barrel, does that mean $2 bread and 10¢ dollars? Do the oil countries care about unemployment and inflation in the West? If USC fields a winning football team, will the Saudi Arabians be nicer to us? And what are they going to do with all that wealth? These are some of the many questions Adam Smith found himself asking when he traveled to the Middle East recently with the United States Secretary of the Treasury.

There were two blue and white 707s parked at Andrews Air Force Base that morning. The lettering on them spelled "United States of America," rather than "U. S. Air Force." The number on the tail of the plane at the left was 27000. That was the President's; you could call it Air Force One, though technically Air Force One is whatever plane the President happens to be in, whether helicopter or jet.

"The other one's yours," said the Air Force sergeant. "The other one" was 86972; "yours" meant the party of the Secretary of the Treasury, about to embark for the Middle East. Did that make 86972 Air Force Two? "It's a backup. There are a couple of backups. 26000 is a backup now, that brought President Kennedy back from Dallas. The backups are pretty much alike. Yours might as well be Two."

My interest in the Middle East came out of the dank scenario I saw whenever I tried to look five years out at the economy. As a member of the editorial board of the New York *Times,* I wrote some long and fearfully abstract opinions on the threats to our banking system from stretched overseas loans. "I do not see how we get out of this box," said a bank president over lunch. Even more agitated than the bank president was a highly reputed oil expert. He could see oil prices going up, ratcheting inflation up. As a boy, he had witnessed one such inflation firsthand. "My father," he said, "was one of the top lawyers in Germany. He took out an insurance policy in 1903 for one million marks. He paid the premium faithfully every month for twenty years, and when it came due, he took the proceeds and *bought one loaf of bread.*"

There were two problems to investigate, or two aspects of a problem. Both came from the quadrupling of oil prices in 1973. To most Americans, and despite all the noise about it, the "energy crisis" faded once the lines disappeared from gas stations. President Carter may have talked about the "moral equivalent of war," but you could hardly say the energy-saving fervor looked like the Battle of Britain. A shift in international power took place but life went on. When

the control of the seas passed from Spain to Britain in July 1588, the lives of the Kentish farmers and Valencia orange growers continued much the same.

The first problem was "recycling"—bringing back into American banks and corporations, as investments or expenditures, the dollars that flow out for the oil. The winter of 1974 was financially stormy; inflation in Western Europe rose to 12.8 percent, and here the prime rate hit 12 percent, the highest since the Civil War. The twentieth largest bank in the United States, Franklin National, failed. There were some doomsday scenarios floated, some of them still in the air now. The oil-producing countries with sudden surpluses deposited billions in banks, short-term, one year or less. The oil-consuming countries clamored for money, and in the United States, loan demand dropped with the recession.

American banks, some of them, loaned their money abroad. Roughly three quarters of the profits of Citicorp and Chase Manhattan were earned overseas. Why not loan the money to Zaire and Peru? The promise to repay was made by a sovereign government, and that made it a good loan. Within three years, the Middle Eastern countries with surpluses had nearly $100 billion accumulated after all their spending. The less-developed countries were in debt (to the banks and to other governments and to multinational corporations and such organizations as the International Monetary Fund) by $175 billion. What if one of the less-developed countries—or any country—couldn't meet the payments on its debts? The 1974 bank failures had been contained, like brush fires; what about some real defaults, especially backed by the ideological rhetoric sometimes used by the Third World? Would that trigger a domino run on the world's banks? And what if the Arab depositors suddenly yanked their deposits? I had an afternoon with Arthur Burns. Various governors of the Federal Reserve got used to my calls.

Like the lines at the gas stations, the symptoms of the recycling faded from consciousness. True, the debts of the developing countries were headed toward $200 billion, but the banks built up their liquidity and said nothing to worry about. But what about the second problem, the price of oil? Would a rising oil price provoke rampant inflation again?

That threat seemed for the moment to be in abeyance. Where the embargo had once brought the industrial world virtually to its knees, now the oil industry spoke of a "glut." In the United States, right now, there is a fifty-two-day supply, and elsewhere the storage tanks of the world are topped. The North Slope and the North Sea are flowing, which they were not in 1973. If there were no OPEC cartel, the price would come down, but there is an OPEC cartel, Americans are still driving fifteen mph over the speed limit, the automobile population is on the rise again, and the supply from the North Sea and the North Slope is finite. When demand crosses supply again, when the supplies tighten, then the producers will be able to move the price with impunity. And if oil is $20 a barrel, or $25, or $30, then we could be on our way to $7 bacon and $2 bread, if not to the kind of German hyperinflation that wiped out the oil expert's father. Did the Arabs and Iranians know their OPEC actions could increase unemployment in the West, bring out the red flags in the Po Valley, and possibly bring in the communists?

Werner Michael Blumenthal, the secretary of the treasury, has a diverse and remarkable background. Two of his immediate predecessors were a Wall Street bond salesman and a Texas lawyer. Blumenthal was born in Berlin, fled during the Hitler years to China, spent his late boyhood and early adolescence in Shanghai, and arrived, penniless, in California at the age of twenty-one. He got an undergraduate degree at Berkeley and a Ph.D. in economics at Princeton. After teaching for a while, he opted for business, became the assistant to the president of Crown Cork, then deputy assistant secretary of state during the Kennedy years, and a trade negotiator with ambassadorial rank in the Johnson Administration. From there he moved to Bendix International, and from there to the chairmanship of Bendix, a $3 billion worldwide firm in engineering, auto parts, and forest products. It was unusual for someone with an academic and international background to take over a nuts-and-bolts midwestern company. Blumenthal is casual, low-key, with an excellent sense of humor; one Washington paper was to complain, regarding his understatedness, that he began his trip with all the pomp of someone catching a commuter train.

Anthony Solomon, the undersecretary, is in his mid-fifties; he has short gray hair and a neat gray beard. He built a dehydrated soup business in Mexico, sold it to General Foods for several million dollars, and went into government service; during the Kennedy–Johnson years he was assistant secretary of state for economic affairs, where he met Blumenthal. Fred Bergsten, the assistant secretary for international monetary affairs, has built a reputation in that field very quickly. He is

---

"Adam Smith" is the pen name used by George J. W. Goodman on such notable best sellers as *The Money Game*, *Supermoney*, and *Powers of Mind*. Goodman, who lives in Princeton, New Jersey, was a co-founder of *New York* magazine and until recently a member of the editorial board of the New York *Times*.

thirty-six, self-confident, with a resonant voice, a trim brown beard, and a movie-star smile. Originally from Missouri, he got a Ph.D. at Tufts, was a young staff member at State in the sixties, then a research associate at the Brookings Institution. 86972 also carried a legal expert, an energy expert, a speechwriter, a flight surgeon, an administrative staff, four secretaries, and fourteen Secret Service men. The Secret Service men wore .357 magnum Smith & Wessons on one hip, and small two-way radios strapped to their bodies, with the leads in their ears, so that it looked like they were wearing hearing aids.

86972, or Air Force Two as we will now call it, has all first-class seating, but none of the paneling, gadgets, wet bars, and furniture of expensive corporate aircraft. Behind the crew's section are two bench sofas which make up into beds. In the office section are six immovable seats, two at one metal table, four at the other. A small Xerox machine stands in the back of this section. In the aft cabin is another table, two seats fixed on each side of it, at which, in flight, secretaries worked at IBM Selectrics.

Walking down the aisle of Air Force Two, one could tell where the Treasury and the press left off and the Secret Service began by the reading materials in evidence. In the forward part of the cabin, the materials were briefing papers, documents, and journals; papers stamped "Classified" would be handed around from the aircraft's communications section. In the aft part of the cabin were the fourteen young men in business suits and hearing aids, reading *Raise the Titanic!* and *Semi-Tough*.

The Treasury Secretary had invited four writers. He did not especially want daily newspaper reporters, for it was not the kind of trip to produce dramatic headlines, and reporters would have to justify their presence on such an expensive trip. I took an extended leave from the *Times* the day before the trip began. The writers—or their organizations—would pay the Treasury first-class airfare plus one dollar, the one dollar so that Air Force Two would not be competing with commercial airlines.

The writers joined Blumenthal, Bergsten, and Solomon at the conference table for dinner (roast beef, baked potato, and salad: solid, if not Air France). Blumenthal wore a gray V-necked sweater and smoked a cigar. Solomon wore a black pullover, with a small U.S. flag pinned to the extruding collar of his shirt. Bergsten wore a yellow sports shirt, and the leather-topped sneakers he was to wear through much of the trip.

What was the purpose of the trip? we asked. The first phrases from the Secretary had a practiced, careful ring. "Establish close personal working relationships with the heads of state and economic counterparts . . . different in different countries: Egypt, economic development; Israel, economic development and aid; and Kuwait, Iran, and Saudi Arabia, the general state of the world economy in relation to energy and its price."

What could he do about the price of oil? The Secretary's words were still measured. Get each country to understand the U.S. position—discuss inflation, unemployment, the financial markets.

What if the Arab depositors suddenly yanked their deposits?

It seemed to me that if the purpose of the trip was to get onto a first-name basis with the heads of oil-surplus countries, then the rest of the Middle East trip was dictated by politics. For domestic political reasons, a treasury secretary would have to balance a trip to Kuwait, Iran, and Saudi Arabia with one to Israel; and one to Israel with one to Egypt.

The dinner seminar ranged over a wide variety of subjects: Arthur Burns's term as chief of the Federal Reserve, world trade, Japanese surpluses. We stopped in Shannon to refuel at two o'clock in the morning. "Shannon was the only place we could stop quietly," Blumenthal said. "The alternate stops all wanted to send the finance minister out to the plane at two o'clock in the morning."

You will be in car number: 7, said the card on my seat. At the Cairo airport there were a few handshakes, no bands, no salutes. It certainly eases travel to leave an airport without going through passport control or customs, and to step into a car on the airport runway.

The problem with Cairo is that it is a city that is beginning not to work. Twenty years ago it had 2 million people; now it has six, or seven, or nine; no one knows. The rural poor have crowded in. Even in the more luxurious areas there is sometimes no water; the phones do not often produce a dial tone. The

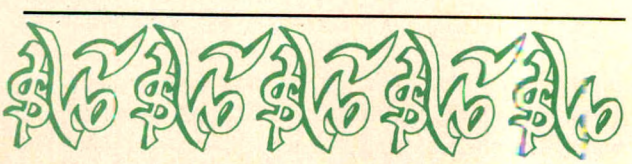
traffic is chaotic. "We have the worst drivers in the world," I am told, with some pride.

There was an Embassy reception. There was a dinner given by the Egyptians, with routine speeches. Mustafa Amin, a columnist for *Al-Akhbar,* one of the biggest Egyptian dailies, was a dinner partner. Amin is a bull of a man, huge shoulders and a huge head, balding. Nasser had jailed him for nine years. "Egypt wants peace," he said, "and now the Israelis cannot say they won't deal with a terrorist like Arafat because in Begin they have one of their own." Egypt wants peace, but do the other Arab states? "There are some dictatorships that benefit from having Israel as an enemy. Otherwise the people would ask for food and parliaments."

Blumenthal went to see Sadat. We were supposed to see him later, so in the interim I visited the economic counselor at the French Embassy, an old friend. "Three elements for world stability can come out of the Middle East," the friend said. "Peace, the supply of oil, and a stable price for oil. Why can't the U.S. cut down its consumption? You have 6 percent of the world's population and you consume a third of the energy. Western Europe is consuming less than before the embargo." He did not say Western Europe has been in more of a slump than we have since the embargo, but it surprised me to hear American energy consumption play such a primary role in the conversation.

Blumenthal, Solomon, and Bergsten faced a press conference in the hotel, with perhaps twenty-five of the local press. Blumenthal wore his business suit; Bergsten was in slacks and his leather-topped sneakers. How much aid would Egypt get? Is the IMF satisfied with the way Egypt administers its funds? Will more money come to Egypt from the other Arab states? The questions were almost all locally oriented. The answers were crisp but careful.

Did the Arabs and Iranians know their OPEC actions could increase unemployment in the West . . . ?



There was not the slightest inkling, during that brief way-stop, of the momentous events that were to be set in motion later by Sadat's decision to visit Israel.

Wheels up for Tel Aviv at 1500, said the note under my door at the hotel.

"You have flown directly from Cairo to Tel Aviv," said Simcha Ehrlich, the finance minister, at the airport. Cameras whirred and flashed. "I hope one day people will do that freely." (Only a few days later, Anwar el-Sadat was to make the same flight.) On the road to Jerusalem, each war-scarred hulk left by the side of the road was given a story. There was a lunch, toasts to friendship. The Secretary, after his appointments, went off to see a cousin on a kibbutz. I talked to Arnon Gafny, the governor of the Bank of Israel. The Likud party was about to lift many of the restrictions on the Israeli economy; for example, it dropped exchange controls and let Israelis buy and sell dollars and other currencies. A gamble on the free market; Milton Friedman later wrote that this could produce an "economic miracle" like the one in postwar Germany. Friedman himself has been to Israel, to coach the free-market gamble, but there are plenty of Chicago-school economists in Israel even without Friedman. I spent several hours with Gafny. But politics override mere market mechanisms. If Israel has to continue to spend so heavily on defense, it will not prosper, no matter what the economic system. Until 1973 its inflation averaged 5 percent a year. Since then, with quadrupled energy costs and a war budget, inflation has run 30 to 40 percent a year, though it is coming down now. "We created a functional inflation," said Gafny, "expensive imports and stable exports. Otherwise we would have been in as much trouble as Turkey."

The Israelis are learned and cooperative, but we did not discuss the underlying issues of war and energy, and it seemed to me they were more important than market mechanisms. I asked for some energy people. The Israelis are supposed to have good intelligence, and the effectiveness of the OPEC cartel—and hence its future actions—must have been evaluated by the Israeli oil-watchers.

The first visitor to my hotel suite was Zvi Dienstein, the former vice minister for defense and the former energy adviser to the prime minister. What did he expect?

"Right now there is a glut. But that glut is based on the Saudis pumping 8 million barrels a day. If they cut that by a million barrels a day, there would be no glut. The surplus will last one to two years, and the mid-eighties will bring the real crisis. But the bidding for

the marginal supply will actually start before the crisis."

This is a fairly conventional scenario. What did he think the Arabs would do with their money?

"Buy weapons. Buy industries in the States. Take care of their economies, help the other Arabs, harm Israel. The goals are to keep OPEC together, to keep their own regimes in power, to have a Palestinian state with Israel at its 1967 borders, and to keep the communists at bay."

How does this petropower affect Israeli thinking?

"New weapons influence us, not oil power. The confrontation states on our borders have no oil. We don't think the U.S. would let the Saudis and the Kuwaitis give weapons to the Syrians. The way the oil power comes at you is not directly. I would say we fear their growing influence in international organizations. Are you going to Saudi?"

We are going to Saudi.

"That's good. The Saudis are the key. The Venezuelans and the Nigerians need the money for development, and the Iranians are so grandiose they will spend all their money too. So the leverage is with the Saudis, who can take it or leave it. It's good they embarked on development, because that ties them to the West."

The deputy minister for energy, Alan Loebl, followed Dienstein.

"Time is against the Israelis," he said, "but our public doesn't feel it, because there is gas at the gas pumps. If only the U.S. would cut back 3 million barrels a day, perhaps the consuming countries could regain some leverage. But you won't, or your public won't, because there is no pressure on them."

Wheels up for Kuwait at 1700, said the notice.

The flying seminar met for dinner. The Secretary lit a cigar. "Did you ever read Begin's *White Nights?* A very interesting book—and he's an interesting man, intense, a zealot. He told me, 'We can't take risks. Ten years ago they were shelling the Knesset.' He remembers General Montgomery saying, 'The Jews won't last six days.' He says, 'Who will defend us? Middle East wars use troops. American boys are in California.' The Israelis are dependent on outside aid, our outside aid, but we can only move them when they want to be moved. They are excellent at putting resources to work. Coming from Egypt, where so little works, and from Israel, where so much does work, one hopes they get over their animosity and get together. Sadat said, We need peace, but we need the Arabs who support the Palestinians. Dayan said, The real priority is a deal with the Egyptians."

We looked ahead to Kuwait.

"The Kuwaitis will want to know our assessment of the world economy, of currency developments. We'll want to know their intentions at the next OPEC meeting. They'll want to know about our energy program."

At every stop along the way, we are asked about the energy program. Yet even if it passed Congress, there would be no immediate effect, and it would simply slow the rate of increase in consumption, not cut it back. Why is it then so important?

"Because it affects attitudes everywhere. And this energy program, this phase of it, is only a first step."

There is a smell in the air in Kuwait, a refinery smell, like the Texas gulf, or exit 13 on the New Jersey Turnpike. Kuwait could be Dallas forty years ago, with mosques. Gasoline is twelve cents a gallon. The road from the airport to town is eight lanes. Outside the hotel, there is a traffic jam six stoplights long. Miles of square brown villas, few pedestrians, already an automobile city. There are only about 400,000 native Kuwaitis. They used to sail the Persian Gulf—or the Arabian Gulf, as it is called here—in dhows, to Zanzibar for cloves, to Bombay for gold. On the national seal is a sailing vessel, a dhow. Kuwait's oil reserves are the second highest in the world. It is a city-state, only 70 miles by 80, with an army of 8500 nervously watching the Iraqis. The per capita income in Kuwait is $13,500. In the United States it is $6339. Medical care, schooling, telephone service are free in Kuwait. Much of the work in Kuwait is done by the Palestinians. There are nearly 300,000 of them. If we had 100 million Mexicans in the United States, would our attitude toward Mexico be different? The Kuwaitis, being something of a maritime and trading people, were in touch with the world when their oil came in. Their banking is relatively well developed; it is said that in sophistication they are a generation ahead of the other oil states of the Gulf.

The Secretary went to pay a courtesy call on Sheik Sabah al-Salim al-Sabah, whose family has ruled Kuwait since 1756. I went to see Abdul-Latif al-Hamad, who was an economics student of a friend of mine at Claremont College, in Southern California. At thirty-six, he runs the multibillion-dollar Kuwait Development Fund. The office is stone, contemporary, built around a courtyard with a fountain which provides the sound of running water everywhere. Al-Hamad wears the *thaub,* a white cassock, and the *kaffiyeh,* a white headgear bound with the *agal,* a rope of goat's hair. The *thaub* is as clean and white as a fresh hospital gown. Al-Hamad carries two fountain pens in the pocket, and the sleeves have cuff links. While his dress is traditional, and thus looks like what our image of "Arab" is, his speech is quick, crisp, and American. His bare feet are in sandals.

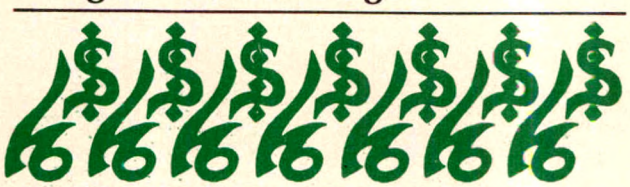
This is a phenomenon that is to recur in our visit to

the oil-surplus Middle East: the young man, educated in the United States, part of a thin elite and thus quickly given great responsibility when the petrodollar flood burst. Al-Hamad's desk is clean; the burnished wood reflects the hanging overhead light. He is collecting paintings; one might call them desert abstracts. We sit on the steel and leather contemporary furniture drinking Turkish coffee from small cups.

Would he pull his holdings out of dollars?

"I wouldn't switch now; most of the damage to the dollar has been done. Your energy consumption puts a dent in your balance of payments, and the President is losing credibility. But we are tied into the West, the same boat, maybe a different deck, but if it sinks we will get as wet as you. But we would like to be accepted as trading partners, as investors. Why should we be treated differently from the Germans or the Swiss? But when we try to invest in the U.S., sometimes we hear, 'The Arabs are coming! The Arabs are coming!' "

If only the U.S. would cut back 3 million barrels a day, perhaps the consuming countries could regain some leverage.



What can he tell me about the future price of oil? Does he know of its impact in the West?

"Oil is an administered price, like diamonds. In the old days, the oil companies would tell us what to do. BP and Gulf would come and say, 'You can pump a million barrels a day, that is all we will sell.' Now that power is gone. Japan will buy its own oil directly from us.

"We are not producing at capacity. Oil in the ground is better than paper money, I don't have to tell you. We are not the saviors of the Western economies; what could we do about the trade unions in Britain or the problems of Italy? We will be good trading partners. We are still an underdeveloped country, and the oil has to last several decades. No one is going to jack up the price of oil sharply when there are 15 million unemployed in Western Europe, because if that unemployment goes to 20 million, the demand for oil will drop. But you Americans must stop wasting so much energy; the Swedes get 30 percent more value than you from the same energy.

"There is one more thing. We are a rational people, we behaved rationally as investors even before the oil went up. But for stability in the Middle East there must be a settlement, and the core of the settlement is the Palestinians. They must have a state. If I have a bad Palestinian here, and I want to expel him to somewhere, where can I send him?"

The subject of the Palestinians came up almost immediately with Abd ar-Rahman Salim al-'Atiqi, the finance minister. Al-'Atiqi is a generation older than Al-Hamad, and has the reputation for sounding tough.

"Your Mr. Blumenthal was just here (our appointments were sequential, not simultaneous). I expressed my unhappiness about the fall in the dollar. We say to you, we are trying to help the world by producing more oil, we think about the declining dollar, about investments in the U.S. The alternative is cut production, which would again raise the price. There is no alternative to the U.S. as an investment." Al-'Atiqi fingered his *misbaha,* his worry beads.

"The U.S. created Israel. It has poured billions into Israel for thirty years. You brought the Germans back to their own lands, why do you not bring the Israelis back? No one can expand like that. Napoleon reached Russia, Hitler reached North Africa. There is a limit. The Palestinians must have a land."

Wherever the Treasury party went in the Middle East, it heard one complaint from the sizable American community: the Tax Reform Act would eventually cost them their jobs. The British, the French, and the German engineers, for example, paid no income tax on their overseas earnings; the Americans not only paid income tax, they had to pay an income tax on benefits that were hardly luxuries in that part of the world. Tuition for private schools, for example, is a frequent company benefit, since Kuwaiti or Iranian or Saudi schools may not be right for American children. Housing is frequently provided, since local housing is so expensive. But when those benefits are taxed, it makes an American engineer twice as expensive as a German engineer. If the American goes home, the German who gets the job is far more likely to order parts and equipment from a German firm, to the loss of our exports.

"They're right, we have to do something about that tax," said the Secretary, in the flying seminar (*Wheels*

up for Tehran . . .). "It's going to cost hundreds of millions, maybe billions. We'll have to get Ribicoff to listen."

We compared notes on our meetings.

"I heard 'Atiqi likes to be thought of as tough, so I said, 'I hear you're a very hard man.' He liked that. I told him we had to break this vicious cycle, oil goes up, inflation goes up, then the oil goes up because the oil producers have to stay even with inflation. I told him the next round of pricing was critical. They brought up our energy program, and said they would just as soon not produce so much oil. 'Atiqi said, 'Don't tell us about some action you take after you take it; let us be your partner.' He said, 'You know, the oil companies took our oil at $1 a barrel.' I said, 'What's past is past, let's go on from here.' Now I can pick up the phone anytime on a personal basis and say, 'Have you thought about this, what are you going to do about that?' "

The Secretary lit a cigar.

"When we started this trip," he said, "I had some doubts about it. But this really had great value. I think we made some friends. Iran may not be quite so easy. My predecessor [William Simon] was non grata, you know, for saying, 'The shah is a nut.' Actually, he said, 'The shah is a nut on oil if he thinks prices are made in heaven.' But it was reported as 'The shah is a nut,' and we've had no high-level officer visit Iran since."

But what would the Kuwaitis do at the OPEC meeting?

"My feeling is they will be neither hawks nor doves."

Tehran. Much chillier; snow on the mountaintops facing the Hilton. A faster pace, frantic traffic. Iran is Moslem but not Arab; the five-times-a-day call to the faithful is drowned out by the din of traffic. *Playboy* and *Playgirl* are on the newsstands and there are bars in the hotels; it seems more like Eastern Europe than the Middle East.

Another state luncheon, by far the most elaborate we have had: a room out of Versailles, with an eighty-foot carpet, waiters in white gloves and swallow-tailed coats, French wines. Toasts: the President, the shahanshah, the friendship of the United States and Iran.

"We have the worst drivers in the world," says my driver cheerfully. "Big smashups every day."

I went to see Emir 'Abbas Hoveyda, minister of the court, recently the prime minister. Hoveyda is elegantly tailored and very polished. His secretary is elegantly tailored and absolutely beautiful. His desk is an eighteenth-century antique.

"We are not so much concerned with the current price of oil, but with an economy without oil. By 1995 we must be prepared for an oil-less economy, and the price of oil then is going to be the price of alternative sources of energy. As soon as the Kuwaitis and the Saudis aren't interested in increasing production, buyers and sellers will determine the market price."

Jamshid Amouzegar, Hoveyda's successor as prime minister, had said Iran was not indifferent to unemployment in Western Europe. Did this mean they would try to hold the line on prices?

"You can't blame the price of oil for everything. We think oil should be indexed to Western prices. Why should oil stand still if the products we buy from you go up? Oil is not the only source of your inflation. Perhaps it accounts for 2 percent. Remember, there is no alternative for us to the West. We think the price of oil will rise because conservation in the West will fail. The problem is leadership, *discipline*. If we didn't have discipline, we couldn't have raised the per capita income from $160 fourteen years ago to $2200 today. Eventually you will need *discipline* to enforce conservation."

If there is a popular book read at these levels in the Middle East these days, it is Paul Erdman's *The Crash of '79*. Erdman, a former banker in Switzerland, a character in my own book *Supermoney*, wrote an apocalyptic novel in which an American banker is running the Saudi billions, and in which the shah eventually conducts an atomic war to gain control of the Saudi oil. Had the minister read it?

"Oh, yes, it is amusing, but of course the conclusions are wrong; we have no territorial ambitions."

Has the shah read it?

"I believe he flipped through it, and thought it was amusing."

Much later—after the trip, in fact—I was talking to Blumenthal about Iran.

"The shah talks about law and order," he said. " 'You need discipline,' the shah said, 'you have to be strong.' He is very self-assured, very much the boss of his country. As for the oil, the Iranians relate it strictly to their needs. The shah sees the needs as industrialization, and he pressed for arms, for F-15s and AWACS."

"The Iranian approach is hard-nosed, and based on market conditions." We were getting a briefing by the Embassy. "Twenty years ago, there was no middle class. The shah has brought land reform, women's rights, health care, a share of the profits. He has preempted revolution; he would win an election. There is a small disaffected minority, quite loud, sort of Mao–Marx, but they are not monolithic and have no clear program."

Incidental intelligence: Iran, says the petroleum attaché, has 465 wells, from which they produce 6 million barrels a day. The United States has had to

Luckily for the West, oil and Mecca are in the same kingdom, for that removes the godless Russians as an alternative.

look deeper and more thoroughly. It has 500,000 oil wells, producing about 8 million barrels a day.

At each stop, the Secretary held a press conference. Once, before jet travel, before television news film, there were American correspondents all over the world; the foreign correspondent was a dashing, trench-coated figure. Now newspaper mergers and television news have drastically reduced the number of correspondents resident abroad. The reporters assembled at the press conference were mostly part-time stringers, or local citizens working for an American network or wire service. Yet there were perhaps twenty or twenty-five reporters at each session.

"I enjoyed meeting Finance Minister Ansari and His Majesty the Shah," Blumenthal said at the microphone. "We discussed our visit to Egypt, Israel, and Kuwait, the state of the U.S. and the world economy, and the President's energy program." The language was the bland language of press conferences, designed not to produce headlines. Q. Did you discuss oil prices with His Majesty? A. The need for close cooperation came up in the conversation. Q. What about arms? A. Nothing specific. Q. Do you expect oil prices to go up? A. That's up to OPEC. There is softness in the oil market, and much of the world is still struggling to adjust to oil prices.

Originally the Treasury party had been scheduled to fly from Tehran to Riyadh, the capital of Saudi Arabia. But the king and his ministers were coming to Jubail, near Dhahran, on the coast, to dedicate a huge petrochemical facility. So we went instead to Dhahran, which is also oil headquarters. That is where Standard Oil of California first came to Saudi in 1933, before it joined Mobil, Texaco, and Exxon to form the Arabian-American Oil Company, Aramco. The Saudi government now owns 60 percent of Aramco's producing facilities; it will own all of them in the near future. When that happens, the American oil companies will be paid for their present assets and will then make whatever money they make as marketers and refiners.

Dhahran is a part of Saudi Arabia, though it does not seem so, just as military bases do not seem part of the surrounding countryside. Sprinklers flick the water on the green lawns, but the houses are very much like officers' quarters; in fact, in the Aramco compound, the atmosphere is much like a July day in the married officers' quarters of Fort Shafter, Hawaii. Maybe quieter. Women may drive cars here; it is one of only three places (all Aramco compounds) in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia where they may. And they may dress as they like. In the cities of Saudi Arabia, in Dammam and Riyadh and Jiddah, American women are advised in an Embassy leaflet to dress "with suitable modesty," that is, in long skirts, with long sleeves. There are more foreigners in Saudi now, and more foreign women, so the religious police no longer tap erring ladies on the backs of their legs with white canes if their skirts are considered immodestly short.

In a propjet, we flew—the standard tour, I think—over the biggest oil field in the world. There is very little visible; the forest of derricks, the symbol of an oil field, is not needed here. In Saudi the oil is relatively close to the surface; so easy, the oilmen say, you can dig it with a teaspoon, so pressured from its geologic formation that you do not need to pump it. "Dig it with a teaspoon" is relative; a deposit may be as deep as 4000 feet. It costs the Saudis only ten cents a barrel to pump the oil out of the ground and get it into tankers.* The Saudis have oil, the biggest reserves in the world: they will have oil when the wells in the rest of the world have gurgled, belched, and gone dry. But they do not have people; the harshness of the desert life kept the population down for centuries. In a country a third as large as the United States, there are only 6—or 8 (the census is inexact)—million people. Already there are 2 million foreigners, Yemenis, Pakistanis, Koreans, working in Saudi. The Saudis will be labor-short forever, so in picking the directions for the development of their desert kingdom, they have to pick industries, such as petrochemicals, that require a large investment of capital and little in the way of people.

Now we are sitting in an office with Abdul Aziz al-Qūrayshi, the governor of the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency, and Muhammad 'Ali Aba al-Khayl, the minister of finance. Both of them are in *thaubs* and

*A barrel might be from 31 to 42 gallons, depending on usage.

kaffiyehs, their loafers and ankle socks sometimes visible. Al-Qūrayshi, with his rich, deep British accent and his slim moustache, could be cast—without the *thaub*, of course—in the Jack Hawkins role in a movie: the general, the prime minister, or the governor of the central bank, if that role existed.

What are they doing with all the money?

"We have a five-year plan, we are working on creating an infrastructure, schools, roads, plants, we're trying to build a country."

The world worries whether you can spend the money.

"We will spend it. We have put most of it in government securities, short-term, medium-term, three to eight years, so we can have it when we want it. We do not want to be an investor elsewhere, we want to invest here, to develop this country, and so we pick the largest and safest markets in the meanwhile."

The world worries whether you have so much money that it could upset the world banking system.

"We don't share those fears. We are part of the world, part of the West. We have put up 25 percent of the money for the newest addition to the IMF's capital, and we have helped the African and Asian development banks. We are 80 percent in dollars—where else would we move the money?" This from Aba al-Khayl.

Al-Qūrayshi smiles. If he should ever tire of the central bank, I could get him a job on radio, with that voice. "We have a lot of money, but if you look at the world, deposits in banks by individuals are greater than those by the surplus countries. And you know we would rather keep the oil than have the money. A barrel of oil traded for money at $10 is not a good trade."

Then comes the theme we have heard all over the Middle East—even in Israel.

"All we need to pump is 3 million barrels a day. That will take care of us. Everything over 3 million barrels a day is a gift."

Right now the Saudis are pumping 8 million barrels a day, and the oil industry speaks of a "glut." If they dropped the schedule to seven, there would be no glut. At five, the industrial nations would be nervous. At three, they would be scrambling all over each other, the price would probably be at $20, and bacon would be on its way to $7.

What do the Saudis want?

"Peace. Stability. Technology, for development here. And the developing nations of the world have to be helped."

Governor Al-Qūrayshi smiles again. "We will never be self-sufficient in agriculture, so we will always import rice, sugar, wheat." The smile widens. "And camels."

"You import camels?"

"We do."

"But with an ambitious plan to industrialize, why do you import camels?"

"We eat them."

Al-Qūrayshi's smile is as wide as it will go. He has played this scene before.

Saudi Arabia is one of the most intensely fascinating places I have ever been. Consider: Slavery was abolished in 1962. There were no public women's schools in 1962, and when the first women were admitted to their segregated schools, the National Guard had to be called out to protect the school against irate religious fathers. In 1957 Saudi Arabia was virtually bankrupt, even with the oil already flowing. Before oil, it was a desert kingdom living off goats, dates, and pilgrims on the way to Mecca—a million pilgrims a year. Luckily for the West, oil and Mecca are in the same kingdom, for that removes the godless Russians as an alternative. With Mecca and Medina, the two holiest cities in Islam, the Saudis are the Keepers of the Faith. The Russians have no use for Faith. It was lucky, too, that the Saudis were never colonized. It was even lucky that their window to the West was Aramco, for, as giant international companies go, Aramco was relatively enlightened. Less than twenty years ago, the Swiss steward of King 'Abdul 'Aziz could write of the eunuchs in the palace kitchens, and of the Friday afternoon hand-choppings for thieves in the square. ("We did that only for recidivists," said a Saudi friend. I loved the word in that context.)

In the boom-camp atmosphere of Riyadh, the capital, something is missing: the sight of women. There are a few Bedu women on the streets, moving like nuns, everything but their eyes veiled. Their eyes are made up with kohl. There are few secretaries; the secretaries must be men. In the offices, coffee—bitter cardamom coffee—is brought by retainers wearing *thaubs;* they will keep pouring into tiny cups until you refuse by moving your hand in a circle. Riyadh is a forest of construction cranes, with as much rubble as Berlin in 1949. "That's funny, there was a street here yesterday," says an Embassy friend, turning a corner only to meet a pile of rubble and some construction cranes. He goes another half-block. "And *this* street wasn't here yesterday." Riyadh—outside the original town—is designed by Constantinos Doxiadis, the city planner. Six-lane highways, arc lights; Texas architects providing government buildings with architecture that is a mixture of contemporary and classic Arabic. (There is, occasionally, the feeling that Houston is being stamped out of metal and concrete, helicoptered

in, and bolted down onto a desert kingdom.) Banged and disabled automobiles are part of the roadside scene; they grow faster than the ranks of tow trucks to take them away. There is the usual brag—"We have the worst drivers in the world"—explained: "You take a boy who has been tending goats, teach him to drive, put him behind the wheel, and the accelerator falls naturally to the floor."

Where are the women? At home, practicing the arts of the extended family with children, aunts, cousins of cousins. A few have now reached the university level. How can they study with men, learn from men, in a sexually segregated society? Technology saves: closed-circuit television. The women will work in nursing, social services, perhaps in government, if the government has some all-women buildings.

Fred Bergsten and I had an invitation from a deputy minister to visit his family's ranch. We let Air Force Two take off for Rome without us. And then, at the Riyadh airport, we climbed into a ten-seat Hawker-Siddeley 125 jet with the deputy minister and three of his friends, flew forty minutes north, got picked up in two large Mercedes sedans, drove to the ranch, and, two hours from our start, were inspecting the sheep, the goats, the Bedu shepherds, and listening to a patriarch uncle tell about this well and that well, the alfalfa crop and the Bedouin. There is an addition to the traditional Bedouin scene along the highways: there are the black tents and the goats, and there is also a Datsun pickup, sometimes with a camel trussed in the back. We sat in a magnificent black tent carpeted with Persian rugs, listened to a balladeer, feasted on a mound of mutton and rice, and eventually got back into the Mercedes and into the Hawker-Siddeley jet and flew back to Riyadh.

The Saudis like Texas and California. The Southwest attracts them to school; they like the climate, and they began going there when they first asked the Aramco executives what the proper schools were. Colloquial Americanisms pour from be-*thaubed* Arabs. I could not believe the passion for football; video cassettes of the previous Saturday's game are traded from hand to hand. The true enthusiasts prefer not to know the outcome ahead of time.

Is the interest in football that real, or is it part of the Saudi gift of trying to please the visitor? "It's real," said an Arabist at the Embassy. "They really get hooked on the motion, the pomp, and the drama of big-time football. The previous sports here were hawking and camel racing."

When the petrodollar flood began, the ranks to administer it were thin. Consequently the phenomenon of the young American-educated Arabs in the oil states administering billions.

"We have a lot to learn, but it's not so bad, because we all know each other. For example, I went to USC. I think USC is probably the most popular school for Saudis. And if I want to get something done at Planning, I know a guy who was down the hall from me at USC, the guy at Finance was my roommate at USC, and we know the ringer from Ohio State because he is married to my roommate's sister. You know, the Saudi cabinet has more American-trained Ph.D.'s than the U.S. cabinet."

The speaker is a deputy minister. His office has Knoll furniture, stainless steel and leather, and looks as if it were very recently uncrated. In fact, the building, with its Belgian elevators and its wet-smelling cement, looks as if it were very recently uncrated. Perhaps it was: a leading Saudi entrepreneur is planning to build prefabricated hotel rooms in Texas, complete with furniture; fly the rooms to Saudi; and stack them into hotels.

Another deputy minister comes in. They are both in crisp white *thaubs* with cuff links in the sleeves and loafers. They speak in Arabic. Then they switch to English.

"Who do you play Saturday?"

"Texas."

"Texas will kill you. We will be number one."

"No chance. You still have to play Notre Dame. *We* will be number one."

They ask my opinion. No use. They follow the bowl contenders far more closely than I do. They follow senators too—especially senators who concern themselves with Israel and the Middle East. There they sound so moderate: "Well, we must have a settlement, we must recognize Israel, they must have a plan for the Palestinians. If the Israelis reach a settlement, they will not only have peace in the Middle East, they will make a lot of money. They have great skills in agriculture and medicine and banking."

Could anyone love his college as much as the Saudi technocrats seem to? I suppose, if you came from a big Saudi extended family, with your father and your uncles running things, and your mother and your aunts and your cousins watching out for marriageable girls, then you would have a real culture shock upon landing in America. (If you landed at JFK in February in a blizzard, and got continually beaten out in the race for taxis, as happened to one of my friends, you might want to turn around and go home.) Then the American university scene would have intoxicating freedom and wild diversity, not to mention women with bare legs and bare faces. And if you work hard and go back to Saudi with your degree and get married and start working long hours in a ministry, the "bright college years with pleasure rife" might really be that, you might want to hang on to some residue of that experience. And this becomes a factor in the calculus of

imports, exports, deficits, surpluses, and the price of oil.

"I'm very loyal to the U.S.," says one USC alumnus. "We are building these power stations, and I would like to see the contracts go to the U.S., so I hope the tax situation is cleared up, because if a U.S. engineer is going to cost twice the Koreans, the Koreans will get the job, and all the equipment will be made in Korea."

The USC alumnus pencils his initials onto papers that are brought before him. He shows me some of the projects. There is a real excitement in the building. All of the amounts are in the hundreds of millions. A new telephone system is going to go for around $3 billion.

The amounts are megacosts. At Dhahran, a movie was shown to the compound. It was a thriller set in the Middle East, with a chase through the oil fields, and at one point, one of the characters whispers, in a restaurant, "This could involve one hundred million dollars!" The whole theater burst out laughing, because no amounts in Saudi are ever that small.

When the petrodollar torrent began, the salesmen of the world descended upon Riyadh. There were no rooms in the limited hotels, so they slept in the lobby chairs and on the floors. The Saudis bought too much at first. One Embassy official says it was like 11 A.M. Christmas morning, with wrapping paper all over the floor. The ports were backed up for ninety days at a time. It cost five riyals to bring by helicopter from the harbor a bag of cement that itself cost only seven riyals. And the cost of living shot up. Even the ordinary Saudi was hit by price increases of as much as 30 percent for daily living until the government slowed down its public spending. Now the port time is down to ten days.

Statistically, everyone in Saudi is going to be rich. But since the government owns the oil, it in turn has to spend the money in order for the impact to be felt.

"The first thing we noticed was that these loads of carpetbaggers had arrived, staying anywhere, sleeping anywhere, assuming the Arabs were so ignorant and so rich they would buy anything. Now that has faded away. Mind you, that was when an old trading firm—fifty, eighty years old—would be lucky to have 100,000 riyals in the bank [roughly $28,000]."

How did the wealth impact?

"In real estate. First, in real estate, if there was a corner that someone bought for 500 riyals, the next day he would be offered 2000, the next week, 10,000, two months later, 100,000. Now it has flattened out but it hasn't gone down."

That may account for the rents. My host for several days in Riyadh was an American corporate representative. He had a pleasant, newly built, furnished house, with four or five bedrooms and baths, on perhaps three quarters of an acre. The rent was $100,000 a year—not the purchase price, the rent. ("They overpaid," I was told. "The rent on that house should only be about $70,000.") And while I was in the office of a young businessman, he got an offer for a house for which he was an agent. The offer was 14 million riyals—more than $4 million. A nice house, but no estate.

By the end of the week, I was entranced with the Saudi whiz kid technocrats. They were, personally, the bridge between the desert kingdom and the Houston of the Middle East. If there were Saudi wives, they were rarely seen. A few of the technocrats had brought home American wives. That must be one of the most difficult adjustments anywhere. I was so impressed with the articulateness of the technocrats, and their seeming moderation, that it took a Berkeley-educated Saudi businessman to bring me back to earth, and remind me how little I knew. "We want to be friends with the Americans," he said, "but there are impediments. Why do you permit yourself to be governed by the actions of the Zionist conspirators?" And he went on for quite literally two hours about the Zionist conspirators, barely pausing for breath. He sounded like the cartoon Arab we so mistakenly expect, the one against whom the young technocrats were so refreshing. But which is the real Araby?

"The Saudi cabinet has more American-trained Ph.D.'s than the U.S. cabinet."

I got impatient with my notes. I had spoken, even before the trip, to a dozen Arabists and half again as many international economists, to denizens of Harvard and Columbia and Princeton and the State Department. But there were still too many gaps; Arabists and technocrats do not determine the course of Saudi. The royal family runs Saudi, more than 4000 strong, lots of different nuances there. And the Koran runs Saudi, and a whole inner language of cultural assumptions. That made the assumptions of the international econ-

omists look almost mechanical. Politics might at any time supersede mechanics.

The Saudis prided themselves on their moderation and their rationality, appropriate virtues for a people small in numbers, with a treasure. "We have to move to a contemporary society while keeping our traditions," said one of the deputy ministers. "In our view, balancing these goals, we have always behaved rationally. And we have nowhere to go but the West. But we cannot predict future politics, nor what will then seem rational. Was it rational for the United States to have half a million casualties in Vietnam, to start an inflation that is still going, and to end up with Saigon being called Ho Chi Minh City?"

The Saudis are tied to the West, and the West is mortally dependent on the Saudis.

Thus, rationally, the Saudis are tied to the West, and the West is mortally dependent on the Saudis. But what is meant by "rational" may not always be the same for both.

Air Force Two, 86972, went on to Rome, Berlin, Bonn, and Washington, while I stayed in Saudi. Several weeks later I had a drink in New York with the Secretary. He was embroiled in the postponement of tax reform, in steel imports, in a dozen other issues. I said—in response to a question from him—that I thought the Arab surpluses would stay in dollars; the other markets were too small to absorb them as they piled up. So the world's banking system would muddle along for a while, rolling over and rescheduling, though the margin for error would diminish as the surpluses went to $150 billion and the debts marched toward $300 billion.

Blumenthal said he thought the trip had been worthwhile, and that he had been impressed with the sophistication of the oil producers.

"What do you think will happen to the price of oil?" I asked.

"I think we have a good chance of having it stay level, for maybe a year. That would be breathing room. After a year, I can't say. I hope it works that way."

"Did you ever think," I said, "that the 8 million barrels a day come from our friendly Saudis; that if another crowd was in Riyadh, less friendly, it would be troublesome?"

"There are all sorts of scenarios. If we could get the Saudis to pump 11 million barrels a day, we might postpone the squeeze another few years. By 1990 we might have alternate forms of energy, maybe with some innovations."

"But between 1980 and 1990?"

"That's going to be interesting."

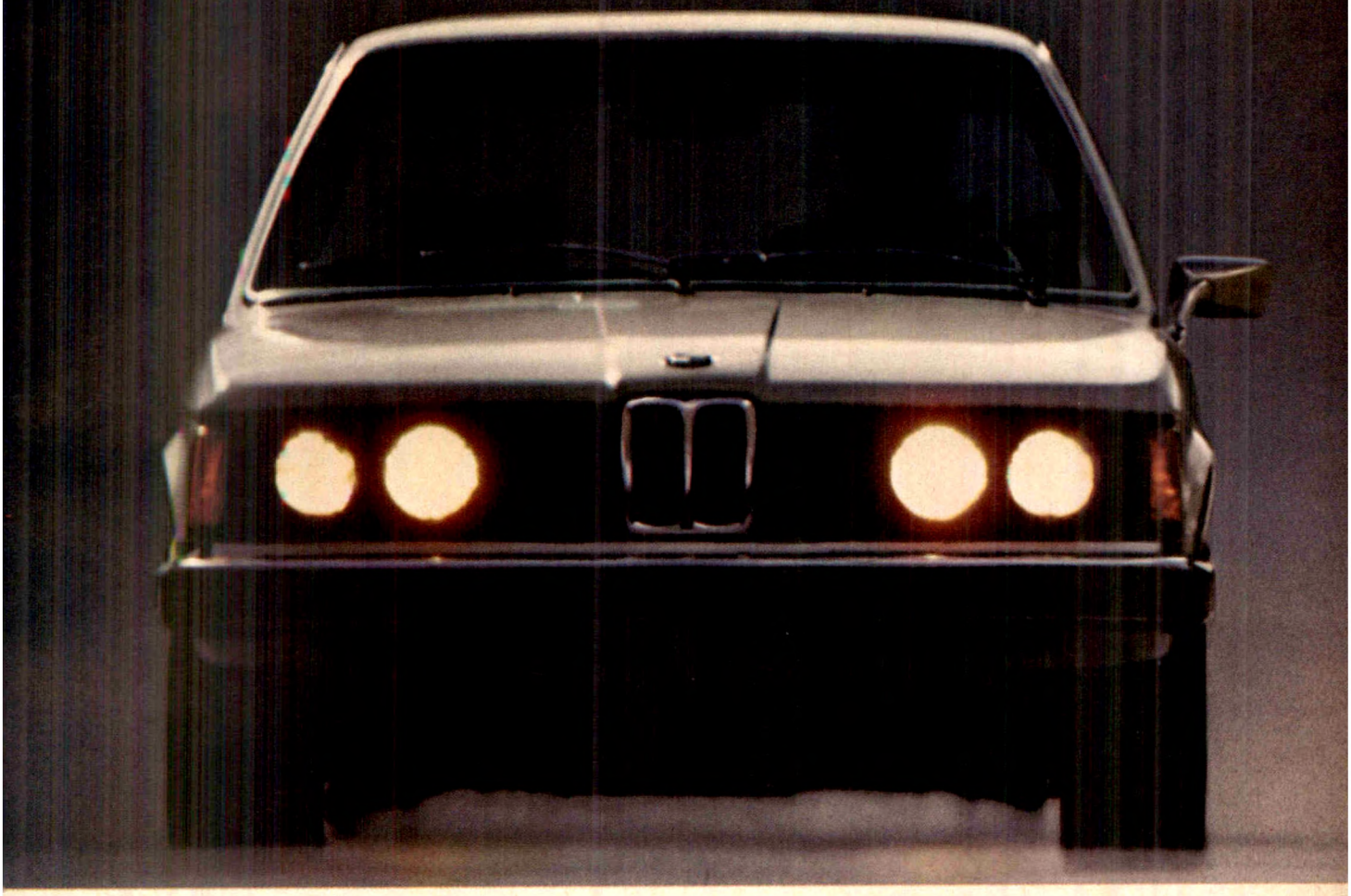
I asked the Secretary what impressed him most. He paused before answering.

"I'll tell you. When I was thirteen, we left Germany for China. I remember every stop we made on the *Haruna Maru*—Port Said, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. And at every stop the Union Jack was flying and a British officer in knee socks, with a topee and a swagger stick, would come aboard and say, "Howjado." So now the British are gone, and now everywhere you go, at the top levels of every government, they have their eyes absolutely fixed on the United States. What is U.S. policy going to be? What will U.S. technology be? What is the American President going to do?" We are absolutely bigger than life; their expectations of what we can do are bigger than life. Ministers come up to me—he's just met me, mind you—and say, Please tell my prime minister this or that. This is still our time."

In late November the shah announced that Iran would try to hold the price of oil at the current level. In December Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates said they, too, would hold the line. All together these countries account for more than 65 percent of world production. Against such heavyweights, the OPEC price hawks, Algeria, Libya, and Iraq, could hardly prevail. OPEC's December meeting in Caracas broke up with the price of oil unchanged.

That was good news for the dollar, which had plummeted during the autumn because of our $30 billion balance-of-payments deficit for oil. But no "moral equivalent of war" has yet entered the American consciousness to induce the conservation of energy. Perhaps it will; perhaps we can also stimulate production and seek alternative energy sources. But the breathing room is only that: we are well into the lull of the easy years, which will, most certainly, come to an end. □

WHY CARS WITH SIMILAR MECHANICAL PARTS STILL DON'T PERFORM LIKE A BMW.



All expensive, imported automobiles feature an impressive list of sophisticated mechanical refinements.

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LUNCH WITH T. S. ELIOT

by H. Bibesco

Here is another voyage into improbability from *Fifty Lunches,* the memoirs-in-the-making of an improbable person who calls himself Count H. Bibesco and asserts that he has broken bread and popped corks with most of the leading literary lights of the recent past and the present. At last report, Bibesco was suspended from his job as fencing teacher at an academy for young women in New England.

It was T. S. Eliot who, in a manner of speaking, introduced me to pot. The manner of speaking is rather important, but recalling Eliot, I seldom envisage the parsonical countenance of his later years. No, I see a more expansive figure, a devotee of barbecued spareribs, laughing immoderately and wreathed by the fragrant smoke of his hemp cheroot . . .

The winter of 1914, I opened my first American fencing school on the floor above Langford's Gymnasium in the shadow of the Boston El. The location would have been selected only by an immigrant dreamer. Because of a youthful indiscretion I could not return to my native Rumania; for a while I had read philosophy and history in Munich (the then-obscure Oswald Spengler was my tutor) before drifting to the States where I hoped to support myself as an academician of the foils. The Yankee cognoscenti would surely recognize that the name of my school, The South End Academy of the Sword, echoed Girard Thibault's mysterious and evocative study of 1628, in which he postulated a mystic circle of mathematics as the basis of our science. The cognoscenti who rode the El were few, so day after day I awaited students while the trains shrieked past soot-speckled windows and the clatter of punching bags erupted through the floorboards. Soon enough I began frequenting the gymnasium, where I made the acquaintance of its proprietor, Sam Langford, dubbed The Boston Tar Baby by sportswriters of the ragtime era, and from him I learned that local fistic salons were agog about a remarkable white middleweight known throughout the predominantly black South End as "The Possum" or "Possum Tom."

"Mebbe he's white outside," said Sam, a barrel-chested man with a craggy face and a cellist's hands, "but he definitely fight black."

I was interested; the aesthetic opinions of a sage are always revealing. The prodigy had once attended a South Boston gym, and disillusioned by an incoherent syllabus and the coarse-grained temperament of his mentor, a certain Sweeney, elected to transfer to the more intellectually stimulating environment of Langford's. By trade he was a Harvard graduate student. This struck me as uncommon, though Sam mentioned it as a footnote. Nowadays I believe that T. S. Eliot took up boxing in the dandified spirit of Byron sparring with Gentleman Jackson. Boxing grew into obsession. The dandy wears a mask; Eliot, if I am correct, perceived pugilism's deeper possibilities—possibilities of a different identity, possibilities of escape from the malaise of European civilization.

The next evening I chanced to see him fight on Langford's weekly card. With a showman's instinct he deliberately delayed his entrance while the crowd appraised his opponent, a gigantic stevedore.

"I thought The Possum was a middleweight," I told Sam, who scrunched in the seat beside me, holding the timekeeper's mallet.

"Don't make no difference. Heavy, middle, any weight, Possum'll whup him."

I felt skeptical. Maybe it was the ringside perspective, but Eliot's antagonist looked as if he spent his spare hours teaching neophyte thespians how to mime

concepts like "ferocity." When he shucked his robe he paced back and forth flexing his shoulders and sending muscular ripples across his mocha-hued back.

All at once he stopped and, frowning, gazed toward the rear of the gymnasium. Amid a clump of handlers Eliot could not be mistaken, for he wore a scarlet robe and trunks, rhinestones flashing POSSUM across his shoulders. The tumult was terrific, Eliot's progress loitering. Frequently he paused to grin and wave at his constituency. The inceptive thing I noticed about him was his straight hair, parted behind. I would not have considered him a slugger and my impression was enhanced when he ducked under the ropes. Too lean, I thought, too languid, too white: he'll shatter like a china cup. Unperturbed by imminent annihilation, The Possum joshed with his seconds. He had them in stitches, as the phrase goes; they were tenured Langford faculty with the exception of the water boy, Howard Morris, Eliot's Harvard roommate. Morris, sporting a baseball cap, visor reversed, kept stealing anguished glances at the opposite corner. I appreciated his reckless circumspection. Sam's mallet descended, and the huge longshoreman, resentful of the wait, stormed across the canvas. Eliot came out, stifling a yawn behind one glove.

The first blow, an immense smoking right, should have whacked Possum out of the ring. He ducked. The punch breezed past him. From his treatment of the ensuing flurry of vicious wallops I deduced considerable experience dodging the boom of a heeling catboat. He disappeared in a maelstrom of haymakers and when I saw him next he was skipping away from a clinch. The stevedore appeared winded. Gallantly allowing him time to recover, Eliot turned his back and gestured for silence. His mellow Missouri accent filled the gym.

"Woe to the weak canary, that fluttered from its cage;
Woe to the pampered Pekinese, that faced Growltiger's rage . . ."

"Possum!" Sam yelled. A sneak assault seemed destined to disturb the performer. Eliot wheeled inside the circuit of the blow and landed a left that instantly declared his opponent wasn't sneaking anywhere. "The ephus punch," Sam cried, and Eliot put together combinations, tattoos of fierce hooks and jabs that served no other aim than virtuosity: the giant had been poleaxed by the original blow. When he fell it was with the resignation of a redwood long since severed by a chain saw.

Afterward, Sam and I went around to Eliot's dressing room. He and Morris and their "foxes" were en route to a midnight supper, so my congratulations, I am afraid, were concise. I remember the cameras and reporters and hangers-on, but the details are blurred, unlike the particulars of my subsequent interview with the chairman of Harvard's philosophy department, Asa Aldrich Whipple, at Bertrand Russell's flat on Craigie Street.

Why would the chairman, a celebrated pragmatist, seek out a threadbare young Rumanian fencing instructor? I too asked myself that question. "Tunk" Whipple, a Jovian gentleman whose beard tumbled over a high stiff collar, grasped the lapels of his frock coat and came directly to the point.

Oswald Spengler, he said, passed along your name to Irving Babbitt. Prophet without honor in Germany, but not at Harvard. Whipple expressed regret meeting me under clandestine circumstances; Russell, he continued with a chuckle, thinks I'm using his digs for an assignation. Once I heard the story I would understand. Had I ever encountered a Tom Eliot? Good! Brilliant student, Tom. Doing his dissertation on "Experience and the Objects of Knowledge in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley." Splendid future. Another Royce, another Copeland. The potential was there. Only—Tom didn't want to practice philosophy; he wanted to be a professional boxer.

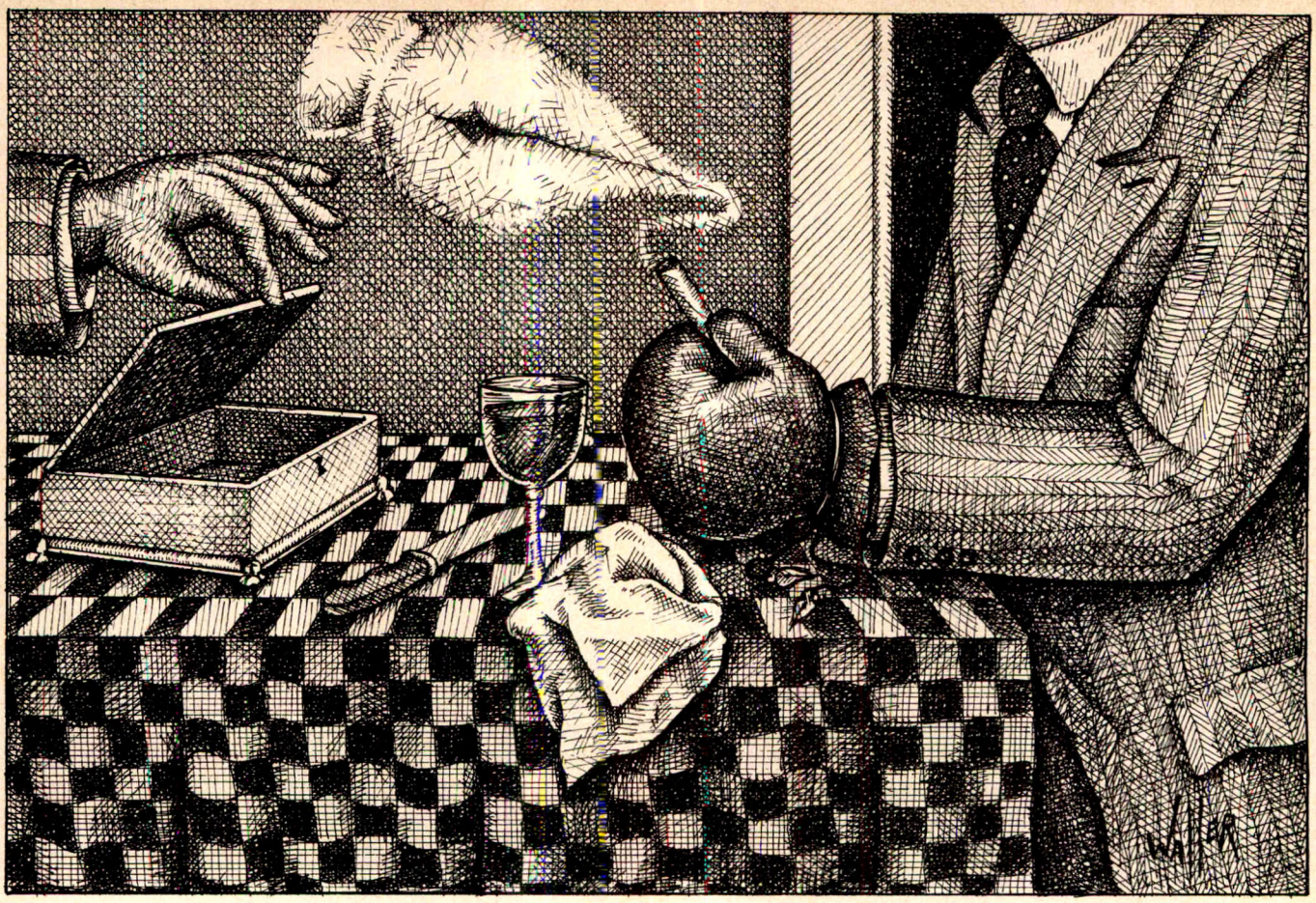
"Perhaps those are aspects of the same calling," I ventured. "But what have I to do with it?"

"Harvard wants you to fight Tom and knock the stuffing out of him."

"Dr. Whipple, I have enjoyed seeing the furnishings of Bertrand Russell's flat," I said. "Now I must bid you adieu. Mr. Eliot's confidence in his chosen career is not misplaced."

"Sit down, sit down, Count Bibesco. We are in Cambridge, sir, not Calcutta: here we respect life. You will go scatheless." Whipple produced a cigar case inscribed *Veritas,* and gingerly opened the lid. "Observe your safeguard—an innocuous Pittsburgh stogie, which is, in fact, derived from the flowering tops and shoots of the herb *Cannabis sativa* on the steppes of Central Asia. Part of the residual research of my colleague, William James."

Whipple outlined a scheme. I would worm my way into Eliot's inner circle, then find a pretext to insult and challenge him. A grudge fight, bare knuckles. Immediately before the fight I must persuade him to smoke the enchanted cigar. "What if he doesn't smoke?" I said. Professor Whipple brushed aside my demurrer: "Tell him it's Amy Lowell's brand." The herb had a soporific effect. "I daresay that when Tom wakes up in his dressing room and finds that you put the quietus on him, as it were, he'll lose his desire to pursue his pugilistic will-o'-the-wisp."



Even as an altruist I did not relish the prospect of demolishing The Possum. Was I the proper person to bring about Tom's betterment? "Tunk" (we were now on a first-name basis) strongly intimated that Harvard needed a new fencing master. I conjured up a vision of the varsity fencing team imbued by the mysticism of Girard Thibaud; I thought of the *allegro con brio* of a paying job. The following evening I rapped on Eliot's door at 52 Mount Auburn Street.

To gain his confidence was no problem; his melancholia emanated from the world of Harvard and I was an emissary from the world of Langford's. Besides, he welcomed an audience for his other secret passion, his poems. Howard Morris, proficient philistine, found the poems discordant and always left the room whenever Eliot opened a rolltop desk and removed *Prufrock, Rhapsody on a Windy Night, La Figlia Che Piange;* but I stayed and listened.

"Do you suppose my strophes have possibilities, Bibesco?" he asked me one evening. I was reclining on a chaise longue and he had been reciting from the ledge of the bay window. It was the third or fourth time I had heard him read within the fortnight.

I said, "If I were you, Eliot, I'd lighten the mopery of Prufrock's rum-tum-tum. Otherwise, I'm convinced you have achieved as much in poetry as you have in boxing. Why, you're the white hope of Anglo-Saxon letters."

Eliot sprang from the window ledge. "Have a care; you're a foreigner, Bibesco, but I will not permit that opprobrious phrase in my rooms."

"Anglo-Saxon?"

"The phrase 'white hope.' "

"It fits," I insisted with the pride of the immigrant who has learned a current idiom. "You are English poetry's white hope."

How did I know the epithet would inflame Eliot beyond reason? Jack Johnson then reigned as champ and the sports pages pullulated with the names of white hopes. "I am not a 'white hope,' " said Eliot in a low and steely voice, "not under any circumstance, Mr. Bibesco, and I trust you will remember that."

Although I had been looking for a row, Eliot's normally gregarious disposition precluded one. Here was a quarrel ready-made. Eliot in a state of indignation called to mind Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin. (I had never watched Ketchel, but Sam's account of their heroic combats sufficed.) Before long the gauntlet clattered. "Doubtless," Eliot said, "you prefer rapiers." "I'll meet you on your own ground," I replied, "bare knuckles at Langford's." "The pleasure is mine," he said, and I bowed, Professor Whipple's cigar case weighty as a pocket grenade inside my coat.

Eliot—greatly to his credit—later tried to stop the bout. His rage had cooled; he feared the thunderbolt in his fists. Let us forget the incident, he urged on a conciliatory note which concluded: "The awful daring of a moment's surrender which an age of prudence can never retract!" I answered that honor never slumbers.

Sam Langford theorized I was baiting The Possum out of despair at the failure of my fencing academy. He agreed to serve as my second, however, providing I purchased a life insurance policy. And it was in similar elegiac mood that Eliot invited me to lunch at Slade's the day of the fight.

Slade's served ambrosial barbecued spareribs. Eliot ordered each dish, ribs, black-eyed peas, grits, Kentucky burgoo, now and again visiting the kitchen to supervise the chef. Repeatedly he attempted to cancel our encounter, and unavailing, resorted to effusive hospitality. His punctilio provoked a profound unease. On the other hand, he was also a celebrity at Slade's, a darling of the waitresses and cloakroom attendants who knew him as a big spender in the flamboyant tradition of fighters inclined to bet on themselves, and there was an excess of horseplay. He accepted Professor Whipple's postprandial cheroot without remonstrance. The match flame trembled slightly as I proffered it across his plate of ribs.

"First-rate panatela," Eliot remarked. "Leavitt and Peirce?"

I lit my own Dutch Master and discarded the match. "No, but I hear the brand is a popular choice at the high table of the Harvard Faculty Club."

Eliot looked glum, and had he been able to locate an ashtray I fear he would have stubbed out William James's laboratory data. I hastily stated that Harvard dons couldn't appreciate the subtleties of a fine cigar since they never inhaled as deeply as ordinary smokers.

"Exactly. That is the trouble with Harvard—I am unable to breathe there," Eliot said. "At Harvard 'Possum' means 'I can.' I can say I feel happier as—myself."

He went on to picture his future as a pugilist-poet. How could one see him in 1914 as a precursor of Muhammad Ali? Half listening, I anxiously awaited signs of infirmity which Professor Whipple assured me would rapidly become manifest. Euphoria. Telltale slurring. Inability to concentrate. Stupor. Instead, Eliot seemed to procure fresh lucidity from each puff. True, he laughed extravagantly, but his behavior in that respect hadn't altered since he seasoned our roast yams.

"A capital smoke. I must order a gross to distribute at ringside," said Eliot. "You'll be on your feet in a week or two, Bibesco. Be a chum and get some for me."

Through the haze I could catch him discussing a longish poem about a Phoenician sailor when, suddenly, I realized the perfume of Eliot's cigar was affecting my perceptions. The last five minutes I had forgotten about the fight. Eliot's face wobbled in and out of focus. Five minutes? We seemed to have spent the afternoon together. Professor Whipple had said the hemp would ruin Tom's reflexes. "Is there anything wrong?" asked Eliot. I knocked over a glass. "Hurry up, please, it's time," I said.

I am informed that, leaving Slade's, I yodeled an old Rumanian tavern ditty, but possess no recollection until I found myself in an arnica-drenched dressing room. Sam was muttering instructions: "Stay away from him. Possum's razor-sharp tonight. Run if you have to." The bloodthirsty yowl of the mob reverberated outside.

There was considerable mirth when I appeared. I know I am not prepossessing; all the same, I waded through the catcalls feeling more and more spindly and defenseless. Fortunately Eliot's entourage was sighted, and the crowd's derision changed to cheers. I followed the scarlet twinkle of his triumphal progress. He pranced into the ring, throwing punches. His coordination seemed unimpaired. While my faith in the Harvard faculty was steadfast, I began to contemplate the feasibility of a public recantation. The referee's explanation of the rules of bareknuckle boxing implied that the joy of the sport lay in its lack of restraint. During his admonishments a stretcher was trundled to ringside. The referee vanished, the bell clanged, and, as if in a dream, the uproar faded and Eliot bounded from his corner, advancing toward me with long resourceful strides.

I shut my eyes, but nothing happened; when I opened my eyes again, Eliot careened before me, guard lowered.

"Bibesco," he said in a thick voice, "what are you and I doing here?"

For me those words stand as epigraph to his collected works. Of course I had no choice. I swung from the floor. It was my first and last KO, the punch that propelled him back among the roots that clutch, the withered lilacs and the stony rubbish.

He did not speak to me that evening after Sam's smelling salts brought him around, nor did he speak to me subsequently in Harvard Yard. He was coming from the direction of Professor Whipple's office. I suspect they had conferred about my appointment as university fencing master. Despite the success of the mission, Whipple scarcely bothered to conceal his contempt for his hireling. If anything comes up, we'll phone you, he said coldly. Returning across the Yard I passed Eliot once more and once more he cut me, his knuckles whitening on the ferrule of his tightly rolled umbrella.

I never saw him again. In July he sailed for Marburg, Germany, where he would continue his philosophical studies. □

OPERATION DOUBLE IN THE MID-ATLANTIC

Even to the people who live on the East Coast, the Great American Forest is "somewhere out West." So if you think the Mid-Atlantic States are mostly paved over, you're not alone.

But the fact is, well over half of our forests today are *east* of the Mississippi. New Jersey, for example, is the most densely populated state in the Union. Yet more than half of it is still forested.

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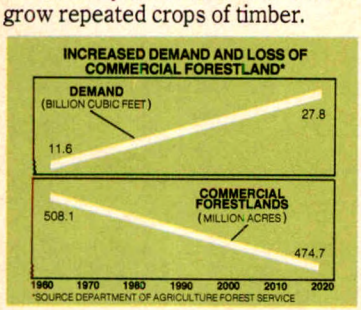
Operation Double Tree: Why it's needed and how it works.

In the U.S. alone, the demand for wood and paper products is expected to *double* in less than 50 years.

Yet today, only about one-third of this country's total forest is used to grow repeated crops of timber.

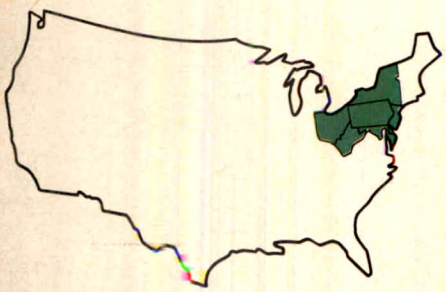


That works out to about one acre of trees for every man, woman and child. And each of those acres will have to be carefully managed to provide a lifetime supply of wood products.

Thus the reason behind Operation Double Tree—the forest industry's name for intensive forest management that can double the amount of wood grown on the nation's productive forestland. And do it in such a way that everyone can share in the multiple benefits of the forest. Year after year. Forever.

The two red oaks shown here are 58 percent of actual size. Both are the same age. Both grew in Pennsylvania. The big difference is, the larger one grew in a managed forest area while the smaller one did not.

TREE IS WORKING STATES.



The Mid-Atlantic is the most densely populated region in the country, yet much of it today is still forested.

land, but showing private landowners how to improve theirs. In the last 15 years it's given away millions of seedlings to these landowners. This is an investment in the future for Glatfelter, since it depends on these private forests for most of its wood resources.

Like so many other companies today, Glatfelter is looking in unlikely places for new sources of wood. More than a third of the chips it uses are sawmill waste that was left to rot up until a few years ago.

Recycling New From Old.

Recycling is one way to double our forest resources by using them twice. It's a particularly important concept in the densely populated Mid-Atlantic region, where the demand for forest products is high.

One good example of recycling is the Garden State Company in Garfield, New Jersey, which turns yesterday's old newspapers into tomorrow's newsprint.

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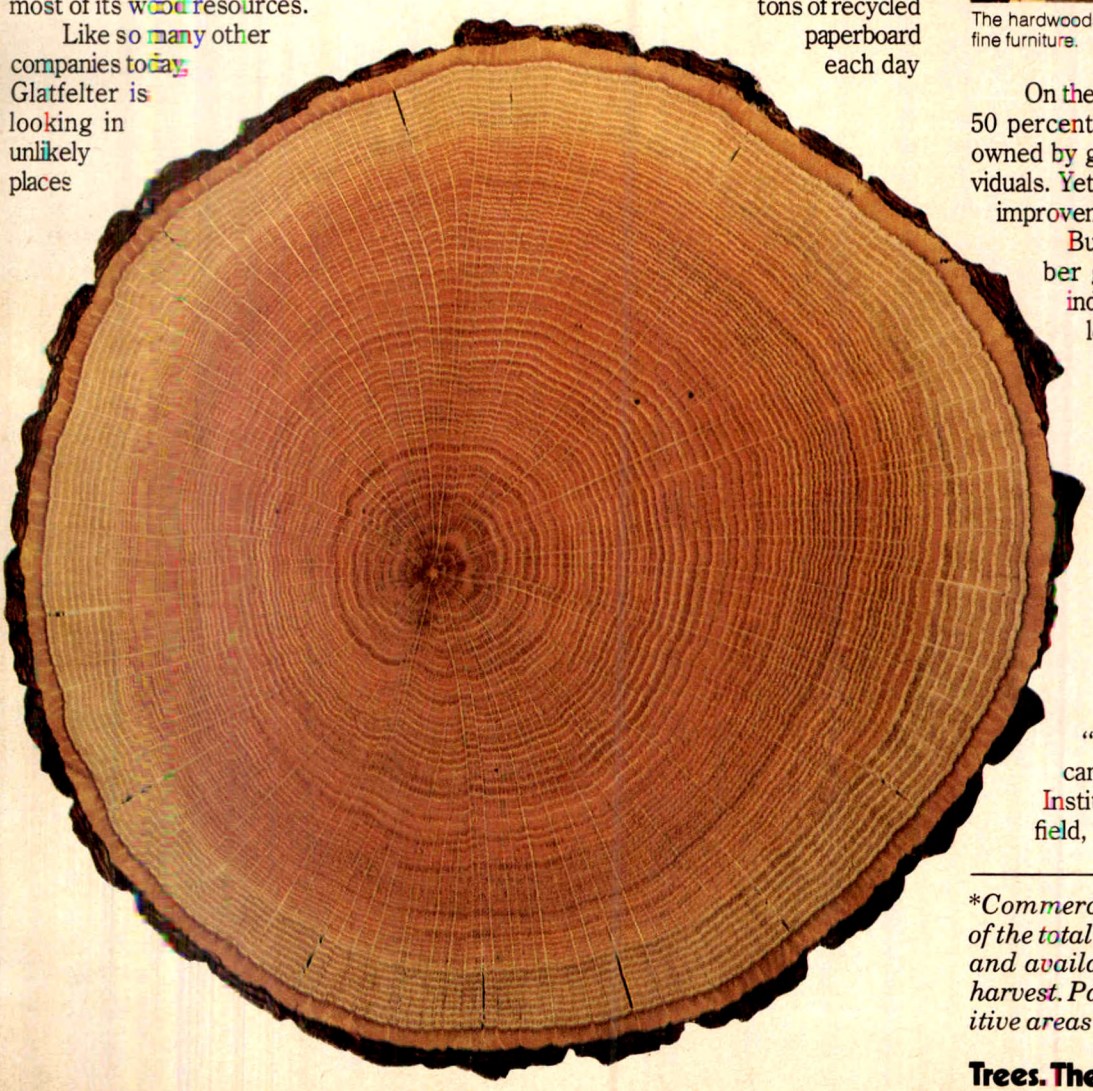
So there's progress with Operation Double Tree in the Mid-Atlantic, and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

The hardwoods from this region provide a wealth of fine furniture.



On the average, industry lands grow 50 percent more wood than the lands owned by government and private individuals. Yet, even here, there's room for improvement.

But working together, all timber growers—private owners, industry and government—can learn to make the most productive use of our remaining commercial forests.

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For more information, write for our free booklet, "Managing the Great American Forest," American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.*

Trees. The Renewable Resource.

OH, JOSEPH, I'M SO TIRED

A story by Richard Yates

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was President-elect there must have been sculptors all over America who wanted a chance to model his head from life, but my mother had connections. One of her closest friends and neighbors, in the Greenwich Village courtyard where we lived, was an amiable man named Howard Whitman who had recently lost his job as a reporter on the New York *Post*. And one of Howard's former colleagues from the *Post* was now employed in the press office of Roosevelt's New York headquarters. That would make it easy for her to get in—or, as she said, to get an entrée—and she was confident she could take it from there. She was confident about everything she did in those days, but it never quite disguised a terrible need for support and approval on every side.

She wasn't a very good sculptor. She had been working at it for only three years, since breaking up her marriage to my father, and there was still something stiff and amateurish about her pieces. Before the Roosevelt project her specialty had been "garden figures"—a life-size little boy whose legs turned into the legs of a goat at the knee and another who knelt among ferns to play the pipes of Pan; little girls who trailed chains of daisies from their upraised arms or walked beside a spread-winged goose. These fanciful children, in plaster painted green to simulate weathered bronze, were arranged on wooden pedestals to loom around her studio and to leave a cleared space in the middle for the modeling stand that held whatever she was working on in clay.

Her idea was that any number of rich people, all of them gracious and aristocratic, would soon discover her: they would want her sculpture to decorate their landscaped gardens, and they would want to make her their friend for life. In the meantime, a little nationwide publicity as the first woman sculptor to "do" the President-elect certainly wouldn't hurt her career.

And if nothing else, she had a beautiful studio. It was, in fact, the best of all the studios she would have in the rest of her life. There were six or eight old houses facing our side of the courtyard, with their backs to Bedford Street, and ours was probably the showplace of the row because the front room on its ground floor was two stories high. You went down a broad set of brick steps to the tall front windows and the front door; then you were in the high, wide, light-flooded studio. It was big enough to serve as a living room too, and so along with the green garden children it contained all the living-room furniture from the house we'd lived in with my father in the suburban town of Hastings-on-Hudson, where I was born. A second-floor balcony ran along the far end of the studio, with two small bedrooms and a tiny bathroom tucked away upstairs; beneath that, where the ground floor continued through to the Bedford Street side, lay the only part of the apartment that might let you know we didn't have much money. The ceiling was very low and it was always dark in there; the small windows looked out underneath an iron sidewalk grating, and the bottom of that street cavity was thick with strewn garbage. Our roach-infested kitchen was barely big enough for a stove and sink that were never clean, and for a brown wooden icebox with its dark, ever-melting

block of ice; the rest of that area was our dining room, and not even the amplitude of the old Hastings dining-room table could brighten it. But our Majestic radio was in there too, and that made it a cozy place for my older sister Edith and me: we liked the children's programs that came on in the late afternoons.

We had just turned off the radio one day when we went out into the studio and found our mother discussing the Roosevelt project with Howard Whitman. It was the first we'd heard of it, and we must have interrupted her with too many questions because she said "Edith? Billy? That's enough, now. I'll tell you all about this later. Run out in the garden and play."

She always called the courtyard "the garden," though nothing grew there except a few stunted city trees and a patch of grass that never had a chance to spread. Mostly it was bald earth, interrupted here and there by brick paving, lightly powdered with soot and scattered with the droppings of dogs and cats. It may have been six or eight houses long but it was only two houses wide, which gave it a hemmed-in, cheerless look; its only point of interest was a dilapidated marble fountain, not much bigger than a birdbath, which stood near our house. The original idea of the fountain was that water would drip evenly from around the rim of its upper tier and tinkle into its lower basin, but age had unsettled it; the water spilled in a single ropy stream from the only inch of the upper tier's rim that stayed clean. The lower basin was deep enough to soak your feet in on a hot day, but there wasn't much pleasure in that because the underwater part of the marble was coated with brown scum.

My sister and I found things to do in the courtyard every day, for all of the two years we lived there, but that was only because Edith was an imaginative child. She was eleven at the time of the Roosevelt project, and I was seven.

"Daddy?" she asked in our father's office uptown one afternoon. "Have you heard Mommy's doing a head of President Roosevelt?"

"Oh?" He was rummaging in his desk, looking for something he'd said we might like.

"She's going to take his measurements and stuff here in New York," Edith said, "and then after the Inauguration, when the sculpture's done, she's going to take it to Washington and present it to him in the White House." Edith often told one of our parents about the other's more virtuous activities; it was part of her long, hopeless effort to bring them back together. Many years later she told me she thought she had never recovered, and never would, from the shock of their breakup: she said Hastings-on-Hudson remained the happiest time of her life, and that made me envious because I could scarcely remember it at all.

"Well," my father said. "That's really something, isn't it." Then he found what he'd been looking for in the desk and said "Here we go; what do you think of these?" They were two fragile perforated sheets of what looked like postage stamps, each stamp bearing the insignia of an electric light bulb in vivid white against a yellow background, and the words "More light."

My father's office was one of many small cubicles on the twenty-third floor of the General Electric Company building. He was an assistant regional sales manager in what was then called the Mazda Lamp Division—a modest job, but good enough to have allowed him to rent into a town like Hastings-on-Hudson in better times—and these "More light" stamps were souvenirs of a recent sales convention. We told him the stamps were neat—and they were—but expressed some doubt as to what we might do with them.

"Oh, they're just for decoration," he said. "I thought you could paste them into your schoolbooks, or—you know—whatever you want. Ready to go?" And he carefully folded the sheets of stamps and put them in his inside pocket for safekeeping on the way home.

Between the subway exit and the courtyard, somewhere in the West Village, we always walked past a vacant lot where men stood huddled around weak fires built of broken fruit crates and trash, some of them warming tin cans of food held by coat-hanger wire over the flames. "Don't stare," my father had said the first time. "All those men are out of work, and they're hungry."

"Daddy?" Edith inquired. "Do you think Roosevelt's good?"

"Sure I do."

"Do you think all the Democrats are good?"

"Well, most of 'em, sure."

Much later I would learn that my father had participated in local Democratic party politics for years. He had served some of his political friends—men my mother described as dreadful little Irish people from Tammany Hall—by helping them to establish Mazda Lamp distributorships in various parts of the city. And he loved their social gatherings, at which he was always asked to sing.

"Well, of course, you're too young to remember Daddy's singing," Edith said to me once after his death in 1942.

"No I'm not; I remember."

Richard Yates is a novelist and short-story writer whose most recent books are *Disturbing the Peace* (1975) and *The Easter Parade* (1976).

"But I mean really remember," she said. "He had the most beautiful tenor voice I've ever heard. Remember 'Danny Boy'?"

"Sure."

"Ah, God, that was something," she said, closing her eyes. "That was really—that was really something."

When we got back to the courtyard that afternoon, and back into the studio, Edith and I watched our parents say hello to each other. We always watched that closely, hoping they might drift into conversation and sit down together and find things to laugh about, but they never did. And it was even less likely than usual that day because my mother had a guest—a woman named Sloane Cabot who was her best friend in the courtyard, and who greeted my father with a little rush of false, flirtatious enthusiasm.

"How've you been, Sloane?" he said. Then he turned back to his former wife and said "Helen? I hear you're planning to make a bust of Roosevelt."

"Well, not a bust," she said. "A head. I think it'll be more effective if I cut it off at the neck."

"Well, good. That's fine. Good luck with it. Okay, then." He gave his whole attention to Edith and me. "Okay. See you soon. How about a hug?"

And those hugs of his, the climax of his visitation rights, were unforgettable. One at a time we would be swept up and pressed hard into the smells of linen and whiskey and tobacco; the warm rasp of his jaw would graze one cheek and there would be a quick moist kiss near the ear; then he'd let us go.

He was almost all the way out of the courtyard, almost out in the street, when Edith and I went racing after him.

"Daddy! Daddy! You forgot the stamps!"

He stopped and turned around, and that was when we saw he was crying. He tried to hide it—he put his face nearly into his armpit as if that might help him search his inside pocket—but there is no way to disguise the awful bloat and pucker of a face in tears.

"Here," he said. "Here you go." And he gave us the least convincing smile I had ever seen. It would be good to report that we stayed and talked to him—that we hugged him again—but we were too embarrassed for that. We took the stamps and ran home without looking back.

"Oh, aren't you excited, Helen?" Sloane Cabot was saying. "To be meeting him, and talking to him and everything, in front of all those reporters?"

"Well, of course," my mother said, "but the important thing is to get the measurements right. I hope there won't be a lot of photographers and silly interruptions."

Sloane Cabot was some years younger than my mother, and strikingly pretty in a style often portrayed in what I think are called Art Deco illustrations of that period: straight dark bangs, big eyes, and a big mouth. She too was a divorced mother, though her former husband had vanished long ago and was referred to only as "that bastard" or "that cowardly son of a bitch." Her only child was a boy of Edith's age named John, whom Edith and I liked enormously.

The two women had met within days of our moving into the courtyard, and their friendship was sealed when my mother solved the problem of John's schooling. She knew a Hastings-on-Hudson family who would appreciate the money earned from taking in a boarder, so John went up there to live and go to school, and came home only on weekends. The arrangement cost more than Sloane could comfortably afford, but she managed to make ends meet and was forever grateful.

Sloane worked in the Wall Street district as a private secretary. She talked a lot about how she hated her job and her boss, but the good part was that her boss was often out of town for extended periods: that gave her time to use the office typewriter in pursuit of her life's ambition, which was to write scripts for the radio.

She once confided to my mother that she'd made up both of her names: "Sloane" because it sounded masculine, the kind of name a woman alone might need for making her way in the world, and "Cabot" because—well, because it had a touch of class. Was there anything wrong with that?

"Oh, Helen," she said. "This is going to be wonderful for you. If you get the publicity—if the papers pick it up, and the newsreels—you'll be one of the most interesting personalities in America."

Five or six people were gathered in the studio on the day my mother came home from her first visit with the President-elect.

"Will somebody get me a drink?" she asked, looking around in mock helplessness. "Then I'll tell you all about it."

And with the drink in her hand, with her eyes as wide as a child's, she told us how a door had opened and two big men had brought him in.

"Big men," she insisted. "Young, strong men, holding him up under the arms, and you could see how they were straining. Then you saw this *foot* come out, with these awful metal braces on the shoe, and then the *other* foot. And he was sweating, and he was panting for breath, and his face was—I don't know—all bright and tense and horrible." She shuddered.

"Well," Howard Whitman said, looking uneasy, "he can't help being crippled, Helen."

STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN.) HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.
2 P.M.
MAY WE SUGGEST ONE EGG, SUNNY SIDE UP, A HUNK OF FRENCH BREAD. AND SOME RICH, TASTY TOMATO JUICE WITH FOUR DROPS OF HOT SAUCE, 3 DASHES OF WORCESTERSHIRE, CELERY SALT, A WEDGE OF LEMON, A CELERY STALK FOR STIRRING, AND ONE AND ONE-HALF OUNCES OF YOU KNOW WHAT.
Smirnoff
LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS

"Howard," she said impatiently, "I'm only trying to tell you how *ugly* it was." And that seemed to carry a certain weight. If she was an authority on beauty—on how a little boy might kneel among ferns to play the pipes of Pan, for example—then surely she had earned her credentials as an authority on ugliness.

"*Any*way," she went on, "they got him into a chair, and he wiped most of the sweat off his face with a handkerchief—he was still out of breath—and after a while he started talking to some of the other men there; I couldn't follow that part of it. Then finally he turned to me with this smile of his. Honestly, I don't know if I can describe that smile. It isn't something you can see in the newsreels; you have to be there. His eyes don't change at all, but the corners of his mouth go up as if they're being pulled by puppet strings. It's a frightening smile. It makes you think: This could be a dangerous man. This could be an evil man. Well anyway, we started talking, and I spoke right up to him. I said 'I didn't vote for you, Mr. President.' I said 'I'm a good Republican and I voted for President Hoover.' He said 'Why are you here, then?' or something like that, and I said 'Because you have a very interesting head.' So he gave me the smile again and he said 'What's interesting about it?' And I said 'I like the bumps on it.' "

By then she must have assumed that every reporter in the room was writing in his notebook, while the photographers got their flashbulbs ready; tomorrow's papers might easily read:

GAL SCULPTOR TWITS FDR
ABOUT 'BUMPS' ON HEAD

At the end of her preliminary chat with him she got down to business, which was to measure different parts of his head with her calipers. I knew how that felt: the cold, trembling points of those clay-encrusted calipers had tickled and poked me all over during the times I'd served as model for her fey little woodland boys.

But not a single flashbulb went off while she took and recorded the measurements, and nobody asked her any questions; after a few nervous words of thanks and goodbye she was out in the corridor again among all the hopeless, craning people who couldn't get in. It must have been a bad disappointment, and I imagine she tried to make up for it by planning the triumphant way she'd tell us about it when she got home.

"Helen?" Howard Whitman inquired, after most of the other visitors had gone. "Why'd you tell him you didn't vote for him?"

"Well, because it's true. I *am* a good Republican; you know that."

She was a storekeeper's daughter from a small town in Ohio; she had probably grown up hearing the phrase "good Republican" as an index of respectability and clean clothes. And maybe she had come to relax her standards of respectability, maybe she didn't even care much about clean clothes anymore, but "good Republican" was worth clinging to. It would be helpful when she met the customers of her garden figures, the people whose low, courteous voices would welcome her into their lives and who would almost certainly turn out to be Republicans too.

"I believe in the aristocracy!" she often cried, trying to make herself heard above the rumble of voices when her guests were discussing communism, and they seldom paid her any attention. They liked her well enough: she gave parties with plenty of liquor, and she was an agreeable hostess if only because of her touching eagerness to please; but in any talk of politics she was like a shrill, exasperating child. She believed in the aristocracy.

She believed in God, too, or at least in the ceremony of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which she attended several times a year. And she believed in Eric Nicholson, the handsome middle-aged Englishman who was her lover. He had something to do with the American end of a British chain of foundries: his company cast ornamental objects into bronze and lead. The cupolas of college and high school buildings all over the East, the lead-casement windows for Tudor-style homes in places like Scarsdale and Bronxville—these were some of the things Eric Nicholson's firm had accomplished. He was always self-deprecating about his business, but ruddy and glowing with its success.

My mother had met him the year before, when she'd sought help in having one of her garden figures cast into bronze, to be "placed on consignment" with some garden-sculpture gallery from which it would never be sold. Eric Nicholson had persuaded her that lead would be almost as nice as bronze and much cheaper; then he'd asked her out to dinner, and that evening changed our lives.

Mr. Nicholson rarely spoke to my sister or me, and I think we were both frightened of him, but he overwhelmed us with gifts. At first they were mostly books—a volume of cartoons from *Punch*, a partial set of Dickens, a book called *England in Tudor Times* containing tissue-covered color plates that Edith liked. But in the summer of 1933, when our father arranged for us to spend two weeks with our mother at a small lake in New Jersey, Mr. Nicholson's gifts became a cornucopia of sporting goods. He gave Edith a steel fishing rod with a reel so intricate that none of us could have figured it out even if we'd known how to fish, a wicker creel for carrying the fish she would never catch, and a sheathed hunting knife to be worn at her waist. He gave me a short axe whose head was encased in a leather holster and strapped to my belt—I guess this was for cutting firewood to cook the fish—and a cumbersome net with a handle that hung from an

elastic shoulder strap, in case I should be called upon to wade in and help Edith land a tricky one. There was nothing to do in that New Jersey village except take walks, or what my mother called good hikes; and every day, as we plodded out through the insect-humming weeds in the sun, we wore our full regalia of useless equipment.

That same summer Mr. Nicholson gave me a three-year subscription to *Field and Stream,* and I think that impenetrable magazine was the least appropriate of all his gifts because it kept coming in the mail for such a long, long time after everything else had changed for us: after we'd moved out of New York to Scarsdale, where Mr. Nicholson had found a house with a low rent, and after he had abandoned my mother in that house—with no warning—to return to England and to the wife from whom he'd never really been divorced.

But all that came later; I want to go back to the time between Franklin D. Roosevelt's election and his Inauguration, when his head was slowly taking shape on my mother's modeling stand.

Her original plan had been to make it life-size, or larger than life-size, but Mr. Nicholson urged her to scale it down for economy in the casting, and so she made it only seven or eight inches high. He persuaded her too, for the second time since he'd known her, that lead would be almost as nice as bronze.

She had always said she didn't mind at all if Edith and I watched her work, but we had never much wanted to; now it was a little more interesting because we could watch her sift through many photographs of Roosevelt cut from newspapers until she found one that would help her execute a subtle plane of cheek or brow.

But most of our day was taken up with school. John Cabot might go to school in Hastings-on-Hudson, for which Edith would always yearn, but we had what even Edith admitted was the next best thing: we went to school in our bedroom.

During the previous year my mother had enrolled us in the public school down the street, but she'd begun to regret it when we came home with lice in our hair. Then one day Edith came home accused of having stolen a boy's coat, and that was too much. She withdrew us both, in defiance of the city truant officer, and pleaded with my father to help her meet the cost of a private school. He refused. The rent she paid and the bills she ran up were already taxing him far beyond the terms of the divorce agreement; he was in debt; surely she must realize he was lucky even to have a job. Would she ever learn to be reasonable?

It was Howard Whitman who broke the deadlock.

He knew of an inexpensive, fully accredited mail-order service called The Calvert School, intended mainly for the homes of children who were invalids. The Calvert School furnished weekly supplies of books and materials and study plans; all she would need was someone in the house to administer the program and to serve as a tutor. And someone like Bart Kampen would be ideal for the job.

"The skinny fellow?" she asked. "The Jewish boy from Holland or wherever it is?"

"He's very well educated, Helen," Howard told her. "And he speaks fluent English, and he'd be very conscientious. And he could certainly use the money."

We were delighted to learn that Bart Kampen would be our tutor. With the exception of Howard himself, Bart was probably our favorite among the adults around the courtyard. He was twenty-eight or so, young enough so that his ears could still turn red when he was teased by children; we had found that out in teasing him once or twice about such matters as that his socks didn't match. He was tall and very thin and seemed always to look startled except when he was comforted enough to smile. He was a violinist, a Dutch Jew who had emigrated the year before in the hope of joining a symphony orchestra, and eventually of launching a concert career. But the symphonies weren't hiring then, nor were the pit orchestras of Broadway theaters, so Bart had gone without work for a long time. He lived alone in a room on Seventh Avenue, not far from the courtyard, and people who liked him used to worry that he might not have enough to eat. He owned two suits, both cut in a way that must have been stylish in the Netherlands at the time: stiff, heavily padded shoulders and a nipped-in waist; they would probably have looked better on someone with a little more meat on his bones. In shirtsleeves, with the cuffs rolled back, his hairy wrists and forearms looked even more fragile than you might have expected, but his long hands were shapely and strong enough to suggest authority on the violin.

"I'll leave it entirely up to you, Bart," my mother said when he asked if she had any instructions for our tutoring. "I know you'll do wonders with them."

A small table was moved into our bedroom, under the window, and three chairs placed around it. Bart sat in the middle so that he could divide his time equally between Edith and me. Big, clean, heavy brown envelopes arrived in the mail from The Calvert School once a week, and when Bart slid their fascinating contents onto the table it was like settling down to begin a game.

Edith was in the fifth grade that year—her part of the table was given over to incomprehensible talk about English and History and Social Studies—and I was in the first. I spent my mornings asking Bart to help me puzzle out the very opening moves of an education.

"Take your time, Billy," he would say. "Don't get impatient with this. Once you have it you'll see how easy it is, and then you'll be ready for the next thing."

At eleven each morning we would take a break. We'd go downstairs and out to the part of the courtyard that had a little grass. Bart would carefully lay his folded coat on the sidelines, turn back his shirt cuffs, and present himself as ready to give what he called airplane rides. Taking us one at a time, he would grasp one wrist and one ankle; then he'd whirl us off our feet and around and around, with himself as the pivot, until the courtyard and the buildings and the city and the world were lost in the dizzying blur of our flight.

After the airplane rides we would hurry down the steps into the studio, where we'd usually find that my mother had set out a tray bearing three tall glasses of cold Ovaltine, sometimes with cookies on the side and sometimes not. I once overheard her telling Sloane Cabot she thought the Ovaltine must be Bart's first nourishment of the day—and I think she was probably right, if only because of the way his hand would tremble in reaching for his glass. Sometimes she'd forget to prepare the tray and we'd go into the kitchen and fix it ourselves; I can never see a jar of Ovaltine on a grocery shelf without remembering those times. Then it was back upstairs to school again. And during that year, by coaxing and prodding and telling me not to get impatient, Bart Kampen taught me to read.

It was an excellent opportunity for showing off. I would pull books down from my mother's shelves—mostly books that were the gifts of Mr. Nicholson—and try to impress her by reading mangled sentences aloud.

"That's wonderful, dear," she would say. "You've really learned to read, haven't you."

Soon a white and yellow "More light" stamp was affixed to every page of my Calvert First Grade Reader, proving I had mastered it, and others were accumulating at a slower rate in my arithmetic workbook. Still other stamps were fastened to the wall beside my place at the school table, arranged in a proud little white and yellow, thumb-smudged column that rose as high as I could reach.

"You shouldn't have put your stamps on the wall," Edith said.

"Why?"

"Well, because they'll be hard to take off."

"Who's going to take them off?"

That small room of ours, with its double function of sleep and learning, stands more clearly in my memory than any other part of our home. Someone should probably have told my mother that a girl and boy of our ages ought to have separate rooms, but that never occurred to me until much later. Our cots were set foot-to-foot against the wall, leaving just enough space to pass alongside them to the school table, and we had some good conversations as we lay waiting for sleep at night. The one I remember best was the time Edith told me about the sound of the city.

"I don't mean just the loud sounds," she said, "like the siren going by just now, or those car doors slamming, or all the laughing and shouting down the street; that's just close-up stuff. I'm talking about something else. Because you see there are millions and millions of people in New York—more people than you can possibly imagine, ever—and most of them are doing something that makes a sound. Maybe talking, or playing the radio, maybe closing doors, maybe putting their forks down on their plates if they're having dinner, or dropping their shoes if they're going to bed—and because there are so many of them, all those little sounds add up and come together in a kind of hum. But it's so faint—so very, very faint—that you can't hear it unless you listen very carefully for a long time."

"Can you hear it?" I asked her.

"Sometimes. I listen every night, but I can only hear it sometimes. Other times I fall asleep. Let's be quiet now, and just listen. See if you can hear it, Billy."

And I tried hard, closing my eyes as if that would help, opening my mouth to minimize the sound of my breathing, but in the end I had to tell her I'd failed. "How about you?" I asked.

"Oh, I heard it," she said. "Just for a few seconds, but I heard it. You'll hear it too, if you keep trying. And it's worth waiting for. When you hear it, you're hearing the whole city of New York."

The high point of our week was Friday afternoon, when John Cabot came home from Hastings. He exuded health and normality; he brought fresh suburban air into our bohemian lives. He even transformed his mother's small apartment, while he was there, into an enviable place of rest between vigorous encounters with the world. He subscribed to both *Boys' Life* and *Open Road for Boys,* and these seemed to me to be wonderful things to have in your house, if only for the illustrations. John dressed in the same heroic way as the boys shown in those magazines, corduroy knickers with ribbed stockings pulled taut over his muscular calves. He talked a lot about the Hastings high school football team, for which he planned to try out as soon as he was old enough, and about Hastings friends whose names and personalities grew almost as familiar to us as if they were friends of our own. He taught us invigorating new ways to speak, like saying "What's the diff?" instead of "What's the difference?" And he was better even than Edith at finding new things to do in the courtyard.

You could buy goldfish for ten or fifteen cents apiece in Woolworth's then, and one day we brought home three of them to keep in the fountain. We sprinkled the water with more Woolworth's granulated fish food than they could possibly need, and we named them after ourselves: "John," "Edith," and "Billy." For a week or two Edith and I would run to the fountain every morning, before Bart came for school, to make sure they were still alive and to see if they had enough food, and to watch them.

"Have you noticed how much bigger Billy's getting?" Edith asked me. "He's huge. He's almost as big as John and Edith now. He'll probably be bigger than both of them."

Then one weekend when John was home he called our attention to how quickly the fish could turn and move. "They have better reflexes than humans," he explained. "When they see a shadow in the water, or anything that looks like danger, they get away faster than you can blink. Watch." And he sank one hand into the water to make a grab for the fish named Edith, but she evaded him and fled. "See that?" he asked. "How's that for speed? Know something? I bet you could shoot an arrow in there, and they'd get away in time. Wait." To prove his point he ran to his mother's apartment and came back with the handsome bow and arrow he had made at summer camp (going to camp every summer was another admirable thing about John); then he knelt at the rim of the fountain like the picture of an archer, his bow steady in one strong hand and the feathered end of his arrow tight against the bowstring in the other. He was taking aim at the fish named Billy. "Now, the velocity of this arrow," he said in a voice weakened by his effort, "is probably more than a car going eighty miles an hour. It's probably more like an airplane, or maybe even more than that. Okay; watch."

The fish named Billy was suddenly floating dead on the surface, on his side, impaled a quarter of the way up the arrow with part of his pink guts dribbled along the shaft.

I was too old to cry, but something had to be done about the shock and rage and grief that filled me as I ran from the fountain, heading blindly for home, and halfway there I came upon my mother. She stood looking very clean, wearing a new coat and dress I'd never seen before and fastened to the arm of Mr.

Nicholson. They were either just going out or just coming in—I didn't care which—and Mr. Nicholson frowned at me (he had told me more than once that boys of my age went to boarding school in England), but I didn't care about that either. I bent my head into her waist and didn't stop crying until long after I'd felt her hands stroking my back, until after she had assured me that goldfish didn't cost much and I'd have another one soon, and that John was sorry for the thoughtless thing he'd done. I had discovered, or rediscovered, that crying is a pleasure—that it can be a pleasure beyond all reckoning if your head is pressed in your mother's waist and her hands are on your back, and if she happens to be wearing clean clothes.

There were other pleasures. We had a good Christmas Eve in our house that year, or at least it was good at first. My father was there, which obliged Mr. Nicholson to stay away, and it was nice to see how relaxed he was among my mother's friends. He was shy, but they seemed to like him. He got along especially well with Bart Kampen.

Howard Whitman's daughter Nancy, a sweet-natured girl of about my age, had come in from New Rochelle to spend the holidays with him, and there were several other children whom we knew but rarely saw. John looked very mature that night in a dark coat and tie, plainly aware of his social responsibilities as the oldest boy.

After a while, with no plan, the party drifted back into the dining-room area and staged an impromptu vaudeville. Howard started it: he brought the tall stool from my mother's modeling stand and sat his daughter on it, facing the audience. He folded back the opening of a brown paper bag two or three times and fitted it onto her head; then he took off his suit coat and draped it around her backwards, up to the chin; he went behind her, crouched out of sight, and worked his hands through the coatsleeves so that when they emerged they appeared to be hers. And the sight of a smiling little girl in a paper-bag hat, waving and gesturing with huge, expressive hands, was enough to make everyone laugh. The big hands wiped her eyes and stroked her chin and pushed her hair behind her ears; then they elaborately thumbed her nose at us.

Next came Sloane Cabot. She sat very straight on the stool with her heels hooked over the rungs in such a way as to show her good legs to their best advantage, but her first act didn't go over.

"Well," she began, "I was at work today—you know my office is on the fortieth floor—when I happened to glance up from my typewriter and saw this big old man sort of crouched on the ledge outside the window, with a white beard and a funny red suit. So I ran to the window and opened it and said 'Are you all right?' Well, it was Santa Claus, and he said 'Of course I'm all right; I'm used to high places. But listen, Miss: can you direct me to number seventy-five Bedford Street?' "

There was more, but our embarrassed looks must have told her we knew we were being condescended to; as soon as she'd found a way to finish it she did so quickly. Then, after a thoughtful pause, she tried something else that turned out to be much better.

"Have you children ever heard the story of the first Christmas?" she asked. "When Jesus was born?" And she began to tell it in the kind of hushed, dramatic voice she must have hoped might be used by the narrators of her more serious radio plays.

". . . And there were still many miles to go before they reached Bethlehem," she said, "and it was a cold night. Now, Mary knew she would very soon have a baby. She even knew, because an angel had told her, that her baby might one day be the saviour of all mankind. But she was only a young girl"—here Sloane's eyes glistened, as if they might be filling with tears—"and the traveling had exhausted her. She was bruised by the jolting gait of the donkey and she ached all over, and she thought they'd never, ever get there, and all she could say was 'Oh, Joseph, I'm so tired.' "

The story went on through the rejection at the inn, and the birth in the stable, and the manger, and the animals, and the arrival of the three kings; when it was over we clapped a long time because Sloane had told it so well.

"Daddy?" Edith asked. "Will you sing for us?"

"Oh, well, thanks, honey," he said, "but no; I really need a piano for that. Thanks anyway."

The final performer of the evening was Bart Kampen, persuaded by popular demand to go home and get his violin. There was no surprise in discovering that he played like a professional, like something you might easily hear on the radio; the enjoyment came from watching how his thin face frowned over the chin rest, empty of all emotion except concern that the sound be right. We were proud of him.

Some time after my father left a good many other adults began to arrive, most of them strangers to me, looking as though they'd already been to several other parties that night. It was very late, or rather very early Christmas morning, when I looked into the kitchen and saw Sloane standing close to a bald man I didn't know. He held a trembling drink in one hand and slowly massaged her shoulder with the other; she seemed to be shrinking back against the old wooden icebox. Sloane had a way of smiling that allowed little wisps of cigarette smoke to escape from between her almost-closed lips while she looked you up and down,

and she was doing that. Then the man put his drink on top of the icebox and took her in his arms, and I couldn't see her face anymore.

Another man, in a rumpled brown suit, lay unconscious on the dining-room floor. I walked around him and went into the studio, where a good-looking young woman stood weeping wretchedly and three men kept getting in each other's way as they tried to comfort her. Then I saw that one of the men was Bart, and I watched while he outlasted the other two and turned the girl away toward the door. He put his arm around her and she nestled her head in his shoulder; that was how they left the house.

Edith looked jaded in her wrinkled party dress. She was reclining in our old Hastings-on-Hudson easy chair with her head tipped back and her legs flung out over both the chair's arms, and John sat cross-legged on the floor near one of her dangling feet. They seemed to have been talking about something that didn't interest either of them much, and the talk petered out altogether when I sat on the floor to join them.

"Billy," she said, "do you realize what time it is?"

"What's the diff?" I said.

"You should've been in bed hours ago. Come on. Let's go up."

"I don't feel like it."

"Well," she said, "I'm going up, anyway," and she got laboriously out of the chair and walked away into the crowd.

John turned to me and narrowed his eyes unpleasantly. "Know something?" he said. "When she was sitting in the chair that way I could see everything."

"Huh?"

"I could see everything. I could see the crack, and the hair. She's beginning to get hair."

I had observed these features of my sister many times—in the bathtub, or when she was changing her clothes—and hadn't found them especially remarkable; even so, I understood at once how remarkable they must have been for him. If only he had smiled in a bashful way we might have laughed together like a couple of regular fellows out of *Open Road for Boys,* but his face was still set in that disdainful look.

"I kept looking and looking," he said, "and I had to keep her talking so she wouldn't catch on, but I was doing fine until you had to come over and ruin it."

Was I supposed to apologize? That didn't seem right, but nothing else seemed right either. All I did was look at the floor.

When I finally got to bed there was scarcely time for trying to hear the elusive sound of the city—I had found that a good way to keep from thinking of anything else—when my mother came blundering in. She'd had too much to drink and wanted to lie down, but instead of going to her own room she got into bed with me. "Oh," she said. "Oh, my boy. Oh, my boy." It was a narrow cot and there was no way to make room for her; then suddenly she retched, bolted to her feet, and ran for the bathroom, where I heard her vomiting. And when I moved over into the part of the bed she had occupied my face recoiled quickly, but not quite in time, from the slick mouthful of puke she had left on her side of the pillow.

For a month or so that winter we didn't see much of Sloane because she said she was "working on something big. Something really big." When it was finished she brought it to the studio, looking tired but prettier than ever, and shyly asked if she could read it aloud.

"Wonderful," my mother said. "What's it about?"

"That's the best part. It's about us. All of us. Listen."

Bart had gone for the day and Edith was out in the courtyard by herself—she often played by herself—so there was nobody for an audience but my mother and me. We sat on the sofa and Sloane arranged herself on the tall stool, just as she'd done for telling the Bethlehem story.

"There is an enchanted courtyard in Greenwich Village," she read. "It's only a narrow patch of brick and green among the irregular shapes of very old houses, but what makes it enchanted is that the people who live in it, or near it, have come to form an enchanted circle of friends.

"None of them have enough money and some are quite poor, but they believe in the future; they believe in each other, and in themselves.

"There is Howard, once a top reporter on a metropolitan daily newspaper. Everyone knows Howard will soon scale the journalistic heights again, and in the meantime he serves as the wise and humorous sage of the courtyard.

"There is Bart, a young violinist clearly destined for virtuosity on the concert stage, who just for the present must graciously accept all lunch and dinner invitations in order to survive.

"And there is Helen, a sculptor whose charming works will someday grace the finest gardens in America, and whose studio is the favorite gathering place for members of the circle."

There were several more pages like that, introducing other characters, and toward the end she got around to the children. She described my sister as "a lanky, dreamy tomboy," which was odd—I had never thought of Edith that way—and she called me "a sad-eyed, seven-year-old philosopher," which was wholly baffling. When the introduction was over she paused a few seconds for dramatic effect and then went into the

opening episode of the series, or what I suppose would be called the "pilot."

I couldn't follow the story very well—it seemed to be mostly an excuse for bringing each character up to the microphone for a few lines apiece—and before long I was listening only to see if there would be any lines for the character based on me. And there were, in a way. She announced my name—"Billy"—but then instead of speaking she put her mouth through a terrible series of contortions, accompanied by funny little bursts of sound, and by the time the words came out I didn't care what they were. It was true that I stuttered badly—I wouldn't get over it for five or six more years—but I hadn't expected anyone to put it on the radio.

"Oh, Sloane, that's marvelous," my mother said when the reading was over. "That's really exciting."

And Sloane was carefully stacking her typed pages in the way she'd probably been taught to do in secretarial school, blushing and smiling with pride. "Well," she said, "it probably needs work, but I do think it's got a lot of potential."

"It's perfect," my mother said. "Just the way it is."

Sloane mailed the script to a radio producer and he mailed it back with a letter typed by some radio secretary, explaining that her material had too limited an appeal to be commercial. The radio public was not yet ready, he said, for a story of Greenwich Village life.

Then it was March. The new President promised that the only thing we had to fear was fear itself, and soon after that his head came packed in wood and excelsior from Mr. Nicholson's foundry.

It was a fairly good likeness. She had caught the famous lift of the chin—it might not have looked like him at all if she hadn't—and everyone told her it was fine. What nobody said was that her original plan had been right, and Mr. Nicholson shouldn't have interfered: it was too small. It didn't look heroic. If you could have hollowed it out and put a slot in the top, it might have made a serviceable bank for loose change.

The foundry had burnished the lead until it shone almost silver in the highlights, and they'd mounted it on a sturdy little base of heavy black plastic. They had sent back three copies: one for the White House presentation, one to keep for exhibition purposes, and an extra one. But the extra one soon toppled to the floor and was badly damaged—the nose mashed almost into the chin—and my mother might have burst into tears if Howard Whitman hadn't made everyone laugh by saying it was now a good portrait of Vice President Garner.

Charlie Hines, Howard's old friend from the *Post* who was now a minor member of the White House staff, made an appointment for my mother with the President late on a weekday morning. She arranged for Sloane to spend the night with Edith and me; then she took an evening train down to Washington, carrying the sculpture in a cardboard box, and stayed at one of the less expensive Washington hotels. In the morning she met Charlie Hines in some crowded White House anteroom, where I guess they disposed of the cardboard box, and he took her to the waiting room outside the Oval Office. He sat with her as she held the naked head in her lap, and when their turn came he escorted her in to the President's desk for the presentation. It didn't take long. There were no reporters and no photographers.

Afterward Charlie Hines took her out to lunch, probably because he'd promised Howard Whitman to do so. I imagine it wasn't a first-class restaurant, more likely some bustling, no-nonsense place favored by the working press, and I imagine they had trouble making conversation until they settled on Howard, and on what a shame it was that he was still out of work.

"No, but do you know Howard's friend Bart Kampen?" Charlie asked. "The young Dutchman? The violinist?"

"Yes, certainly," she said. "I know Bart."

"Well, Jesus, there's *one* story with a happy ending, right? Have you heard about that? Last time I saw Bart he said 'Charlie, the Depression's over for me,' and he told me he'd found some rich, dumb, crazy woman who's paying him to tutor her kids."

I can picture how she looked riding the long, slow train back to New York that afternoon. She must have sat staring straight ahead or out the dirty window, seeing nothing, her eyes round and her face held in a soft shape of hurt. Her adventure with Franklin D. Roosevelt had come to nothing. There would be no photographs or interviews or feature articles, no thrilling moments of newsreel coverage; strangers would never know of how she'd come from a small Ohio town, or of how she'd nurtured her talent through the brave, difficult, one-woman journey that had brought her to the attention of the world. It wasn't fair.

All she had to look forward to now was her romance with Eric Nicholson, and I think she may have known even then that it was faltering—his final desertion came the next fall.

She was forty-one, an age when even romantics must admit that youth is gone, and she had nothing to show for the years but a studio crowded with green plaster statues that nobody would buy. She believed in the aristocracy, but there was no reason to suppose the aristocracy would ever believe in her.

And every time she thought of what Charlie Hines had said about Bart Kampen—oh, how hateful; oh,

how hateful—the humiliation came back in wave on wave, in merciless rhythm to the clatter of the train.

She made a brave show of her homecoming, though nobody was there to greet her but Sloane and Edith and me. Sloane had fed us, and she said "There's a plate for you in the oven, Helen," but my mother said she'd rather just have a drink instead. She was then at the onset of a long battle with alcohol that she would ultimately lose; it must have seemed bracing that night to decide on a drink instead of dinner. Then she told us "all about" her trip to Washington, managing to make it sound like a success. She talked of how thrilling it was to be actually inside the White House; she repeated whatever small, courteous thing it was that President Roosevelt had said to her on receiving the head. And she had brought back souvenirs: a handful of note-size White House stationery for Edith, and a well-used briar pipe for me. She explained that she'd seen a very distinguished-looking man smoking the pipe in the waiting room outside the Oval Office; when his name was called he had knocked it out quickly into an ashtray and left it there as he hurried inside. She had waited until she was sure no one was looking; then she'd taken the pipe from the ashtray and put it in her purse. "Because I knew he must have been somebody important," she said. "He could easily have been a member of the Cabinet, or something like that. Anyway, I thought you'd have a lot of fun with it." But I didn't. It was too heavy to hold in my teeth and it tasted terrible when I sucked on it; besides, I kept wondering what the man must have thought when he came out of the President's office and found it gone.

Sloane went home after a while, and my mother sat drinking alone at the dining-room table. I think she hoped Howard Whitman or some of her other friends might drop in, but nobody did. It was almost our bedtime when she looked up and said "Edith? Run out in the garden and see if you can find Bart."

He had recently bought a pair of bright tan shoes with crepe soles. I saw those shoes trip rapidly down the dark brick steps beyond the windows—he seemed scarcely to touch each step in his buoyancy—and then I saw him come smiling into the studio, with Edith closing the door behind him. "Helen!" he said. "You're back!"

She acknowledged that she was back. Then she got up from the table and slowly advanced on him, and Edith and I began to realize we were in for something bad.

"Bart," she said, "I had lunch with Charlie Hines in Washington today."

"Oh?"

"And we had a very interesting talk. He seems to know you very well."

"Oh, not really; we've met a few times at Howard's, but we're not really—"

"And he said you'd told him the Depression was over for you because you'd found some rich, dumb, crazy woman who was paying you to tutor her kids. Don't interrupt me."

But Bart clearly had no intention of interrupting her. He was backing away from her in his soundless shoes, retreating past one stiff green garden child after another. His face looked startled and pink.

"I'm not a rich woman, Bart," she said, bearing down on him. "And I'm not dumb. And I'm not crazy. And I can recognize ingratitude and disloyalty and sheer, rotten viciousness and *lies* when they're thrown in my face."

My sister and I were halfway up the stairs, jostling each other in our need to hide before the worst part came. The worst part of these things always came at the end, after she'd lost all control and gone on shouting anyway.

"I want you to get out of my house, Bart," she said. "And I don't ever want to see you again. And I want to tell you something. All my life I've hated people who say 'Some of my best friends are Jews.' Because *none* of my friends are Jews, or ever will be. Do you understand me? *None* of my friends are Jews, or ever will be."

The studio was quiet after that. Without speaking, avoiding each other's eyes, Edith and I got into our pajamas and into bed. But it wasn't more than a few minutes before the house began to ring with our mother's raging voice all over again, as if Bart had somehow been brought back and made to take his punishment twice.

". . . And I said '*None* of my friends are Jews, or ever will be . . .' "

She was on the telephone, giving Sloane Cabot the highlights of the scene, and it was clear that Sloane would take her side and comfort her. Sloane might know how the Virgin Mary felt on the way to Bethlehem, but she also knew how to play my stutter for laughs. In a case like this she would quickly see where her allegiance lay, and it wouldn't cost her much to drop Bart Kampen from her enchanted circle.

When the telephone call came to an end at last there was silence downstairs until we heard her working with the ice pick in the icebox: she was making herself another drink.

There would be no more school in our room. We would probably never see Bart again—or if we ever did, he would probably not want to see us. But our mother was ours; we were hers; and we lived with that knowledge as we lay listening for the faint, faint sound of millions. □

"It was an article of faith that no one *in* Society could ever be a writer"—and particularly not a woman. Both her sex and her social station have obscured the genius of Edith Wharton. According to the author, she should properly be ranked with Henry James as one of the "two great American masters of the novel."

A few years ago I was asked by the publisher of a biography of Edith Wharton to provide him with what is elegantly known in the trade as a "blurb." Dutifully, I read the biography. There was new material about Mrs. Wharton's private life (after twenty-three years of marriage, she had her first sexual experience at forty-six). There was a good account of the ups and downs of the reputation of a writer who . . . well, herewith the blurb that eventually decorated the dust jacket of R. W. B. Lewis's *Edith Wharton.* "At best, there are only three or four American novelists who can be thought of as 'major' and Edith Wharton is one. Due to her sex, class (in every sense), and place of residence, she has been denied her proper place in the near-empty pantheon of American literature. Happily, Mr. Lewis's biography ought to convince the solemn of her seriousness; with much new material, he has illuminated a marvelous figure and her age." When, eventually, I collect in a single slender volume the various blurbs that I have produced over the years, I shall give, I hope not too immodestly, pride of place to this small but subtly cut zircon of the blurb-maker's tiny art.

Now, let us examine the points I raised in that blurb.

"At best, there are only three or four American novelists who can be thought of as 'major' and Edith

OF WRITERS AND CLASS: IN PRAISE OF EDITH WHARTON

by Gore Vidal

Wharton is one." Who are the other two or three? I don't think I will go into that beyond noting that, to my mind, Henry James and Edith Wharton are the two great American masters of the novel. Most of our celebrated writers have not been, properly speaking, novelists at all. Hawthorne and Melville wrote romances. Hemingway and Crane and Fitzgerald were essentially short story writers (a literary form which Americans have always excelled at). Mark Twain was a memoirist. William Dean Howells was indeed a true novelist, but as Edith Wharton remarked (they were friendly acquaintances), Howells's "incurable moral timidity . . . again and again checked him on the verge of a masterpiece." She herself was never timid. Somehow in recent years a notion has got about that she was a stuffy, grand old lady who wrote primly decorous novels about upper-class people of a sort that is no longer supposed to exist. She was indeed a grand lady, but she was not at all stuffy. Quite the contrary. She was witty. She was tough as nails. As for those upper-class people, they are still very much with us. But as their age ceased to be gilded and became discreetly chromed, they decided wisely to stay out of sight. Nevertheless, they run the United States just as they did when Edith Wharton and her friend Henry James wrote about them.

"Due to her sex . . . she has been denied her proper place" as a great American writer. This seems to me to be altogether true, and sad. For a very long time it was an article of faith among American schoolteachers and writers of book chat for newspapers that no woman could be a major writer. Predictably, it was Norman Mailer who put the conservative case: "I have nothing to say about any of the talented women who write today. . . . Indeed I doubt if there will be a really exciting woman writer until the first whore becomes a call girl and tells her tale." If anyone can figure out what that last sentence means, drop me a line. For Mailer, women writers are "fey, old-hat, Quaintsy Goysy, tiny, too dykily psychotic, crippled, creepish, fashionable, frigid, outer-Baroque, *maquillé* mannequin's whimsy, or else bright and stillborn." He then adds a nervous footnote to the effect that, well, there are *three* contemporary women writers who are not too bad. But the point he has made reflects not only the Old Testament hatred that so many American men have for women (particularly notable in the fifties when the gabble that I've just quoted was written) but also the loony conviction that only men can do anything of major importance in literature, quite forgetting that the best novelist in the English language was a lady who was forced (partly by the Mailers of her day) to take the name George Eliot.

Edith Wharton was quite aware that her sex was held against her. There are hundreds of Mailers in every literary generation, and they write most of the book reviews. But I suspect that she was far more disturbed by the attitudes toward women of the class she was born into, where a woman . . . no, that word was not used . . . where a lady was expected to be supremely ornamental, and nothing else. From the beginning, Edith Jones (later Wharton) was far too clever. Or, as she ruefully noted, Boston thought her too fashionable to be clever while New York thought her too clever to be fashionable.

"Due to . . . her class . . . ," Edith Wharton was denied her proper place. Class is a delicate subject in the United States. We are not supposed to know anything about class because everyone is exactly like everyone else except, naturally, for those who are rich—and for those who are poor—and of course for the rest of us. Edith Newbold Jones was born in 1862. The Joneses were a large, proud New York family (it is said that the expression "keeping up with the Joneses" referred to them). Edith was related to almost everyone. And kinship is what society with a capital *S* is all about. For that matter, society with a

Henry James

small *s* (at least in small communities) tends to be pretty much the same thing. One of the reasons the American South produced so many good writers was that until recently each small town included a number of families who had become so involved with one another over the centuries that the often quite lurid stories of kin, passed on from generation to generation on slow, hot afternoons, were the very stuff of literature for any attentive child with a liking for stories, writing. One needs a well-defined society to make good novels. On the other hand, although the New York of Edith Jones's day was a splendid subject for a novelist, it was an article of faith that no one *in* Society could ever be a writer. Writers were "not like us." Of course they were brainy. But then so were chemists, and you did not have a chemist to dinner . . . or a writer.

Edith Jones's New York was still that of *The Age of Innocence*. There were dinner parties, appearances at the opera, Assembly balls; there was Newport in the summer, with the afternoon *passeggiata* along Ocean Drive; there was, best of all for her, Europe, where she spent much of her childhood because her father was suddenly obliged to economize and it was cheaper to live in Paris than in New York. When, finally, nervously, tentatively, she began to publish, her friends and family were deeply puzzled, and only one relative (a bedridden lady) ever admitted to having read her books. The making of literature in that world was like some wasting, sad disease which, luckily, was not thought to be contagious. Otherwise, she would have been locked up; kept permanently in quarantine.

In Edith Wharton's memoir *A Backward Glance,* she contemplated her long life (she died in 1937). Of her education: "I used to say that I had been taught only two things in my childhood: the modern languages and good manners. Now that I have lived to see both those branches of culture dispensed with, I perceive that there are worse systems of education." She also regarded with a sharp eye the New York gentry of her youth. They had bored her a good deal at the time. A girl who liked to read and think did not have many people to talk to in Old New York. But later, looking back, she was surprised at her own nostalgia. "Social life, with us as in the rest of the world, went on with hardly perceptible changes till the war [1917] abruptly tore down the old frame-work, and what had seemed unalterable rules of conduct became of a sudden observances as quaintly arbitrary as the domestic rites of the Pharaohs."

Although Edith Wharton professed a certain nostalgia for the customs of a class that after 1917 changed its style (but kept its money), she made certain that she herself was delivered, as soon as possible, into a happier world where not only was she admired as a writer but she could move among intellectual equals. Needless to say, such a world was to be found not in the United States of that day but in Europe. In Paris a woman could be taken seriously as an intellectual, and it was in Paris that she finally settled.

Owing to her place of residence, she was much criticized by those America Firsters who never seemed to mind the fact that writers such as Ernest Hemingway seldom lived in the United States. Some sort of double standard is obviously at work.

"With much new material, [Mr. Lewis] has illuminated a marvelous figure and her age." What was the

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Gore Vidal's essay will appear in slightly different form as the introduction to *The Edith Wharton Omnibus,* which will be published in the spring.

new material? Well, some of it is fairly shocking even in these candid days. In 1885 Edith Jones married the charming but dim Edward Wharton. As was the custom in that far-off time, Edith went to the bridal bed a virgin. Whether or not she was still a virgin the next day is moot. We do know that whatever happened so traumatized her that that was that: no more sex. The marriage itself was not too bad (both of them liked animals). Eventually Teddy Wharton found friends elsewhere while Edith wrote, gardened, lived a full if not fulfilled life. Then, at forty-six, she had her first love affair with a clever, not entirely trustworthy bisexual. But the lover's shortcomings made no real difference. After all, it is not who or what one loves but the emotion itself that matters. In middle life, she was rejuvenated. More to the point, the honesty with which she had treated intimate relations between her characters now possessed a new authority. Despite her reputation as a stuffy grande dame, she had been the most direct and masculine (old sense of the word, naturally) of writers; far more so than her somewhat fussy and hesitant friend Henry James. Spades got called spades in Edith Wharton's novels. As a result, she was always at war with "editorial timidity." Early on, she was told by one of the few good editors of the day that no American magazine would publish anything that might offend "a non-existent clergyman in the Mississippi valley; . . . [I] made up my mind from the first that I would never sacrifice my literary conscience to this ghostly censor." But she lived long enough to find disquieting the explicitness of such writers as D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce.

With a certain dryness, she speaks of the difficulties that writers of her epoch had, turning "the wooden dolls of that literary generation into struggling suffering human-beings; but we have been avenged, and more than avenged, not only by life but by the novelists, and I hope the latter will see before long that it is as hard to get dramatic interest out of a mob of irresponsible criminals as out of the Puritan marionettes who formed our stock in trade. Authentic human nature lies somewhere between the two. . . ."

When the drunken Scott Fitzgerald tried to shock her by saying that he had just come from a bordello, old Mrs. Wharton silkily asked, "But what, Mr. Fitzgerald, did you *do* there?" Later, she complained of Fitzgerald's "insufficient data."

The four novellas that made up the volume *Old New York,* together with *The Age of Innocence,* can be read as a history of New York Society from the 1840s to the 1870s, all told from the vantage point of a brilliant middle-aged woman, looking back on a world that had already become as strange to her as that of the Pharaohs. *The Age of Innocence* was published in 1920 when Wharton was fifty-eight. *False Dawn, The Old Maid, The Spark,* and *New Year's Day* were published four years later.

With the four New York stories and *The Age of Innocence* we are back in a world that she knew as intimately as Proust knew the Paris of much the same era. The stories are precise and lucid, witty and passionate (there is no woman in American literature as fascinating as the doomed Madame Olenska). Not only does one live again in that lost world through Edith Wharton's art (and rather better to live in a far-off time through the medium of a great artist than to experience the real and probably awful age itself), but one is struck by the marvelous golden light that illuminates the world she reveals to us. How is this done? Through a total mastery of English. Now that our language is in trouble, one can, if not mourn the narrow world that she grew up in, at least respond with some sympathy when she observes: "My parents' ears were wounded by an unsuitable word as those of the musical are hurt by a false note." But then, "This feeling for good English was more than reverence, and nearer: it was love."

The Age of Innocence is unusually beautiful. That is to say, the prose is simple, straightforward, loved. When it comes to rounding off her great scene, where Madame Olenska is decorously destroyed by the Old New Yorkers at a dinner, Edith Wharton writes with the graceful directness of the Recording Angel: "It was the old New York way of taking life 'without effusion of blood': the way of people who dreaded scandal more than disease, who placed decency above courage, and who considered that nothing was more ill-bred than 'scenes;' except the behavior of those who gave rise to them."

Great writers are seldom great in everyday life. Edith Wharton seems to have been an exception. In World War I she remained in Paris. She worked hard for the refugees; visited the Front; was decorated by the French government. She was a loyal if tiring friend, as Henry James noted with awe: "Her powers of devastation are ineffable, her repudiation of repose absolutely tragic and she was never more brilliant and able and interesting."

Traditionally, Henry James has been placed slightly higher up the slope of Parnassus than Edith Wharton. But now that the prejudice against the female writer is on the wane, they look to be exactly what they are: giants, equals, the tutelary and benign gods of our American literature. □

ORPHANAGE BOY

A memoir by Karl Fleming

From the top: Rev. Barnes and charges; author, his mother, and his sister, Ethel Gray, on Easter Sunday, 1943

My father was an insurance salesman. He traveled the dusty back roads of the Carolinas and Virginia after the turn of the century selling policies to poor farmers and sharecroppers. He dropped dead of a heart attack at fifty-four in 1927, when I was four months old and my mother was twenty-two.

My mother was bewildered and frightened. She had a second-grade education and no work skills. She struggled to keep us going by selling Bibles and dishes door to door. But then the Depression came on and nobody had any money to spend for anything.

My father's best friend kept asking my mother to marry him. She declined for a long time, but then, somewhat in desperation because she didn't know how she was going to be able to take care of me, she said yes. My stepfather was fifty-five when they married.

We moved into an unpainted, three-room, clapboard shotgun shack at the edge of a cotton patch near the village of Vanceboro, North Carolina. The house was owned by one of my stepfather's brothers. It had a rusty hand-cranked pump on the porch and a privy out back. It had no electricity.

My mother got pregnant before long and had a girl whom she named Ethel Gray—a double southern name. When I was five and my half-sister was three my stepfather fell ill with nephritis. His stomach swelled enormously and had to be drained once a week with a catheter. He died early one winter morning and his brothers came with a mule-drawn wagon and carried him away in a pine coffin.

My mother was alone again. She got a $20-a-month government job in the high school lunchroom. We got most of our food from a big vegetable garden that we tended, and from a flock of Rhode Island Reds.

We survived fairly well for a while but then the strain of hard work and constant worry wore my mother down. Her health failed badly and she was in bed a lot. Finally she realized that she couldn't take care of me and my sister anymore. One of my stepfather's three brothers would have taken us in, but my mother didn't want that. A church friend told her that the Methodist Orphanage in Raleigh might accept us.

My mother wrote to the superintendent of the orphanage in the late summer and within a few weeks he came to the Vanceboro Methodist Church as the guest preacher. He was an enormous man of six feet four inches with snowy white hair, a big warty nose, and a swayback. He wore steel-rimmed glasses and a white linen suit with a red rose in the lapel. His name was the Reverend Albert Sydney Barnes.

After the service he and my mother talked on the church lawn while I sat looking down at them from the limb of a chinaberry tree. The superintendent told my

mother that the orphanage could take me soon but that there wasn't room for my sister. She could come later.

So two days after Christmas in 1934, when I was seven, my mother put my clothes into a cardboard suitcase and a friend drove us to Raleigh to the orphanage. The orphanage campus was spread over 300 acres of rolling hills thick with oak, pine, and dogwood trees. It was raining and the tree trunks were shiny black.

We drove up a winding dirt road to the top of a hill where the administration building sat. It was an old three-story brick structure called the Vann Building—after a big money-giver to the orphanage. Two rows of two-story brick cottages with slate roofs stretched out from each side of the Vann Building, forming a wide V.

A teen-age boy came out and escorted me and my mother up to the second floor of the administration building to the superintendent's office. He was sitting in a wooden swivel chair behind a rolltop desk. My mother was wearing a print dress, a hat, and a pair of white gloves—her Sunday clothes.

The superintendent told my mother not to worry, that I would be well taken care of and that I would be raised in a fine Christian home. My mother began to cry and dab at her eyes with a handkerchief. Then I began to cry, too.

"Goodbye, son," my mother said. "You be a good boy."

I was led off to the infirmary with my suitcase. The superintendent had told us that every new child had to be kept in quarantine for two weeks. The infirmary was run by a stout nurse named Mrs. Fogleman. She had a skinny assistant whom everybody called Stick.

At the end of my quarantine I moved to a cottage called the Brown Building. It was a faded old building with porches on the front and back, put up, as were the other eight children's cottages, at the turn of the century when the orphanage was founded.

There were thirty-four other boys in the building from eight to twelve years old, boys like me with one or both parents dead. The building had a playroom in the basement with wooden lockers around the walls. There was a large bathroom with four toilets and three bathtubs where we bathed two to a tub. On the main floor were the matron's two private rooms, one boys' bedroom that slept six, and a large study hall. There were three large boys' dormitories upstairs lined with steel-framed beds covered with white sheets and two patchwork blankets. There weren't any pillows.

The floors were of well-scrubbed oak. We swept them every day and scrubbed them every Saturday. None of the dormitories was heated.

The matron of the building was named Muh (for Mother) Brown. She was a tiny woman of five feet two inches with merry eyes and a soft voice. She had been raised in the orphanage herself. She told us that when she and her sister came to the orphanage, her mother told them to go to the window every night and say, "Goodnight Mama, sweet as a rose; how good we love you, God only knows. Goodnight Mama, sweet as a rose; how bad we miss you, God only knows."

I was frightened and lonely for a long time in the orphanage. I cried a lot in bed after we knelt down to say our nightly prayers.

We went to bed at 9 o'clock and arose at 6:30 when the big bell next to the laundry rang. We went to breakfast when the bell rang again at 7 o'clock. The dining room was a huge, high-ceilinged hall arranged so that each cottage had its own section of tables. The boys sat on one side and the girls on the other. There were 300 children in the orphanage.

Breakfast was cornflakes or oatmeal and milk, and sometimes government-surplus yellow grits. The dinner bell was at noon. For dinner we had a lot of fresh vegetables in the summer, grown on the orphanage's 300-acre farm, and canned vegetables and cornsticks in the winter. Supper was at 6 o'clock. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights we had peanut butter, molasses, and bread. The other nights there were vegetables and, sometimes, when one of the dairy cows got old and was killed, we had beef stew. On Sunday nights we got supper in a bag: a pickle relish sandwich, a peanut butter sandwich, and a wedge of pound cake.

The wooden tables in the dining hall seated six each. There were little tables and chairs for the children from the Baby Cottage. The youngest children were three.

The food was brought to the tables by a team of girls who lived in rooms over the kitchen. The rest of the big girls worked in the laundry. The food was supposed to be divided into six equal portions at the tables but there was real competition to be the first one at the table, for that gave you the privilege of having "first extra"—the first cut of anything left over after the original division.

There was a blessing before every meal. The matrons took turns at breakfast and dinner. At supper Mr. Barnes (he was called Old Man Barnes by the older boys) said the same blessing every night: "Oh, Lord, bless this food to our bodies and thus to Thy service."

We walked three miles downtown to the Edenton Street Methodist Church every week for Sunday

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School and church. We had Epworth League services in the orphanage chapel in the administration building, which also housed the school, every Sunday night. There were chapel services every morning. In the summer there were two weeknight revival services when fiery evangelists exhorted us to put aside our sinful ways and surrender our souls to Jesus Christ, and not ever to take that first drink, which meant ruination.

There was a lot of fighting, and bullying, among the boys. A definite pecking order was established. Everybody knew who could beat whom. I didn't like to fight, but there wasn't any choice sometimes. I was picked on quite a bit at first, until I had two fights with bigger boys and beat them both. There were Queensberry rules of a sort obeyed in fighting: you didn't hit an opponent when he was down.

My bully was a much bigger boy named Fatty Clark. There was just something about me that set him off, and he would hit me or kick me almost every time he saw me. But one day at the farm he was chasing me around the milk barn and I turned and threw a big rock which hit his wrist and hurt him badly. He didn't pick on me anymore after that.

In the Brown Building we played in the basement in the winter, skinning the cat on the overhead water pipes or building little tractors out of wooden matches, rubber bands, and empty thread spools. We clipped coupons out of *Collier's* and *Boys' Life* and sent them off for free samples of Ovaltine and Lifebuoy soap. We went to school from 7:30 until 11:30 and after the noon meal we raked leaves on the campus. They were hauled to the farm, five miles away, and spread in the cow barn.

Every October in the Brown Building, Muh Brown would line us up in the study hall and administer us each a tablespoon of cod-liver oil. This was supposed to ward off colds.

When spring came she decreed a day on which we could take off our shoes and go barefoot until the fall. We worked on the farm, hoeing corn, weeding and picking vegetables, stacking hay and shucking corn for the farm's nine mules. The older boys plowed and milked our dairy's sixty Holstein cows. We hauled a barrel of garbage from the dining room every day to feed the forty hogs the orphanage raised. When I got older I helped kill and dress the hogs. Mr. Barnes gave the choice meat and hams to special friends of the orphanage.

As Christmas approached, all the boys and girls in the orphanage got to make a "wish" for what they wanted as gifts— not to exceed a dollar in price. These written wishes were distributed to Women's Missionary Societies throughout eastern North Carolina and they fulfilled them.

On Christmas morning we excitedly went to breakfast and found an orange—the only one of the year—on our plates. Then at 10 o'clock everybody assembled in the auditorium. There was a huge Christmas tree on the stage. Some friend of the orphanage (one year it was Josephus Daniels of Raleigh, secretary of the navy under Wilson) would be on stage dressed as Santa Claus. He would pick up each package and call the name on it, and the boy or girl would march across the stage and receive the package. You could get a lot for a dollar then—a box of Milky Ways or chocolate-covered cherries, a knife, a flashlight.

In summer Muh Brown let us roam beyond the fenced borders of the orphanage to forage for blackberries, huckleberries, and wild plums. We knew the location of every apple and pecan tree within a three-mile radius of the orphanage and we raided them ruthlessly.

All the children got a week's vacation in the summer. But I didn't go home for the first four years I was there, because my mother got tuberculosis and was bedridden in the state TB sanatorium.

One day in late summer after everybody was back from vacation, Muh Brown would sit in her rocking chair on the back porch, a sheet spread over her lap, and would search our heads for vermin that we might have brought from the outside world. Bugs were found on the head of one boy, Johnny Roach, and he was ever after known as Cootie Roach. He had a brother with runny eyes called Snoteye Roach.

For some reason I never had a nickname, but nearly all of the other boys had them: Stone Moore, Pumpy Peacock, Pussy Leathers, Skinny Boston, Preacher Roe, Dopey Suit, Jeebie Clay, Monkey Jordan, Snake Driver, and two dark-skinned brothers called Big Nigger and Little Nigger.

Quite often boys would run away from the orphanage. They would either straggle back after several hours because they had no place to go, or Mr. Barnes would drive to their homes and fetch them back. A boy named Nuttsy Perry became a sort of hero when he hid out in an old rusty car body in the woods next to the orphanage for ten days before giving in and coming back. He had a girl in the dining room who sneaked peanut butter and bread to him over the fence every night. As punishment for such infractions, and for lesser ones such as smoking, Mr. Barnes would either administer a beating on the calves of the legs with a perforated wooden paddle, or would assign the miscreant to dig up a big stump in his spare time. Between school, church, and the farm, there wasn't much spare time—just Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

Muh Brown never spanked anyone. But she maintained strict discipline. We were always supposed to stay within earshot of a brass bell which she rang at unexpected times. If you didn't report when the bell rang, she would make you sit on the stairs inside while everybody else was out playing, or would make you stand in the corner on one foot.

After I had been in the orphanage for about six months, my conscious homesickness diminished and I joined happily in the traditional boys' games: scrub football, hellover, fox-and-the-wall, leapfrog, kick-the-can, fanning out with a broomstick and tennis ball, marbles, and hide.

When I was twelve I was graduated to the Page Building. That made me very unhappy because once again I was moving into a strange new world, with new boys and a new matron. I began to lose weight rapidly and was sent to the infirmary. The nurse kept me there for two weeks, stuffing me with chocolate and cookies. Then she sent me back to the Page Building with a note. I peeked at it on the way. It said, "What this boy needs is a lot of T.L.C." I didn't know what that meant. Vitamins, maybe.

The matron of the Page Building was a pretty, busty brunette named Mrs. Eudell Smith, wife of the athletic coach, a big hairy-armed man named Fred Smith. He had a high-pitched voice and an explosive temper. One day a Page boy named Froggy Tarrington gave Mr. Smith some lip on the back porch, and Mr. Smith held him down and gave him a fierce beating with his fists. Not long afterward Froggy caught spinal meningitis and died. I rode to the funeral at the nearby Oakwood Cemetery in a car with the Reverend A. J. Hobbs, the bald, pink-jowled minister of the Edenton Street Methodist Church. I asked him why Froggy had to die. He said God had a purpose in everything He did. That didn't satisfy me at all.

In the evenings some of the Page boys would creep along the hall and put their eyes to the keyhole at the Smiths' bedroom, hoping to see Mrs. Smith undressing. I never had the nerve to do it. But I was getting interested in girls then, and I began exchanging notes, delivered by an intermediary, with a brown-eyed girl named Jewell Hayes.

Dating was strictly forbidden, but clandestine romances flourished anyhow. There was great risk involved, for to be caught with a girl at night meant being "sent away," sent to the state-run Jackson Training School, where it was rumored that whippings were administered with a paddle that would leave the initials JTS on your behind.

Not long before I went to the orphanage the rules were so strict that if a girl was caught with a boy her head was shaved and she was locked in a closet. As the years passed, the rules were gradually relaxed, and by

From the top: Prayer time; Ethel Gray as a "dining room girl"; the orphanage basketball team (Fleming is no. 7)

the time I was in high school in the 1940s, we were allowed to date on Sunday afternoons in the parlor of the big girls' building. We sneaked furtive kisses but that was as far as it went. So far as I know, no girl ever got pregnant in the orphanage's history, and I believe that 99.44 percent of them left there virgins.

Old Man Barnes roamed the campus at night with a big Eveready flashlight, patrolling the groves around the girls' building looking for boys. He also appeared at unexpected times at the boys' dormitories, to make sure everybody was in bed.

Quite frequently he would appear at study hall at night, would excuse the matron, and, rocking back and forth on his heels, would lecture us on the evils of masturbation. He always quoted that part of the Bible that says if thy hand offend thee, cut it off. He exhorted us to take cold showers and practice Spartan self-control. But everybody masturbated, in solitary shame.

Of all the hundreds of boys I knew the ten years that I was there, I never heard of a single instance of homosexuality in the orphanage. Such a thing would have been considered enormously unmanly, and the worst fate that could befall a boy there was to be known as a sissy. Queers, as I was later to hear homosexuals

called, were never even discussed. I didn't even know what a homosexual was until I was sixteen, when a man who was a member of the Edenton Street Church got permission from Old Man Barnes to take me and two of my friends swimming at the YMCA. We swam nude, and he took our pictures. Somehow Mr. Barnes found out about the pictures and forbade the man to come anymore. The word circulated that the man did funny things to boys—we didn't know quite what.

My sister, meantime, had been transferred to the Methodist Orphanage when I was ten, from the Masonic Orphanage nearby where she had been sent the same year I left home. I didn't see much of her over the years at the orphanage. We lived in separate busy worlds, and boys were not even permitted on the girls' side of the campus. I would talk to her for a moment every now and then in front of the dining hall after meals, but we were never close.

After four years in the TB sanatorium, my mother got out and married a man named Johnson whom she met there. Two years later, he died, too.

My mother would visit us occasionally on Sundays, bringing a picnic lunch which we ate under the trees. From about twelve on, I didn't feel close to my mother anymore. I didn't like her to touch and hold me. I didn't understand why I felt that way, and it worried me.

I was moved up to the Cole Building when I was fifteen. I had become a big boy at last. At the farm I walked shirtless and barefoot in the cool earth plowing a team of mules, drove the orphanage tractor, cut corn for the cows, and helped bale hay. In the winter I strung barbed wire fences, cut ditch banks, and helped haul carloads of coal from the Seaboard freight station to the various cottages. The orphanage burned ten carloads of coal a year.

When I was sixteen I became a milk boy. That meant rising at 3:30 every morning, and riding in the cold open back of the truck to the farm. We milked the cows by hand when I first started, but then we got electric milkers. All the cows were Holsteins except one—a brown Guernsey whose milk was richer in butterfat. That milk was set aside in a special can for Old Man Barnes. Sometimes en route back to the orphanage after milking, we would drink half of Old Man Barnes's rich milk and refill his can with the thinner Holstein stuff.

By this time I was old enough and big enough to try out for the athletic teams. Every boy in high school was expected to be on the football team. No exceptions were permitted. We had a very tough and well-disciplined team, and we regularly defeated much bigger schools in the surrounding towns. We were very proud of being tough orphanage boys.

I was a skinny 137-pound tackle on the football team. I played center on the basketball team, and pitched for the baseball team. I wore with pride my red sweater with the white initials MO on it.

I was seriously "going with" Jewell Hayes then. One cold, starry night she walked beside me coming back from the nearby Devereaux meadow where we played our Friday night football games, and as we paused to say goodnight outside the dining room, I shyly kissed her. The sensation was so exquisite I nearly swooned. She was my only girl in the orphanage, although I kissed two others, Peggy Rose Graham and Larue Britt. Later, after she graduated, Jewell Hayes and I broke up and she married the man who ran the Milky Way, a little soda shop near the campus. I left the orphanage in 1944, still a virgin. I was seventeen and only a junior in high school. But I was caught up in the universal patriotic fervor of World War II, and I talked my mother into signing the papers so I could join the Navy. I was hoping to get in on the action, but didn't. The war soon ended.

My last year at the orphanage, I was president of my class and of the student body. Old Man Barnes occasionally would call me to his office and talk to me about becoming a Methodist minister. I stayed diplomatically evasive. I dared not tell him that I had become an atheist. I had read and thought about religion a lot. If there was a God, I could not justify His ways to man. I thought it was a sign of weakness to lean on religion for support.

When I left the orphanage I was a very idealistic, profane, and outwardly cynical young man, whom nobody could get close to. I quickly rebelled against the stern morality of the orphanage. I drank, sometimes to oblivion, smoked, gambled, and chased girls with a vengeance. In that time in the South, you were a man only to the extent of the number of girls you could seduce. The common braggadocio was, "I get more accidentally than you do on purpose." Girls truly existed only as sex objects.

None of the orphanage children went to college before World War II. There wasn't any money. But then came the GI bill, and many of the orphanage alumni began to take advantage of it. There was a special government examination you could take, the GED test, which established you as a high school graduate if you passed. I did, and enrolled with one of my orphanage buddies at Appalachian State Teachers College, Coach Smith's alma mater. After my junior year I quite by accident got a job as a reporter on the little newspaper in Wilson, North Carolina, where my mother then lived. I have been a journalist ever since.

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Most of my contemporaries didn't go to college. They married their orphanage sweethearts and settled down—great numbers of them in and around Raleigh—to raise families. They got jobs as mechanics, optical technicians, mailmen, salesmen, cops, bus drivers, and such. Later there were scholarships as the country grew more affluent, and more and more of them went to college. They became dentists, restaurateurs, and business executives. My sister became a nurse.

If not superbly educated, virtually all of the orphanage boys and girls came out as healthy, stable, law-abiding citizens. Only one orphanage boy ever went to prison. And not one, as far as I knew, was declared 4-F by the military.

There is a reunion of all the old boys and girls every Easter, and I go back as often as I can, always with mixed pleasure and pain. I laugh with my old boyhood friends about funny things that happened—about how the farm manager's little girl once fell into the dairy's huge wet manure pile; about how Nuttsy Perry ripped the seat out of his Sunday corduroy knickers trying to pole-vault over a barbed wire fence; about how we used to break into the storage room and steal peanut butter.

The orphanage is much changed now. It is called the Methodist Children's Home, and mainly it exists as a temporary foster home for the children of divorced parents. There are only 125 children there. They go off campus to Raleigh public schools. They date at will, and are even allowed to have automobiles. They are not insulated from the real world the way we were.

The orphanage farm, which I loved, has long since been sold to a developer. A freeway runs through the campus near a brook where we used to catch crawfish. The Brown Building has been torn down. Muh Brown, now seventy-eight, left the staff and took an apartment near the campus three years ago. But the orphanage is still her life, and she communicates by mail with dozens of boys who love her.

Old Man Barnes died in 1961 at the age of eighty-seven. He had retired after being superintendent for thirty-three years.

My mother still lives in Wilson, North Carolina. She survived a serious cancer operation three years ago and is a spunky, very religious lady of seventy-two. I feel closer to her now than I can remember feeling before.

She is disappointed that I have not found religion, but she is proud of me and my sister. She says that it broke her heart to send us to the orphanage, but that the way things happened, it was for the best.

I live far away from the orphanage in Los Angeles. And quite often I muse upon how far I am from where I was.

I'm still a pretty closed-up person, though not nearly so much as long ago. A psychiatrist told me that I'm afraid to open myself to people because I am afraid I will be abandoned again. I don't smoke. I drink sparingly—and never without a conscience pang. I still say "yessir" and "no, ma'am" to my elders. I feel guilty when I don't work hard. I have a reputation, I think, for being a pretty straight arrow.

Aside from the religion, and despite my earlier rebellion, I guess I turned out just the way Old Man Barnes and the Methodist Church wanted me to. □

From the top: Barnes and his staff; Christmas time; friends Cootie Roach and Little Jeevie Clay; Muh Brown, Karl Fleming, and a young orphanage boy, 1975.

A FIELD OF SILENCE

by Annie Dillard

On a Saturday morning in early September, she climbed the barnyard fence and strolled through the pasture. Stillness. The silence gathered and struck her and this is what she saw.

There is a place called "the farm" where I lived once, in a time that was very lonely. Fortunately I was unconscious of my loneliness then, and felt it only deeply, bewildered, in the half-bright way that a puppy feels pain.

I loved the place, and still do. It was an ordinary farm, a calf-raising, haymaking farm, and very beautiful. Its flat, messy pastures ran along one side of the central portion of a quarter-mile road in the central part of an island, an island in Puget Sound, so that from the high end of the road you could look west toward the Pacific, to the Sound and its hundred islands, and from the other end—and from the farm—you could see east to the water between you and the mainland, and beyond it the mainland's mountains slicked smooth with snow.

I liked the clutter about the place, the way everything blossomed or seeded or rusted; I liked the hundred half-finished projects, the smells, and the way the animals always broke loose. It is calming to herd animals. Often a regular rodeo breaks out—two people and a clever cow can kill a morning—but still, it is calming. You laugh for a while, exhausted, and silence is restored; the beasts are back in their pastures, the fences not fixed but disguised as if they were fixed, ensuring the animals' temporary resignation; and a great calm descends, a lack of urgency, a sense of having to invent something to do until the next time you must run and chase cattle.

The farm seemed eternal in the crude way the earth does—extending, that is, a very long time. The farm

was as old as earth, always there, as old as the island, the Platonic form of "farm," of human society itself and at large, a piece of land eaten and replenished a billion summers, a piece of land worked on, lived on, grown over, plowed under, and stitched again and again, with fingers or with leaves, in and out and into human life's thin weave. I lived there once.

I lived there once and I have seen, from behind the barn, the long roadside pastures heaped with silence. Behind the rooster, suddenly, I saw the silence heaped on the fields like trays. That day the green hayfields supported silence evenly sown; the fields bent just so under the even pressure of silence, bearing it, even, palming it aloft: cleared fields, part of a land, a planet, that did not buckle beneath the heel of silence, nor split up scattered to bits, but instead lay secret, disguised as time and matter as though that were nothing, ordinary—disguised as fields like those which bear the silence only because they are spread, and the silence spreads over them, great in size.

I do not want, I think, ever to see such a sight again. That there is loneliness here I had granted, in the abstract—but not, I thought, inside the light of God's presence, inside his sanction, and signed by his name.

I lived alone in the farmhouse and rented; the owners, Angus and Lynn, in their twenties, lived in another building just over the yard. I had been reading and restless for two or three days. It was morning. I had just read at breakfast an Updike story, "Packed Dirt, Churchgoing, A Dying Cat, A Traded Car," which moved me. I heard our own farmyard rooster and two or three roosters across the street screeching. I quit the house, hoping at heart to see Lynn or Angus, but immediately to watch our rooster as he crowed.

It was Saturday morning late in the summer, in early September, clear-aired and still. I climbed the barnyard fence between the poultry and the pastures; I watched the red rooster, and the rooster, reptilian, kept one alert and alien eye on me. He pulled his extravagant neck to its maximum length, hauled himself high on his legs, stretched his beak as if he were gagging, screamed, and blinked. It was a ruckus. The din came from everywhere, and only the most rigorous application of reason could persuade me that it proceeded in its entirety from this lone and maniac bird.

After a pause, the roosters across the street would start, answering the proclamation, or cranking out another round, arrhythmically, interrupting. In the same way there is no pattern nor sense to the massed stridulations of cicadas; their skipped beats, enjambments, and failed alterations jangle your spirits, as though each of those thousand insects, each with identical feelings, were stubbornly deaf to the others, and loudly alone.

I shifted along the fence to see if Lynn or Angus was coming or going. To the rooster I said nothing, but only stared. And he stared at me; we were both careful to keep the wooden fence slat from our line of sight, so that his profiled eye and my two eyes could meet. From time to time I looked beyond the pastures to learn if anyone might be seen on the road.

When I was turned away in this manner, the silence gathered and struck me. It bashed me broadside from nowhere, as if I'd been hit by a plank. It dropped from the heavens above me like yard goods; ten acres of fallen, invisible sky choked the fields. The pastures on either side of the road turned green in a surrealistic fashion, monstrous, impeccable, as if they were holding their breath. The roosters stopped. All the things of the world—the fields and the fencing, the road, a parked orange truck—were stricken and self-conscious. A world pressed down on their surfaces, a world battered just within their surfaces, and that real world, so near to emerging, had got stuck.

There was only silence. It was the silence of matter caught in the act and embarrassed. There were no cells moving, and yet there were cells. I could see the shape of the land, how it lay holding silence. Its poise and its stillness were unendurable, like the ring of the silence you hear in your skull when you're little and notice you're living, the ring which resumes later in life when you're sick.

There were flies buzzing over the dirt by the henhouse, moving in circles and buzzing, black dreams in chips off the one long dream, the dream of the regular world. But the silent fields were the real world, eternity's outpost in time, whose look I remembered but never like this, this God-blasted, paralyzed day. I felt myself tall and vertical, in a blue shirt, self-conscious, and wishing to die. I heard the flies again; I looked at the rooster who was frozen looking at me.

Then at last I heard whistling, human whistling far on the air, and I was not able to bear it. I looked around, heartbroken; only at the big yellow Charolais farm far up the road was there motion—a woman, I think, dressed in pink, and pushing a wheelbarrow easily over the grass. It must have been she who was whistling and heaping on top of the silence those hollow notes of song. But the slow sound of the music—the beautiful sound of the music ringing the air like a stone bell—was isolate and detached. The notes spread into the general air and became the weightier part of silence, silence's last straw. The distant woman and her wheelbarrow were flat and detached, like mechanized and pink-painted properties for a stage. I stood in pieces, afraid I was unable to

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move. Something had unhinged the world. The houses and roadsides and pastures were buckling under the silence. Then a Labrador, black, loped up the distant driveway, fluid and cartoonlike, toward the pink woman. I had to try to turn away. Holiness is a force, and like the others can be resisted. It was given, but I didn't want to see it, God or no God. It was as if God had said, "I am here, but not as you have known me. This is the look of silence, and of loneliness unendurable: it too has always been mine, and now will be yours." I was not ready for a life of sorrow, sorrow deriving from knowledge I could just as well stop at the gate.

I turned away, willful, and the whole show vanished. The realness of things disassembled. The whistling became ordinary, familiar; the air above the fields released its pressure and the fields lay hooded as before. I myself could act. Looking to the rooster I whistled to him myself, softly, and some hens appeared at the chicken house window, greeted the day, and fluttered down.

Several months later, walking past the farm on the way to a volleyball game, I remarked to a friend, by way of information, "There are angels in those fields." Angels! That silence so grave and so stricken, that choked and unbearable green! I have rarely been so surprised at something I've said. Angels! What are angels? I had never thought of angels, in any way at all.

From that time I began to think of angels. I considered that sights such as I had seen of the silence must have been shared by the people who said they saw angels. I began to review the thing I had seen that morning. My impression now of those fields is of thousands of spirits—spirits trapped, perhaps, by my refusal to call them more fully, or by the paralysis of my own spirit at that time—thousands of spirits, angels in fact, almost discernible to the eye, and whirling. If pressed I would say they were three or four feet from the ground. Only their motion was clear (clockwise, if you insist); that, and their beauty unspeakable.

There are angels in those fields, and, I presume, in all fields, and everywhere else. I would go to the lions for this conviction, to witness this fact. What all this means about perception, or language, or angels, or my own sanity, I have no idea. □

MIDWINTER THAW

It began slowly. At first we could not hear
the small knock of water
come back from the deep places.
We had gone deaf with cold.
Now we wake and the streets
are water running to water
while overnight the fields have come down from the hills:
slow cows, earth-red and steamy,
they stand around our houses
and allow themselves to be touched.

I feel a light mist lift
on the wind when the wind rises.
On the pond the round ice floats free:
a moon
gone black in black water.

by Katha Pollitt

A CULTURAL EXCHANGE

A story by Gail Godwin

Once I was twenty-one and terrified I would not get the most out of life. I wanted to marry, to travel, to be a writer. Not in that order; not in any order. Perhaps I could bring everything about simultaneously, without having to make any bridge-burning choices. The truth was, I was a person who had spacious ideals, but who was rather timid when it came to facing unknown space.

I went to Copenhagen on a freighter. It was October, the worst month for storms, and I stayed flat on my back in my cabin for most of the trip. The stewardess brought me oranges, and, in my good moments, I sat up and continued work on the long letter I was writing to the man I intended to marry one of these days.

After a week in Copenhagen, I decided to stay for the winter. I wrote to Barney, my intended, that I had "fallen in love with the Danes." Let him worry a little about the ambiguous plural. The real reason, though I couldn't have told you then, was that traveling wearied and depressed me. I found it hard to concentrate on the pure experience of another culture, when I was feeling self-conscious about eating alone, or trying to dissolve little grains of Woolite in a hotel basin that leaked, or constantly being surprised by one more expense I hadn't counted on.

I went to the American Embassy, and the cultural attaché gave me the name of a widower in Klampenborg, who took out a lot of books on American culture from the USIS library. "He's not running a boarding-house or anything, mind you, but he did once say that his family has shrunk and he has too much space, and he had been entertaining the thought of taking into the house a well-behaved young person, someone who could help improve his son's English."

And so, on Sunday afternoon, I found myself aboard the electric train, shuttling outward from the city. A rush of cold air came in at each stop: Nordhavn, Svanemøllen, Hellerup, Charlottenlund, Ordrup . . . The names of these suburbs vibrated with the secrets of the country I was now going to discover. Secure that I was being met at the end of the line, I could concentrate on the essences along the way.

I saw him before he saw me. He was clearly a gentleman in the old tradition, the way he stood on the station platform, proud and rather aloof, in his chesterfield, his gray-gloved hands on his walking stick. A real patriarch. My fatherless imagination appropriated his image at once. Then I shrank back as he scanned the windows of my car. But not before I caught the naked wistfulness that played across his features. "We shall look each other over," he had said on the phone, in precise Oxford English. But I had seen, in that eager, lonely look, a predisposition to welcome whatever stepped off the train.

I did just that, pulling up the collar of my polo coat to have something to do with my hands. There was no point in pretending to look up and down the platform, for he was the only person waiting. "Mr. Engelgard? I'm Amanda Sloane. How nice of you to meet me at the station." (". . . *a well-behaved young person*")

"Rolf Engelgard. It is my pleasure." I could see he

was as pleased with my appearance as I had been with his. "I live only there, but first we shall walk a little." He pointed to some white apartment buildings on the slope of a hill. Beyond their flat roofs stretched the glassy gray smoothness of the sea, its horizon topped by a small, misty slice of Sweden. "Are you hungry?" he asked. "Maybe you would like to eat first."

"Oh, I had a late breakfast."

"In that case, we shall wait a little. Would you like a ride into Dryehavn, the king's deer park and hunting lodge? It is lovely just now, before the frost comes. We will lunch after. How would you like that?"

"I'd love it, but I hadn't meant to take up your entire Sunday afternoon."

"Time is something of which I have plenty," he said, taking my arm. "So! First a ride into the park, then lunch at Ryttergarten, then I show you my big old flat. Have you learned any Danish yet?"

"Just *tak*. And *tak for sidst*, and *tusind tak*, and *mange tak*. The people here all speak such good English that it makes me shy. Nevertheless, I'd like to try to learn enough to make myself understood . . ."

He stopped suddenly. We were mounting a rather steep cement upgrade, away from the Klampenborg station into a leaf-strewn park. His handsome old face went very pale. "I am sorry," he said, breathing very fast. "Last winter I had a little bronchial ailment and still find myself short of breath. It is such a nuisance." He spoke lightly, with an ironic lilt, but his blue eyes were hard with fury. He stood for several minutes, leaning heavily on his stick, glaring at the clean October sky, as if cursing some Viking deity up there.

"We're not in any hurry," I said tactfully. "That's why I like it here. Everyone takes his time."

"The Danes are downright lazy." He started to walk again. "I am a Norwegian. My parents came here when I was a boy."

"What are Norwegians like, then?" I wanted to win his approval.

"Fierce, proud, hardworking. The Danes have a sense of humor, but the Norwegians work harder. My elder son, for example, is Norwegian to the core. My younger, who lives with me, is typical Danish. Almost thirty and still a student."

"And what does your older son do?"

"A lawyer in Copenhagen. We don't speak of him, please."

"Of course," I agreed, embarrassed by the unexpected rebuff. "Where is your car parked?"

"I have no car. They are very dear in this country. I always ride a bicycle until this drat illness."

"Oh, I thought you said something about a ride in the deer park." *Eccentric,* I was thinking; *a bit senile* . . . ?

"Ah!" he now smiled broadly for the first time, "we are in the deer park. Look." He pointed with his stick toward a hill crowned by a small castle, behind which the early winter sun was already setting at half past one. "We *shall* ride to the king's hunting lodge." He looked down at me, quite pleased with himself. "You wait here, please." He crossed the road and spoke in Danish to a hack driver who stood beside his horses, drinking a bottle of beer.

Soon we were sitting side by side in the open carriage, our legs wrapped in tartan rugs. The driver trotted his pair of bays along the curving path of the woods, where deer grazed close enough for us to see their eyes blink. Engelgard was watching my face avidly for every reaction. "I am so interested to know what you think, all your impressions, Amanda. May I call you Amanda? This will be a new experience for me, too. I have never taken in a lodger. Ever since my wife died, Lars—that is the son who lives with me—has been urging me to let one of our unused rooms. It is such a big flat. It contained twenty-one years of our busy married life, the growing of two boys. I told Lars, 'Whoever comes to live here, *if* I shall find such a person, shall be treated like family.' I could not have it any other way. I wanted a young person. They are more adaptable and straightforward. You come from the southern part of the United States. Wait, let me guess where. One of the Carolinas."

"North Carolina," I said, amazed, "but how could you tell?"

He smiled radiantly. I suddenly saw how good-looking he must have been as a young man. "I was not manager of Thomas Cook and Sons for thirty years without knowing some Americans. Also I have made a study of American dialects. Languages are my hobby. I speak twelve. Would you like to bet: before you leave us, I shall be able to speak like a—what would you call a native of North Carolina?"

"Well, a lot of people say Tarheel."

"Tarheel! How delightful! And what is the origin of the term?"

"I'm ashamed to say I don't know."

"Never mind, we shall find out. We have plenty of time during these long winter months. I must teach you about North Carolina; you shall show me the Danes." He rubbed his gloved hands together and chuckled. "It will be so good to have interesting conversations with someone young and vital. Poor Lars is at the university all day."

The horses had slowed at the top of a hill. The driver turned to Engelgard and said something in Danish. He replied. When speaking the Scandinavian tongue, his

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deep voice went up a pitch; he glided softly over the diphthongs, as if he were afraid of mashing them with his strength. *Wait a minute, wait a minute,* the Voice of Experience was warning me, though I hardly ever listened in those days. *Having a fatherly, interpretative landlord your first uncertain winter abroad is one thing; getting involved in the needs of a lonely, authoritative old widower, whose moods go up and down like a seesaw, is something else.*

"Look there, Tarheel. Have you ever seen so many deer in one place?"

I was already phrasing its beauty in a letter to Barney: the tough, bare lines of the royal hunting lodge, the vast and peaceful sward where hundreds of deer grazed within touching distance of the Sunday strollers; the whole thing bathed in the russet glow of this uncanny early sunset. I was so excited about being somewhere foreign, at last, and how I would write about it, that I grabbed Mr. Engelgard and committed myself in a rush of exuberant gratitude.

"You certainly do know how to give things a lovely beginning," I said.

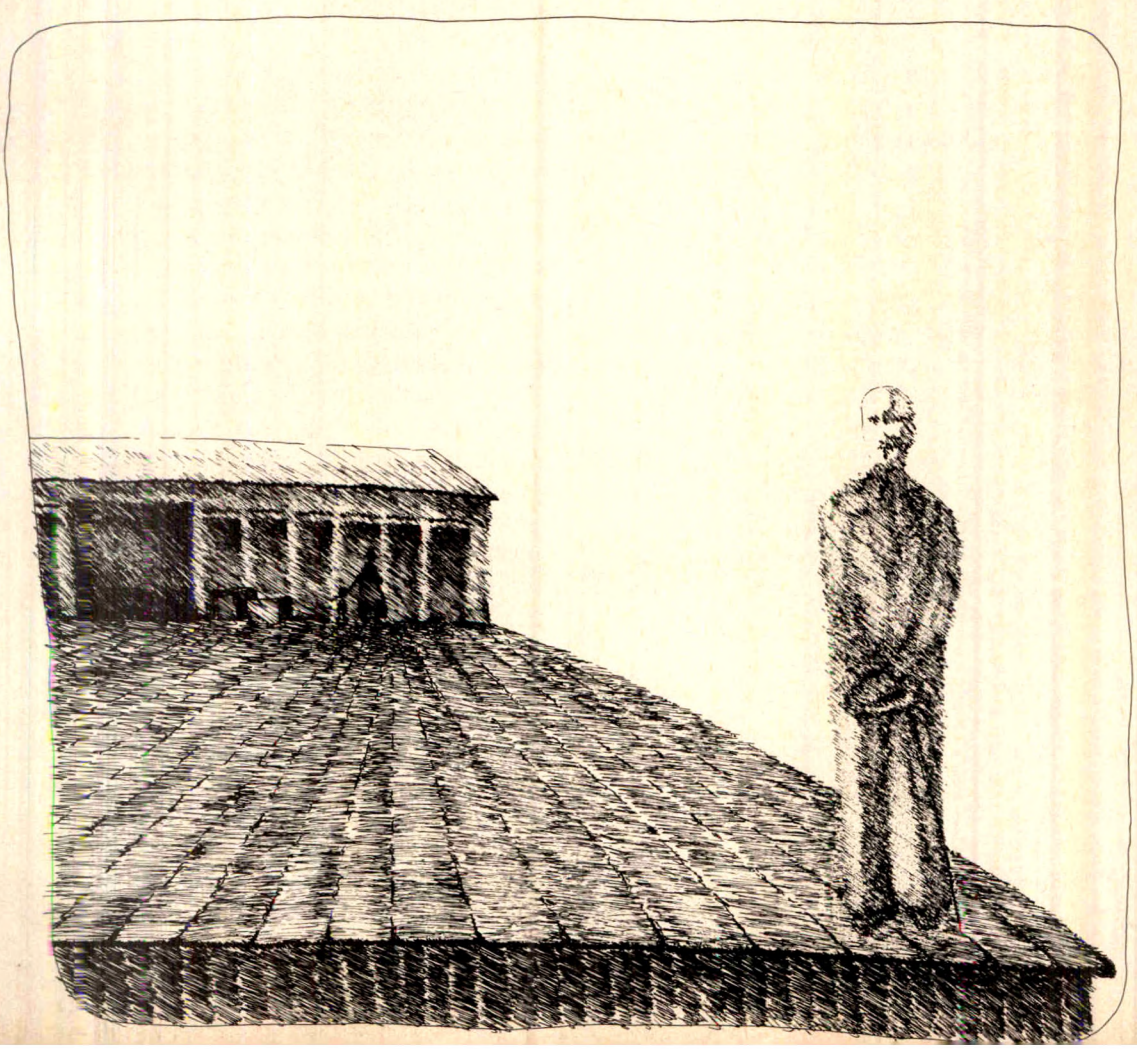
He looked studiously at the crowds of deer and people. A tear detached itself from his eye and rolled down his bony cheek.

"How many deer are there in all, I wonder?" I went on, pretending I hadn't seen.

"The guidebooks say two thousand," replied the ironic, lilting voice, "But I should think many more than that, myself."

I moved into the enormous, rather dark old flat on Wednesday. Its one advantage was its view of the sea. My room had been Mrs. Engelgard's studio, where she did illustrations for women's magazines. Framed originals of these hung three and four deep on every wall. They showed people wearing slightly out-of-style clothes kissing under leafy trees, little children sitting alone in corners, a girl in an evening dress running away from a gloomy old house, her evening cloak streaming behind her.

Mr. Engelgard had spent all of Monday and Tuesday going through the big oak wardrobe, transferring her things into cardboard boxes. The project was still unfinished when I arrived in the taxi.



The old man had taken the train to town, to do some shopping. It was Lars, the perennial-student son, who helped me settle in.

"All these clotheses shall go away," he said, removing from the floor of the wardrobe several pairs of small walking shoes with mud still caked to the heels. He dropped them gently into the cardboard box. "Poor Father. He worked all day and didn't get nowhere. He spend all the time looking at the things. He loved her so much."

Lars was not a bit like his father. He was short and round, like a troll, and had bright red cheeks and a scruffy red beard. His English was as rapid as it was incorrect, for he never paused to search for a word, simply filled in the nearest thing handy. He had switched majors several times and was now in zoology at the University of Copenhagen. "I should have finished my *examen* last year, but father went poor and I stay back and take care of him."

"He said he'd been sick." I began hanging my miracle-fiber outfits in Mrs. Engelgard's wardrobe. I decided to keep Lars's physical description vague in my letter to Barney.

"At night, you hear him. He searches for breath. It break your heart. I sleep in the bed with him. He is unwilling to sleep alone since she die. We hope you shall join us for our supper tonight. Gudrun will cook yellow bean soup. It is gorgeously good, I can tell you. Gudrun is our housekeeper. She is a jolly tart. In the evening she works under the bar at the hotel across the street."

"You mean behind the bar, I hope."

"Behind the bar. You will help my English. It is killing Father. Only, if I wait till I have the right word I never get my thing said. Is better to crash on, don't you think? He who hesitates is last."

"Lost," I corrected, laughing. He would be the brother I never had.

"Lost. Oh, you will be wonderful to have around. And look you—" He walked briskly across the cluttered room to the French doors and pointed proudly to a slab of frozen earth outside. Several twiglike plants, quite dead, stood stiffly erect. "Our garden. In spring, you shall have vegetables and flowers rising out there."

"But I'll be gone by then. I'll go to Paris in the spring."

"Ah, Paris. Yes. But now we enjoy the long Danish winter."

Mr. Engelgard came home long after dark, his arms full of parcels and books checked out of the USIS library. He breathed as though he might collapse any minute. Lars and I were sitting on the old horsehair sofa in the living room, looking at their family album. "Welcome to our house, Amanda," he said. Then, when he caught his breath, "What did the governor of North Carolina say to the governor of South Carolina?"

"At least I know that one. 'It's a long time between drinks.' "

"Right you are. But watch out: in future they shall not be so easy. I have been to your embassy and wiped out the Carolina shelf." He dropped a package as he was trying to show me a book and cursed in Danish. "Lars, do you think you might help me?" he said petulantly to his son.

Lars jumped up at once and took all the parcels. The cork of a wine bottle poked out of one. "Lucky *that* did not drop," he said roguishly, and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Well, now," said Engelgard, slumping heavily into an armchair, "has Lars shown you where to find things? I see he has lost no time in dragging out the family album. Actually I planned to show you it myself, a bit later on, after dinner some night, when you know us better and the pictures mean something. Poor Lars lacks a sense of occasion, but he means well. Do you like your room? It was my wife's studio."

"I love it. All those paintings. The sea outside. All I need now is a typewriter."

"Yes, you are going to begin your writing career. I shall call a man I know about renting you a machine. My wife worked long hours in that room. Late into the night sometimes. Of course, you must feel free to change things around, though personally, I think everything looks so appropriate as it is."

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of changing anything," I heard myself declare. All afternoon I had been looking for drawers and corners where I could stash the cactus plants and odd knickknacks whose value must lie in personal meanings for some family member.

"No, I thought you wouldn't," he said, rewarding me with his smile. "Ah, Lars, my boy, here you are. I thought of a perfect nickname for you today, since we will all be speaking more English in this house now."

"What is the name, Father?" Lars asked cheerfully, entering with a tray of drinks. There were two whiskies and some strange, yellowish, oily mixture in a wineglass, on whose bottom bounced a disconsolate black olive. "I have made Amanda a martini, just like in America, so she feels at home."

" 'Frowsy' is the name I have chosen," said Engelgard. He turned his head at such an angle that his son could not see his broad wink to me.

"Hmm. It sounds all right. What do it mean?"

"What *does* it mean. Well, the nearest translation would be . . ." He was shaking with barely suppressed mirth. "Let's see, Amanda, wouldn't you say the nearest translation of 'Frowsy' would be 'an Amer-

ican nobleman'?" The old blue eyes coaxed me to be an accomplice.

"Well, yes. I guess that's as good as any," I said. I took a sip of my "martini." Lars had made it with sweet vermouth.

"Frowsy," repeated Lars, rather pleased. "I am Frowsy. How is your martini, the way you like it?"

"Let us drink a toast to the newest member of our family," said Engelgard, raising his own glass, sparing me the necessity of speaking a second untruth.

The next morning, Mr. Engelgard picked up the telephone and spoke familiarly in his musical Danish, and within a few hours a blue portable typewriter was delivered to the flat. We set it up on a large table in the center of my room, and drank a toast to it from Engelgard's schnapps bottle. "When you are a famous writer and they are giving you a cocktail party in a New York skyscraper, go to the window and look out and remember the day we launched your career with a rented typewriter," said the old man. "And remember me a little." Then out he tiptoed, ceremoniously, making way for the muse, and I rolled two sheets and a carbon into the machine and began typing rapidly, knowing he would be listening in the next room.

"Your move, my dear," said Engelgard. It was Saturday night.

Apathetically I moved my queen into the diagonal line of fire from his bishop. My head hurt. *Jeg har en dundrende Hovedpine,* according to my Danish phrase book, which was the last thing I needed with eloquent Mr. Engelgard. *I have a splitting headache.* Outside the ocean crashed. Frowsy had telephoned from town to say he had run into his brother, Palle, in the bookstore and they would dine together. Engelgard had been in the bathroom having a coughing fit when the call came and I had to relay the message. He glared at the telephone, then smiled dotingly and asked would I like a game of chess. I had thought of going into Copenhagen on the train, sitting for an hour or so in a place where students hung out. But somehow I had slipped into this role of the dutiful daughter, so of course I couldn't go. He'd feel so abandoned, with Frowsy gone as well, to eat with the son of whom we didn't speak.

"Amanda, you aren't keeping your mind on the game. Is something the matter? I never saw you give up your queen without a bloodbath."

"Sorry. I think I'm coming down with something. Do you hear a sort of echo in the room? When I woke up today, my throat was kind of scratchy."

"Why did you not say something?" He came around and felt my forehead. He cursed in Danish. "But, my child, you have a fever! We shall have to move quickly if we are to rout this Danish cold. He hangs on and on and sucks your vitality. That is how my illness began. You must go to bed this minute. That is orders." He looked almost pleased.

"But we haven't finished our game," I said, torn between wanting the eventfulness of a sickbed bustle and feeling trapped, here in this overcrowded flat, with a lonely, autocratic old nurse whose dead wife's apron still hung on the hook behind the kitchen door.

"I would have demolished you in three more moves. See? I take your queen and that leaves your castle defenseless. He cannot budge because he is blocked by your pawn. I take your castle and what stands between me and your king?"

True to his diagnosis, I had contracted the genuine Danish cold. For three days I perspired under the eiderdown, feverishly imagining what kind of stories had gone with the framed illustrations on my walls, sneezing into Mr. Engelgard's best silk handkerchiefs, which he then boiled, along with the ones he coughed into, in a cooking pot on the back burner of the stove. I ate the oysters he ordered from the hotel across the street. I drank his toddies of whiskey, sugar, and hot water. I slept and dreamed of North Carolina and woke to hear the Danish wind howling and the waves lashing against the strand. Mr. Engelgard pulled up a chair, propped his feet on the foot of my bed, and told stories about the German occupation of Denmark: how, just here, on Strandvej, the Underground had smuggled their Jewish population in fishing boats over to Sweden; how every Danish wife practiced passive resistance by staring at the crotch of every German soldier she passed. And he told me how he and his wife had ridden their bicycles to Rungsted to have tea with Baroness Blixen.

"You had tea with Isak Dinesen!"

"Certainly. My wife illustrated some of her work. If you are a good girl, Amanda, and write very hard, I shall take you to visit her in the spring."

In those days, I kept carbons of all the letters I wrote. I found I could express things in the unselfconscious flow of a letter that simply evaporated when I sat down, consciously, to write a story. But as I reread these carbons now, in my study in upstate New York, I find that I was then so busy creating experiences that I missed the reality.

Dear Barney (Barney's sons in North Carolina must be teen-agers by now),

Outside: the howling northern wind. Four hours of daylight. But how I love it, here among the lovable Danes, fantastic schizophrenic race of Peter Pans, telling macabre jokes one minute and shooting themselves the next. (Who on earth was I referring to?) *For $25 a month* (I'm sure it must have been more) *I*

have a perfect setup, a beautiful room overlooking the sea (well, their living room did) *very near to Isak Dinesen's house. My landlord is a very close friend of hers and we will dine there next week. Engelgard is a real aristocrat, but he hates being old. His son Lars is a very attractive Dane (don't worry, my American heart belongs to you—eventually). Lars, who is something in the zoology dept. at the University of Copenhagen, was showing me the Engelgard family album and there was this picture, browning at the edges, of Mr. E. as a young skier, framed against a Norwegian slope. He was incredibly handsome, a Viking Romeo, cheekbones like brackets (they still are) and a wonderful rakish grin.*

After supper the first night I came here, my proud silver-haired host arises from the table (we had yellow bean soup, fried octopus, and Liebfraumilch in my honor) and goes over to the old upright piano with his dead wife's picture on top and proceeds to play and sing in a deep, rich baritone, pausing, however, for shortness of breath, "Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the mor-or-or-ning . . ." I almost cried. And did you know (I didn't) that the reason we are called Tarheels is that General Lee said of the N.C. Regiment, "Oh, they'll stick. They've got tar on their heels."

"I think I'll get dressed and take a walk down Strandvej," I said, on the second day I had been out of bed. We were having the lunch he'd made: black broth, sardines on toast, and Carlsberg Elephant beer.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," snapped Engelgard.

I burst into tears. It was partly out of frustration over being cooped up so long. But also I knew that my own fear of his displeasure was creating a formidable barrier to my freedom.

"Amanda! Dear me!" He came to me quickly, laid his trembling hand against my face. "Oh, I am sorry. I did not think. Maybe I am so afraid of losing things that I hold on too fiercely. You are of course free to walk at any time you wish. I know what, we will go together. I, too, could use some fresh air. This musty old flat. I could show you the fishing boats, then we will have a little something at the hotel. But you must bundle up snugly. Wear those long black stockings I teased you about."

It was a release to be outside, chaperoned or not. How much I'd missed the sense of just going someplace. The sea was calm and Sweden was clear today. We walked slowly, because of his shortness of breath. Gulls dipped, squeaking, up and down in the sky.

"Are things okay between us, Tarheel?" He looked very fit, wearing his chesterfield and a dark blue woolen scarf knotted high on his neck. His cheeks were pink. Since I had been ill, he seemed to have gained in strength.

"Of course." Tomorrow I would get up early, take the train into Copenhagen, spend the day on my own. It seemed a point of honor to do this, even if, when tomorrow came, I wanted to snuggle in bed. If I didn't get out and go somewhere, I would have nothing to write about.

Sitting in our usual corner in the hotel bar, we drank hot rum. Outside the picture window, the early afternoon sun was setting. "So you don't think I am a mean old man," said Engelgard.

I said don't be silly.

"Palle, my older boy, the lawyer, you know—" he began suddenly, wiping his lips with the napkin, "—after my wife died, I became very morbid. Possibly a bit irritable and demanding. I felt Palle neglected me. He would arrive only to change into clean clothes, then back into town. Sometimes he stayed out all night! One day, we had a showdown. I don't wish to hold a postmortem, but I said, As long as you live in my home you behave like a proper son and show some consideration. He said, Very well, Father, I will not live anymore in your home. And he was gone. He packed his things and moved out the very same night! It shows a certain strength of character, don't you agree?, but also a hardness of heart. I haven't seen him since. I keep thinking for a while that perhaps he would ring me up on the telephone. He did not ring. I send Frowsy to find out if he was all right. They have dinner in town now and then. Frowsy will not say if he speaks of me. Sometimes, I confess it, I feel downright sorry for myself and get a bit crotchety. You do forgive me, won't you, for today? You are free to come and go as you please."

"There's nothing to forgive. You were concerned about me. I appreciate having you in my life."

"Honestly?" he asked eagerly.

"Honestly. I'm sure he'll come around. You'll make up."

His face went hard. "You mistake me. It is too late. He will be sorry one day, possibly, but it is over for me."

I took the ten o'clock train to Copenhagen next day. Mr. Engelgard said, "I think I might straighten out your bookshelf while you are in town. You can't want all these dusty foreign books. I shall leave you some space to put in your own, as you buy them."

I nodded agreeably, rather than say I had no intention of accumulating a lot of heavy books to cart around Europe when I went on the road again.

shelf. Old Engelgard had foreseen this. Their package had a homemade label scotch-taped to it. *Engelgard. Do not use!* How small-minded could you get, I thought, outraged. I do not have to be a paying prisoner here.

I went into town to American Express and signed up for a bus tour leaving for Spain the week after Christmas. Meanwhile I would sweat out my exile. My rent was paid for the rest of November, and I couldn't leave Denmark till Christmas, because my mother was sending a Christmas box and she'd be hurt if there was no place to send it.

I took long walks in the deer park during the day, to avoid bumping into Mr. Engelgard in the hallway. But the deer were gone. Then I'd come back, furtively make myself a sandwich, and slip off to my room, where, behind the closed door, I would type madly: letters to my mother, to Barney, to old school friends, sometimes just tirades against "the old tyrant," which I would later tear up. Let him think I was writing a great novel. I knew he could hear me. I could hear him, coughing in the next room.

A week before Christmas, he was listening to some carols on the radio. I was in my room, waiting for his next cough. It came. Suddenly, I coughed, too, after he'd finished. I heard him turn down the volume of the carols. He coughed again. I coughed back. Then he called out tentatively, "Amanda?" I combed my hair and went at once to knock on the living room door.

"Come in."

I opened the door. He was sitting in his chair by the fire, his Norwegian blanket wrapped about his legs. He was holding out his arms to me. I went to him and knelt down beside him and bowed my head in his lap. I cried loudly and he raked my hair with his fingers.

"Oh, no, it is not easy, loving people," he said. "Look, Tarheel, can you forgive a selfish old creature?"

"Me, me," I sobbed. "I'm the one. I should have telephoned. But then it was so late. Oh, it was so sordid. I had to spend the night with awful people."

"Yes," he crooned, some of the old authoritativeness creeping back into his voice. "You *should* have called. I was worried sick. If you are going to be a great writer, little Amanda, you must learn to imagine the feelings of others."

Dearest Barney,

This will be the last communication from Denmark. Friday I take the sollebus (means 'sun bus') bound for Barcelona via Hamburg, Strasbourg, Colmar, Besançon, Valence, Provence, and the Pyrenees. . . . Christmas among the Danes was the best ever. We stuffed ourselves and lay about in alcoholic good will. Father Engelgard had placed the almond in my dish of rice porridge and so I got the Mandelgave *(almondgift): an aquamarine pendant, set in antique gold. It belonged to his wife. I have not had the heart to tell him I'm leaving yet, but I must do it tonight. It will make him sad and that will make me sad.*

"What clever clotheses you Americans have." Frowsy was helping me pack. "In and out of suitcases, yet they never bend."

"Wrinkle," I corrected, pinching him playfully.

"Wrinkle. You have been a good thing for me and my English. But why did you wait so long to tell us you were going?"

"I thought it would be easier."

"Easier for you, maybe. For me, I don't mind. But older people need time to make their brains say yes. It is exactly the way Palle left. Goodbye. Crash. You should have said sooner."

"Oh, dear. I've done the wrong thing again." I was angry at Engelgard for refusing to come out of his room and making me feel guilty. "I hate myself," I added, wanting to be told I shouldn't.

"Oh, you are young. You live a little more and change."

Later that morning, the morning I was to leave, a man with a mop bucket and rags and brushes arrived at the flat. He wore white overalls and went straight to work, cleaning.

"Who on earth is that funny little man in the kitchen?" I asked Frowsy.

"Oh, it's Jacobsen. Father ask me to call him for this morning. He comes sometimes when Father wants to spring-clean."

"But it's not spring."

There was an hour to go before my taxi came. Engelgard's bedroom door was shut. When Jacobsen had finished with the bathroom, I went in and took a long bath, soaking and steaming, wanting to be gone. There was still the painful goodbye to have out with old Engelgard.

I had dressed in the pants and sweater I would wear for traveling, and was crouching before Mrs. Engelgard's too-low mirror, combing my hair, when Mr. Engelgard knocked once on the door and called my name. This was it. We would probably both bawl. I opened the door, smiling sadly.

He was dressed in the suit he'd worn the first day we'd met. I had my mouth open to compliment him on his sense of occasion. How nice he looked, with the dark ascot tucked inside his woolen shirt.

"I will appreciate it," he said in his Oxford English, pointing across the hall, "if you will return to my bathroom and wash away the ring you left in my bathtub. I do not feel I should have to do that for you. Especially when the place has just been cleaned by Jacobsen. I want every trace gone, please."

Then he turned and walked back to his room and slammed the door. I never saw him again.

For several Christmases, Frowsy and I exchanged cards. The Christmas after I left, he became engaged to a fellow student named Birgit. The next Christmas, Birgit had found another. And the following Christmas he wrote, "Father did not make it this year."

Barney also found another, and, I must say, reading over those old carbons, I don't blame him. I also found somebody, and lost him, and found another. Fifteen years passed and my husband and I were staying at the finest hotel in Copenhagen. I am sure the basin did not leak when one tried to dissolve Woolite; I was not there long enough to find out. I looked in the phonebook and there was the name, ENGELGARD, and the same address my mother and Barney had written to, during that other winter.

When I said, "Lars?" he didn't know who I was, but when I said, "Frowsy," he cursed in Danish and said, "Amanda, you come out here at once! This minute, do you hear me?" My husband and I took the train through the autumn suburbs and I found my way from Klampenborg station to the flat as if I'd been gone but a few hours.

The man who opened the door was neither short nor round. He no longer looked like a clown. He had shaved the furry red beard and his hair was golder than I remembered. How could he have grown taller? He had been thirty when we met. Then I realized it was because he no longer stood next to his father. At first he was terribly nervous. When he handed us our coffee cups, his hands shook. For the first half-hour, he addressed all his remarks to my husband. But then he saw me looking around and he said, "You like the way I have decorated. After Father died, I got rid of the old things." He had a slim brown cat who arched her back as he stroked her. "Father would never let us have animals," he said. "One of these days, I may get myself a wife, too, who knows?" Then he laughed like the old Frowsy.

The three of us drove in his new car to Rungsted, along the road that runs by the sea. "So," he said to me, obviously enjoying himself behind the wheel of this sleek machine, "you have become a writer, Amanda, and I have become a zoologist." To my husband he said, "Do you know, if it had not been for your wife, I would have failed those exams. My father was ill and I could not study in bed beside him, and she let me use the table in her room and made coffee when I became sleepy. She rehearsed with me all the bones in the body of a dog, sometimes till three or four in the morning."

"How funny!" I said. "I had forgotten completely about all that. I have been telling Jim what an awful spoiled thing I was."

"Amanda is frequently too hard on herself," said Jim.

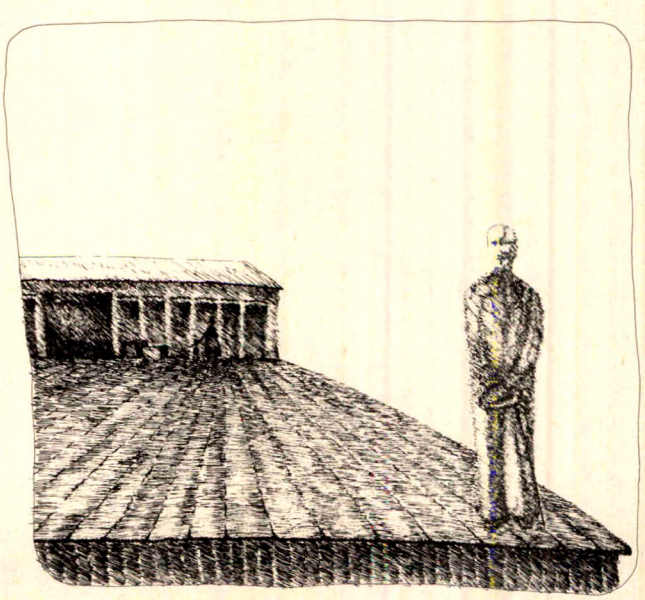
We walked through the woods to visit Isak Dinesen's grave. The long, rectangular stone was set flat, under a very old and noble tree. Some beechnuts had fallen on it, near where her name was carved—*Karen Blixen*—and I put them in my pocket as talismans to make my own writing nobler.

"I tell you something funny," said the handsome Dane, who had at last come to look like my false descriptions of him in letters to Barney. "I don't mean it is funny, but it is typical of Father. The only time he ever mentioned you again was when she died. When he saw it in the newspaper, he got very pink—you know how he went, Amanda, when he began to be furious—and he said, 'Good, good, that will show her. It will be in their newspapers, too, and she will read it and regret she was a poor Tarheel who could not stick and will never meet the greatest writer in Denmark. She will be good and sorry.' I hope you don't mind this little anecdote."

"How could I mind," I said, "when it is so like him?" And with love's delayed reaction, I wished with all my heart that the old man could hear me say it: "I am sorry."

"It is the quirks we come to miss most in our dead," mused our host philosophically, as we walked through the sun-touched woods, back to the car. "I wonder why that is?"

I wondered if I should tell him how much better his English was. □



EQUINOCTIAL

One is happiest sawing wood, I guess,
balanced there over the cut—as much
pull as push—as the blood goes—
from the heart, then toward it;
or the breath goes, or a fiddle bow.
We're at home somehow
where a balance is.

So much is out of reach.

The banties going to roost
in the lilac and apple branches,
the last light high up the hill,
the blue-gray and gold slow
soundless catastrophes of the clouds,
crows flying eastward;
the heart's-desire . . . the mind's dominion . . .

What a relief
to speak what can hurt nobody:
". . . Crows from the north came early . . ."
implying nothing, only
a hard winter and a difference
in crows (the winter ones
soaring more, cawing in flight more,
like ravens); and, to a sawyer, per-
haps, that the years also
are sawed into lengths and seasons
by a ragged alternation of black-
quilled rakers and cutters, rasping
to and fro, north and south.

Push and pull push and pull,
half a yard only, my own
alternation goes. No talent's
required, only standing in one place. How much
more should one ask, though,
when whatever's gone is gone
and what is to-come-or-not-come nothing
can reach, and what we have
we have only on balance?

by Peter Kane Dufault

LIFE & LETTERS

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

by Winthrop Knowlton

On a gray, wet Sunday during the Moscow Book Fair in September, I went for a walk in the country with Lev Kopelev, the Soviet dissident writer, and his wife, Raya Orlova.

Lev and Raya live in a small Moscow apartment that is crowded with books, with photographs of friends and writers, and, at virtually all hours of day and night, with visitors—writers, newspaper reporters, professors, students, neighbors, relatives, and friends, all drawn to the Kopelevs' warmth, humor, intelligence, and resiliency. A small group of American publishers congregated there almost from the moment the fair began; and here we met other Russian writers—Andrei Sakharov, Vladimir Voinovich, and Vladimir Kornilov—with whom we discussed books and the book fair, the treatment of dissidents (including members of the Helsinki watch committee), and what American publishers could do to help writers, in Russia and elsewhere, in whom we believe.

And yet, now that I am home, it is not to this apartment that my thoughts keep returning; nor to the fair itself, a remarkable and moving event, with great crowds of Soviet citizens reaching for books with an almost physical hunger. (I still see them, hundreds of them, standing by our booth, hour after hour, turning the pages, reading the books *through*.) Instead, it is this quiet, gray, rainy Sunday in the country that lingers in my mind . . .

Boris Pasternak

Lev and Raya and I have driven from the city in the late morning. We are making a pilgrimage to Pasternak's grave, which lies in a small cemetery at the edge of Peredelkino, the community in the woods, just outside of town, where so many writers and artists have lived and worked in the years before and since the war. As our car leaves the main highway and approaches Peredelkino, we pass a small lake, and I am told that this is where Lara, the heroine of *Dr. Zhivago*, lived; this is where Pasternak came through the woods faithfully (or faithlessly, depending on how one looks at it) to visit her each day, after his work was done.

Our first stop is a tall, weather-beaten dacha, set in a vast grove of birch and pine trees, occupied until his

death in 1969 by Kornei Chukovsky, a famous writer of children's books and a distinguished critic, reviewer, and translator. He was regarded by many as a Russian Edmund Wilson. A joyful man, he ended his days censored and disparaged by the authorities. This is the fate, too, of his daughter, the poet Lydia Chukovskaya, who still lives in the dacha with *her* daughter, Lyusha. Reverently, Lyusha shows us her grandfather's upstairs study, left "exactly the way it was the day he died," and there on a table are the volumes of new American poetry and fiction to be read and reviewed; there is his big desk, cluttered with charming toys and ornaments; and on all sides, as at the Kopelevs', there are bookcases full of books, and photographs. How many photographs there are!

Downstairs, we visit a room where Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn worked for long stretches until a few days before his exile. The wallpaper is peeling badly (the whole house, inside and out, is in disrepair; calls for maintenance go unheeded). Against one wall there is a cot; in a big bay window, the desk where he worked with curtains drawn. Three days before his final arrest, eight men burst into the room to establish his identity. I am told that he did not look up from his work.

Lev and Raya and I leave the house in the woods and walk down a long country lane to Pasternak's dacha. Out here in the country I see what a large, husky man Lev is. He has big brown eyes, a long face with a full beard, and he walks with a cane. Strolling along next to him, Raya is short, peppery, alert, decisive. She reminds me of a missionary woman I knew many years ago in Nanking (missionaries are great walkers), and indeed Raya is a missionary, except she likes to drink vodka and her cause is not the Church, it is Lev. He has spent so many years in the camps. He no longer teaches. His health is poor. And his work is only now becoming known in the West. (His book, *To Be Preserved Forever*, was published this summer to outstanding reviews; it tells the almost unbearable story of his trial and imprisonment—for about ten years—for protesting brutalities inflicted on civilians by the Red Army during the "liberation" of Eastern Europe in 1945.) Raya, who is a critic and a translator and an author herself, intends to see that Lev's story is better known.

Pasternak's house stands well back from the road, behind an old apple orchard. The orchard is unkempt, and the house, with its flaking wooden siding and rusty gutters, is forlorn. We retrace our steps, turn, walk down another quiet lane toward the cemetery. This is the road along which Pasternak's coffin was carried in the spring of 1960, accompanied by throngs of grieving students and friends. Lev was one of the pallbearers, and he tells me that "out of the blue" came a large black limousine; from it emerged a well-known official of the Writers' Union (from which Pasternak had been expelled) who suggested that the coffin might be heavy, that it might better be placed on top of the car for the rest of the journey. The students shouted him down.

Along one side of the road are woods: birch, pine, maple, and elm. On the other, a plowed field with reddish earth. There is a slight roll to the land, and I think how like home this is, how like parts of New England or upper New York State. The autumn colors, the first edgings of orange and yellow among the leaves, these are *our* colors too. We have walked quite a way. A light rain is falling, and Lev turns back, explaining that he has forgotten to buy vodka for lunch. Raya tells me the walk has tired him.

Set against a small hill, the cemetery does not look like an American graveyard, it is not clearly defined or orderly or austere. Here fruit trees, sunflowers, honeysuckle, phlox, and rosebushes careen among the headstones. Sharing an umbrella, Raya and I pick our way carefully along the muddy path. The path climbs the hill, with many twists and turns, past many small fenced-in plots full of tall grasses and wild flowers. "This has become a fashionable place to be buried," she tells me, "and so there are some very bad people here now. Look," she says, as we pass a grave, "here is one, a truly evil man."

A few minutes later, around the corner of a hedge, up several steps, in a quiet, almost hidden nook, is the grave we have been looking for. I see the tall, tapering stone that marks the spot, the face sculpted into the smooth, plain surface, the signature running along the base. A workman kneels on the grass; with his fingers, he is meticulously sweeping away pine needles that have fallen from the crooked red pine that hangs over the plot like a tree in a Japanese garden. Raya and I sit on a bench by the grave. I see that five green apples—the green of the apples is brilliant against the grass—lie on the grave next to the workman's knees and I wonder whether they have been brought from Pasternak's orchard. Raya tells me that the man who is brushing away the pine needles is a factory worker from Moscow. He had come out for the funeral and someone had noticed him, standing distraught as the poems were read and the body lowered. A worshipper of Pasternak, it turned out, who wished to have the honor of caring for the grave. And so for seventeen years he has been coming out here, brushing pine needles and leaves from the grass, raking the small gravel path, tidying up.

Raya and the man exchange a few words, and he gets up and comes over to us. His baggy trousers and muddy shoes give him a faintly Chaplinesque air, but that is a fleeting impression, for he is a large and powerful man with a tremendous smile—like Kopelev's. He has been told I am from America, and he showers questions on me. "Is Pasternak read in your country? Which works? How many copies does he sell? Is he taught in the universities? Which courses?" I answer as best I can. At the end he asks, "Which is the most popular work?" and when I answer, "*Dr. Zhivago*," his face falls. "Tell the people in your country there is more to Pasternak than *Zhivago*. Tell them he is a great poet."

As Raya and I walk back along the muddy path I tell her I do not think that Whitman's or Frost's (or, now, Robert Lowell's) grave is tended in such a manner, and she exclaims, "Ah, but what you have seen is so Russian!"

Our last stop is Sarah's house. An old friend of the Kopelevs', Sarah lives in an apartment in a nearby dacha, and we are going there for lunch. On the way, Raya and I talk about Solzhenitsyn, whom I will be seeing in about ten days in Vermont. While previous conversations have made it clear that there are differences between Solzhenitsyn and the other dissidents, Raya says, "I can only tell you that the night they arrested Sasha was the worst night of our lives." From there the conversation moves matter-of-factly to the subject of medical supplies (there are none), of surveillance ("One night the phone rang and a voice said, 'There has been an accident, and both passengers in the car have been killed.

One of them has a beard and walks with a cane. Do you know him?' Five minutes later Lev came in the door"), and, finally, of exile, the fate that terrifies Lev and Raya and their friends more than any other.

And then Raya stops unexpectedly and says, "We have made up our minds, you know, to ignore the situation we are in, to ignore it completely, and just to live."

We are at Sarah's. Lev meets us at the door. He tells us he has been able to buy vodka even though it is not for sale on Sunday. He charmed a young woman with his smile and is clearly pleased with himself. "Come," he says, "let us sit down." We sit at a small table in the living room. Sarah, a short, round, cheerful woman, brings us plates of fresh tomatoes, Russian salami, cheese, brown bread, and summer squash which has been sauteed and is delicious. She sits down with us, and we drink a toast to her. "In addition to knowing more than anyone about Russian literature, Sarah is a very good cook," says Lev, "and she has her own small garden." There are plants in the window, and along the walls of the room, books, and more books, and photographs. We sit peacefully and talk of food and gardens, of children and family, toasting them all, until the vodka is gone and Lev reaches for a bottle of white wine.

"Lev, remember," says Raya.

"I have four . . ." Lev gropes for the word, consults Raya about it in Russian. "Four *resolutions*," he says. "I must never drink wine with vodka. I must not smoke. I must not edit Raya's work. I must limit the number of friends I see each day."

"No more than fifty!" shouts Sarah.

Soon we have eaten apple pie; we have finished the wine and our coffee, and it is time to go. Outside, getting into the car, I see Sarah's tiny garden by the side of the house. Hollyhocks and zinnias stand against a picket fence.

In the car Raya tells me that for many years Sarah was a teacher. She has endured many hardships. Several times she and her children have almost starved. There is a tone in Raya's voice that suggests that these hardships—and they have all known so many—are almost beyond telling. "*But you know, she is now a completely free woman.*"

The phrase reverberates in my head like a bell.

"Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," I say, "I do."

"She does as she wishes. Always. With no fear of the consequences."

Toward the end of our drive into the city I take down Sarah's name so that I will be able to write her to thank her for the lunch.

"You will not be able to write her directly," says Raya. "The letter will not get through."

Outside the Kopelev apartment we say goodbye. The two of them stand on the pavement, he looking very large and solemn, she small and doughty. Lev leans over and barks through the open window of the car, "Goodbye! Come again! Happy endings!"

In the car, on my way back to my hotel, I am close to tears. Perhaps it is the vodka and wine at lunch, but I think not. I sit in the car alone, ignoring the drab Moscow streets, trying to imprint on my memory what I have seen and heard on my walk in the country: old, peeling dachas in the woods, five fresh apples on a grave; rooms full of books and photographs. The photographs! There was one, somewhere, of Pasternak, young and beautiful, standing next to the poet Mayakovsky (Mayakovsky has a dangerous look in his eye). Photographs of Akhmatova, Heinrich Böll, Isaac Babel, Alexander Bloch, Dos Passos, Brecht, Mandelstam . . . the faces come back to me in a rush . . . Nabokov is there, too. . . . The photographs link the occupants of these book-lined rooms with other times, other worlds, other men and women, free, writing. They are invested with a kind of radiant light, like icons.

I try to remember what Sarah looked like bringing in fresh vegetables from the kitchen. *She is a completely free woman.* The words still ring in my ears.

Oddly enough, I had thought that my publishing colleagues and I were the ones bringing freedom—a sense of how it really works—with us from America on our visit to the book fair. We have so much of it, after all, and we talk about it so readily, with our freedom of expression. But do we understand it? Do we know how precious it is? And knowing that, do we use it well?

I had not dreamed that I would bring back from Russia a deeper, truer sense of what freedom can be, the various simple, quiet freedoms I had seen during my day in the country, freedoms that were like stones, the small stones we pick up on the beach, that have been made to gleam by the terrible force of the elements.

February report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

Kell

A NOVEL

William A. Coy is rich, with money so old that "it must be set out in the sun periodically to fight mildew." He is also Republican and bored with putting together more and more highly profitable conglomerates. He decides to "get" Senator John F. X. Kane, also Republican, whose existence affronts him. Not only is Kane up-from-nowhere Irish, Catholic, and being divorced, but he also has a house not a mile from Coy's on Martha's Vineyard.

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LITTLE, BROWN

ONE NIGHTMARE, TWO DAYDREAMS

by Andrew Ward

For over ten years I have approached Ingmar Bergman's movies with such reverent expectation that I've wound up having a terrible, bewildering time at every one of them. Not that I ever dared look anything but awestruck as I pulled on my coat and reached for my car keys; not that I didn't, in fact, dimly perceive Bergman's genius. It was just that sometimes I would have hunted so earnestly for every detail's significance that, walking back up the aisle and into the lobby, I wouldn't have been able to say whether Liv had taken the poison, or Max had killed the puppy, or whatever the hell had happened.

Reverence may very well be what the director of *Cries and Whispers* deserves, but it's an awful state in which to see a movie, or, for that matter, to approach any work of art, at least for the first time. So when I went to see Bergman's latest movie, *The Serpent's Egg*, I resolved to dispense with my reverence, if not my expectation, and attempt to concentrate on the broader outlines of his work.

The Serpent's Egg is set in Berlin at the time of Hitler's Beer Hall Putsch, a time, as a narrator tells us, when everyone lost faith in the future and the present. This is a condition under which Bergman has always felt peculiarly at home, and his depiction of the decadence and brutality of 1920s Berlin is graphic and unflinching.

The story centers on an alcoholic and unemployed young circus performer named Abel Rosenberg (David Carradine) who returns home to his boardinghouse one evening to find that his brother has blown his brains out. After a brief meeting with a fearful and weary police inspector (Gert Froebe), Abel seeks out his brother's ailing and estranged wife, Manuela (Liv Ullmann), who has become a cabaret singer. Abel and Manuela live together for a time, and at night, as Manuela sings in the cabaret, Abel drinks up her earnings and wanders Berlin in a stupor, thus passing through a gauntlet of horrors: Brownshirts clubbing a Jew to death, children gathering rats for food, poxy whores mocking a black man into impotence, a family butchering a fallen horse in the street.

Abel soon learns that Manuela has been working as a prostitute by day, and that one of her most loyal clients is Dr. Hans Vergerus (Heinz Bennent), a sinister, bespectacled figure who, as one of Abel's childhood playmates, had once cut open a cat to watch its heart beat. When Brownshirts burn down the Jewish-owned cabaret, Vergerus offers Abel and Manuela an apartment near his clinic, where they are provided with jobs.

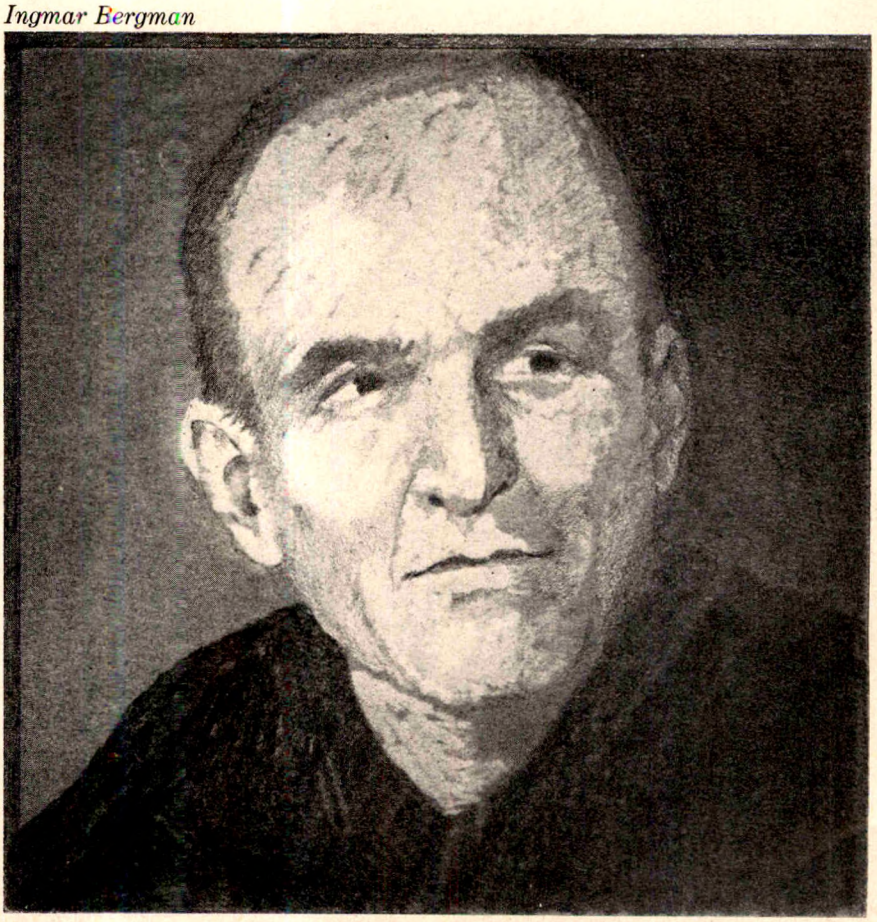
After another of his crapulous rounds through the streets of Berlin, Abel returns to the apartment to find Manuela dead. As he shrinks back from her body, a flashbulb goes off, and he turns to see a camera aimed at him from behind a mirror. The entire apartment, he discovers, has been under surveillance, and Abel smashes through the mirror and finds himself in a maze of corridors.

The Serpent's Egg, at least on one level, is a melodrama, so it wouldn't be proper to give the rest of its plot away. Suffice it to say that it affords Rosenberg, and us, a shocking glimpse into the Germany that was then a decade away.

There are portions of *The Serpent's Egg* that are as terrifying, as powerful, as anything Bergman has done. There is no room, for instance, for Liza Minnelli in Bergman's cabaret, where a midget dressed up as cupid oversees mock transsexual couplings. And perhaps nothing could express the decadence of Berlin more explicitly than the sight of Liv Ullmann gracelessly belting out a smutty song in the glare of the footlights, her long brown hair tucked under a green wig, those sweet, bovine eyes underlined and apostrophe'd with purple mascara, her milkmaid's body girdled and garter-belted.

But overall, *The Serpent's Egg* did not horrify me the way it should have, and I think this is due to a couple of simple miscalculations. To begin with, there is the narrator, who keeps barging in on the proceedings to give us the date and tell us how we're feeling. "It is Tuesday, November 6," he intones at one point. ". . . The newspapers are black with

Ingmar Bergman



fear, threats, and rumors. Fear rises like vapor from the cobblestones."

Occasionally, a more confident and oblique Bergman asserts himself, as in a brief shot of an organ-grinder's monkey sitting high on its master's shoulders, blinking in terror at the people in the street. But for the most part Bergman feels obliged to spell everything out for us in blood. As a result, "How did they do that?"—a question that often springs to mind in this era of special effects—kept intruding on my response to the movie whenever a jugular was severed or a nose was smashed.

There is some excellent acting in *The Serpent's Egg*. Gert Froebe, best known for his title role in *Goldfinger* many years ago, is haunting as the defeated police inspector; Heinz Bennent is the ultimate chain-smoking, defective fascist; and James Whitmore, who has the most honest face since Spencer Tracy's, appears all too briefly as a terrified priest. But it is a puzzle to me why Bergman should have chosen as stony and unproven an actor as David Carradine to play Abel Rosenberg, whose face is supposed to mirror all the horror of Bergman's bleak, godforsaken cityscape. There's a dopeyness about Carradine that never quite lifts from his features, even when he's directed to weep or bug out his eyes or scream bloody murder.

At one point in the movie, Abel rises shaking from sleep and says he keeps waking from nightmares to find that reality is worse than the dream, and that may be *The Serpent's Egg*'s problem too. It may be that the rise of Nazi Germany was too hideous to portray, even in one of Ingmar Bergman's masterfully transposed nightmares.

Another Man, Another Chance is a murky movie by Claude Lelouch that starts out promising to be a French version of *The Immigrants* and winds up a standard 1960s western, for all its Kahlil Gibran dialogue.

Geneviève Bujold plays a baker's daughter who emigrates to the United States from the squalor of 1870s Paris with her fiancé, an idealistic and, I found, irritating young photographer. Meanwhile, in the Far West, an idealistic young veterinarian played by James Caan returns home to find that his wife has been raped and killed by bandits: by the same bandits, I suspect, that have raped and killed every hero's wife in just about every western made in the last ten years. With his infant son and a few belongings he sets out to avenge her death. Meanwhile (as in most Lelouch movies, it is all meanwhiles), Geneviève settles in a western town where she has a daughter and her husband is killed. Caan and Bujold meet up eventually and begin to see a lot of each other, and it is here that the movie might have regained the courage of its convictions if Lelouch hadn't provided his characters with the most pretentious dialogue ever spoken from a buckboard. I didn't have it in my heart to forgive such lines as, "If I can't joke about death, what can I?" and "Even destiny makes mistakes, from time to time." And this:

He: "The boy's old enough to know what matters."

She: "What matters?"

He: "Who knows? . . ."

The Duellists, a handsome, listless film directed by Ridley Scott, is based on a Joseph Conrad story and concerns a young Hussar (Keith Carradine) in Napoleon's army who is forever being challenged to duel with an unaccountably belligerent fellow officer (Harvey Keitel). One botched and unresolved duel leads to another, until by story's end they have battled on foot and horseback, through grass and snow and city street, with pistols and rapiers and sabers. I couldn't understand why anyone was making a movie on the subject of dueling, or bothering with so much money and so little wit to point up the absurdity of a code of honor that hasn't been in operation since the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand. Perhaps I missed the greater meaning, although God knows I was given enough time to catch it, but I think *The Duellists* owes its existence to Ridley Scott's hunger for the picturesque.

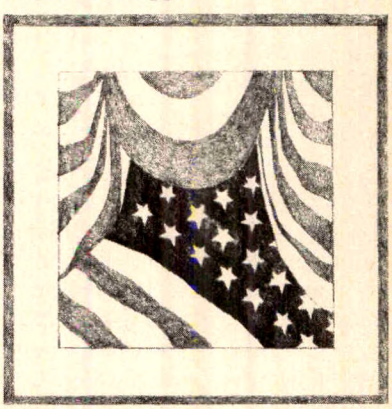
Paramount, in its press release, says that Scott directed the entire movie from behind a camera, and if this is so, he's going to make some director a great little cinematographer. The on-location photography is so lush, the production so detailed in its authenticity, that it sometimes hardly matters that the story is going nowhere slowly. A veteran of some 3000 television commercials, Scott has made a movie which I would advise you to view as you might flip through a back issue of the *National Geographic*: glancing at the captions, skipping the text, and drinking in the color.

SHORT REVIEWS

CONFLICT AND CRISIS: THE PRESIDENCY OF HARRY S TRUMAN, 1945–1948
by Robert J. Donovan
Norton, $12.95

When the Vice President of the United States arrived one April afternoon for a sip of bourbon in the office of the speaker of the house, Mister Sam Rayburn, he received a message: Please call Steve Early at the White House. The Vice President put in a call for Franklin Roosevelt's principal assistant, listened for a moment, and then, turning pale, hung up. "Jesus Christ and General Jackson!" Harry Truman exclaimed. ". . . Boys, this is in the room. Something must have happened."

What had happened was the death of



FDR. Harry S Truman, a prosaic, machine-made politician from Missouri, a gray man, was catapulted into the presidency of the United States. Truman had as much difficulty absorbing that startling fact as the public at large, but once he did he placed a sign saying "The Buck Stops Here" on his desk and proceeded to run the country as if he were the person the Constitution said he was, the Commander-in-Chief. In this engaging book Robert Donovan tells how Truman served as the unelected President of the United States from April 12, 1945 until January of 1948. That period encompassed the defeat of Germany, the coming of the atomic bomb and the subsequent surrender of Japan in World War II, the emergence of the monumental welfare program known as the Marshall Plan, the ensuing Cold War with the USSR, the birth of the Jewish state of Israel

(one of the most arresting of the inside stories Donovan relates), and, alas, the beginnings of the McCarthyism and Red-baiting that were to run rampant in Truman's later years as President.

Academic historians will, as they seem reflexively to do, find fault with the book, but it has two virtues above and beyond Donovan's easygoing prose. First, the combination of arbitrariness and courage in Truman made him a man of decision willing to trust in the American political process. Second, Donovan knows and understands most of the human beings he is writing about. If it is possible to be admiringly dispassionate, that is what the author is. Like so many who remember the moment, he cannot help but share in the feeling of exhilaration of his book's final episode, Truman's defeat of Dewey in the 1948 election. What happened in the four years after that is an additional story, and presumably Donovan will write it.

—*Robert Manning*

JUST AND UNJUST WARS
by Michael Walzer
Basic Books, $15.00

A "just" war, cynics might say, is any war we choose to fight and think we can win. But how does a culture that prides itself on its reverence for human life rationalize military actions that destroy many thousands, even millions, of human lives? Not very easily, says Michael Walzer, a Harvard political scientist who has written a clear, humane, and startlingly original survey of the moral issues that complicate modern war-making.

When, for example, can a nation intervene in the internal political affairs of another nation? The simplest answer, says Walzer, is that it shouldn't. But, he continues, suppose a tyrant is oppressing a helpless populace so terribly that human conscience makes intervention a seeming necessity? "Humanitarian" intervention is justified in such cases, but only in response to acts "that shock the moral conscience of mankind," and only when the interventionist has reasonable expectations of success. Moreover, the intervening state must honor the apparent purposes of the people it has rescued, in recognition of the larger principle that "the members of a political community must seek their own freedom, just as the individual must cultivate his own virtue. They cannot be set free, as he cannot be made virtuous, by any external force."

These arguments are deceptively simple. If applied rigorously, they would surely have foreshortened our involvement in Vietnam, and might have inhibited our enlargement of the conflict in Korea. They may also clarify public discussion of America's moral obligations vis-à-vis South Africa.

The weakness of Walzer's proscriptions (one he is quick to acknowledge) is that they will make a difference only to those capable of moral restraint, and in rough agreement about the ethical codes that might govern that restraint. As an analytical beginning, however, Walzer's book is wholly admirable.

—*C. Michael Curtis*

MARINA AND LEE
by Priscilla Johnson McMillan
Harper & Row, $15.00

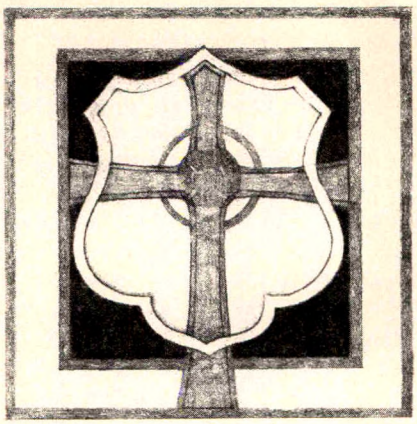
Marina and Lee were two young married people from very different backgrounds who had an unsatisfactory sex life and a poorly chosen assortment of friends. He couldn't hold a job or control his temper; she thought he was childish and ridiculous, but didn't know quite how to get away.

Some of Lee's friends thought his radical political talk was all bluff and posturing, that his Marxist sympathies would never be translated into decisive action. Possibly to prove them wrong, possibly because John F. Kennedy had succeeded too well at too many of the things Lee Harvey Oswald yearned for in life, Lee decided to perform one dramatic, immortalizing act. He would shoot the President. And so he did.

That is roughly the scenario Priscilla Johnson McMillan has sketched, and it is fully as persuasive as the conspiracy lore that has preceded it. The author has a good many odd qualifications for the task. She speaks fluent Russian, knew President Kennedy in the early 1950s, and by strange coincidence had met his eventual assassin in Moscow in 1959. She also has a novelist's sense of when to dramatize, through dialogue and the use of exact detail, the crucial twists and turns of domestic life.

The sadness of Marina's life with Lee is dwarfed by the awfulness of the violent act that ended it. But Priscilla McMillan's extraordinary book makes the necessary and subtle connection between private frailties and their power to change the history of the world.

—*C.M.C.*



TRUE CONFESSIONS
by John Gregory Dunne
Dutton, $9.95

Some wines do not travel well from coast to coast, but here's a full hogshead of Irish-American roguery and vulgarity that has been transported with success from the Northeast to Southern California. Dunne, who absorbed his Mickness in Hartford, Connecticut, transplants it to Los Angeles in the persons of two Irish-American brothers, a crooked cop named Tom Spellacy and a venal priest named Desmond Spellacy, provides them with dialogue that stings and sparkles, encircles them with a congerie of grotesques and human jackals, involves them in a case of homicide and several instances of political and spiritual corruption. It is tough, readable stuff. There is not a touch of compassion in any of Dunne's characters and only a bit of it (when Monsignor Spellacy approaches his death) in his narrative, but it is a rompingly entertaining book. —*R.M.*

UNCERTAIN GREATNESS
by Roger Morris
Harper & Row, $10.95

American foreign policy-makers have rarely been made to seem as foolish as they do in Roger Morris's unsparing insider's description of several crucial policy debates during the early years of the Nixon presidency. Racism, cronyism, appalling ignorance, political rigidity, and willful deception are among the flaws Morris perceives in the foreign policy-making apparatus, and while Henry Kissinger is not directly associated with these specific shortcomings, his presence looms large.

Toward the end of 1969, for example, Richard Nixon made public his administration's response to growing tension between the ruling white minorities

and independence-minded black multitudes of Rhodesia and South Africa. The United States, the President said, would use its presence wherever possible to encourage racial progress in the region—but it would not lecture to other nations about their racial politics. This gradualist approach, labeled "tar baby" by one of its State Department critics, was one of at least four policy alternatives debated by the National Security Council during the early months of Henry Kissinger's reign as Nixon's chief foreign policy adviser.

How did "tar baby" win the day? The discussion, as Morris reconstructs it, was very nearly comical. William Rogers, Nixon's hapless secretary of state, minimized America's policy difficulties on grounds that many members of the Nixon cabinet were lawyers who, like Rogers himself, had South African clients. CIA Director Helms read a transparently pro-white intelligence brief on the area; Vice President Agnew read a "fervent" statement comparing "South African Independence in 1965" (Agnew meant Rhodesia) with America's 1776 Revolution, on grounds that both revolutionary parties discounted blacks in calculating the premises of political liberty. And Kissinger, all the while, passed sardonic notes to his aides. How did the South African discussion compare with other convenings of the National Security Council? Said Kissinger deputy Alexander Haig, "It sounds like one of the best they've had."

Morris, who joined the government in 1966, and worked with Kissinger on the National Security Council staff from 1969 until May 1970, is something of a renegade, and his judgments of former colleagues are seldom generous. Even so, his descriptions of foreign policy-making during the early years of the Kissinger era shed light on a subject rarely discussed so openly. —*C.M.C.*

FREAKS: Myths and Images of the Secret Self
by Leslie Fiedler
Simon and Schuster, $9.95

A mixture of fear, loathing, sympathy, eroticism, and "quasi-religious awe" has, according to Leslie Fiedler, characterized society's attitude toward freaks throughout history. Fiedler has theories to account both for the fascinated horror with which freaks have traditionally been seen and for the recent vogue "freakiness" has enjoyed in pop culture.

Our perception of freaks, Fiedler argues, stems from their visual definition of the childhood confusions concerning scale (giants, dwarfs, fats, and thins), sexuality (hermaphrodites, bearded ladies), superiority to beasts (the Dog-Faced Boy, wild men, geeks), individuality (Siamese twins). Unlike cripples or imaginary monsters, "Only the true Freak challenges the conventional boundaries . . . between reality and illusion, experience and fantasy, fact and myth . . . those desperately maintained boundaries on which any definition of sanity ultimately depends."

Fiedler examines actual and fictional freaks in history, religion, art, literature, and film, paying particular homage to Todd Browning's 1933 movie *Freaks*, whose "nightmare images" he

reincarnates in prose, and to which he styles his book "a belated tribute." In a chapter entitled "Freaking Out," he traces the development of the counterculture from its roots in fifties horror movies and rock 'n' roll to the late-sixties acme of dope, underground comics, and acid rock, at which point "freakiness [became] not a fate . . . but a goal."

Fiedler's central interest is clearly the role of the freak in culture; whether or not one is able to share his nostalgia for the old Ten-in-One carnival sideshow, his explanations for the endurance of that role are reasonable and thought-provoking. Illustrations.

—*Martha Spaulding*

PLA

SERGEANT GETÚLIO by João Ubaldo Ribeiro. Houghton Mifflin, $7.95. The author is a Brazilian newspaper editor with a degree in political science from the University of Southern California and a command of English which has enabled him to translate his own novel. The book is a tale of heroic dedication to an ideal of conduct told entirely through the thoughts and occasional conversations of the dedicated hero who is, ironically, a very bad man indeed. Sergeant Getúlio is an ignorant, quarrelsome, foul-mouthed frontiersman, a policeman who moonlights as hit man for a crooked politician, a torturer if excuse arises, an abominable brute by any standard of decency. His one merit is his determination to finish the job (a kidnapping) which he has contracted to do, even when it appears that his employer no longer wants the job done and that the only reward Getúlio can expect is death. It is Mr. Ribeiro's intention to make the reader accept this wretched fellow as intelligent, amusing, pitiable, and ultimately a true epic hero—an astounding project, brought off with brilliant, astounding success.

A FLANN O'BRIEN READER edited and with an introduction by Stephen Jones. Viking, $15.00. These bits-and-pieces displays of an author's work can be highly exasperating—too much of this and too little of that—and this one is at least moderately so. But if the book entices readers into O'Brien's eccentric, malicious, provocative novels, it will serve a good purpose.

THE LAST CARAVAN by Thurston Clarke. Putnam's, $10.95. The drought that devastated the southern fringes of the Sahara between 1969 and 1974 virtually destroyed the nomadic Touareg, not by exterminating the people (although the mortality was fearsomely high) but by scattering them into towns and refugee camps where their traditional tribal culture disintegrated. Mr. Clarke describes the process through the memories of individual survivors whom he interviewed, and extends these personal recollections with his own examination of the local and international muddle of delay, dishonesty, old grudges, and misdirected effort which compounded the natural disaster. Seventy years of French colonial policy had created conditions which exacerbated the effects of the drought, for example, while the Touareg had been, in their heyday, the unhandiest neighbors since the Vikings. It is a grim story, but never a dull one. It also offers some fine

examples of what not to do next time. Photographs.

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD, 1925–1975 by Margaret Mead. Harper & Row, $12.95. In writing to friends and colleagues, Ms. Mead could include details and opinions that had to be omitted from her formal anthropological works, a fact which gives her correspondence an informal liveliness even when it centers—as it frequently does—on incest taboos or the chicaneries of the village witch doctor. Illustrations.

ADA, COUNTESS OF LOVELACE by Doris Langley Moore. Harper & Row, $25.00. As paper pack rats, the Byron tribe rivaled the Adamses, and the mass of documents they accumulated has kept Ms. Moore busy for years. She has now reached Byron's daughter, who had some reputation as a mathematician (how well deserved is not clear), got into trouble with racing debts, probably carried on a love affair with a worthless young cad, certainly appreciated the merits of a primordial computer, and died young and horribly of cancer. But since Ada and her well-meaning but weak-kneed husband never escaped from the control of Lady Byron, this volume is less a biography of Ada than it is the study of a family dominated by a rich, stingy, bullying neurotic. Lady Byron was a dreadful woman, and Ms. Moore, after disentangling all the old lies and lawsuits, hates her with a passion that fairly makes the pages sizzle. It also makes fascinating reading. Illustrations, appendices, index.

I HARDLY KNEW YOU by Edna O'Brien. Doubleday, $7.95. The middle-aged narrator of Ms. O'Brien's latest novel of female misery is in jail awaiting trial for the murder of her lover, a young man of her son's age. How this murder came about is revealed through the woman's recollections. The revelation is slow and unconvincing.

THE MAIMIE PAPERS edited by Ruth Rosen and Sue Davidson. The Feminist Press, $6.95. Maimie was an ex-prostitute who, between 1910 and 1922, corresponded with Fanny Quincy Howe of Boston, because Mrs. Howe was a peripheral member of a group of private philanthropists bent on saving fallen women. The Howe papers wound up in the Schlesinger Library where Maimie's letters eventually surfaced and have been published (not in their voluminous entirety) as an example of the financial frustrations of women in the early twentieth century, an interpretation that must be questioned. Maimie was exceptionally intelligent but had no formal education and no training at anything resembling an orthodox trade or profession. She had lost one eye so thoroughly that a patch was the only solution, and retained limited vision in the other. It is doubtful that a man with these disabilities would have found it easy to get a job that paid adequate wages. Certainly Maimie could not. She lived on a dribble of donations from Fanny Howe's circle. In return, she wrote about all her concerns, which included a dog, a husband, a lover whom she eventually married, her sourly unforgiving family, her past, her acquaintances, her ambitions, her wardrobe, her temptation to return to the sporting life, and her attempts to dissuade other girls from blundering down the primrose path. She wrote vividly and well, spicing her basic tale of woe with sharp little vignettes, conversations, and quirky reflections. She also discussed, most sensibly, the errors made in dealing with prostitutes by reformers who failed to realize that prayers are no substitute for a meal. Maimie would have made a fine social worker, as she herself believed, but under the system of the time her past and her lack of even a high school diploma made her ineligible for such employment. Her appearance made her ineligible for anything except starvation-wage drudgery. And Maimie was a proud, determined woman. She simply would not be a drudge. What she became, in fact, was a professional writer in an odd way, for all these engaging letters to Fanny Howe kept the contributions of cash and clothes trickling in. The editors take all Maimie's stories as the literal truth. Probably she did not actually lie to her patroness, but one is entitled to suspect that she never minimized a good tale. Maimie is worth meeting.

1066: THE YEAR OF THE CONQUEST by David Howarth. Viking, $10.00. In case anyone really wants to know what happened between the death of Edward the Confessor and William of Normandy's improbable success in taking England, Mr. Howarth reconstructs the events clearly and plausibly. He also has his own theory on the Saxon defeat at Hastings; it is as good, and as unprovable, as any other. Maps, index.

THE VILLAGE INDIANS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI by Roy W. Meyer. Nebraska, $14.95. Mr. Meyer is the kind of historian who hates to see a reader smile, but if one can put up with unrelenting sobriety, his account of the Mandans, Hidatsas, and Arikaras is worth reading because arrangements reached with these tribes may well have a bearing on Indian land suits currently before the courts. Besides, the Three Tribes are interesting people in their own right. Notes, index, illustrations.

LISTENING TO BILLIE by Alice Adams. Knopf, $7.95. An episode from this recently published novel appeared in *The Atlantic* in June 1975.

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Winthrop Knowlton is president of Harper & Row.

Andrew Ward is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic.*

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Katha Pollitt (page 76) is a free-lance critic as well as a poet.

Peter Kane Dufault's (page 86) *Selected Poems* will be published this month.

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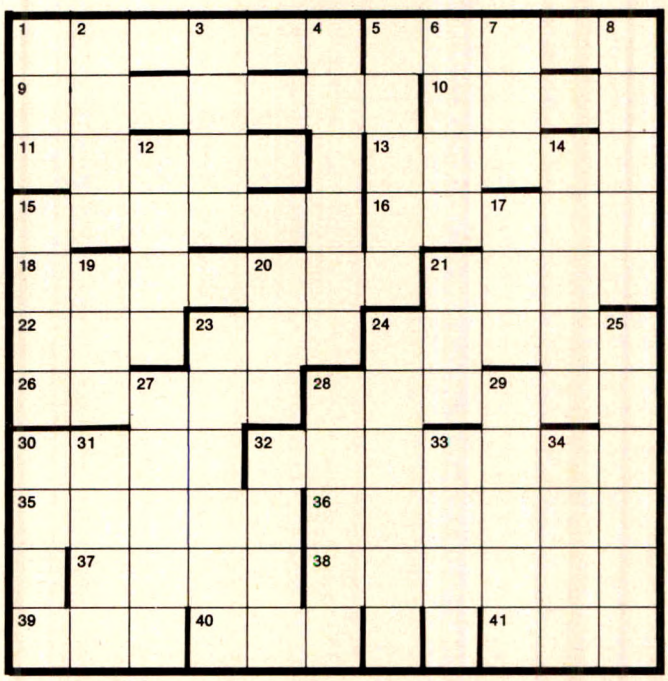
The Atlantic PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

"DISGUISE"

Clue answers range in length from three letters to twelve. However, seventeen answers will not fit in the diagram until they have been . . . disguised. The numbers in parentheses indicate the length of the lights (entries in the diagram) but not necessarily the length of the answers to clues. There are ten proper nouns; 16A is not a common word. Remember that punctuation in the clues may be used deceptively.



ACROSS

1. Recent arrival in the vanguard of fashion: tan buckles (6)
5. Member of "Wagon Train" goes on traveling with act (5)
9. Being of mixed birth, mulatto's origin takes longer unraveling (7)
10. Made love with a mythical woman (4)
11. Goes pop in the song, but with no lead support (5)
13. Aurelio's holding back the boat (5)
15. The lady set out to be slept on (6)
16. Boil fishhead, then run inside (bad clue) (5)
18. Made it with a screw driver (7)
21. French painter who's just short of vulgar (4)
22. Where fish come from—it sounds like it's rank (3)
23. Religious men transposing suite in Bach (3)
24. Ultimately perverted crime results in hanging (5)
26. Take one third off fat, salt, oil (5)
28. Sign of royalty in India: demagoguery (6)
30. Flower intrinsic to a seer? (4)
32. Those who share terrible panic at trips (7)
35. Introduction to tone poem (off beat) (5)
36. Pearl-divers use padding against . . . (6)
37. . . . . monstrous eels settling on the bottom (4)
38. Ninety-nine crawling lice make a chilling point (6)
39. Nibbles front off crackers found in church (3)
40. Dislike winding thread (3)
41. Certain openings in pockets make small change (3)

DOWN

1. Mobile duet moving with a fast pace *(2 words)* (3)
2. A shark—No, silly, it's a boat *(2 words)* (4)
3. Aiming first and last to be heard as a writer (4)
4. They designate, time after time, uncommon sense (6)
5. Chorus leader, sonorous, seen on high (5)
6. God brooding about himself? (4)
7. "Nothing leads to nothing" in *Lear* (3)
8. Boils and rises audibly (5)
12. Soak the head before getting dry (4)
14. Writer abandons faithful wife to run off with lover (5)
15. Desert dweller, in his element, makes you dance (4)
17. Lab course shows metamorphosing insect *(2 words)* (3)
19. Mounting hill of rubbish (3)
20. Bolder and brighter, but not righter: one who raves (3)
21. A poet, with time, gets most serious (3)
23. Spanish queen crowned with pieces of jade stone (6)
24. Undeviating conduct (6)
25. "Secret Agents in Siam" (series bombed) (6)
27. Newspaper consisting of misprinted items (5)
28. Painter eager to follow where Fragonard leaves off (5)
29. Bed curtains arranged in a row (5)
30. Top to tail (poor to excellent) (4)
31. Chew eel liver—that should wake you up (4)
32. Air postage bearing no label (4)
33. Some illustrious threesome . . . (4)
34. . . . . left in hack with devotees (4)

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 14.

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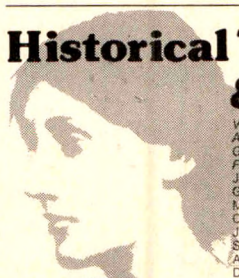

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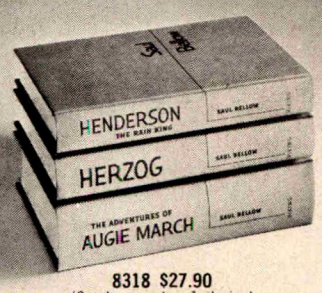

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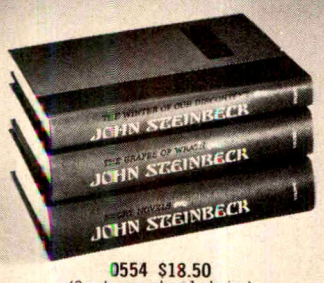

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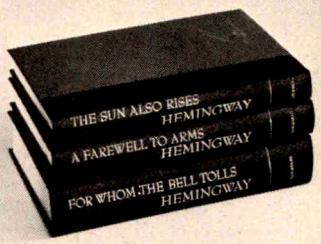

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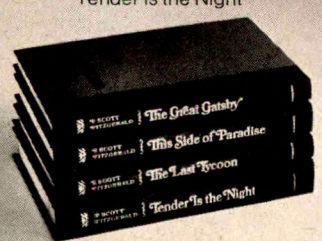

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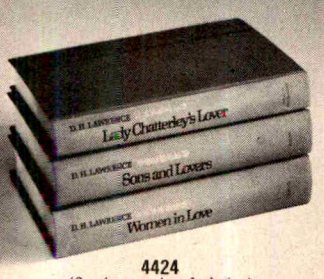

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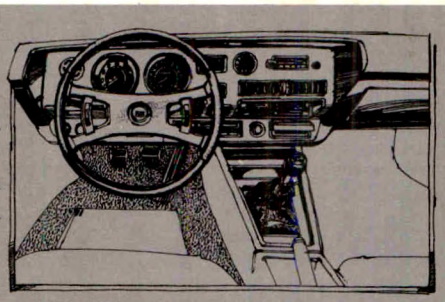
After your membership is accepted and you get your 3 sets for $1, you only have to buy four more books during your membership. Then you can cancel anytime you want. So, choose 3 sets now and send in the coupon. Pay $1—plus a charge for shipping and handling. If, after 10 days, you decide you don't want the books, send them back and we'll cancel your membership. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year) you'll be offered dozens of exciting best sellers at up to 40% off through your free copy of the Literary Guild Magazine. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special selections, always at discounts off publishers' prices.

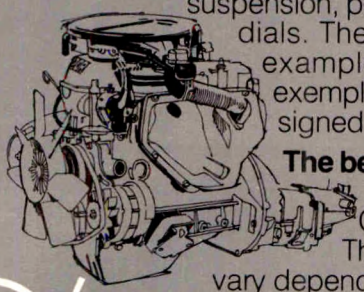
You never have to buy a minimum number of books a year. Only buy four more during your membership, after which you may cancel anytime. If you want the selection featured in the magazine or the special selection, do nothing, it will be shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book, return the order form marked with your preference, by the date specified. You always will have at least 10 days to make a decision. If you get an unwanted selection because you had less than 10 days, return it at our expense. There is a shipping and handling charge on all books shipped. The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more

THE 1980's CELICA

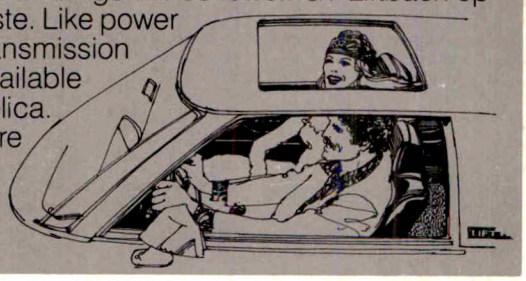


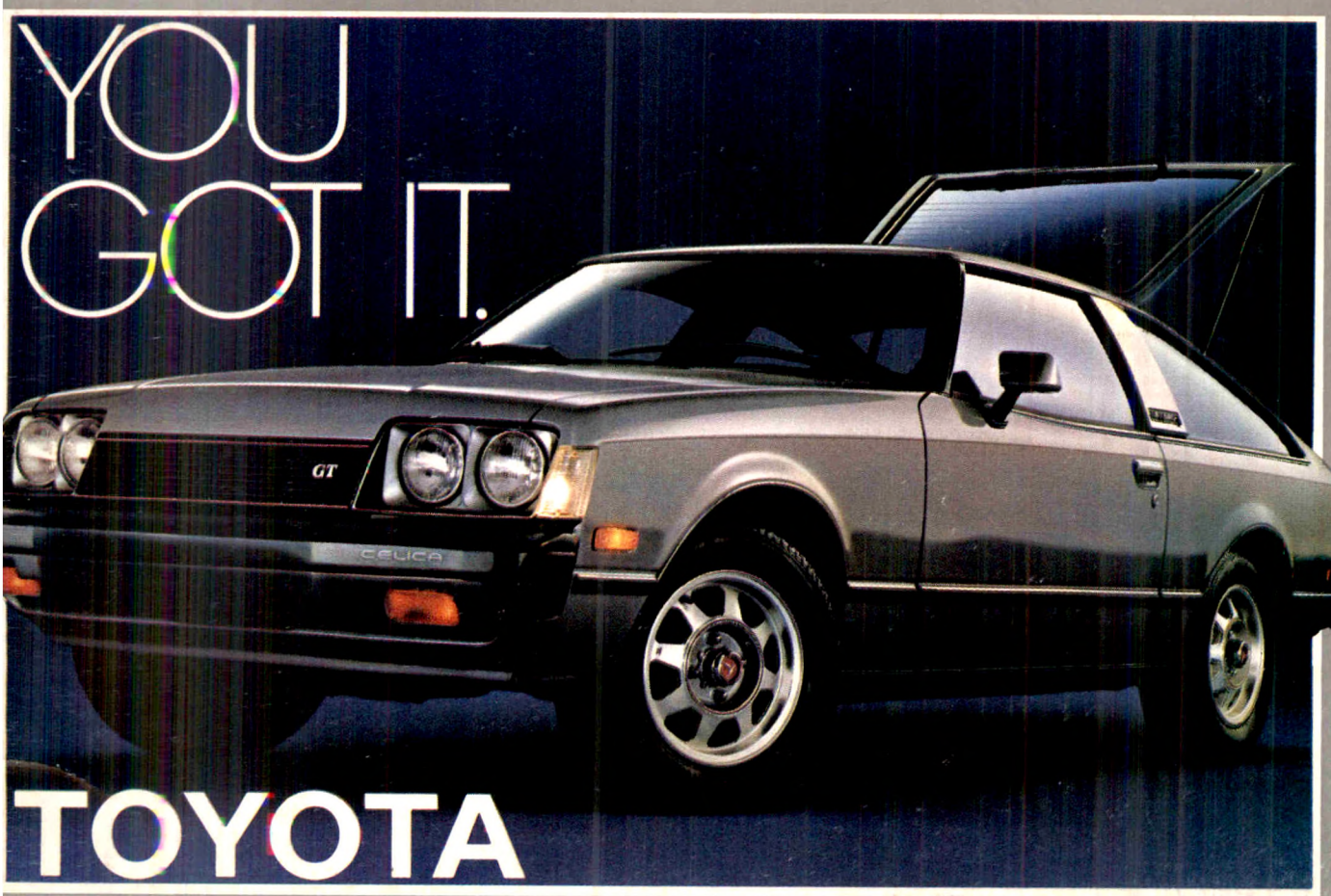
The new Toyota Celica. It's here now. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The latest in Toyota engineering advancements and wind tunnel refinements have produced an aerodynamic work of art. The Celica GT Liftback (pictured), GT and ST Sport Coupes.

A beautiful car and a fine machine. The GT Liftback aerodynamics have contributed to increased interior room (4" at shoulders), stability, acceleration and efficiency. The handling formula includes MacPherson strut front suspension, power assisted front disc brakes, and steel belted radials. The Celica's cockpit instrumentation is a beautiful example of functional engineering. And comfort is exemplified by the reclining bucket seats with newly designed adjustable driver's seat lumbar support.



The beauty is value. The 1978 Celica GT Liftback delivers Toyota dependability and economy. In EPA tests the Celica GT Liftback was rated at 34 highway, 20 city. These EPA ratings are estimates. Your mileage will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California ratings will be lower. GT Liftback options are for personal taste. Like power steering, automatic transmission or the new sun roof (available Jan. 1978). The 1978 Celica. The car of the 80's here today.



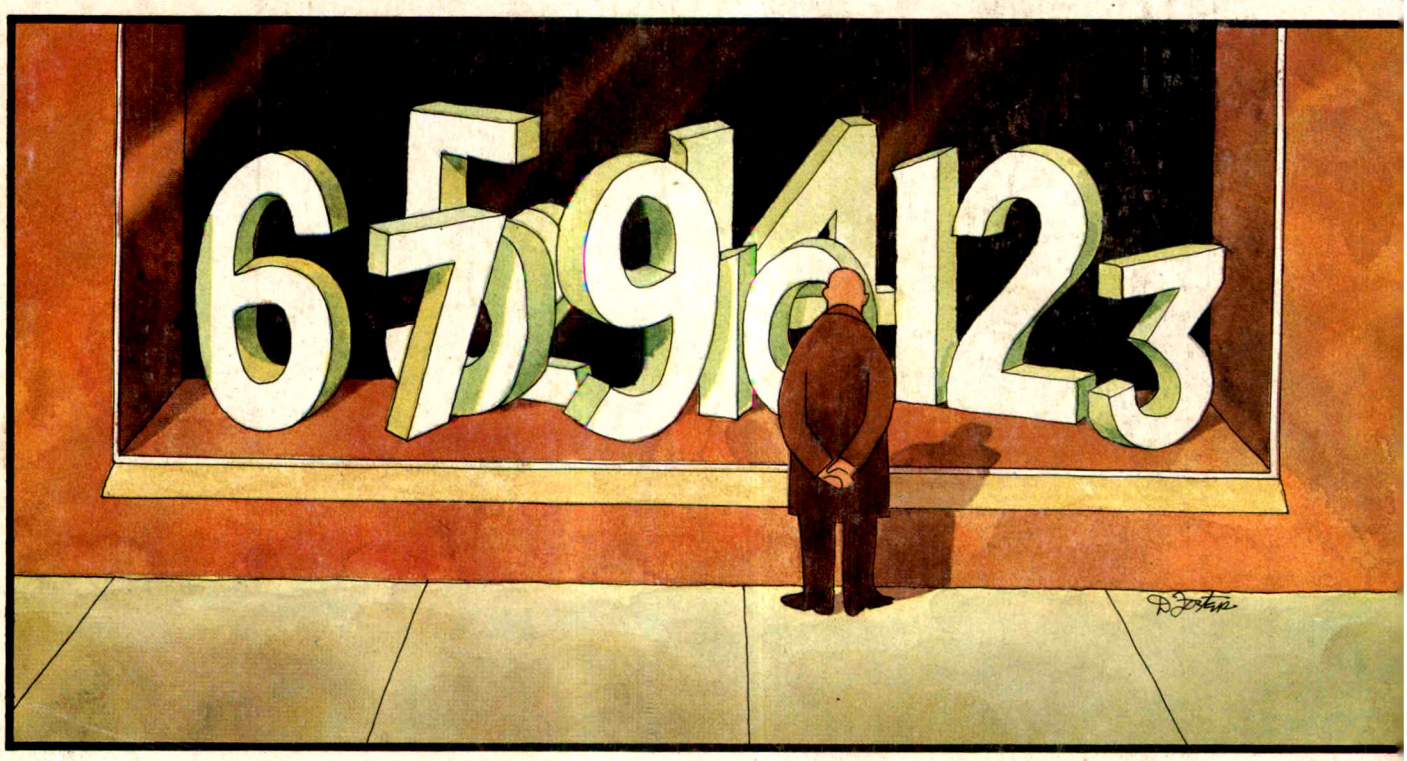


©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 1977

Low-tar Parliament

Choose more than just a number

23 MAR 1978



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."

As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

10 mg Kings
12 mg 100's

© Philip Morris Inc. 197

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. 77.

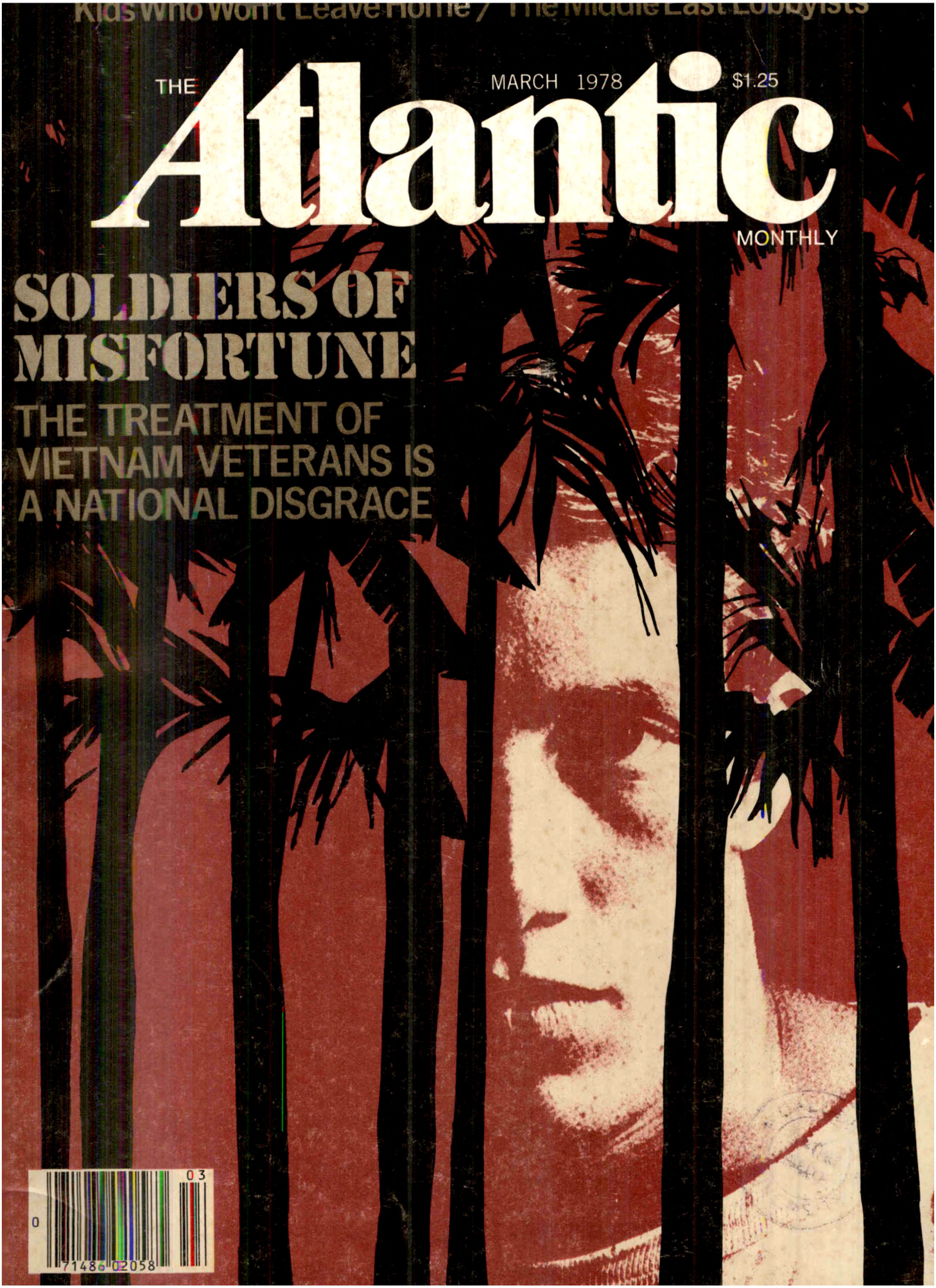
Kids Who Won't Leave Home / The Middle East Lobbyists

THE Atlantic MONTHLY

MARCH 1978 $1.25

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE

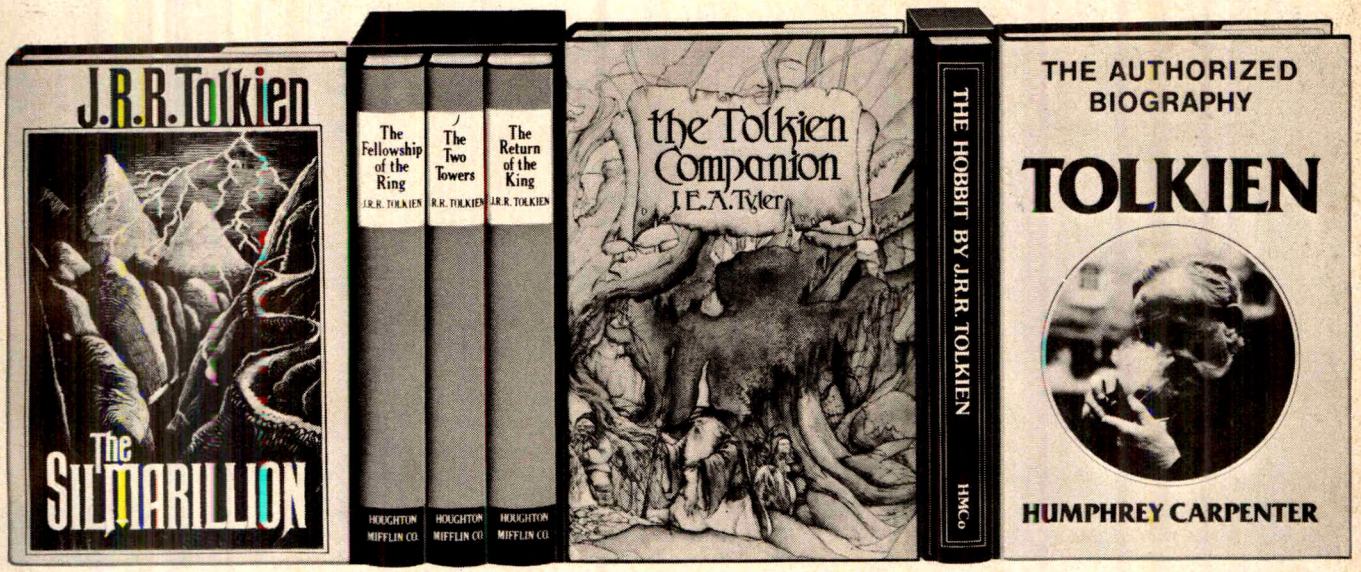
THE TREATMENT OF VIETNAM VETERANS IS A NATIONAL DISGRACE



0 71486 02058 03

NOW FILTERS
Class A
NOW
20 Filter Cigarettes
Class A
NOW
NOW
NOW
20 Menthol Cigarettes
Now. Only 1 mg tar.
This is more than just low 'tar'. This is ultra-low 'tar'.
This is Now, a cigarette with only 1 mg 'tar'. If you want to be sure
you're getting ultra-low 'tar', count all the way down to Now's number 1.
The ultra-low tar cigarette.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", .1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.
© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

All the riches of Middle-earth.



All seven beautiful editions for only $12.50 (Save $69.35).

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You simply agree to buy four books within a year

Imagine the pleasures of owning the complete Tolkien library—including the new bestselling *The Silmarillion*—all for only $12.50. You can as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club. These beautiful editions are identical to the ones sold in good bookstores. And that's fact, not fantasy.

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You conveniently shop at home at considerable savings. *Example:* If you chose all seven volumes shown here for $12.50 and then bought six books and two Book-Dividends you could save an average of $85—*including* postage and handling. And these are true savings because every book is *exactly* like the one sold in good bookstores—the same size, paper, type and binding. You *never* receive cheap book club editions altered in size and with inferior paper and bindings.

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A distinguished collection of specially produced record albums, beautiful gifts and games, children's books and a Club charge account with no service or interest charges—all made available *exclusively* to members.

A Complete Tolkien Library

The Silmarillion edited by Christopher Tolkien • The grand narrative history of the Elder Days of Middle-earth—Tolkien's lifelong labor recounting deeds of valor and treachery during the First Age. **Publisher's list price: $10.95**

The Lord of the Rings • Second revised edition with a new foreword and appendixes; maps. 3-volume boxed set. **Publisher's list price: $30**

The Tolkien Companion by J.E.A. Tyler • An invaluable, complete guide through the labyrinth of Middle-earth—a compilation of facts, names, dates, maps, charts, genealogical tables and elvish writing systems. **Publisher's list price: $12.95**

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Tolkien: A Biography by Humphrey Carpenter • The only authorized biography; based upon Tolkien's letters, diaries, papers, and memories of family and friends. **Publisher's list price: $10**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. 8-A8-3
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

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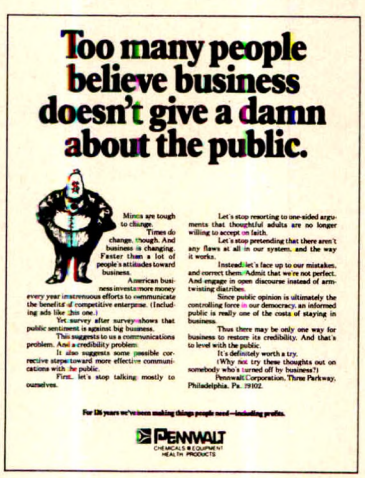
Cancellations. Your membership is cancelable at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Simply notify Book-of-the-Month Club.

AMERICA'S BOOKSTORE® Since 1926, 330 million books in 15 million homes.

Jack Block's class of business majors politely suggested what we could do with this ad.



Too many people believe business doesn't give a damn about the public.

Mimes are tough to change.

Times do change, though. And business is changing. Faster than a lot of people's attitudes toward business.

American business invests more money every year in strenuous efforts to communicate the benefits of competitive enterprise. (Including ads like this one.)

Yet survey after survey shows that public sentiment is against big business.

This suggests to us a communications problem. And a credibility problem.

It also suggests some possible corrective steps toward more effective communications with the public.

First, let's stop talking mostly to ourselves.

Let's stop resorting to one-sided arguments that thoughtful adults are no longer willing to accept on faith.

Let's stop pretending that there aren't any flaws at all in our system, and the way it works.

Instead, let's face up to our mistakes, and correct them. Admit that we're not perfect. And engage in open discourse instead of arm-twisting diatribes.

Since public opinion is ultimately the controlling force in our democracy, an informed public is really one of the costs of staying in business.

Thus there may be only one way for business to restore its credibility. And that's to level with the public.

It's definitely worth a try.

(Why not try these thoughts out on somebody who's turned off by business?)

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 126 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

Mr. Block teaches Business Communications at Mesa College in San Diego.

When our ad ran, he asked his students to make suggestions.

They did. All eighty-five of them. Thoughtfully and pointedly.

"Don't tell us people distrust big business," they suggested. "Tell us what you intend to *do* about it."

If only it were that simple.

As we've said before in this space, loss of credibility is just one reason why business is in trouble with the public. But loss of credibility leads to erosion of confidence in the whole system.

This alarms us. Because we believe in competitive enterprise, despite its defects.

We hate to see the whole system condemned for the questionable or unethical practices of a relatively few people in business who ought to know better.

But *we* know better than to try to defend the system with one-sided sermonettes that insult your intelligence.

Instead, we hope you'll stop and think. We hope the skeptics among you will question certain attitudes of your own.

Maybe nothing business says will ever change the mind of anyone not already sold on the system.

We certainly don't expect an ad to do it. That's not the point at all.

The point is to make you think. To replace a monologue with a dialogue. Judging from our mail, it's working.

Thus the ads themselves are an example of what we "intend to *do* about it."

The dialogue is healthy. We hope it continues.

We also hope we've shown Jack Block's students that we're open to suggestion.

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 126 years we've been making things people need–including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

THE Atlantic

MARCH 1978 VOLUME 241 No. 3

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A report on a matter of public interest:

How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.

Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable *and* recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. New, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the pre-

microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

• On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.

• In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

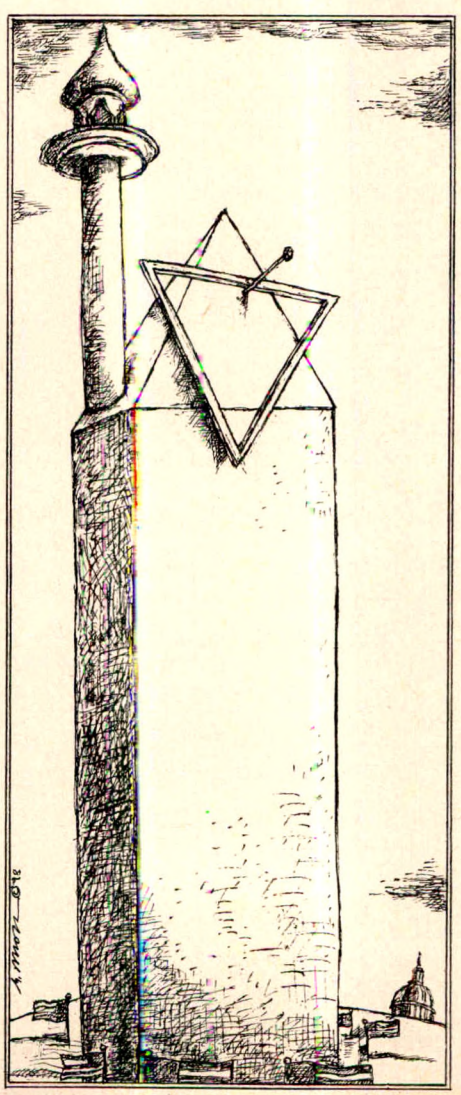
Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON: Jewish and Arab Lobbyists

The voice of the Arabs is heard more clearly in the corridors of power, but their lobby is a distant second to Israel's when it comes to size, efficiency, and fire power.



Four years ago, Fred Dutton admits, "I couldn't have stuck a pin in a map to identify the emirates." Today, he speaks of the Arabian peninsula as if the turf were as familiar to him as his own back yard, and the names of sheiks, oil ministers, and Arab princes roll off his tongue with ease. That is because Dutton—former Kennedy Administration official, onetime fund-raiser and campaign organizer for Robert Kennedy and George McGovern, liberal Democratic Washington lawyer extraordinaire—now represents the government of Saudi Arabia and its state oil company in Washington. Registered with the Justice Department under the Foreign Agents Registration Act as a provider of "legal and other services," Dutton says he spends about half of his time on the Saudi account; his fee for the first six months of 1977 was $270,490.

Other prominent Washington lawyers who draw handsome retainers from the Arab world include Democrats Clark Clifford (a former secretary of defense and frequent presidential emissary and confidant) and J. William Fulbright (a former senator from Arkansas and former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) and Republican Linwood Holton (a former governor of Virginia).

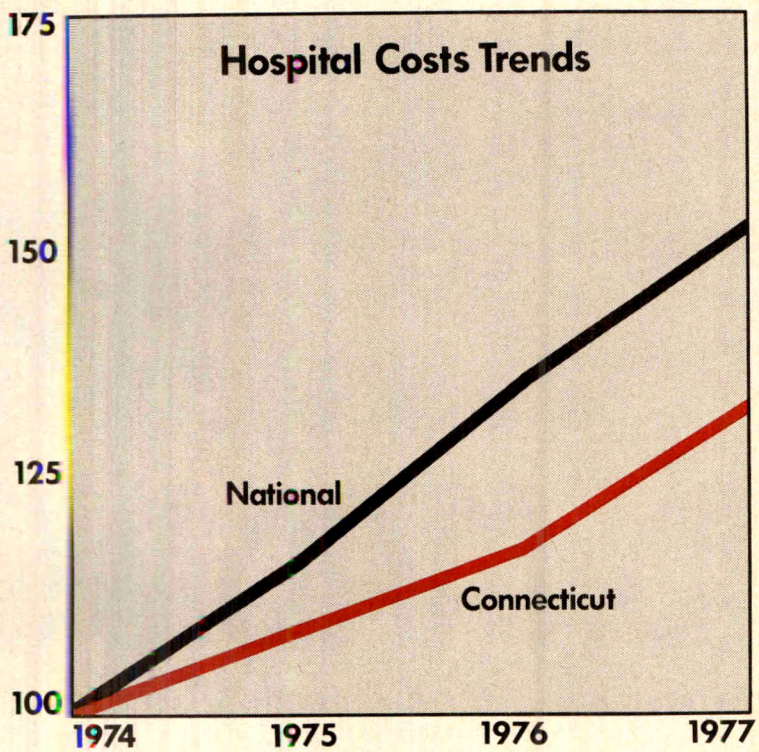
But for those who tote up Arab and Israeli influence in the capital, the entry of Dutton into the field has special significance. He is a shrewd behind-the-scenes operator, a man who has often raised money for Democratic candidates from Jewish political activists and has long associated himself with the cause of Israel. Although his work for the Saudis largely involves drafting humdrum contracts with American corporations and briefing the ambassador from Riyadh on rudimentary matters of American politics, Dutton's involvement—and that of others like him—is bound to have an impact in the tight world of Washington policymakers. It helps put a stamp of respectability on the representation of Arab interests.

The competition for influence over U.S. policy in the Middle East is a tense one, a high-stakes Washington game that is never very far from the surface, not even in moments when peace seems about to break out between Israel and Egypt. The game has many assumptions and a few rules. One assumption is that the Israeli government really has to do very little, because the highly politicized, well-organized, and articulate American Jewish community

THE TIDE IS TURNING.

For a long time, continuous, large increases in hospital costs have been looked at as inevitable.

But, a few years ago, Connecticut established a state commission to try to control these costs. It has succeeded so well, as you can see from the graph, that hospital costs in Connecticut are increasing at a much lower rate than the national average.



And as costs are brought under control, the insurance premiums that pay most of these costs can reflect the improvement. We have adjusted our rates in Connecticut in response to the improved costs records of Connecticut hospitals.

Insurance rates are, in a sense, a mirror of society. Its economics; its technology; even its morality.

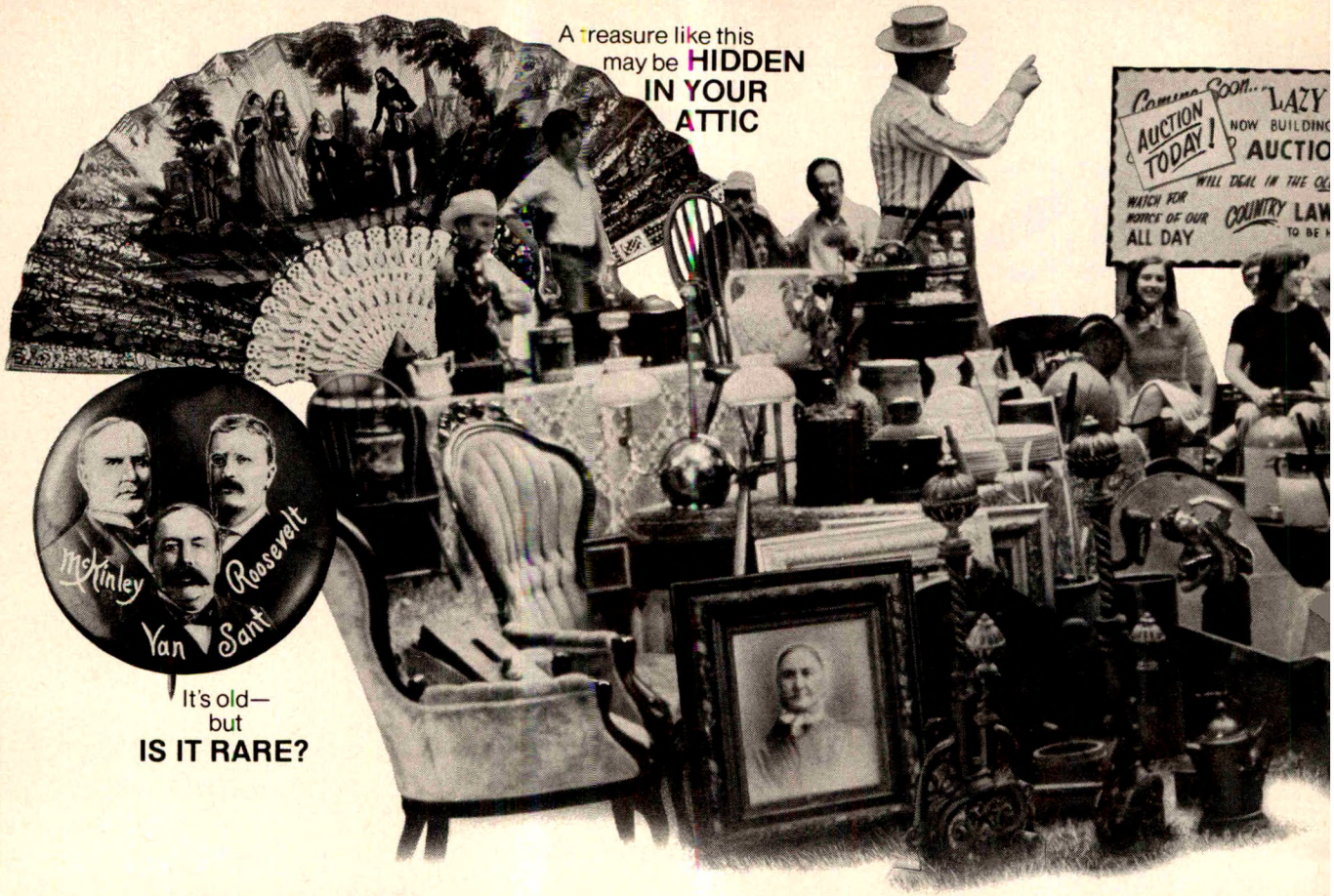
And when society takes effective action to solve problems, it shows up in our rates.

For a copy of the annual report of the Connecticut Commission on Hospitals and Health Care, write The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115. Or dial, toll-free, weekdays from 9 to 5 Eastern Time, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

THE TRAVELERS

Raising our voice, not just our rates.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, and Affiliated Companies, Hartford, Conn. 06115



THE MAD, MAD WOR

The pleasure... the profit... the nostalgia... the satisfaction... the sheer joy of the hunt... in this indispensable ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COLLECTIBLES

America has gone collection happy! People are grabbing up everything from autographs and baseball cards to World War I memorabilia.

They are searching through acres of flea-market flotsam and jetsam... flocking to country auctions, garage sales, junkyards, antique shows... combing through classified ads in weekly newspapers... buying, selling and swapping old postcards, souvenir spoons, comic books, political campaign buttons, Kewpie dolls, automobile hubcaps and license plates, World's Fair souvenirs, vintage cars, Hummel figurines, Beatle-mania—and much more!

How to tell the fake from the authentic. Whether you've already been swept up by the collecting fever or are just getting the "itch," how do you find the treasure in the trash? How do you keep from buying too dear or selling too cheap? How do you know *which* are "hot" collectibles today and why? And how can you learn the romantic history and lore of your collections?

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will take care of things. On the Arab side, the converse is true: the Arab-American community is essentially docile, and the Arab nations themselves more active—with the corollary that the major oil companies, protecting their own interests, make expensive, subtle efforts on behalf of the Arabs. Another assumption is that the Departments of State and Defense have a strong pro-Arab bias, while Capitol Hill leans far in the direction of Israel; the National Security Council and White House staff can go either way.

A third assumption is that there is always extreme sensitivity, particularly in the Jewish community, to any official statement or action concerning the Arab-Israeli conflict. The Carter White House has been learning about this ever since the President's "town meeting" in Clinton, Massachusetts, last year, when he made his first public reference to the need for a "Palestinian homeland." He was inundated by expressions of protest and concern. Six and a half months later, the controversial Soviet-American joint declaration of principles for a Middle East settlement drew scores of immediate denunciations from Congress and 3500 spontaneous, differently worded telegrams to the White House for several days.

Notwithstanding these facts, one of the important rules of the game is that members of Congress who value their seats and other officials who are subject to public pressures do not complain about the efforts of the "Jewish lobby" or the "Israeli lobby." Those are code words, terms that often conjure up the specter of anti-Semitism and play into the hands of conspiracy theorists who recite the old canards about Jewish control of the media and the banks.

Yet the undeniable fact is that the American Jewish community has for years deployed an extraordinary arsenal on Israel's behalf in the capital. At the heart of the arsenal are old-line, tried-and-true organizations such as the American Jewish Committee (AJC) and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which originally made their mark fighting discrimination and prejudice and only later turned to mobilizing support for Israel. Recognizing that Jews make up only about 3 percent of the U.S. population, they worked to create a secular constituency on behalf of the Jewish state. (Their success was notable; public opinion polls have consistently shown widespread popular backing for the continued existence and security of Israel.) As Hyman Bookbinder, longtime Washington representative of the AJC, recently told a CBS television interviewer, "We know that the Jewish interest cannot be pursued, cannot be protected, unless at least half of the American people and half of the American Congress believe that our concerns are appropriate concerns . . . unless we get another 48 percent added to our 3 percent—51 percent, in other words—we cannot protect our interests."

But the lion's share of the burden of protecting those interests in Washington today is assumed by the only Jewish group that is actually registered to lobby on Israel's behalf, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee (AIPAC). Started in 1954 as an outgrowth of the American Zionist Council, AIPAC has representatives of every other major Jewish organization on its board and draws on their resources at the grass roots. For more than three years, the hard-driving force of AIPAC has been Morris J. Amitay, the forty-one-year-old executive director, an intense and ingenious man who trained for his assignment during seven years as a Foreign Service officer and five years as a legislative assistant on Capitol Hill.

Amitay runs an office a few blocks from the Capitol that is widely envied and increasingly imitated. He uses an annual budget of $700,000 to create an impact that others could not achieve with millions more. AIPAC's research library is one of the best in town on the subject of the Middle East; many journalists, and even the State Department, regularly call upon it for assistance. (One of its rare commodities is a set of bound volumes containing every single statement or document on a Middle Eastern topic that has appeared in the *Congressional Record* during the past twenty-six years.) The office's printing and processing facilities are as up-to-date as any in Washington, and it also buys and gives away hundreds of copies of any newly published book that is favorable to Israel.

AIPAC monitors every piece of legislation in the United States Congress that arguably affects Israel's security and diplomatic interests. In a moment of perceived crisis, it can put a carefully researched, well-documented statement of its views on the desk of every senator and congressman and appropriate committee staff within four hours of a decision to do so. For credibility's sake, AIPAC's four lobbyists now include one Republican and one gentile. Whenever a member of Congress in a key position hires a new staff person to handle Middle Eastern questions, one of the first phone calls the staffer receives is invariably from AIPAC, offering friendly help and consultation.

Operating as he does, Amitay has become a controversial figure in his own right. (Last summer his house in the Maryland suburbs was bombed at 3 A.M., in an incident that was possibly linked to the assassination of an Israeli military attaché in 1973.) Some congressmen complain—rarely for quotation—that he has become too demanding and uncompromising in his quest for support of Israel. During the debate on last year's foreign aid bill, for example, which contained $1.785 billion in military assistance and credits for Israel, Amitay and his staff upbraided many legislators who announced they would vote against the measure because of their objections to money included in the bill to fund international institutions that lend to Vietnam, Angola, Cuba, and Uganda, among others. (When the conference report on that legislation finally did clear the House on a 229-195 vote, it was in part because of the widespread support for Israel, and White House officials called Amitay to thank him for AIPAC's crucial help on the issue.)

One young congressman who has reluctantly spoken up about AIPAC's overreach is Toby Moffett, thirty-three, Democrat of Connecticut, who is of Lebanese origin but has generally pleased his large Jewish constituency in the Hartford suburbs by voting in line with Israeli interests, despite his resistance to some aid bills and military appropriations. (He cosponsored a resolution with Senator Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho, calling attention to the plight of Jews in the Soviet Union.) "To question is in [AIPAC's] view to oppose, and that is considered traitorous," complains Moffett. "There has been an attempt to portray a perfect consensus of American Jews on every issue, and everyone knows that can't be true."

Moffett worries lest his criticism be misunderstood. "Admittedly," he says, "I'm not a Jew. I've only read about the Romans and the pogroms in czarist

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Russia and the Nazi Holocaust. I may not be capable of appreciating this feeling . . . but I think we'd all be better off opening a dialogue. . . . You have to resist voting for something just because it has a particular country's name on it."

At the same time, Moffett complains about the better-disguised pressures from the other side. "Oil has a whole lot to do with the Administration's [Middle Eastern] policies," he insists. "Whenever we're talking about energy policy, the State Department constantly sticks its head in the door and says, 'Oh no, we have to be nice to the Saudis.' So we can't do anything that puts a dent in OPEC." Say what he might, Moffett seems doomed to get himself into trouble. Militant Arab-American activists routinely attack him for failing to do enough to redeem his heritage, and yet his Republican opponent in 1976 meticulously exploited every remark Moffett had ever made calling for even-handedness or moderation in the Middle East; before he won his second term in the House that year, Moffett eventually had to run a newspaper advertisement headlined "LET'S SET TOBY'S RECORD STRAIGHT" and signed by eight Jewish congressmen from around the country.

Given the growing discontent with AIPAC, one might have expected the increasingly self-aware Arab-Americans to develop an effective counterforce on Capitol Hill. But that is far from the case. Unlike the Jewish members of Congress (five senators and twenty-two congressmen), the Arab-Americans have tended to regard their ethnic background as a political liability. Among them, only Senator James Abourezk, Democrat of South Dakota, has been outspoken on behalf of the Arab nations and the Palestinians—and that only after years of supporting Israel and after deciding (if not announcing) that he would not run for a second Senate term.

The five acknowledged Arab-American members of the House (there is rumored to be a sixth, but he has thus far refused to come out of the closet) rarely identify themselves that way and, apart from Moffett, seldom talk about the Middle East. They and Abourezk have never even met to discuss the issues, and the joke is told that when John P. Richardson, the newly appointed public affairs director of the National Association of Arab-Americans (NAAA), recently went calling on each of them, he had to enter their offices by the back door.

Richardson, thirty-nine, is the first official Washington lobbyist of the Arab-American community, and his initial efforts are very low-key and modest compared to those of AIPAC. He himself is not of Arab background, but became involved in the field through academic interests and then worked for years in Beirut and Washington for a group called American Near East Refugee Aid. As an outsider he has a certain advantage, because of the bitter differences in belief and emphasis among the subdivisions of the Arab-American community (mostly Lebanese or Syrians, with a growing and increasingly vocal component of Palestinians). Indeed, after a delegation of Arab-American leaders from NAAA went to see President Carter last December, they could not agree on a single spokesman to report to the press, but issued individual statements and competed with each other for attention.

The current president of the six-year-old NAAA, Joseph D. Baroody, a member of a prominent Republican family, points out that it would be impossible for his organization—a composite of some 1600 small local churches, social, cultural, and charitable groups—to focus on a single cause the way AIPAC can claim to represent Israel. "How could we ever represent everyone from Colonel [Muammar] Qaddafi of Libya to the [conservative] rulers of Saudi Arabia?" he asks.

Richardson says that his first goal on Capitol Hill is merely to supplement NAAA's general effort "to build respect for Americans of Arab background," much in the way that the Anti-Defamation League and American Jewish Committee did their best-known work years ago. From that base, the new lobbyist hopes to move on to "become a source of credible information and a valid point of view"—so that eventually a letter of protest going from Capitol Hill to the White House on behalf of Israel will not automatically obtain the signatures of seventy-six senators, as did a notorious one in 1975. As part of his own educational process, Richardson early on had lunch with Amitay.

Moffett warns that despite possible recent shifts in American attitudes

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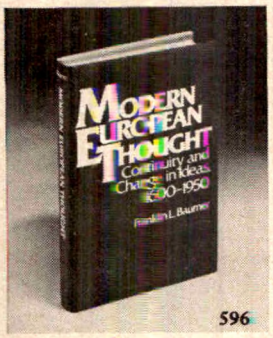

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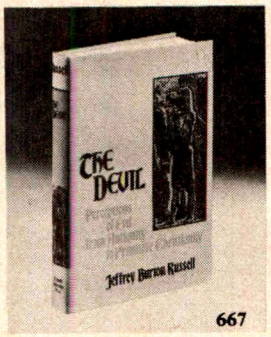

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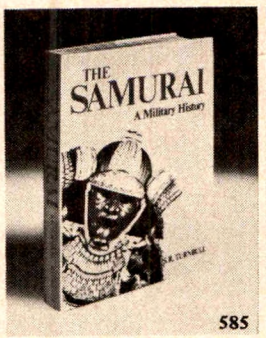

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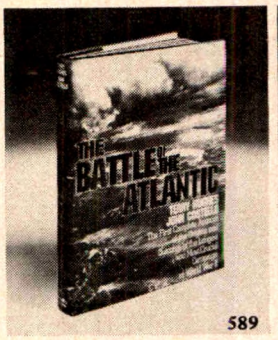

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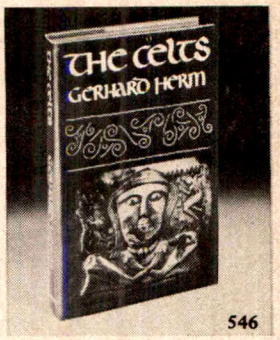

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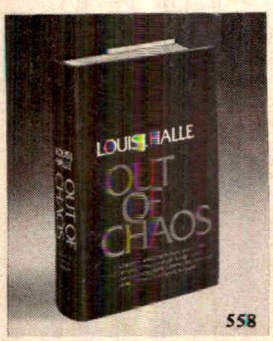

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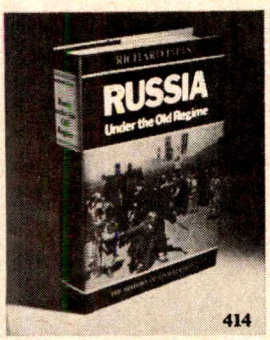

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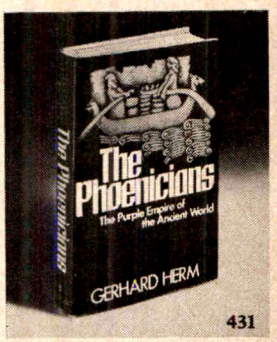

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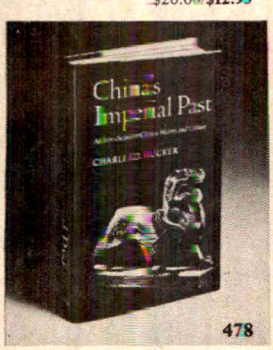

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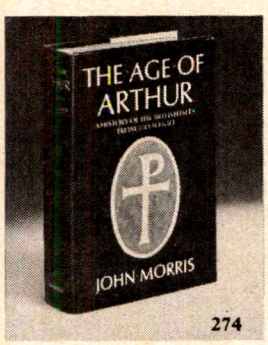

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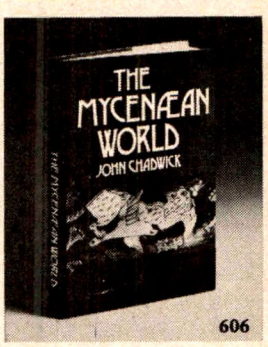

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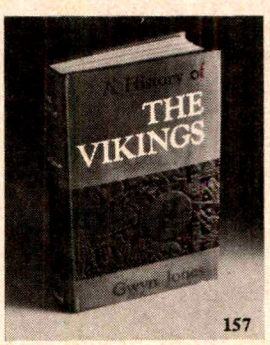

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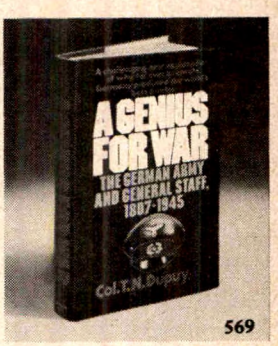

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toward the Middle East, the Arab-Americans will not win credibility in Washington overnight. "The American Jewish community has gained respect over the years because of its record on social issues like civil rights and the antiwar movement," he points out; "the fact is that Arab-Americans have not been progressive on social issues. Generally, when they got over here they were in a hurry to become wealthy and Republican."

Indeed, the White House is still playing by the old assumptions and rules. Relations with Arab-Americans, like those with most other ethnic groups, are assigned by Carter's political staff to the Office of Public Liaison, headed by an upstate New York politician, Midge Costanza. The Jewish community, on the other hand, takes up at least half the time of Mark Siegel, deputy to Carter's chief political adviser, Hamilton Jordan. (Siegel, once an aide to former Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss, describes his only other major assignment as "the party.") His own views, Siegel acknowledges, are "terribly sympathetic to Israel," and he regards the Jewish organizations that are frequently in contact with him as his "constituents." All of this makes sense in a Democratic White House, he argues, given the fact that American Jews are very heavily registered as Democrats, especially in ten major urban states, and produce an estimated 90 percent turnout in most national elections. They contribute about half of the money in Democratic politics, and, as Siegel puts it, "as individuals they can articulate a policy. People will go to the synagogue and talk about F-15s" (the American fighter jets that Arab states have wanted to buy).

Recently, with Carter sometimes appearing to have separate positions on the Palestinian issue for the odd and the even days of the month, Siegel has had his hands full. Although about 75 percent of American Jewish voters are believed to have voted for Carter, many of his original supporters are now disaffected, and they bombard Siegel with complaints. The White House aide happened to be in Israel at the time of Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat's historic visit to Jerusalem, and he is now convinced that "American Jewish opinion is more hard-line and less pluralistic than Israeli public opinion." Although there is an obvious "lag time in opinion transformation," Siegel believes that the Sadat peace initiatives are bound to have a softening effect on that American Jewish hard line.

The flurry of Egyptian-Israeli negotiations has probably already had an impact on the lives and attitudes of all of the Washington players except Amitay. Even though it has produced anything but unanimous admiration in the Arab world itself, Sadat's trip to Jerusalem, according to Richardson, "overnight changed the conventional wisdom in this country about the kind of people that Arabs are. The assumption went from irrationality to rationality."

One obvious beneficiary of the fallout has been Ashraf Ghorbal, the Egyptian ambassador, who has always enjoyed good relations in Washington but now seems to have a special status as a symbol of the prospects for Middle Eastern peace. (Ghorbal is now permitted to be sociable with his Israeli counterpart, Simcha Dinitz, and the two of them were the guests of honor at the much-gossiped-about dinner party sponsored by Barbara Walters.)

Other, more subtle shifts are in the works. On Capitol Hill, for example, the traditional role of Senators Jacob Javits, Republican of New York, and Abraham Ribicoff, Democrat of Connecticut, as spokesmen for Israel and the American Jewish community may be transferring to new actors—among them Senator Dick Stone, Democrat of Florida, who is also Jewish but prides himself on his contacts with Arab leaders both in their own countries and in Washington. (He displays prominently in his office an autographed picture and a long, discursive letter in Arabic from a Saudi prince.) A conservative on a number of foreign policy issues, Stone was disregarded by many in his party when he first arrived in Washington in 1975, but last year he became chairman of the Near Eastern and South Asian Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and people began to take notice.

But Stone is not the only congressional supporter of Israel who, having traveled widely in the Arab world, seems ready to broaden his point of view. With Ghorbal's encouragement, 338 members of Congress have visited Egypt since 1973, and all but one had a personal talk with Sadat.

That fact, combined with other developments, has some of Israel's strongest American advocates running scared. A major strategic crossroads is faced by Amitay, who has shown no signs that he will let up on the pressure, even if the Egyptians and the Israelis sign a peace agreement. Some of his friends, as well as his detractors, argue that he should. If the atmosphere of confrontation eases for Israel, they suggest, AIPAC may discover more skepticism toward its alarms about Israeli security. Already there are indications that while Amitay and others continue to stimulate fervent statements of support for the Jewish state from the usual quarters, those statements are in some cases mere lip service, and true congressional sentiment, expressed privately, is a different matter.

Would a more moderate approach produce more realistic results? Abourezk claims that several of his Senate colleagues have told him confidentially that they are chafing under the pressure to renew their pro-Israeli pledges at regular intervals, and the South Dakotan says there are several possible candidates to take over his role as chief Senate spokesman for the Palestinians when he retires at the end of this year.

Leaders of the American Jewish community are worried over other trends in Washington. A more even-handed representation of Arab and Israeli interests before the U. S. government could be a good thing for all, discouraging the unfounded allegations that conspiratorial Jewish interests are somehow pulling the strings of foreign policy. And the increase in U. S. exports to Arab nations to a level of about $7.2 billion in 1977 (as compared to $1.2 billion in 1972) could actually produce economic benefits for vast numbers of Americans, regardless of their ethnic background. But if Fred Dutton and his colleagues are successful in their efforts and the Arab financial stake in this country increases substantially, alarms of an entirely different nature may be sounded. The Treasury Department keeps the exact statistics secret at the Saudis' request, but the Saudi government is believed to be the largest single holder of special Treasury notes; and the Saudis are known to have a huge investment in the securities of, among other quasi-official agencies, the Federal National Mortgage Association ("Fannie Mae"). For the moment, this is generally interpreted as a use of surplus oil revenues to shore up the weak American dollar. But what the

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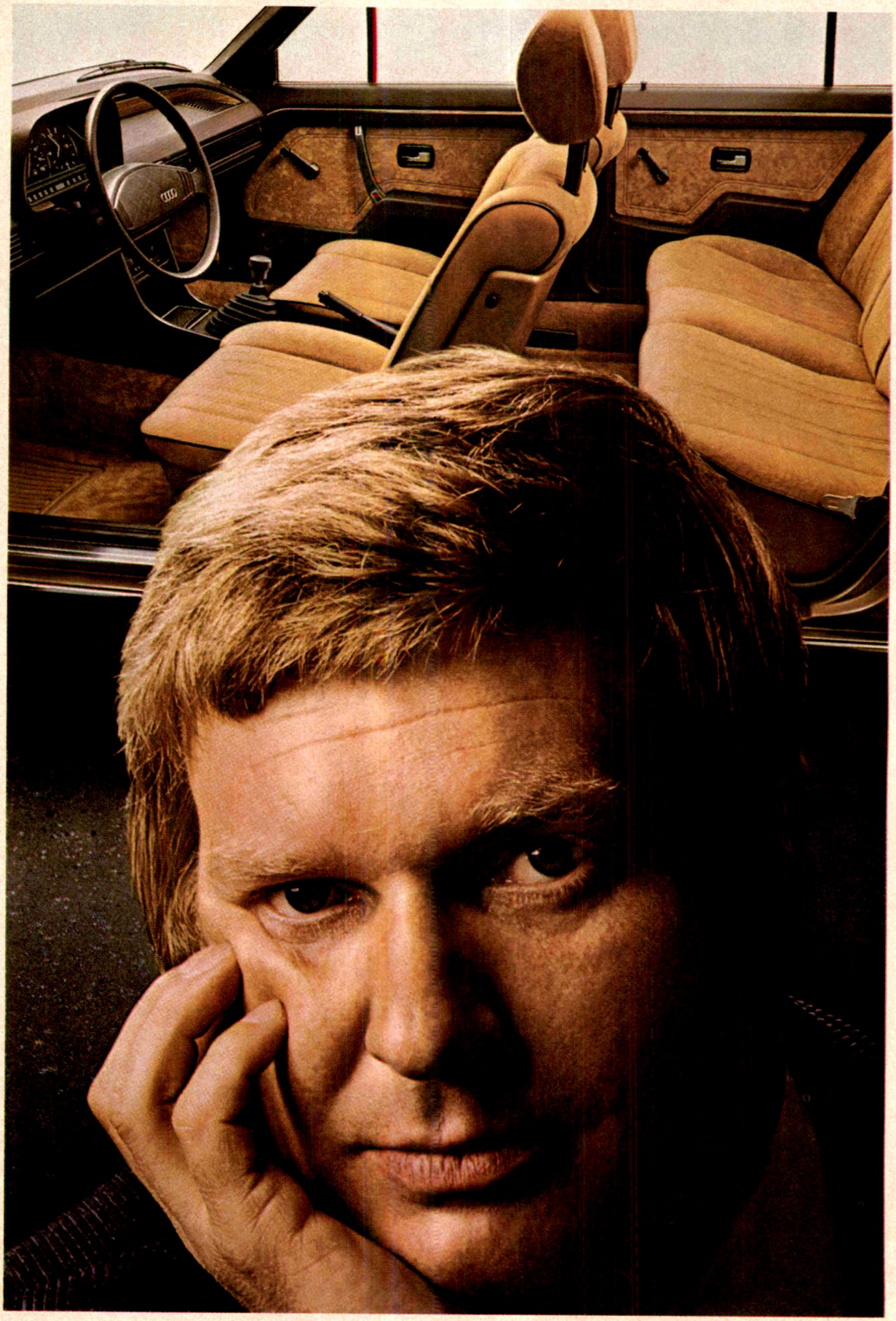
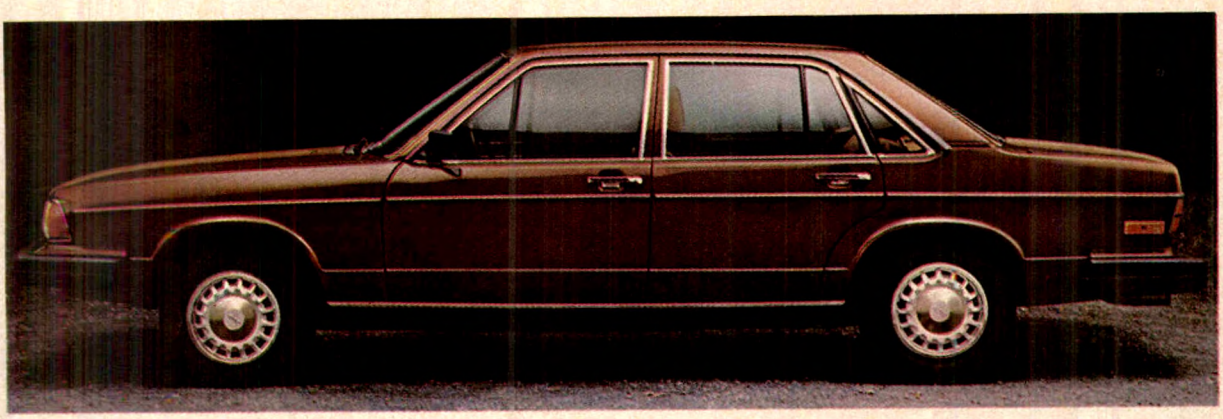


"I AM OPPOSED TO HAVING THE INTERIOR OF THE AUDI 5000 LOOK LIKE AN AIRPLANE COCKPIT."

AN INTERVIEW WITH HARTMUT WARKUSZ, HEAD OF STYLING



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Warkusz: In some ways, yes. The old kind of interiors with stark black leather and polished chrome everywhere is no longer appropriate for today's cars. We wanted to create a more modern living environment inside the car. A car should be a pleasant, bright and comfortable place to be in. You should feel at home. Your living room at home isn't black all over, is it?

No. But my living room doesn't have wheels.

Warkusz: And we didn't just put wheels on a living room and so we didn't design the car only for the comfort of the driver. The Audi 5000 holds all 5 people comfortably. The trunk is huge enough to hold all their luggage.

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Will this type of interior appeal to Americans?

Warkusz: We believe so, because we studied the American market very carefully. Not to copy, but to take American tastes into consideration. The Audi 5000 is altogether European, but there is no reason why a European car can't be bright and roomy and comfortable and quiet. A high performance European car does not have to look or sound like the cockpit of a plane.

The lines do look European.

Warkusz: Lines are not European or American. Lines can be ugly or beautiful, but most importantly, lines are functional or not functional. The aerodynamic values of the Audi 5000 make the air resistance very low. The drag coefficient is better than most other cars in our size category. Also, the aerodynamics made us lift up the tail of the car. That's one reason why the trunk came out so big.

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What would you want an American buyer to understand about it?

Warkusz: I would want him to understand the mature, functional design of the car. The pleasant, comfortable and quiet atmosphere of the interior. The high quality of the finish. And, the fact that it's the largest German car you can buy for the money—about $8,500.* And I would want the American buyer to understand that nothing about it is by chance.

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result might be if the Middle Eastern crisis should be seriously aggravated again is anyone's guess.

Meanwhile, liberal Jewish political activists are beginning to change their minds about some old articles of faith. Worried that the recently secure 3 percent of the population could be threatened after all, they are not so sure that it is a good idea to extend the federal campaign finance reform to congressional elections (thus putting a limit on individual contributions to Senate and House races) or to abolish the electoral college (thus limiting the ability of cohesive voting blocs to throw all of the electoral votes of large states into the column of one candidate or another). They are concerned, in short, about something that has come to be called the "Arab lobby."

—SANFORD J. UNGAR

BRITAIN: The End of a Long Decline?

Its economy rescued by North Sea Oil, Britain has a chance this time to do more than muddle through.

About 150 years ago, the German poet and liberal philosopher Heinrich Heine lived in London for a brief period, and was asked one day in conversation where he would like to be on doomsday.

"Why, in England," he replied, "because it will take at least a hundred years longer."

Heine would certainly be at home in London today. Never in history has the decline of a nation been recorded so assiduously by so many for so long. Rome had to wait five centuries for Gibbon to come along and chronicle its decline and fall. England, of course, abounds in Gibbons, not to mention Waughs, Powells, Orwells, Audens, Pinters, Osbornes, Spenders, Trevor-Ropers, Trevelyans, and all the other masters of the language. An outsider setting out to write about Britain faces a doubly desperate task because the decline has already been so thoroughly recorded, analyzed, parodied, versified, novelized, dramatized, and worked over with gusto, imagination, humor, and quality by the British themselves. They seem to revel in it.

Fifteen years ago, in 1963, Britain's leading intellectual monthly, *Encounter*, devoted an entire issue to the plight of the country under the title "Suicide of a Nation." Arthur Koestler was its special editor, and he went at it with all the fervor of a leftist intellectual immigrant torn by devotion and anguish at what he saw happening to his adopted *patrie*. He got some of the best brains and essayists in the country to contribute to a provocative and readable symposium of gloom, doom, and decay. Today, after another decade and a half of economic mismanagement, political cupidity, runaway inflation, crippling strikes, and unchecked social and historic decline, *Encounter* is still at it, with a cover title "Can Britain Survive?" and an article on "Our Obsolete Attitudes—Education and the National Malaise."

While debate and decline rage, London itself remains eternal. It still hasn't been figured out how to redevelop Piccadilly Circus, and the bombed-out site next to the National Gallery at the top of Trafalgar Square is more or less the way the Germans left it in 1941. Koestler has become somewhat resigned as far as stirring his adopted nation to combat its decline is concerned.

"I have found the human climate of this country particularly congenial and soothing—a kind of Davos for bruised veterans of the age of Hitler and Stalin," he writes. "When all is said, its atmosphere still contains fewer germs of aggression and brutality per cubic foot in a crowded bus, pub or queue than in any other country in which I have lived. Here you have the ultimate paradox of the naturalized Briton: He starts his pilgrim's progress by admiring the lion, and ends up by being rather fond of that preposterous ostrich."

George Mikes, like Koestler a Hungarian refugee in Britain, has recently added a little treatise on "How to Be Decadent" to his shelf of short books, which he began more than thirty years ago with "How to Be an Alien." In it, he happily and truthfully notes:

"Foreign newspapers and magazines never stop sending correspondents here to investigate the 'English disease', to analyze our decline and our despair and panic as we cower in the economic gutter. They arrive to find no panic, no despair. With their logical minds, they know they ought to find them; but they don't. When they discuss the matter with the British, they expect some defense of this lackadaisical attitude, or excuses for failures. But what the British say is this: 'Yes, I quite agree, aren't we in an awful mess—we are hopeless', and then they order another double whisky."

Recently I asked a British friend, over smoked salmon at the Garrick Club, when he thought the decline of Britain began, and he replied quite cheerfully and without hesitation:

"Well, I expect after the Battle of Omdurman in 1898. You see, that was our last big forward imperialist push—the last time we sent the army out to seize and hold somebody else's territory. White man's burden and all that, you know. Ever since Omdurman it's pretty much been retreat and downhill all the way for us, hasn't it?"

With a perspective like this—whether consciously or subconsciously—it's pretty difficult to get worked up if the pound rises or falls by a few cents or all the firemen in the country go out on strike. In his famous book about the Italians, Luigi Barzini remarks, "Italians are always forgetting their defeats while the French are always searching for victories." The British, unlike either, always seem to be chortling over defeats and downright embarrassed by victories. As Mikes says: "This is not a Nation of Vulgar Winners; this is a Nation of Good Losers."

In any case, the down escalator of history appears to have reached ground floor for the Nation of Good Losers. There is a perceptible pause in the long decline, and it's a question of whether this pause can be made permanent. The pause has come about not because of any Herculean national effort or sudden vision on the part of the British themselves. It is due simply to North Sea oil. The temporary nature of the pause is established quite clearly by the fact that this phenomenal national bonanza will begin to run out at about the end of the coming decade.

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You may read about this and more about Rocky Mountain country in the April issue of *The Atlantic*. If you are not already a subscriber, please reserve your copy at your favorite newsstand.

BRITAIN

Still, for a relatively brief period ahead, the British do have some assurance. North Sea oil already covers about 45 percent of Britain's current needs, and with production increasing almost daily the British will not only be self-sufficient in oil by 1980 but will be an oil-exporting nation as well.

In general economic terms, North Sea oil will add about 5 percent to the present gross national income when production hits full stride. In revenue terms, the treasury will take in approximately $3 billion from oil in 1978, and this will rise to something like $7 billion annually by the mid-1980s. Above all, in monetary terms North Sea oil means that Britain no longer has to struggle with a seemingly endless balance-of-payments deficit.

The first result of this can be seen in the total turnaround in British trade figures in the second half of 1977—reserves suddenly soaring to $20 billion at the end of the year, nearly *five times* what they were at the start of the year. Sterling is back as a strong currency. Not only will this reinforce London's remarkable and resilient dominance as a global financial center, but, more important, it means that the management of the British economy will no longer be hamstrung by fear of piling up foreign debt through too much expansion at home. The stop and go of economic direction in the past thirty years can give way now to much steadier long-term policies of growth which need not be blown off course by sudden monetary buffeting from the outside.

North Sea oil has arrived, moreover, at a period when Britain's *relative* economic position, vis-à-vis her partners in the European Common Market, has also been moving gradually from chronic inferiority to a more normal balance. Again, this has not come about as the result of any basic economic improvement or achievement by the British themselves. On the contrary, the reason is almost entirely negative—five years of world recession which still shows no signs of any basic turnaround. But the recession, gradually and inexorably, is having a leveling effect on all economies. The Age of Growth is over. The winded hares are slowing down to the pace of the laborious and awkward tortoise.

From the mid-1960s to the mid-1970s, the British growth rate averaged only 2.7 percent annually, which was very

Business and the rational mind, Part II

Doughnut-watching•The virtue of dissatisfaction•The egalitarian thrust

When it comes to evaluating the performance of the American economic system, it's hard to get some people to look at the substance. They get so hung up on shortcomings that they fail to discern accomplishments. Instead of comprehending the doughnut, they become fixated on the hole.

As a result, they come out almost totally negative and conclude that we ought to scrap the whole system and rebuild from scratch. In our view, this ignores the extraordinary benefits that our system—perhaps best called "democratic capitalism"—has produced for the ordinary person over the years. It also ignores the question of what to substitute for the most dynamic, most egalitarian, and most productive system in history, despite all its obvious flaws.

We don't feel any theological attachment to the American economic system. Certainly it can be improved. And this is exactly the point: The system has improved throughout the past 200 years, no matter how unevenly, is still improving, and seems likely to keep on improving if given a chance.

The best way to gauge any system's improvement is, of course, to monitor its performance.

If you look only at the hole, you'll find that both unemployment and inflation in the U.S. are still far higher than any of us would like.

But if you look at the doughnut over the 10 years through 1977—a decade that encompassed the Vietnam war, the oil embargo, and other afflictions—you'll find this: The number of people employed in this country increased well over twice as fast as our population did.

And, as Ben Wattenberg points out in his book *The Real America*, family income in the U.S., after adjusting for inflation, has doubled in a generation, and the steady upward movement of median family income in our country has created a "massive majority middle class . . . something that has never happened before anywhere . . ."

This is not to say any of us should be complacent. On the contrary, healthy and informed dissatisfaction with the status quo has underlain much of our country's progress. But this constant progress itself has created problems: By performing economic miracles, the system has created enormous expectations and a growing desire for instant gratification of those expectations.

The key to this dilemma is partly one of timing: Our system is indeed able to work wonders when it is allowed to operate within rational, realistic timetables for change and with minimal government intervention. The problem often lies in expecting too much too soon, and this in turn often leads to well-meaning but misguided government intervention, which does more harm than good.

Most of the critics of our system agree that it is wondrously productive, though they are reluctant to comprehend that material wealth is indispensable if a society is to support such essentials as health care, education, and other social services. They fault the system on "moral" or other grounds—including, sometimes, esthetics. And they focus disproportionately on the short-term malfunctions that punctuate the system's long-term performance.

At least part of the carping at our economic system is sheer intellectual faddism; it's easier to criticize than to learn the basics of economics, which can require one to overcome deeply rooted biases. Many elitists seem to feel that in the long run our country will be better off if the decisions are made by a select few rather than by the masses of people. Since our economic system is essentially egalitarian in its thrust, elitists often appear to fear and distrust it.

Being egalitarian, the system naturally develops a constituency that is large and loyal, even if not as vocal as those bent on remaking society in their own image. If left unchecked, this tendency of people to think for themselves will almost inevitably strengthen both our economic and political systems.

This is a prospect we find it easy to live with. We believe that over any reasonable period of time the American people, no matter how much they criticize their economic system, will devote themselves more to appreciating the doughnut than to denouncing the hole in it.

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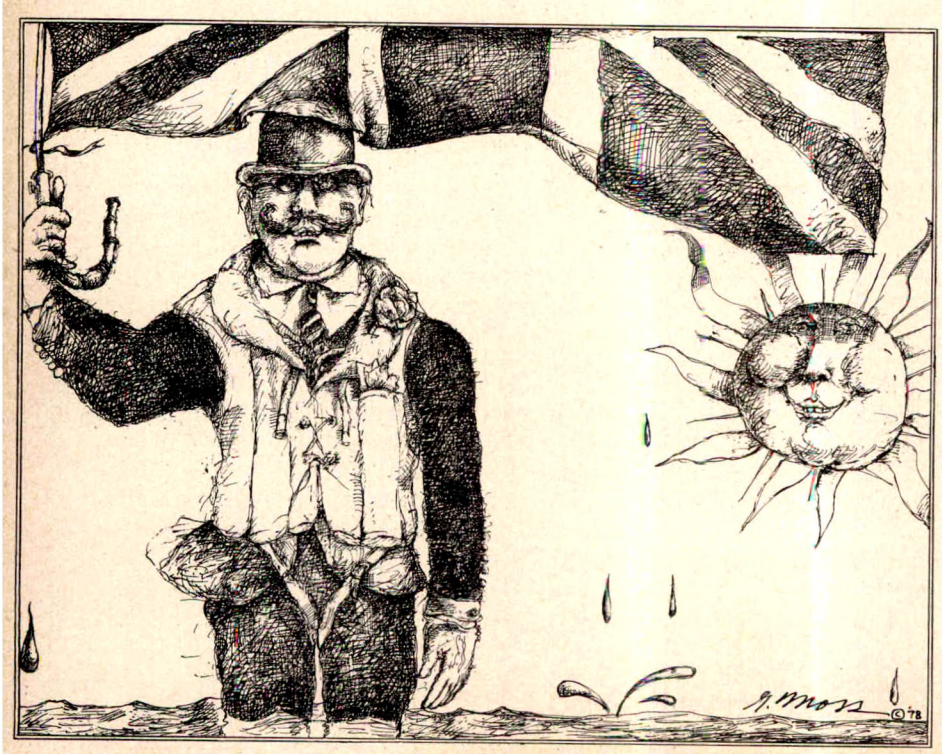
low compared to the growth rates of France, West Germany, The Netherlands, Norway, and practically all other nations of Europe and beyond. Today it is a struggle for almost any country to attain an average of more than 3 percent, and it looks as if the entire industrial world will have to live with high unemployment for some time to come. But the British, having lived with low growth and economic restraints of one kind or another almost continuously since the war, have long since made adjustments to economic difficulties which other nations are now likely to have to make. These can be not only painful but politically destabilizing for countries such as France or Italy or even West Germany. In fact, the West German ambassador to London recently remarked that "despite everything" he would be prepared to exchange Britain's problems for those facing the Federal Republic in Bonn.

For example, for nearly three years the British have been following a national policy of voluntary pay restraint which has worked with a great deal more success than the headline news about strikes and labor troubles would indicate. (Incidentally, the country seems to have gotten so tired of hearing the word "strike" that the BBC is using the more euphonious term "industrial action" to describe a work stoppage.) Strikes over pay policy and breaches of the pay guidelines (10 percent increases for the current twelve months) get the headlines. But the fact remains that despite the worst record in Europe of labor relations and production time lost, the British wage earners as a whole have accepted a voluntary policy which has *reduced* their living standards by something like 30 percent since 1975. No other country in Europe has shared a downward adjustment of economy as widely and equitably as the British have. To be sure, this is a somewhat negative achievement—typical of a Nation of Good Losers and Patient Queuers. But will the French or the Germans be able to make the same downward adjustment if economic conditions suddenly foreclose their options? Nobody knows, but 1978 and 1979 could produce some rough answers.

The British therefore find themselves in a period when general economic prospects are running temporarily in their favor. In a world in which energy supply is the number-one problem, they and the Norwegians, also benefiting from the North Sea, are the only peoples in Europe to have the assurance of self-sufficiency. They no longer suffer a balance-of-payments problem. There is elbow room for government budgeting and economic policy-making. And they are well used to the kind of adjustments to low growth and economic squeeze that other governments and people have yet to deal with.



The problem the British now face is how to begin a vast national renewal. Continental Europe has long suffered the dubious advantages of wars and revolutions which, whatever their cost, at least force periodic fundamental social, political, and structural changes of governments and systems. Britain had its last revolution when Cromwell took power in 1648, and its last occupation by a foreign power when William the Conqueror arrived in 1066. Whether they have been going up or down in the last few centuries, the British have always proceeded more or less at the same pace in the same manner within the same political structure and the same social attitudes. In fact, this is one of the reasons that they are seldom aware whether they are going up or down. Revolution Britain might need, but revolution it will almost surely never have. Change for the British will be evolutionary, not revolutionary. This decade of respite is not much time in which to produce the changes that are clearly needed, given the British track record for standing still on burning decks and decaying industries.

The nationalized British Steel Corporation is currently losing roughly $2.5 million a day. In Britain steelworkers produce 62 tons per man per year—against 158 tons in Italy, 161 tons in West Germany, 247 tons in the United States, and a whopping 340 tons in Japan. How much longer, in the face of total world recession in steel, can the British Labour government go on with such a subsidy, postponing the inevitable rationalization at a cost of thousands of jobs? Even worse is the certainty that when action finally comes it will be piecemeal, halfhearted, and insufficient.

Nobody has any idea what the losses are from day to day at British Leyland, the seminationalized automobile giant. The company staggers from one work stoppage to the next, from one cut in its investment program to another, from one reorganization plan to the next, from management crisis to crisis with less coherence and command than the sinking *Titanic*. Common Market and Japanese manufacturers find that exporting cars to Britain is easier than feeding buns to elephants. Foreign cars now occupy a steady 50 percent of the British market, and in those frequent months when British Leyland can't deliver to its dealers because of strikes, the foreign car sales jump higher.

The newly nationalized British ship-

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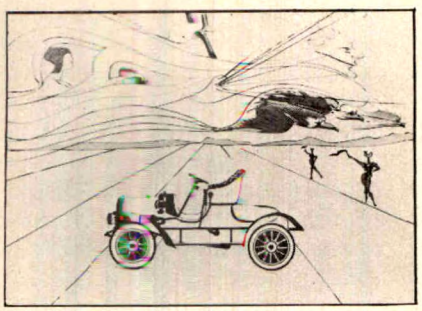

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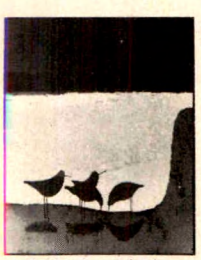

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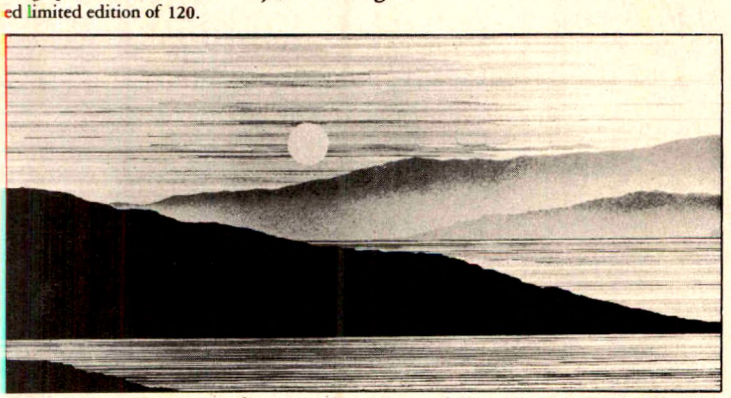

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building industry is no more of a bargain for the state than steel or automobiles. Recently one of the biggest of the nationalized yards, Swan Hunter at Newcastle, lost an order from Poland, worth millions of pounds, for seven bulk cargo vessels because the ship outfitters union at the yard refused to lift a ban on overtime work for its members. The Poles were insisting on a guaranteed delivery date in the contract. Without overtime work, Swan Hunter could not give the guarantee. But the outfitters union was fighting an intramural pay claim involving the better-paid welders in the boilermakers union, and so the whole order was lost. This is typical of British labor problems. Of course, given the British capacity for mixing up defeat with victory, commentators immediately saw a wonderful opportunity to get rid of the problem by closing down the yard altogether, since rationalization of shipbuilding is clearly needed along with rationalization of steel and automobiles. But what will replace those jobs? As John Maynard Keynes once remarked, with regard to a cyclical economic problem, in the long run we are all dead, but presumably he did not mean this to apply to all of British industry.

North Sea oil and a balance-of-payments surplus do nothing to conceal the horrendous British productivity record. In 34 of 36 productivity comparisons in a recent study of industrial groups within the Common Market, Britain comes in at the bottom. One Dutch man-hour is now the equivalent of more than two British man-hours. Using productivity in the United Kingdom as a base of 100, the French forged ahead in the twenty years from 1955 to 1975 to 180, the Germans to 186, the Italians to 201, the Belgians to 228, and the Dutch to 248. Statistical chronicles such as this could go on endlessly.

Of course labor efficiency is not merely a problem of labor relations. It is also a reflection of capital investment in production facilities and of management efficiency. As for investment, the record of the last five years during hyperinflation (the only statistic where Britain has maintained a devastating lead over the rest of the Common Market) has been abysmally low. But as *The Economist* remarks: "British industry's problem is not a shortage of funds for investment; it is an unwillingness to invest." The country does not even invest its talent and brainpower in industry the way it could or should. From 1968 to 1975, the portion of university graduates in Britain going into industry fell from 59 percent to 46 percent, while those going into public services rose from 11 to 20 percent. Curiously enough, the most efficient segment of the entire British economy is almost certainly agriculture, where investment is high, mechanization thorough, and management good. But then farming has always been an occupation of gentlemen in Britain.

Banking is also a gentlemanly occupation, and the skills and capacity of the City of London as a financial center are simply unmatched anywhere in the world. There is not a major bank on the globe, from the Narodny Bank of Moscow to San Francisco's Bank of America, which does not operate a London branch if it claims to do international business. It is one of the paradoxes of Britain that across this period of unrelieved decline, with the pound the weakest in its history, and inflation rampant, and an economy down around the level of Spain's, London's position as a center of the monetary world has strengthened. Almost half of all European external deposits and about a third of all world external deposits are held in London. The British seem to apply a great deal more skill to managing other people's capital than they do to managing their own. If they could shift some of their gentlemanly focus from agriculture and banking to running industry, what a difference it could make.

So what are they going to do with these next precious years? Muddle through? I'm all right, Jack? Quit shoving? Have another double? Best of British luck to you, mate?

Who knows? Except in the rarity of a war that produces a Churchill, British solutions will not revolve around the leadership (good or bad) of one man. There is always a collectivity about the way problems are resolved in Britain. Men propose; the British people themselves somehow dispose. Still, it is somewhat startling and a little off-putting for an outsider to hear Prime Minister James Callaghan being favorably compared to Stanley Baldwin by high Tories. The point is that while nobody can remember anything that Baldwin did except manage the abdication of King Edward VIII, he nevertheless rates as one of the most effective peacetime prime ministers in British history. He managed well in difficulty, even if he did not lead.

Jim Callaghan has all the avuncular qualities of your friendly local pub keeper. After Harold Wilson, he is an enormous relief to the British public—Labour voters and Tories alike. He is no intellectual, but he manages well. Maybe good management is all that Britain needs for the latent skills and qualities at last to assert themselves over decline and decay. Heaven knows there has been enough intellectual analysis and soul-searching to keep solution-makers hard at work for the rest of the century. If it comes out right, probably nobody will know how or when or where the solutions were arrived at or implemented. They will somehow just have been found.

Britain, in short, remains Britain, and sees no reason to change on either the way down or the way up. Professor Ralf Dahrendorf, the German scholar who has been director of the London School of Economics since 1974, a kind of latter-day Heinrich Heine in London, finds that part of the appeal of Britain in decline has been that "they take their time doing things because it is more important to be fair and kind than to get there first, the strange way in which some kind of order is brought about without external discipline and therefore without sanction." He was talking about the endless queues for everything in Britain, but in a sense it applies as well to almost any problem the British face.

"You can have the rat race, or you can have a more leisurely pace, moderate economic success coupled with a strange sense of happiness, and of course powerful trade unions," he goes on. "There are competitive societies and there are societies characterized by solidarity, and Britain belongs in the latter category. People have a way of dealing with each other that alleviates the difficulties of life and creates self-sustaining rules. Britain is essentially one with its history, and that is one of its basic strengths." —DON COOK

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

Sanford J. Ungar is managing editor of *Foreign Policy* magazine and a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

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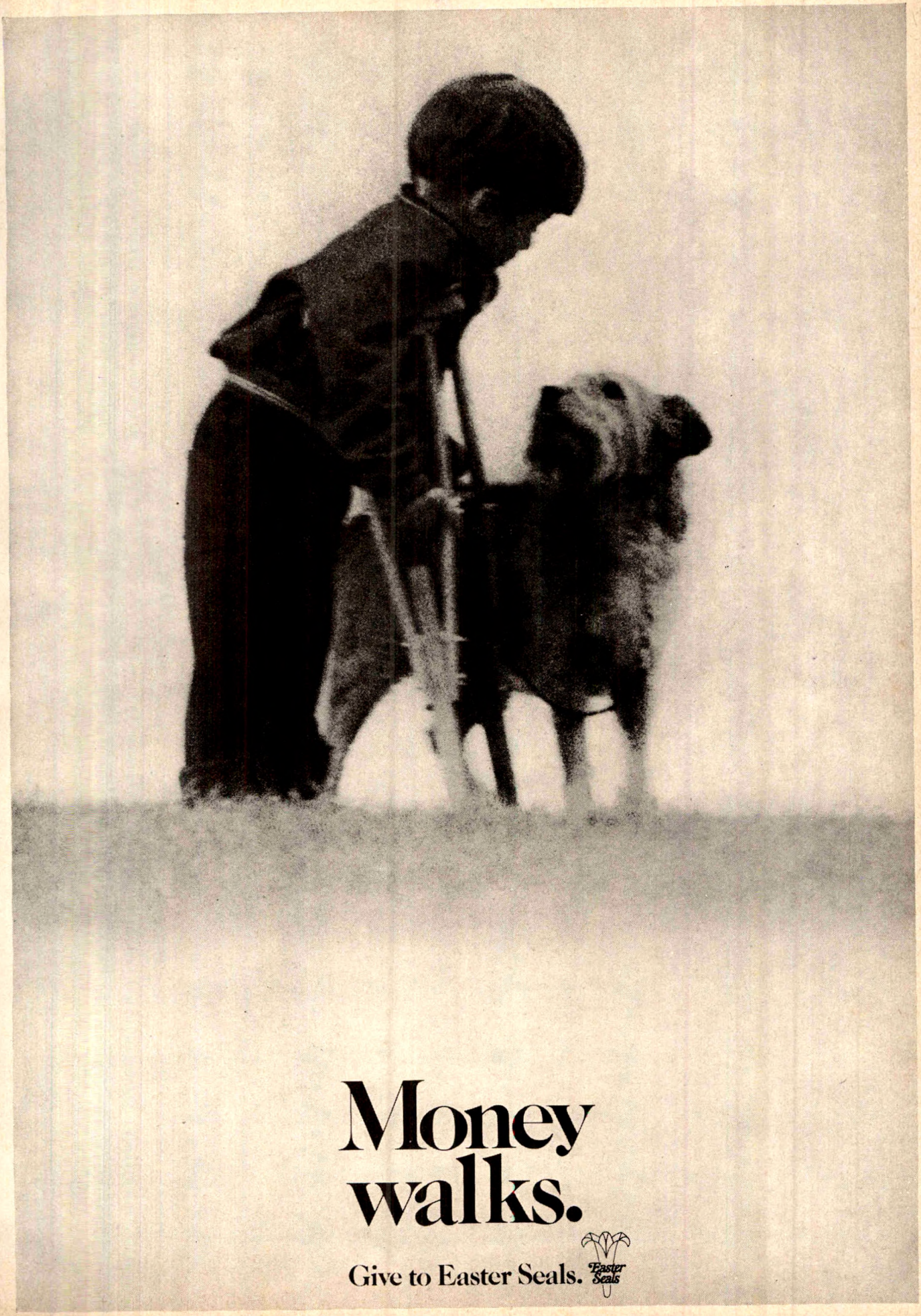
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PARTY of ONE

On Being a Pessimist in the Second Degree

by Thomas Griffith

In serious quarters, optimism does not have a good name. Optimism is for those who have not put away childish things—the domain of Peter Pan, of Disney, of indolent dreamers persuaded that wishing will make it so. Even in its adult version, optimism has the taint of uplift about it. Think of all those Tin Pan Alley invocations to happiness before grungy rock lyricists came along to mourn their identity crises: *forget your troubles, c'mon get happy; nothing but blue skies do I see; wrap your troubles in dreams and dream your troubles away; happy days are here again; you gotta ac-cen-tuate the positive; just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street.*

Such exhortations belong in the category of the salesman's sunny-desperate hoping, of those hulking athletes sitting on the bench repeating their little rosaries of self-confidence to give them the will to win, of the promoter's ceaseless hype to generate enthusiasm for what he makes money on. For optimism, which comes naturally to the innocent and to the patsy, comes also to the self-serving, as in the merchant's parting wish at the cash register for you to "have a good day."

Perhaps it is this element of falsity—the self-deception and the deception of others—that does so much to create the intellectual's distrust of optimism.

In earlier days, when boosterism was in fashion—before H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis laughed the idea out of respectability—to be pessimistic was to be negative and unpatriotic. How else but through optimism was anything worthwhile ever done, was progress made, was the West won? (Plundering the land was also optimistically called progress.) Businessmen still think optimism a natural right of theirs: hear their constant whine at the government for their own lack of "confidence," as if they alone of all of us must be assured a risk-free future before they agree to take risks.

But of course pessimism has a long intellectual history, dating back at least to Voltaire, who, at a time when Europe was stunned by the death of 20,000 persons in the Lisbon earthquake, created a fruity idiot in Dr. Pangloss, who thought this the best of possible worlds. All the intellectually most respected novelists express the tragic view of life. The only comic writers who are celebrated (such as Mark Twain and Ring Lardner), the only comedians who are cheered (such as Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, and Woody Allen) make jokes with an underlay of melancholy. And, of course, the fashion of pessimism is not confined to intellectuals. Today realism, a much admired quality, means to see things plainly, without optimism, without ideals. One of our era's favorite putdown phrases is "You're just not living in the Real World." To judge by those who do live there and often use the phrase, the Real World must be a singularly blighted, corrupt, untrusting place. I would hate to live there.

Optimism or pessimism is subjective, and more than just a passing mood; it is a state of mind. Objective circumstances do not create the frame of mind, but serve to illustrate it: if a pessimist finds nothing in his own living to depress him, he will move on to the population crisis, or the exhaustion of resources. Optimism was once thought to be the natural province of the young, when their health was in first bloom, their awareness and curiosity newly awakened, and so many possibilities were open to them. To be older was to be on a trajectory of disillusionment, decline, and despair—confined by responsibilities, sobered by opportunities missed, overtaken by failing health and diminished hopes. But I think pessimism or optimism a matter of temperament rather than a stage in life. One discovers large numbers of disturbed and despairing, even suicidal, young people. Their mood—especially among those who seem privileged and gifted—suggests a difference between the reality of one's life and one's comparing sense of it.

Comparisons properly belong in the shallows of the mind, where frustration lives. There was never so comparing an invention as television, the envy box in everyone's home. Its incendiary presence in the ghetto is often remarked upon: on its screen the poor see and are made discontent by the better life that is unavailable to them. But I think television spreads just as much frustration to those who can afford what it promises, and who find these promises not as offered—that idyllic alone-on-the-tropical-beach proves in actuality to be a littered cove surrounded by crowded resort hotels; the solicitous maître d' in the restaurant ads turns out to be brusque, and only marginally more responsive when tipped.

The best of commercials shrewdly mock the optimistic promises they make, as aware as you are that perfumes, shaving lotions, or the right choice of beers won't make you a whit more popular. Even having the money to buy a Mercedes won't make you rugged and handsome at the wheel, or make your wife thin, hairblown, and beautiful. The immense falsity of advertising claims lies not so much in the products themselves (however much they disappoint) as in the assurance of a happy life through consumerism, or of a miserable life without. Television, the automobile, and the jet enlarge the range of everyone's possibilities, but often in such a way that neither here nor there any longer seems the right place to be.

I sometimes think of those earnest nineteenth-century reformers who worked hard to make our working conditions better, our hours shorter, our days freer. They thought that once life was not so brutish, people's days would be spent in self-improvement. They might be puzzled by what they wrought, and saddened by those many who today live without danger or need, and without challenge or exhilaration. Frustration is a constant in modern life: it is a world of exasperations, inconveniences, disappointments. But frustration does not deserve the name of pessimism.

Hard-core pessimists stand outside the frustrations and satisfactions of the consumer society. They are

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Thomas Griffith, author of *How True: A Skeptic's Guide to Believing the News*, is a part-time pessimist.

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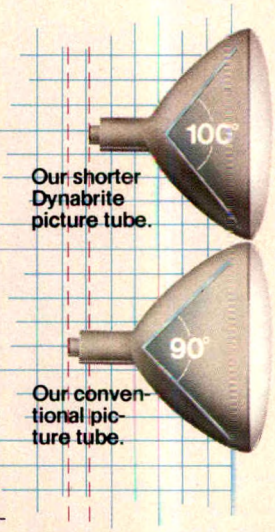

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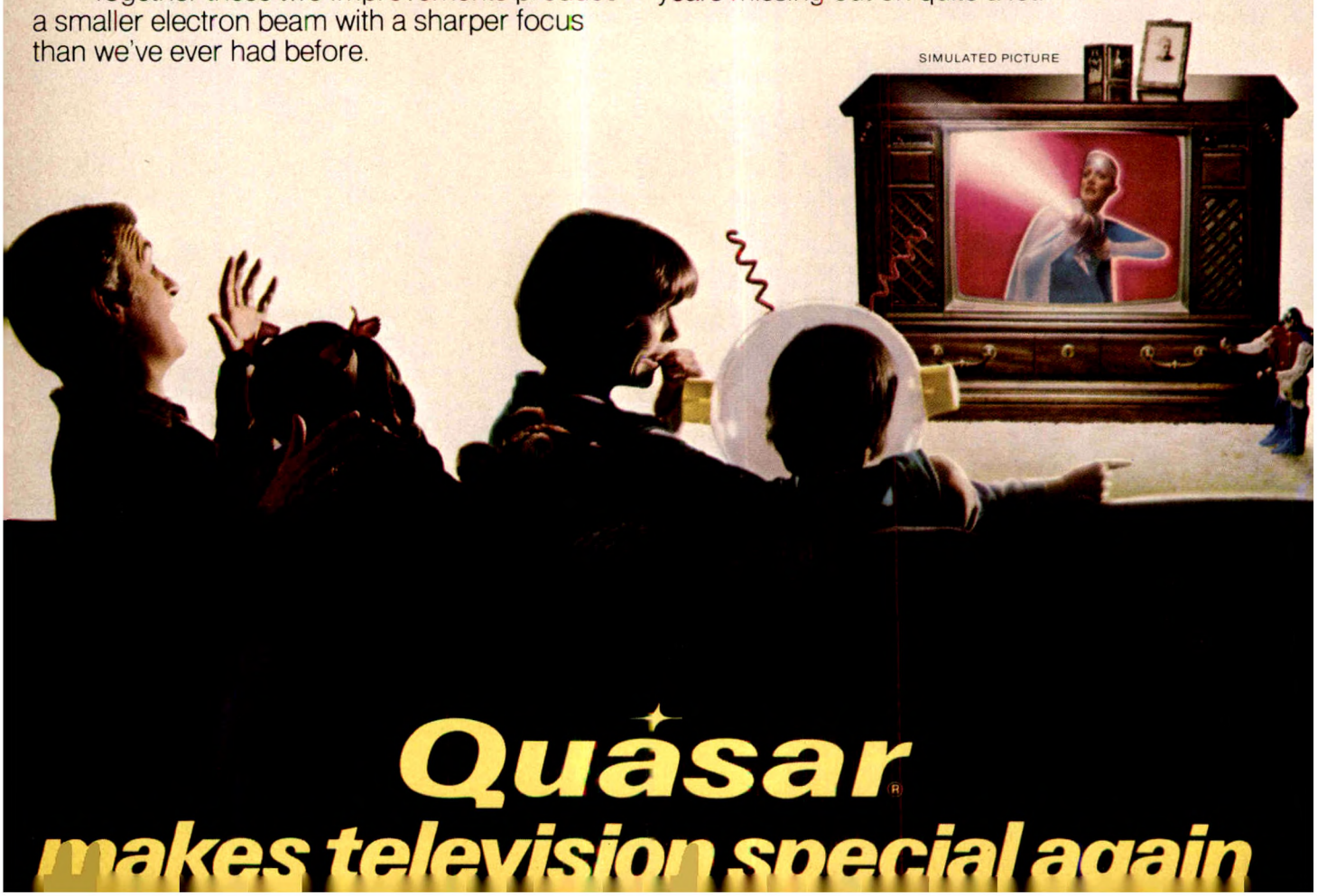

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often lonely people, unfit for society yet disapproving of it. Their single-mindedness, when they elect to write about it, can give them an eloquence denied to the rest of us, for whom living is a constant traffic in compromise. Yet the subjectivity of the single-minded must also be acknowledged: Karl Marx's boils, like Cleopatra's nose, affected history.

The most revered of current pessimists must be the playwright Samuel Beckett, who in two ways exemplifies the intellectual currents of our times. One is in his bleak simplicity: like the contemporary architects for whom "less is more," Beckett's aesthetic imperative is to strip down rather than to elaborate. And in his reduction of theater to a bare stage, to talk and silence without action or plot, he offers a barren world in which optimism can find no toehold. Others have made Beckett's message more commercial, knowing that in the "real world" of the ticket-buyer, life demands hope. In the hard-edged novels and movies they write, characters wander—or motorbike—across lonely landscapes in search of their identity or of the meaning of life. By now the formula is familiar: the story comes not to an ending or a resolution but to a stop, in which there is a flickering suggestion—injecting a false note of sentiment after all we have been put through—that the characters can make it.

Pessimism, at a profound level, also dominates the best of religious thinking these days, in the speculations of men confronting the twentieth century's many proofs of the depravity of man. This attitude is now being challenged, numerically but perhaps not intellectually, by the populist spread of evangelical faith, with its celebration of the joys of being reborn. When it comes to religion, I can only judge from the sidelines. My mother was a Roman Catholic, my father a tepid Protestant; their differences severed our family and I ended with no faith during that impressionable age when religion, if mixed in with the rest of one's schooling, colors one's thinking permanently. In Disraeli's famous question, to which he himself answered that he was on the side of the angels, I am on the side of the apes.

Not for me Tertullian's kind of faith: ". . . and he was buried and rose again; it is certain because it is impossible." The theologian Paul Tillich, in his own search for faith, demanded more than "knowledge which has a low degree of evidence but is supported by religious authority." Faith to Tillich was not something beyond the truth, or contrary to the facts, but "reason in ecstasy." Such ecstasy has never been mine. The scientific explanation of the birth of the universe, of the earth, and of mankind seems to me more plausible and verifiable than Genesis, but—being no scientist—I confess I would have as much difficulty proving the scientific case to a Zulu as would someone else describing the Resurrection.

Now that heretics are no longer being burned, I find it natural to get my history from science and my ethics from religion. Science never asks whether a truth is consoling. But in usurping so much of religion's place while insisting on its own right to be value-free in its explorations, it has left a void where values should be. Each must seek his own. My own hand-me-down ethics make a magpie's anthology that takes as much from theologians as from philosophers.

A new magazine about science fiction is about to be started by Bob Guccione, who foresees for it as much success as he had with *Penthouse*, being convinced that there exists great reader curiosity about future worlds because "we cannot accept dust to dust." I do accept dust to dust. Yet, even so, I think myself a pessimist only in the second degree.

Even the nonbelievers among scientists, as they come closer to unlocking the secrets of nature, seem awed by nature's complexity and subtlety. Perhaps Earth was formed by a random coming together of gases; perhaps a man's body is only a marvelously evolved combination of about $10 worth of chemicals; perhaps one's own brief life is of no cosmic consequence.

To me life is still a gift. Theologians may have to worry about the problem of evil in a world created by an all-good and all-powerful deity. Yes, but coldly mechanistic explanations of the world's origin, which assume no divine creation, must, it seems to me, wrestle with equally daunting questions—how, in so uncaring a universe, to explain the existence of goodness, of beauty, of trust and love, and the inexplicable reaches of the imagination. □

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ON HUNTING

SIR: Nelson Bryant's article ("Behold the Hunter," December *Atlantic*) summarizes many popular arguments condoning hunting, i.e., controlling herd size, eating one's kill, supporting wildlife management, etc. It's funny that I've heard all of these before, from hunters who on different occasions will then boast of successfully dodging game wardens when loaded with several ducks over the limit. Once I watched while one of them shot a magnificent hawk, mounted it on a barbed-wire fence, wings outspread, and drove away chuckling.

Don't tell me that these men go home and listen to Beethoven symphonies and study Manet paintings.

LINDA LOHMAN
Davenport, Iowa

SIR: After reading Nelson Bryant's defense of hunting, I could not help but recall those "higher laws" of which Henry David Thoreau speaks in *Walden*. He hunted as a boy and claims to have benefited greatly from his hunting experiences. Those youngsters who have never handled firearms elicited his pity. He considered their education incomplete. But he trusted that those boys who followed his childhood example would one day "outgrow" their attraction to hunting, for he reasoned that "no human being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood, will wantonly murder any creature, which holds its life by the same tenure that he does."

By the time he made his famous retreat, Thoreau had sold his gun. And while at Walden he began to feel he ought not to fish either, for he found he fell "a little in self-respect" each time he did. Ultimately, he left off eating all "animal food." He feared it might have an ill effect on his imagination. It had become psychologically unpalatable to derive his existence from the destruction of living creatures.

Nelson Bryant and Robert Ardrey notwithstanding, I hope, with Thoreau, that "it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals." The tendency to tear at flesh and fat, which Ardrey hails as the source for many noble aspects of our human nature, may simply be what Thoreau suggests is "the embryo man [passing] through the hunter stage of development." To defend hunting on the basis of its influence on our character is to use lopsided reasoning.

DAVID WOODHEAD
Twin Falls, Idaho

SIR: I have owned and lived on rural property in Ohio and Virginia for forty years. In that time about six hunters have asked permission to hunt on my land. All six got permission. Other hunters, however, have made hunting season worse than a session of the legislature, when, as the saying goes, "no man's property is safe."

I have had a carful of men, all well down in the bottle, drive up at dawn, bang on the horn until I came out, and announce they were going to hunt whether I liked it or not. I have had a party of four turn their dogs loose at night, build a fire in my woods, and wonder sorrowfully why I had to put six .38 bullets into one of their dogs to stop him from killing my sheep. That got around on the nimrod bush telegraph and we had no hunters for two or three years.) I have had a score or more seasonal hooligans climb my fences to follow their dogs after one fox. I have repaired fences tramped down or cut.

I begin to sympathize with one wealthy landowner, living on the Potomac River. On his long lane are three signs, according to people who have had business there. The first says, 'No trespassing." The second, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." The third, "Trespassers will be shot."

JOHN FRYE
Kilmarnock, Va.

SIR: I applaud Nelson Bryant's use of the word "slain" and avoidance of euphemisms such as "bag" and "harvest." The hunter faces the reality of the necessary death of animals that supply man with food. The meat-market stalker politely ignores that fact of nature.

The innocent Bambis that hunters "ruthlessly slaughter" are pure fiction. Are the hundreds of thousands of deer that starve to death every year any less innocent?

JAMES J. MCKEOWN, JR.
Norristown, Pa.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

SIR: Andrew Ward's review of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* in the January issue ("Filming the Unknown") did a disservice to a dazzling, breathtaking movie. Your reviewer didn't do his homework.

Spielberg was careful to keep the movie's special effects consistent with the descriptions of UFOs and their occupants most frequently heard by investigators of these phenomena. Over and over, UFO researchers are told by people who have seen UFO occupants, however fleetingly, that the aliens resemble the movie's "antsy, egg-headed children"—the ones Ward didn't think were "alien enough." They describe UFO occupants as diminutive, leprechaunish creatures.

Because Roy Neary loses job, wife, and family after his close encounter, Ward attacks the script as if it were another banal piece of sci-fi claptrap instead of an accurate reflection of what often happens to those who report UFO sightings. Neary's wife thinks her husband is crazy, Ward writes, "as wives always do in these scenarios."

Had Ward undertaken the most cursory research into the experiences of UFO sighters, he would have discovered that people frequently do draw away from them, if they persist in affirming the reality of their UFO experiences. In the movie, the airline pilots refuse to file an official UFO report. In "real life," if they did they would likely be grounded by disbelieving superiors.

The review's greatest failing is Ward's complaint that he was not scared by *Close Encounters*. He missed the point. The movie was not meant to scare, but to inspire. I think it succeeded.

REX SCHULTZ
Wilmington, Del.

SIR: No doubt *Close Encounters* is a vulgar, silly movie, ridiculous in its pretensions and adolescent in its conceptions; it is also a splendid piece of entertainment, rooted in the best American tradition of carnival ballyhoo *cum* Electric Theater under Black Top. For Ward to measure the film against the standards implicit in his review is equivalent to measuring Disneyland against the standards of the British Museum.

JOHN R. DUNLAP
San Jose, Calif.

THE URBAN FARM

SIR: Re Kenneth Brower's "The Urban Farm" (January *Atlantic*), I don't suppose too many of your readers will be so gullible as to queue up for the urban farm course offered by Javits, Leiderman, Worthy, et al., but for the few that might, let's deflate some fantasies.

First, Javits's figures that three to four residents each working three to four hours a week produce $1500 worth of food in a year means that the hourly return is about $2.35 per hour, and that is no great incentive to inner city residents.

Second, eating rabbit meat 52 weeks in the year could become tiresome in spite of Javits's claim that "there are so many ways to cook it." And feeding the rabbits lettuce leaves discarded by stores might be great for one urban house, but how many urban houses could the supermarkets of Berkeley supply with culled lettuce?

The idea of setting up a row of 55-gallon drums in a greenhouse to collect solar energy for release at night is just fine except that the drums would occupy too much precious greenhouse space, particularly in eastern or midwestern

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J. Michael Smith, Ph.D., Management Consultant
Smith, Niemerow & Associates, Inc., Los Angeles

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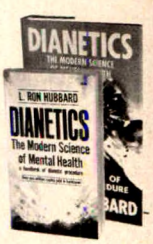

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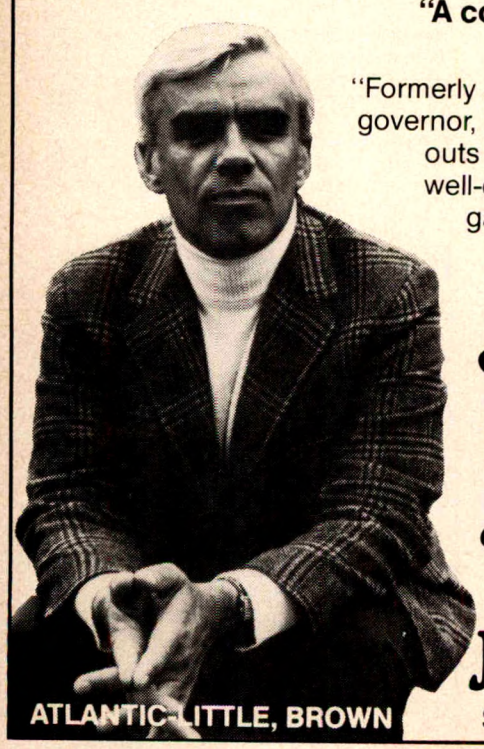

Kell

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states where the temperatures often fall to zero at night.

Recycling the flies on the compost pile for chicken feed is also a grand idea. I wonder how many hundreds or thousands of flies we have to catch to make a pound of feed. Likewise the recycling of garden snails to make chicken feed: how many hours of snail hunting produces a pound of chicken feed? (I notice that my chickens are far quicker than I in catching bugs; but they're still hungry.)

Leiderman's brilliant suggestion that Ozark agriculture move "to drought-resistant trees like honey locusts, walnuts, certain species of edible oaks" is reminiscent of the agriculture of the Mediterranean, where these species have been cultivated on drier land for centuries, and yield a per capita income of a few hundred dollars per year. It is therefore understandable why Leiderman works with so-called "homesteaders" (also from Washington's suburbs?) in the Ozarks and not with the farmers there.

The giveaway is that the "real work of Integral House" is Javits's explaining the *significance* of the fifteen minutes of work he had done, and that Leiderman was busily working up a course. Could it be that Integral Urban House is earning far more for them in terms of courses than of foodstuffs and energy savings?

STANLEY MEHR
McLean, Va.

Kenneth Brower replies:

Mr. Mehr wants to foreclose on urban farms because they won't profit him enough. He's right, $2.35 an hour is not big money, but that's not the currency the farm residents are paid in. They are paid in tomatoes, in squash, and in spinach. Their incentive is in the pleasure of fooling around outdoors, in watching things come up, in knowing that they themselves have grown the food they eat, that the chemicals they ingest are made by God and not by Dow. The $2.35 is just a dividend.

What about the drought-resistant Mediterranean agriculture that Mr. Mehr thinks so poorly of? That it has survived for centuries, as Mr. Mehr informs us, is at least as impressive as that it annually yields only a few hundred dollars per capita. Maybe there's a correlation.

The way to make big money farming is to farm with petroleum (heavy equipment) and pesticides, but this method is

not time-tested, as is the Mediterranean method, and the evidence grows that it won't last long on a small planet with limited fossil resources and limited arable land.

Mr. Mehr! Don't you feel, even a little bit, the revolutionary romance in greening our cities' cores? Doesn't the idea of recycling flies and snails that would otherwise be a drain on the system, thereby beginning to work within some sort of sensible budget for a finite planet, appeal to the conservative in you?

ADVICE & CONSENT

SIR: Drew Middleton says the volunteer Army is working.

In fact, it is not.

As recently as November, the Defense Department reported a discharge rate of over 40 percent, double the draft figures, prior to completion of enlistment term.

The volunteer Army includes a disproportionate number of blacks. Ominous disparities exist in other demographic areas: economic, geographic, and educational.

The all-volunteer force is a form of class discrimination. It proclaims that a just society may excuse its privileged classes from its defense. This concept alone should make it anathema.

SAUL ROSEN
Washington, D.C.

SIR: B. D'J. Pancake's "Trilobites" (December *Atlantic*), with engaging sensuousness and vivid detail, carried me serenely in its contemplation until Ginny "peers through a knothole in the plywood." I have seen thousands of plywood sheets, but never once with coincident knotholes in all laminations, enabling a peek through.

Aside from that I sure wish I could write like B. D'J.

KENT BJORGE
Corvallis, Ore.

PHOTO & DRAWING CREDITS

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CANADA

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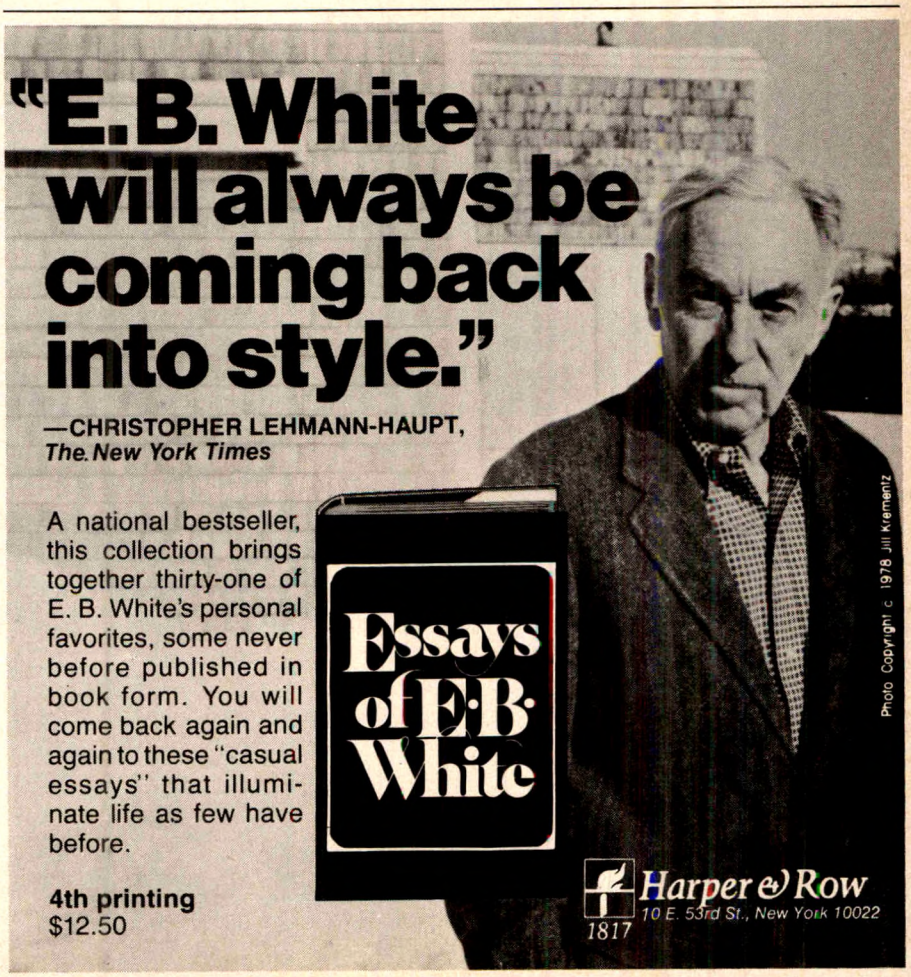

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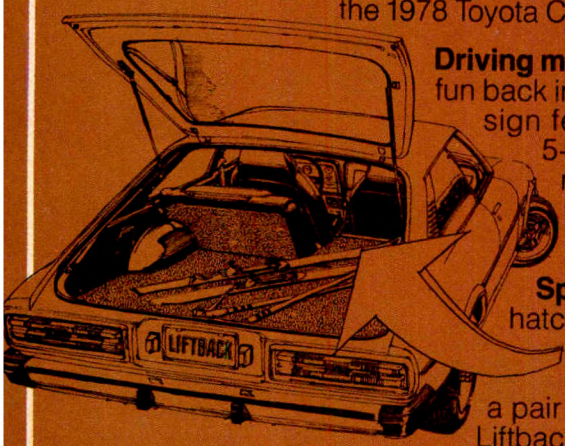

Driving made fun again. Corolla Liftback puts the fun back in driving because it's got many of the design features of a sports car. Like a standard 5-speed overdrive transmission. So you get maximum performance from the peppy 1.6 liter engine. Corolla also has MacPherson strut front suspension and steel belted radial-ply tires. So it handles as crisply as it moves out.

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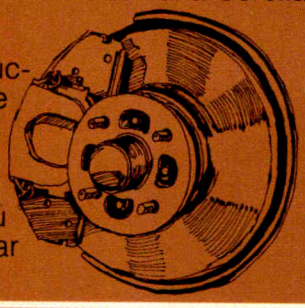

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SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE

by Tracy Kidder

"Everyday life in America accommodates an enormous amount of strange and violent, buried experience" including the memories, dreams, and nightmares of the two-and-a-half million men who fought in Vietnam. Here is a report on the veterans of that war—and on the often disgraceful treatment they have received from their countrymen.

"I'm playing cards in a house trailer with this guy who didn't go to Nam, and then I hear explosions far off and I get up and start walking toward the explosions. They're calling me back. 'It's time to come back now.' "

—The dream of an ex-rifleman of the 101st Airborne Division

A carpeted hallway leads to the office of the administrator at Veterans Administration headquarters in Washington. On the way, one passes a bathroom equipped with steel handrails. Doorways are wide, large enough for a small vehicle to go through, and in the spacious office itself furniture is arranged so that there are broad avenues between. An odd bronzed object sits in one corner. It looks as if it might have been some medieval instrument of torture, and I felt embarrassed to stare at it. At its base is a squarish foot. A short, hollow, conical leg, about the size and shape of an inverted wastebasket, rises from it. A few inches above the top there is a metal hoop, wired to the device like a halo. This is one of the prosthetic training legs—he calls them "little stubbies"—in which Max Cleland clumped around for too many months after he got back from Vietnam. Someone at the VA hospital in Washington found the thing and had it bronzed after Cleland became famous. Cleland, who is the new chief of the VA, says he thinks of the leg as a reminder of his professional duty to veterans. "Kind of a grim reminder," he said.

Everyone has heard the story of the lucky person who got to the airport a few minutes late and missed a plane that later crashed. Cleland is the person who made it to the airport just in time for disaster. He didn't have to go to Vietnam in the first place; he was a general's aide back in the United States. But he volunteered. A signal officer in the First Air Cavalry Division, he got safely through most of his tour. He was almost out of there the day he flew by helicopter to a hilltop near Khe Sanh. He disembarked, and when the helicopter lifted off, Cleland looked back and saw a hand grenade lying on the ground, in the spot where

Much of the story of the war lies in jails and bars and peaceful-looking houses on quiet streets in little towns.

the chopper had been. It is not known how the grenade came to be there or who had pulled the pin and why, but Cleland assumed it wasn't live. He walked over to it.

Cleland came from Georgia. He was a pretty good basketball player at Stetson College. When he reached down for the grenade, he was six foot three, a fair-haired, husky youth with the sort of glorious designs on the future that JFK inspired in many well-bred boys. A moment later, before he had even touched the fragmentation grenade, an awful metamorphosis took place. He was knocked backward. His ears still ringing from the explosion, he looked at himself and saw that his right hand and wrist were no longer there. His right leg was gone, and he could see his left foot sitting a little distance away in his jungle boot. Eventually the whole left leg would also have to come off. He didn't look again.

Cleland spent the next nine days in a field hospital in Tuy Hoa, in an intensive care unit that was in actuality a Quonset hut with five big lights in the ceiling and two air-conditioners. "When I came back and saw *M*A*S*H*, I thought it was a documentary. Where I was it was just gory and gross; and there was a nurse, she was psychologically numbed, she was every bit as much a war casualty as I was. It was about the third day and my two legs were open as slabs of beef and my right arm was just there. A bone. She changed the dressings on all three of them at once and I got one shot of Demerol out of the deal. I damn near passed out. It was an all-time gory Civil War-type scene." He dreaded nine P.M. when the lights went out. There were MPs in the room to guard the nurses from the Vietcong and North Vietnamese patients, and after the hut went dark, he would hear the MPs and his nurses making love in the corners.

"But I lived."

Cleland went first to a military hospital. Here he found many other young men who had lost pieces of themselves, peers to chastise and encourage him, and, later on, freshly wounded men for whom he could do the same. But all too soon he was transferred to the VA hospital in Washington. He had been through his grieving time, he had done some walking on the "little stubbies," he felt he was ready now to rebuild an identity. But he needed certain basic things: a car, a job, some legs. For months he pleaded with the head of rehabilitation for some up-to-date prosthetic legs. She told him he wasn't ready yet.

Cleland struggled a long, lonely time. There were disheartening, unnecessary setbacks. Once, he contemplated suicide. Finally, he requested a transfer to the prosthetics center in New York, and in the summer of 1969, he got what he calls "the satisfaction that I thought my government could provide me." The people in New York gave him a set of laminated plastic limbs with hydraulic knees. "I put 'em on and walked out of there in November 1969. Nobody will ever be able to convince me that the whole shebang couldn't have been handled in five months instead of almost two years." He went back to Georgia and ran for the legislature. He won. He made friends there with the Carters. In 1977, when President Carter made Cleland the head of the VA, the two men hugged each other as old friends do. Cleland is the first Vietnam veteran to run the VA. He is only thirty-four.

"Quite a success story," I told him.

"Or else a very revealing study of political ambition," he replied, beaming. Cleland enjoys talking about his political ambitions. He has said that he would like to be governor of Georgia and he has been known to gaze out the window above his desk, across Lafayette Park toward the White House, and say, "Anything's possible." At the same time, he speaks in awed tones about the position he has already attained: "Never in those dark days did I think I would be the administrator of the VA." If such apparent openness is a strategy, a way of defusing possible criticism, it is one Cleland learned from his wounds. He jokes about his missing limbs. He flaunts their absence, and the effect is that one's attention is soon diverted.

It was somehow stirring, the kind of scene that swells the chest, to watch Cleland bustle around his office. A double amputee using artificial limbs expends five to ten times as much energy as an able-bodied person. Cleland had to give up his plastic legs a few years ago; they were painful and exhausting. Now he moves around in a wheelchair. When he takes a break from paperwork, he spins away from his desk, zips across the floor, jumps out onto his couch, and, tucking his pants legs under him, assumes a casual posture, the stump of his right arm hung on the back of the sofa.

It was evening when I visited him. He had his jacket off and his tie loosened. He is a bit overweight, but his left arm is huge, his shoulders and trunk look powerful. After awhile I found my imagination supplying his missing limbs. When he gestured with his left hand and right stump together, to emphasize a point, I had the feeling that his right hand and wrist were actually there. From time to time, while talking, he would pick up a little sponge ball and toss it with his

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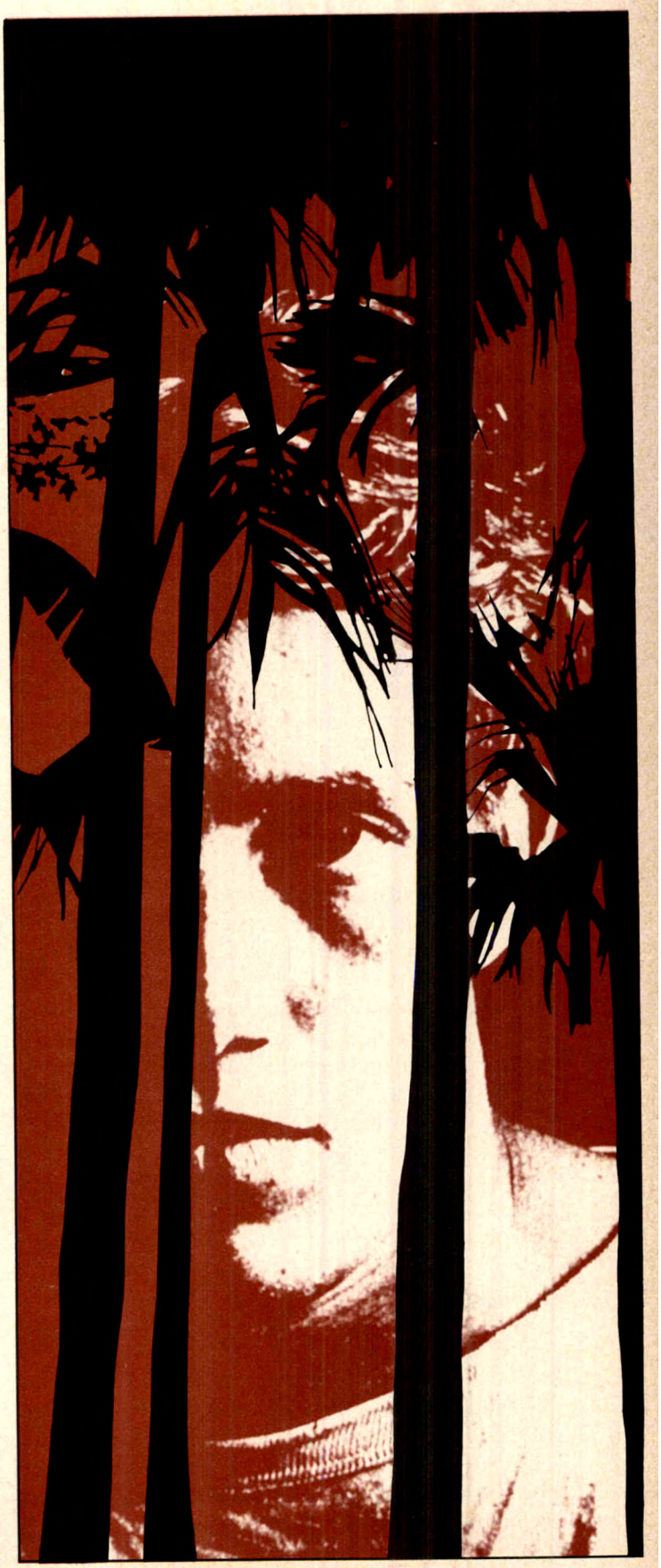
Tracy Kidder has reported on several topics for this magazine. He is a graduate of Harvard and served with the Army in Vietnam as an intelligence officer.

left hand at a miniature basketball hoop mounted on the inside of his office door, over a sign that reads "LOVE LIFE." He shot. Missed. "I love shooting baskets." Shot again. Swish. "I'll shoot baskets anywhere. Anytime."

On the wall above Cleland's bronzed leg are clocks that tell the time in Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Honolulu, and Juneau. His domain stretches that far. The VA runs 171 hospitals and myriad programs in areas such as insurance, home loans, pensions, education, and burial, at a cost to taxpayers of about $20 billion a year. Clients and potential clients are all of America's more than 30 million living veterans and their dependents, a number which includes roughly 300 pensioned widows and children of Civil War veterans. Cleland has been given command of one of the largest bureaucracies in the government, and he comes to it in a troubled time. Some of the important problems he faces have little to do with Vietnam, but the most visible ones concern the veterans of Cleland's own war.

The United States sent 2,796,000 soldiers to Vietnam: 57,002 died, and 300,000 were wounded—about 150,000 seriously enough to be hospitalized. About 75,000 were left severely handicapped, and some 25,000 came home totally disabled. But information on what has happened to the wounded and to the rest of the survivors is sketchy. To some extent, Vietnam veterans have been, as one observer puts it, "tarred with the brush of My Lai." Several TV police shows have cast the Vietnam veteran in the role of an angry, confused young man who has brought the war home in a duffel bag full of heroin and automatic weapons. There is evidence that some employers are afraid of men who do not hide the fact that they served in Vietnam, and I have spoken to several professional representatives of Vietnam veterans who seem to want to think that their constituents are indeed dangerous men. Again and again, I heard people say that the three or four well-publicized instances of soldiers going berserk when they got home were merely "harbingers," "the tip of an iceberg."

Against these stereotypes and melodramatic speculations stand a body of statistics and several studies. The statistics are inadequate, partly because they do not generally distinguish between the soldiers who went to Vietnam and the roughly 5 million others who served elsewhere during the "Vietnam era." As for the studies, some seem marred by the preconceptions of the researchers, none seems truly comprehensive, and



several are unfinished. But the studies and the VA's statistics do seem to show that, while it was a rough journey for many, and though many may carry scars, the great majority of Vietnam veterans have made satisfactory readjustments to civilian life. At the same time, a significant number—one in five, according to the VA—appear to be having problems: with employment, drugs, their own pysches, their marriages, the law.

Little is known about the nature and extent of these lingering post-Vietnam blues, and that is one of Cleland's pressing concerns. He's going to do something about the information gap, he said. He spoke with enthusiasm, leaning forward on his sofa. He declared, "It's now time to take a full assessment of the impact of the war on the guys who served."

A truly full assessment will be difficult. I was a soldier in Vietnam and have talked to a number of those who went. It is always hard to know if a veteran's problems stem from his war, hard to know even for the veteran himself. Not all the war's effects can be precisely defined. Not all are obvious. Everyday life in America accommodates an enormous amount of strange and violent, buried experience. Much of the story of the war lies far away from Cleland's office, in both odd and ordinary places, in jails and bars and peaceful-looking houses on quiet streets in little towns.

I remember flying home from Vietnam on the so-called "freedom bird." It was a Flying Tiger Lines commercial jet. On board, some of the jubilant GI's pinched the stewardesses because they had round eyes. The boy in the seat beside me slept with a grin on his face. We flew so far, first to Japan and then to Travis Air Force Base, and life seemed to be proceeding so normally at home, that I thought the war had vanished. But last winter, when I traveled around to find some of the men who had gone as boys to Vietnam, the war did not seem to have ended after all. In fact, it seemed obvious that no war ends until all the people who have participated in it have died or lost their memories.

Homecomings

Still nursing the incurable physical wounds he received as a Marine infantry scout, Rocco Gianbrocco sat before his TV set and muttered angrily the night the POWs came back from North Vietnam and got handshakes from the President on prime time. When Rocco had come home several years earlier, he had been immediately confronted with an antiwar demonstration. Later, when he found the girl he wanted to marry, he learned to his surprise that his prospective father-in-law considered him unsuitable. "He's a killer. He killed people over there," the man told Rocco's fiancée.

A thirty-two-year-old lawyer remembered a similar homecoming. A Harvard graduate, he had been one of those who didn't have to go, but he had read his Hemingway and taken it to heart, he said. He spent a year leading a platoon of Marines through the awful Highlands, and he returned hysterical, plagued with memories: of prisoners being tortured to death; of scores of young Marines lying dead in a valley, the victims of his battalion commander's craving for a Silver Star. He wept whenever he visited his parents, shouted at anyone he could find in a position of authority, and finally contemplated suicide. His old friends and acquaintances were no help. He soon learned to avoid them and all cocktail parties, because everyone asked questions that made him feel "like a curiosity in a zoo," and because sooner or later someone would ask him the inevitable question: "Did you kill anyone? Did you?"

A black man who served with the Marines in Vietnam, and is now serving time in the San Francisco County Jail, said people in the ghetto were waiting for GI's to return, because GI's were flush with separation pay and were easy to fleece. "But what fucked my head—the people saying, 'Yeah, you're over there fighting for the white man and we catchin' it from him here. Yeah, man, you one fucking dumb-ass nigger.' "

Living on the Bill

Was there any place where returning Vietnam veterans were honored and welcome? I felt sure that if there was, it would be a town like Birmingham, Alabama. Steel is made in Birmingham. From the highway the mills look like castles. Tracts of little houses are clustered in the shadows of their smoke. Birmingham's Veterans Day parade is perennially one of the nation's largest and snappiest, and there are always many black faces in the ranks. Birmingham was far from being a hotbed of antiwar fervor, yet for a black soldier coming home from Vietnam, the reception was much the same as it was anywhere else. "The people didn't treat you no different," said Marion Tyson. "It was like, 'Hey, man, I ain't seen you in a *long* time. Where you been? You been in jail?' "

Tyson, who has a high school education, served with the 101st Airborne. He was in Saigon for the 1968 Tet offensive. "I was one of them Westmoreland put on top of the Embassy," he said. He laughed, he put his head

They had been led to believe that military service, especially duty in Vietnam, would carry them into the good life. . . . they still hadn't completely abandoned the dream.

down and shook it, remembering what rough, untamed fellows he and his comrades had been. "And then Westmoreland put us out of town!" He showed me his discharge papers, which listed his medals: The Vietnamese Cross of Gallantry, the Combat Infantryman's Badge, several campaign, or "I been there," ribbons, and a Purple Heart. Nothing extraordinary, but proof of distinguished service in combat. Tyson said he remembered some good times in Vietnam and he had done well; he was an expert in the use of the 81-millimeter mortar and rose to the rank of sergeant E-5. But he got in trouble after Vietnam. By the time he was mustered out of the Army a year later with an honorable discharge, he had been busted back to private E-1, the lowest rank there is.

Tyson had joined the service because he couldn't find a job. He is now thirty-two and he still hasn't got one. "I started looking for a job, but, you know, the majority of jobs, the applications really is too hard for me to fill out. Then sometime, they give you tests, and I don't know the answers."

I was talking to Tyson in the dean's office of a small institution called Southern Junior College for Business, which specializes in giving courses to people who qualify for educational assistance programs such as the GI Bill. This business college appears to be a profitable business in itself. Tuition is higher than at most public colleges, but one need not have mastered rudimentary reading and writing skills in order to be admitted. There were two other black Vietnam veterans sitting on the worn vinyl sofa in the office: a former medic named Willie Davis who lost one kidney, part of his stomach, and several front teeth in Vietnam; and a former clerk named David Williams who, according to one of his teachers, needs remedial reading and writing courses.

"I could have got a job maybe cleaning up," Tyson added.

"That's the only thing the Army trains you for," said Willie Davis, a huge, heavy man with a slight lisp, caused no doubt by the missing teeth. "Cleaning up."

"Yeah, well, the reason I can't get the job I want," Tyson continued, "I don't have the education. The only thing I know how to do is *keel*. I can be a hit man." Everybody laughed.

Tyson said he had begun drinking after the war. He was sober during the interview and was dressed in his best clothes—plaid pants, plaid vest, and a mismatching brown jacket. He wears a small beard, and often a sly smile. David Williams, tall and thin, just twenty-seven, sat stiffly in a pale green suit, his old Army overcoat folded neatly on his lap. Willie Davis did most of the talking. All three men were unemployed. Davis had an additional problem; private companies are reluctant to hire anyone with chronic ailments like his. I asked them what jobs they would like to have. Davis said he wanted to be a nurse but his disability prevented that. Tyson didn't answer.

After a short silence, David Williams murmured, "Be the boss." Tyson grinned. But the men seemed to have few illusions about what an education at the business college was going to do for them. Williams had been enrolled there under the GI Bill, but had recently quit. He was thinking of re-enlisting in the Army, because he didn't feel he was getting anywhere in school and because something had gone wrong and his VA checks had not been coming. Willie Davis was studying at the college under a special VA educational program for disabled veterans. Tyson was there under the GI Bill, taking courses in "marketing," "accounting," and "business management." One of his teachers told me, "To be perfectly honest, Tyson probably isn't going to get a job."

Willie Davis explained it all. "We gotta take care of the GI Bill. That's the way we live." For Tyson, GI Bill payments were the sole means of support, more an income maintenance program than an educational one. He was getting about $425 a month from the Bill, the college was taking about a quarter of that for tuition, and he and his wife and children were living on the rest. Though Willie Davis scoffed at him for saying it, Tyson insisted that he and his family were getting along all right and were eating a lot of macaroni.

Gradually, the conversation drifted back to the war. Tyson said, "I still am patriotic. I think as far as the war is concerned, I want my family protected."

"They're not too protected," said Willie Davis.

"I would rather fight communism there than here," retorted Tyson.

"Oh, man, what you talking about?" said Davis. He proceeded to describe a recent shoot-out in a local Baptist church, which all of them had heard about.

Williams said, "You not safe at home, *now*."

"That war," said Davis. "All those people died for nothing."

"For nothing," Tyson agreed, shaking his head.

"We *could* have won it," said Davis.

Tyson nodded emphatically. "We could have won it! Easy!"

"But we weren't fighting for anything," said Davis. "The war was only a way of making money for the civilians."

"And to decrease the population of the United

States," said Tyson, thoughtfully. Then he smiled: "But we had a cause. Yeah, stay alive."

"I don't know," said Davis. "It's just all fucked up. To go over and risk your life and return to what you left. Unemployment. No money."

"No money," Tyson said.

"Not too much security," offered David Williams.

Tyson turned to me. "I think they owe me for the time that I gave my country, you know. Maybe it's a thing where they spent so much money training us in 'pecific fields, they should keep us well and healthy so we be ready to go the next time."

Willie Davis's most important problem was clear-cut: he had been badly wounded. But it was harder for Tyson and Williams to identify the time when things had started to go wrong. They had been led to believe that military service, especially duty in Vietnam, would carry them into the good life. They must have believed this passionately, because they still hadn't completely abandoned the dream.

Looking toward the future, David Williams wondered if the skills he had learned in dismounted drill might not be of some use after all. He had been asked to march some high school ROTC cadets in Birmingham's last Veterans Day parade. "I really liked that," he said. "I would like to be an ROTC instructor in a high school, teach 'em how to march. I would be really good at that."

Marion Tyson, the former mortarman, clasped his hands and gazed across the room. "Yeah, you know," he said,"if I could be at the high school and teach 'em how to use that mortar, I could do that."

The GI Bill

The World War II GI Bill has been described as the most significant, salutary piece of American legislation since the Homestead Act. A gigantic federal scholarship program, it sent some 8 million World War II veterans to school. It cost $14.5 billion and is generally considered to have long since paid for itself. The Vietnam-era GI Bill has also been huge; it has already cost about $22 billion. And there is no question that it has been a boon for millions of "era" veterans and for many of the men who actually went to the war. Take the case of Louis Jones, from Hawaii. A burly forty-two-year-old former sergeant first class, Jones spent 18 years, 9 months, and one day in the Army, including five years as a medic in Vietnam. By the time the war was over, he had become an alcoholic and was unable to adjust to the peacetime, volunteer Army—he felt he was being forced to harass his troops unduly, and after seeing so many young men die in Vietnam he did not have the heart for that work anymore. Less than a year before he would have been eligible for his Army pension, he had to quit. His life was all ruins, until he realized that he qualified for the GI Bill. When I met him, he was working on his bachelor's degree at City College of San Francisco and was pulling down A's and B's. He was a happy man. "The more I'm in school the better my brain becomes," he told me. "I'm finding education really stimulating. I know it will help me realize my potential, however humble that may be."

But Jones's experience is by no means universal. The World War II GI Bill paid a veteran's tuition, whatever it was, and on top of that it gave him a monthly subsistence allowance. The Vietnam-era Bill provides just one flat monthly sum. This has effectively prevented all but the wealthy Vietnam veterans from attending expensive private institutions. Lump-sum payments favor veterans who come from states such as California where tuition rates at public institutions tend to be low. Veterans from the South and the West have used almost 50 percent more GI Bill money than their counterparts from the "high-tuition" states of the Midwest and the Northeast. Timing has also made a difference. The assistance Jones received in 1977 is at least vaguely in line with the benefits provided a World War II veteran. But in 1966, when President Johnson grudgingly signed the Vietnam-era GI Bill into law, benefits were pegged at a lower level in absolute dollars than they had been after the Korean War. From 1966 to 1974, in the years when the men who served in Vietnam needed educational assistance most, the new GI Bill was clearly inadequate compared to the World War II one. Moreover, it was incompetently administered. Throughout the sixties and early seventies the VA grew famous for misplacing GI Bill checks. Some veterans had to drop out of school for lack of cash, because their checks did not arrive in time. Just how many quit school for this or other reasons isn't known. The VA's PR men like to point out that 64 percent of all Vietnam-era veterans have used some part of their forty-two months of GI Bill benefits, about 10 percent more than the World War II Bill attracted, but this seems a hollow boast, because the VA has no idea how many veterans have actually completed their courses of study.

Most important, the GI Bill seems to have been of little use to the men in greatest need of education and training. One can use the Bill to go to virtually any sort of school, including a large number with questionable credentials, but the schedule and level of payments favor the veteran who wants to go to college for four

The GI Bill seems to have been of little use to the men in greatest need of education and training.

years and a great many of the men who fought in Vietnam don't fall into that category. As everyone knows, blacks and other minorities did a disproportionate share of the fighting in Vietnam. Throughout the war, black enlisted men made up about 8 percent of the armed forces, yet they accounted for about 15 percent of American casualties. But it was both white and black men from low-income families who mainly carried the burden. Once in the service, men from this economic class were twice as likely to see combat as youths from middle- and high-income families. Many of these youths believed as Tyson did, that service would be a ticket to success. That is what Defense Secretary Robert McNamara said he had in mind when he lowered the intelligence standards for admission into the Army. The announced intention of this program was to give underprivileged, undereducated boys a chance to learn marketable skills. After all, said McNamara, the military was "the largest single educational complex that the world has ever possessed." But the program's actual effect was to keep the draft from touching college students, and a study conducted by the Office of the Assistant Secretary for Manpower and Reserve Affairs shows that "marginally qualified" Vietnam-era soldiers were most likely to be trained not for truck-driving or electronics but for combat.

VA statistics suggest that more than 20 percent of Vietnam veterans went to war without a high school education, and it seems a good bet that most of them have not found a use for the GI Bill: by 1977, only 30 percent of the Vietnam-era veterans without a high school education had used any part of their GI Bill benefits. And, of course, there is no way of telling how many Vietnam veterans have been using the Bill, not primarily to go to school and learn a trade, but to get cash and keep themselves and their families in food.

How many of the high school dropouts who fought in Vietnam have found jobs? Again, the dearth of statistics makes it impossible to know for sure. The Department of Labor does keep statistics on unemployment among Vietnam-era veterans, and overall, those figures do not look bad. But they are based on the people who come to state employment offices looking for help, and many actual Vietnam veterans are unlikely to go near those places even if they need work. It is easy to understand why: in the third quarter of 1977 only 18.5 percent of the 1.8 million Vietnam-era veterans who went to state employment offices were placed in jobs. In general, emergency employment schemes have also failed. President Carter's well-publicized HIRE program has been only a little less successful than most. The program was supposed to place 100,000 veterans in private industry, but it seems almost designed for failure. Attempting to minimize paperwork and expenses, the program's architects limited the project not only to a tiny segment of private industry but also to those companies least likely to be interested in participating. The Department of Labor says HIRE is improving. It ought to. Congress appropriated $140 million, and after eight months the Department of Labor had found a use for only about $14 million; they had rounded up no more than 8500 job possibilities; and they were sure of having actually placed 136 veterans.

99½ percent pure

Throughout South Vietnam, marijuana came prerolled and packaged in cellophane. In the grid square where I spent my year these fat joints were known as "Nuc Mao 100's" in honor of their length and of the nearby village where they were sold. Amphetamines were also plentiful. One infantryman remembers his platoon medic standing by the side of a trail at the bottom of a long steep hill, handing out tablets of speed to each passing soldier. There was always morphine, of course; death-weary medics in particular seem to have found it beguiling. There was plain opium, too. But the heroin was remarkable. Remembering it in prison, a former Marine shook his head in awe. "Hell, man, when I came back to the world, I had a $250-a-day habit. This stuff was 99½ percent pure, you understand. In Nam, man, all we had to do was put it in a spoon, put some water in, and banged it. I had to consume *five times* as much back here to even coast."

No one knows how many men adopted hard drugs during the war in Vietnam. I have met men who used opium and morphine and heroin there in the years before the 1968 Tet offensive, but the great rise in wartime addiction appears to have occurred in the late sixties and early seventies. There is no telling how many of the soldiers who came back addicted would have benefited from professional help. The Vietnam vets whom I visited in jail wanted to think that it was the war that had made them heroin users. They said they had not been destined to be junkies. It is hard to judge such statements, but there was no doubting their remorse. The fact is that until about 1971, a returning soldier received little or no immediate assistance or guidance from the military or the VA, and that is a shame because the best time to try weaning a soldier from his drugs was immediately upon his return, before he found his way to the addict's lairs back home.

Undesirable separation papers were meted out in a completely arbitrary way . . . and men who committed identical offenses often got different discharges.

But, to the surprise of many, a heroin epidemic did not follow Vietnam. In 1971 the government instituted a program to detoxify addicted returning soldiers. This was an excellent occasion to study the nature of narcotic addiction, and Dr. Lee Robins of Washington University in St. Louis seized it. Among her most significant findings was the fact that while many soldiers (about one in five in her sample) had become addicted to narcotics there, the vast majority of them (some 88 percent) had chucked their habits and had not become readdicted three years later. These findings speak clearly of the rigors of the war and of the nature of the men who fought it. In the main, soldiers who used narcotics in Vietnam were not reprobates but, as a government study reports, "ordinary young men without any special readiness to adopt dangerous and illegal behavior."

A former Marine corpsman named Jack McCloskey, who lives in San Francisco, told me he remembered crying a great deal over comrades he was unable to save. Later, when he found he couldn't cry anymore, he took to morphine. He returned with fifty-six Syrettes of the stuff taped to his skin beneath his uniform, but he used up only half, then threw the rest into the waves off a San Francisco beach and flew back to his home in South Philadelphia, where friends got him a hotel room and ten days' supply of Robitussin A-C cough syrup. Just like that, he got over it, he says, although he does remember morphine fondly sometimes. It is a common story from the war.

"Bad paper"

The most prevalent troubles of the men who have not carved out satisfactory postwar lives are often interwoven. The sons of low-income families stood the best chance of seeing combat and thus of being wounded. Today, these same men—particularly the ones who were deemed "marginally qualified" for service—are the least likely to benefit from the GI Bill and the least likely to have found jobs. By a rough estimate, based on research by President Ford's Clemency Board, Vietnam-era veterans accounted for 10 percent of all prison inmates in the United States in the fall of 1974. If that figure is accurate, then the number of era veterans who have been to jail at one time or another must be very high indeed. Presumably those soldiers who came into the military from low-income families or with low aptitude test scores stood the best chance of finding their way to jail. It is certain, in any case, that these are the men most likely to be burdened with what is known as "bad paper."

In Defense Department theory, there are five kinds of discharge for enlisted men: honorable, general under honorable conditions, undesirable, bad conduct, and dishonorable. But two surveys of employers, performed by presidential commissions, show that while distinctions do exist, the only good sort of discharge is a fully honorable one. All the rest make employers wary, so all the rest can properly be called bad paper.

The best available evidence indicates that between 125,000 and 150,000 men who actually went to the war are thus branded. In many cases, bad conduct and dishonorable discharges (known as "BCDs" and "DDs") were earned, though not in all, as anecdotal evidence suggests. But BCDs and DDs were at least administered by court-martial under the provisions of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, which respects some portions of the Bill of Rights. Those who were awarded general and undesirable discharges did not receive the protection of even military law. A preponderance of incriminating evidence, including anonymous testimony, could earn a soldier one of these less than honorable separation papers, and by far the largest amount of bad paper was of this "administrative" variety.

These were some of the offenses for which a soldier could receive a general or undesirable discharge: "character and behavior disorders" (the most commonly cited offense), "alcoholism," "financial irresponsibility," "homosexual tendencies," "homosexual acts," "inaptitude," "drug addiction," and "unsanitary habits" (a common offense rarely cited). Even the Department of Defense, which has studied Vietnam-era discharges, allows that general and undesirable separation papers were meted out in a completely arbitrary way, for standards varied enormously between the services and between commands within a single service, and men who committed identical offenses often got different discharges.

A soldier could be labeled a misfit even with a fully honorable discharge. A code—the by now famous SPN code—was typed onto every discharge form. Many SPN codes had unflattering meanings: they could describe a veteran as anything from a bed wetter to a person harboring "homosexual tendencies, desires or intentions." Clerks could easily alter these codes, and there is evidence that lies were told and mistakes made. It might not have mattered a great deal if, as the military claimed, SPN codes were strictly for military use, but there is overwhelming evidence that the key to deciphering the codes fell into the hands of many civilian employers. Just how many soldiers with fully honorable discharges received damaging SPN codes is

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unknown, but available data indicates that close to 200,000 Vietnam-era veterans may have been affected.

Lawrence Baskir was a member of the Ford Clemency Board. He has studied the bad paper question under a grant from the Ford Foundation and has collected a great deal of data on this and related issues in a forthcoming book called *Chance and Circumstance*. "I've run across dozens of cases of certifiable combat heroes who got back from Vietnam with time left in the service and who just couldn't stand picking up cigarette butts and waiting for their discharges. So they went AWOL and the military threw the book at them," Baskir said. Several other people who have worked in this area told the same story. Obviously, some of the men back from Vietnam did deserve bad discharges, but often it seemed as if the military were bent on punishing men for having gone to the war. Certainly, no special allowances were made for those who had suffered over there.

A nineteen-year-old Marine whom I'll call Mitch O'Neil got hit with machine-gun bullets and shrapnel in Vietnam. He was shipped back to the United States and wound up at Camp Pendleton. In spite of the fact that his digestive system was functioning by virtue of certain plastic parts, the Marine Corps kept him on active duty, and for some reason O'Neil began to fear that plans were being laid to send him back to Southeast Asia. As the saying goes, he went over the hill. In the hospital after Vietnam, he had become addicted to morphine. At Camp Pendleton he had been supplementing the drugs he got from the military doctors with street heroin. After he had run away from the Marines, O'Neil started robbing liquor stores for money to feed his habit. He got caught, naturally, and with some regrets a civilian judge sentenced him to eighteen months in jail. The Marine Corps promptly followed with an undesirable discharge, and O'Neil has been in serious legal trouble ever since.

Did the undesirable discharge hurt O'Neil? It excluded him from VA drug rehabilitation programs. It denied him the chance to go to school under the GI Bill, and on one occasion, when he was spitting up blood, it kept him out of a VA hospital in Denver. This is not to say that he would have attended college or gone for treatment of his addiction, simply that the discharge deprived him of those options. Perhaps more important, it gave him an excuse for failure. "He could always say, 'I got in trouble because of my bad discharge.'" his lawyer explained.

Baskir said, "It seems that many of the people who got drafted and went to Vietnam could be considered budding failures at the time when they went in. So it's not easy to attribute their problems afterwards to their discharges. But there's no question that bad discharges hurt." In retrospect, it is at least arguable that the government ought not to have used these "budding failures" to fight its war and then discarded them. But what has happened is worse: the military has handed out thousands and thousands of discharges which virtually guarantee that "budding failures" will indeed live up to expectations.

One might think that a government bent on "binding the wounds of Vietnam" would look first at the cases of the men who had to fight the war and who are now saddled with bad paper. But this has not been the case. Former draft-dodgers have been pardoned en masse, but President Carter's Discharge Upgrade Program has been largely an empty promise. No one with a bad conduct or a dishonorable discharge is eligible to have his case reviewed, and Congress has decided that a soldier whose undesirable discharge is upgraded to a general discharge must still stand another review before he can receive veterans' benefits. Although the Ford Clemency Board discovered that most of the veterans in trouble would never know that they could ask for adjustments in their discharges, Congress forbade all advertising of Carter's program, and the results have been predictable. About 425,000 veterans were eligible for discharge reviews. When the deadline for applications had passed, in October 1977, only about 37,000 men had applied.

A different war?

Enough ordinarily reliable commentators have insisted that Vietnam was a "unique war" to ensure that it will be generally perceived that way, at least until the next one comes along. The New York *Times* has gone so far as to call it "The Different War" on the front page of its Sunday book review. In one of its many editorials lamenting the plight of Vietnam veterans, the Washington *Post* reported, "The war was different: limited in its objectives, unconventional in the way it was waged, bitterly controversial even in its early stages, eventually overwhelmingly unpopular—and in the end unwon." With few alterations, though, that would serve as a description of the "Korean conflict," whose veterans did not return to parades either. The Civil War was as confusing morally as Vietnam, and for at least some Americans it too was "unwon." But, clearly, World War II is the unacknowledged standard for comparison, and of course it was very different from Vietnam. Indeed, it may be that World War II was the truly different war.

Vietnam veterans have been encouraged to see themselves as tragic heroes, outcast survivors of a nasty little war. World War II veterans have long been told that they were the happy warriors: it was tough, but the cause was good; they won "The Big One" for a grateful world. Actual distinctions between the wars, however, should be approached with caution. For soldiers, the salient features of battle have remained the same for centuries. They are confusion, terror, and death, and there is no reason to think that the men who landed on Iwo Jima suffered less than the men who assaulted the concrete, steel-reinforced bunkers on Hamburger Hill in Vietnam.

Of course, there are World War II veterans who really did enjoy their war, but a number of Vietnam veterans say they did, too. Some remembered good times and good fellowship; some former infantrymen, who looked back on the experience primarily with loathing, nevertheless felt a sense of accomplishment for having gotten through that extraordinary Outward Bound course.

Vietnam veterans are encouraged to believe that their war was different because they could not believe in it while they were fighting it. One wonders, though, how many World War II and Vietnam veterans would recognize themselves in this statement of Max Cleland's: "All I thought about was booze, women, and keeping warm. I did not think about the eternal verities of the situation. I can't elucidate on the broad political questions of Vietnam. Mostly I was kinda lonesome, tired, and all the time I was in the war I wanted to get out of there."

Distinguishing between the two wars is especially difficult because Vietnam, like World War II, took very different shapes for different soldiers. The war changed from year to year and from place to place and it was not the same for all combat veterans. An infantryman stationed to the south on the coastal plain knew that it was at least in part a guerrilla war, and by 1968 he could easily see there was something wrong, because the "freedom loving" people whom he was supposed to be defending clearly didn't like him. In the north, however, it could be another story.

The son of an 82nd Airborne paratrooper who died at Normandy, a carefully dressed young man with a firm handshake, given to flexing the muscles of his jaw, Jack Williams was perhaps inclined from the outset to believe the war "worthwhile." Williams felt it was simply a matter of education; he had studied the Far East. "I just think I maybe understand more than most," he said. But clearly location was crucial. He spent his year with the Special Forces in the forbidding, gorgeous Highlands. There had not been many villages there to begin with, and by the time Williams arrived, most of them had vanished, casualties of the so-called "zippo" Marine battalions. He did all his fighting against regular North Vietnamese Army troops, and the war seemed very simple: he was fighting to repel an invader from the north. He came home convinced the press was lying. "There was no guerrilla warfare," he told me one evening not long ago in a bar called Lee's Tomb in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. "We were fighting tanks and railway guns. There was no guerrilla warfare, man."

Most commentators seem to assume that the great majority of men who fought in Vietnam soon came to see that their war was unjust, wrongheaded, impossible. But there was never such a consensus and there isn't one today. A paralyzed veteran who eventually did denounce the war explained his initial reluctance to do so by saying, "Because I got hurt, it was harder, not easier, for me to speak against the war." Some Vietnam veterans still maintain that the war ought to have been won. But this is where the essential differences—essential to soldiers, that is—between World War II and Vietnam begin: with the fact, as the Washington *Post* reminds us, that the war was lost. Veterans like Jack Williams are some of the last true believers in America, and they cannot help but feel angry and terribly alone, holding to convictions that few will even listen to today.

It is in its aftermath that Vietnam has been most unlike World War II. It has been a much harder war for its veterans, both coming home and looking back. Welcomes were cold or downright hostile. The war was lost. And virtually no civilian will now say that it was worth fighting. I spoke to a VA psychiatrist who has spent several years treating Vietnam veterans with severe psychological problems. This doctor insists that the war's special characteristics have had important effects on his patients. Afflicted by guilt and lingering fears, some struggle to believe that they were doing the right thing. They cannot console themselves with the thought that at least they were winners. Moreover, they see that their sacrifices have not been appreciated, or even widely acknowledged. So they are in a bind: they can't comfort themselves, and society won't show them the way.

Something pulling him back

When Mark Templeton returned and was being mustered out of the Army in Oakland with an honorable discharge and several medals, including a Bronze

Vietnam veterans have been encouraged to see themselves as tragic heroes, outcast survivors of a nasty little war.

Star with a V-device, an officer asked him, as a matter of standard operating procedure, if he felt all right. "If I tell him, they might not let me out of the Army," Mark thought. So he signed a statement that he was feeling fine, but about two years later he had to commit himself to a VA psychiatric hospital. There appear to have been many men who, like Mark, hid their problems for a time. Until 1968, the psychiatric casualty rate in Vietnam seemed remarkably low compared to that of other wars, but today it is clear that it was just as high for Vietnam as for World War II.

"Everybody has a childhood and a genetic makeup," the VA psychiatrist now treating Mark said, explaining how two soldiers could be exposed to the same outward experiences and one come away unharmed while the other returned with an enduring mental problem. Mark's mother died when he was young and he was raised in a small town in western Massachusetts by a kindly grandmother and an aunt and uncle. But he was a "normal boy," with average grades in school, and his psychiatrist has found no reason to believe that Mark was destined for trouble. VA psychiatrists told me that the men who return from combat with sound minds should be viewed as examples of the "remarkable resiliency" of human beings. They reminded me, too, that many of these men may have paid a price for sanity, that some have had to "restructure their characters entirely, to withstand the pressures of war." In Mark's case, the war may not have been the single source of all his problems, but it was clearly a sufficient cause.

An infantryman, he spent fourteen months in Vietnam, most of them out in the field with the 101st Airborne. In that time, he helped dig up mass graves—which were located by smell; watched bulldozers move bodies around; and stared at comrades' intestines floating in a river—they had been killed by misdirected American fire. Once he got a black eye when a piece of a friend's skull flew off and hit him in the face. One evening at sunset he stood looking at a pile of full body bags. There were twenty-seven lying there. Earlier, he had helped stuff some of them with the corpses of friends. "The gook dogs were licking the bags. I was gonna get my 16 and fire up them goddamn dogs. But then I saw an arch, you know the McDonald's arch? It wasn't like that, just the shape. It was a golden aura around these twenty-seven KIA's."

Facing these and similar scenes, he had one recurring thought: "I can't believe this is happening!" He felt that someone should hide his face from these sights, as parents hide their children's faces from scenes of auto wrecks. But one kept such feelings to oneself; the only means of self-expression was: "Put your 16 on rock 'n' roll and fire up some gooks."

"It's not human. Not human," he says. "Everything is numb. But after all that stuff builds up inside you, fear goes away and it's replaced by something worse, and I think that's hatred."

In the terrible battle known as Hamburger Hill, Mark's company was decimated. They had assaulted for the third or fourth time and were regrouping some distance away in thick green jungle. Mark was operating the commander's radio, and over the roar of jets and thumping of bombs, he received a message directed to his own service number. His grandmother had died. The Red Cross requested immediate compassionate leave for Mark. He was put on board a Medevac helicopter at once, then onto a CH-47, then a jet bound for California. Snatched from battle, he traveled all the way to California in filthy jungle clothes. His dog tags were still laced into his boots; soldiers going into battle were often told to wear their tags there on the theory that a dead man's boots would be found even if the man himself was scattered. He could hardly speak to the other soldiers on the jet, because they were going home for good. They had taken showers and had put on fresh clothes, and they stared at him. He got a shower and a clean uniform in Oakland.

It was like moving through a dream. On the airplane that took him to Boston, he began to cry, not for his grandmother, but for reasons he still can't explain. "It was just too much." He attended the funeral. He felt all his relatives looked at him oddly, and his beloved aunt, whose name he sometimes called out during fire fights, said, "Mark, your eyes are gray. You have beautiful blue eyes, but now your eyes are gray." The funeral accomplished, war could resume. He went right back to Vietnam. Hamburger Hill had ended by the time he got there, but Bobby, the boy who had taken Mark's place as radio man, had been killed. "Did my grandmother and Bobby die to save my life?"

Mark wondered. He is still wondering that today.

Mark's nine years since Vietnam have included a disastrous marriage, several jobs, and moves from New England to California and back again, with many unsatisfactory stops at VA hospitals. Today he lives in a small apartment in a converted barn, with a woman his age who has given him some strength, he says. He has finally found a VA psychiatrist whom he trusts and respects, and this year for the first time he is receiving a 100 percent psychiatric disability pension which pays him $750 a month. Yet he is essentially where he has

been for the last decade. He is frozen in time. He spends days reliving and reordering events and battles, trying to find the reason that he survived and so many of his friends did not. "It isn't fair," he said to me. In California I met two medics consumed by undeserved guilt over comrades who died in their arms; both still did not fully believe that those men were dead. Mark's sense of guilt seemed comparable. He said his guilt washes over him. He has no control over these memories and feelings. They just keep coming at him and he tries to face them. But they do not go away. He has seen Vietnamese with guns in the woods of Massachusetts. In California once, an Oriental woman became the bloody image of the pregnant woman he shot by accident while searching a village long ago in Vietnam. The woman turned, all bloody, and pointed at him on the street. He ran.

Most combat veterans I talked to said that they had dreamed a great deal about Vietnam after their return, but most said those dreams were fading now. Mark still dreams, at least one night a week. Sometimes he finds himself standing on a high plateau looking down at a lovely river, strange circular clouds hanging just above the pine trees. It must be Colorado, he thinks. But he is dressed in jungle fatigues. Then, far away, he hears explosions and he feels something pulling him back toward them. "It's a scene of beauty and then it's almost like a hand drawing me away, back to the war."

Mark has long reddish hair which he keeps in a ponytail and a Fu Manchu moustache which might look sinister except that the face behind it is open, almost boyish. Indeed, he is only in his late twenties. "Mark" is a pseudonym; he is afraid that he might be punished for killing the pregnant Vietnamese woman if "They" knew his name. He speaks almost in a whisper on the phone. But he talked for hours the evening I visited him. There were moments when his voice sounded a melodramatic note, but for the most part he spoke plainly, and there was no crying. He has not been violent since Vietnam. He says he will never touch a gun again.

"I want to be normal," he said. "I think it's a pretty fucked-up thing to say, 'Oh, I've accepted this and there's nothing I can do about it.' " He is afraid that he might be using Vietnam as an excuse for failure. But he feels he can't work now. He needs his VA pension. He feels that he deserves it, though he senses others do not. "Many times I wish to God that I had holes all over me so I could say to them, 'Here's what you did to me.' " He was sitting on a sofa next to me, his legs drawn up under him. Now he lowered his brows and narrowed his eyes. "I just think they owe me that fucking money." The light was strange. He showed his teeth for a moment. It was the only time I felt that I had a glimpse of the soldier boy who as an artillery forward observer and rifleman was "good for, I bet, a couple hundred gooks." "They will take my disability away over my dead body," he said. Then he looked away and rubbed his hand across his mouth.

Just before I left, Mark said that he had joined the 101st Airborne Association after he got back. He said, "You know, they have this deal where you can go over on a tour and visit the drop zones where you landed in Europe on D-Day. But who's gonna go back to Vietnam? It wasn't D-Day or Normandy." He was talking about the dreaded Ashau valley and Hamburger Hill. He held up his hand, showing me a small space between his thumb and forefinger. "It was only six digits on a map and what the fuck do they mean now? There's gotta be respect for people who fought the war. Anybody that makes a sacrifice in war is worthy of respect." His eyes were wide. He asked, "Doesn't it even mean anything now? Doesn't it matter to anyone?"

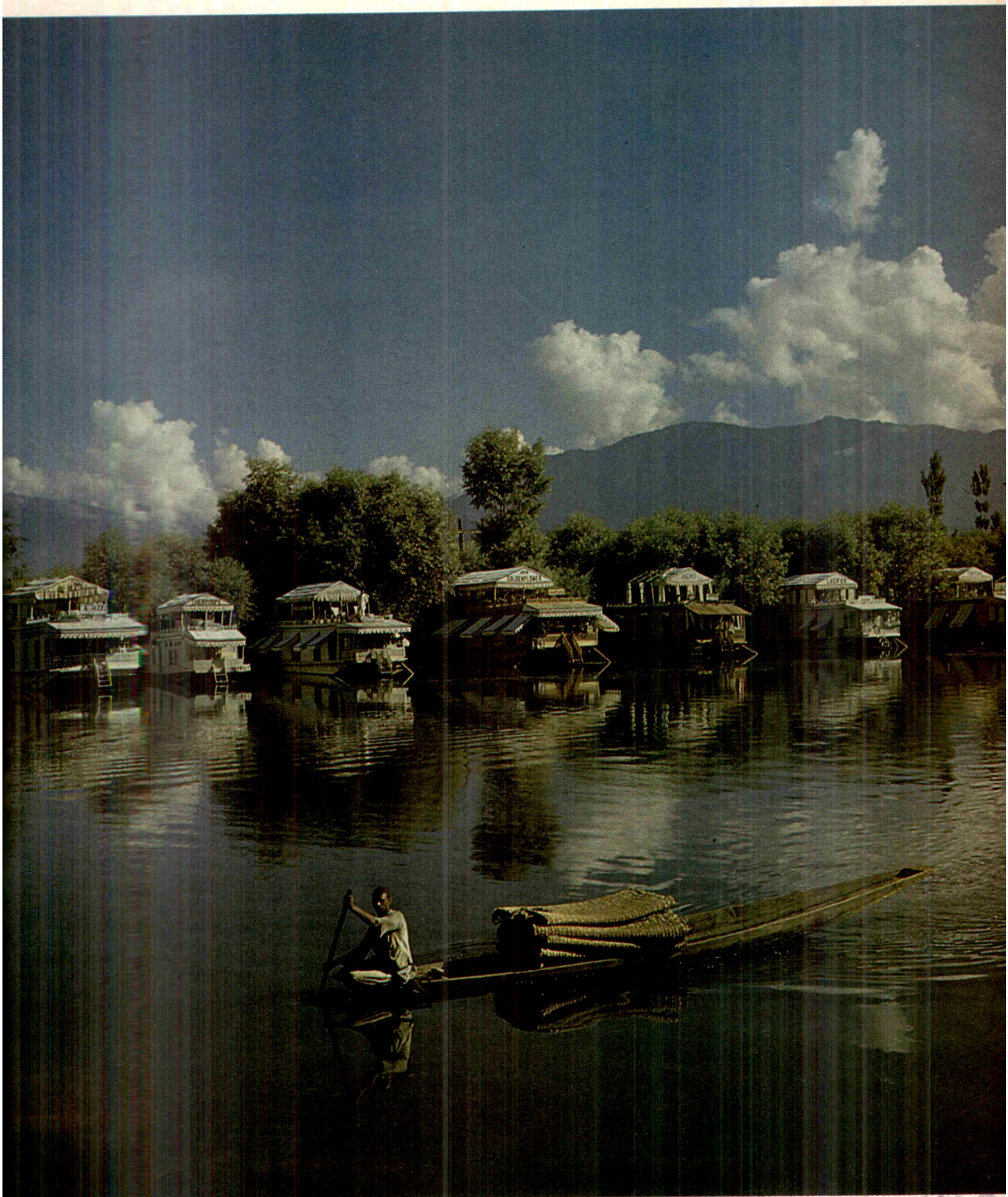
Repairing the damage

For five years Congress has considered and not passed a bill that would provide "readjustment counseling" to Vietnam-era veterans still in need of guidance. It seems a typical performance. Congress and successive administrations have failed the troops they sent to Vietnam in many ways. Any list of particulars must include: an inflexible GI Bill, which for many years was also financially inadequate; a succession of unsuccessful employment projects; and amnesty programs that have been far less generous to soldiers than to civilian war-resisters.

The Veterans Administration, in particular, has much to answer for. Intentionally or not, VA bureaucrats have managed personally to insult a great many Vietnam veterans. In general, the VA's conduct has been anything but kindly and efficient. Most shocking has been the treatment war-wounded men received at some VA hospitals. VA administrators have not been entirely to blame, and some of the 171 VA institutions have consistently provided excellent care for the wounded. But there is no question that the entire system was in decline when Vietnam began. There were critical shortages of nurses, attendants, therapists, and even equipment. Some facilities had grown dilapidated, and wounded men, who surely deserved the best of all possible care, shared their sickbeds with rodents.

continued on page 87

The Atlantic
INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANNER 1978



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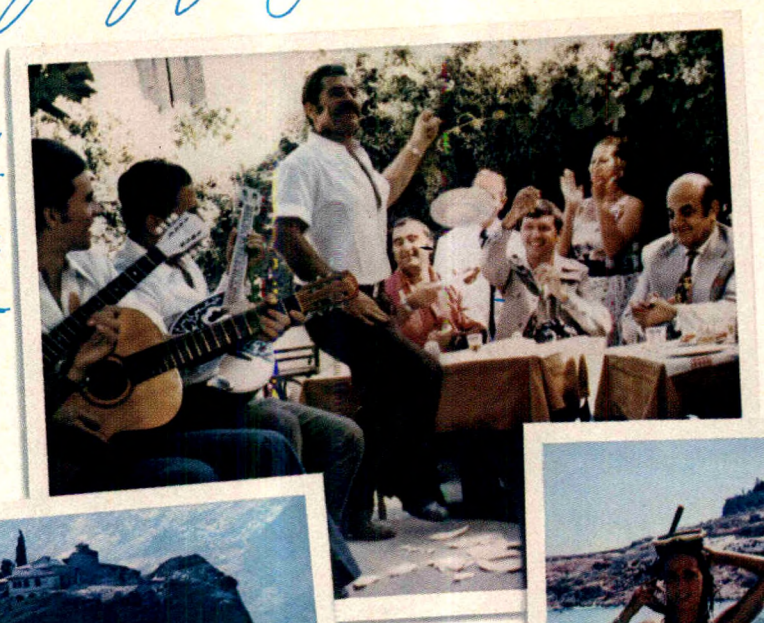
In many tavernas in Athens they throw saucers and plates when they like the music!



You can cruise to fantastic Greek Isles like Rhodes. That's the Acropolis of Lindos in the distance.

The famous monasteries of Meteora in Northern Greece. Take the stairs. The "elevator" is a rope basket. (Forget it).

This is Cape Sounion in ancient Greece. The sunsets are enough to make a grown man cry!

Mykonos. They white-wash the streets to make things even prettier!

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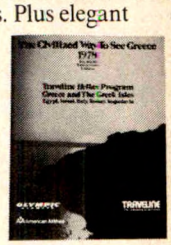

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An Opening Word: Celebration

Festivals and holidays, feasts and cultural programs enrich the travel calendar—and never more so than in 1978. There is an outpouring of celebrations throughout the world that creates for the traveler that marvelous Sense of Occasion that etches itself in the mind forever.

Traditionally, festivals have been holidays of feasting and celebration in honor of a happy event—the harvest of a local product, the return of the fishing fleet, the longest day of the year, the birth of a patron saint. In recent years, the word *festival* has stretched to include cultural events that draw together a galaxy of the world's great talents in music, art, drama, and film, a sudden richness in a single place for a short period.

Whether you stumble on a small town's religious pageant, put together simply, with tradition and reverence, or find yourself in a marvelous concert hall, these festivals, holidays, and special events add brilliance and focus to a trip.

Our International Travel Planner is meant to give you the choice events in each country. Out of the thousands of happenings around the world, we have selected those which we feel will interest a knowing traveler. They can be the starting point from which you and your travel agent can create a memorable trip.

We've provided a tear-out card at page T24 for you to use. Just fill it out and send it along for free information about the countries, events, and services mentioned in the Travel Planner. You'll receive marvelous information to help you plan your next vacation.

1978 promises to be another great year for travelers. We hope you'll be sharing in the journeys and, along with them, in the celebrations.

EUROPE

A marvelous gathering of festivals and exhibitions; music, art, gastronomic, film, and sports events; national celebrations; and much more.

ANDORRA

July 24–26: FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL, **Les Escaldes Village.**
Sept. 8: OUR LADY OF MERITXELL NATIONAL FESTIVAL, Folkloric events.

AUSTRIA

March–June 30: OPERA SEASON, **Vienna, Graz.** Daily performances in Vienna.
March 18–27: EASTER FESTIVAL, **Salzburg.** Music.
May 19–28: AUSTRIAN WINE FAIR, **Krems, Lower Austria.**
May 27–June 25: VIENNA FESTIVAL, **Vienna.** Citywide concerts.
June 29–August 27: CARINTHIAN SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Ossiach and Villach.**
July 8–21: SEVENTH YOUTH FESTIVAL, **Vienna.** Music.
July 20–August 23: BREGENZ FESTIVAL, **Bregenz.** Open-air music, drama.
July 26–August 31: SALZBURG FESTIVAL, **Salzburg.** Superb music, drama.
August 13: AUSTRIAN GRAND PRIX, **Zeltweg.** Formula I World Championship.
September: VINTNERS' FESTIVALS, **Lower Austria and Burgenland.**
BRUCKNER FESTIVAL, **Linz.**
September 16–24: INTERNATIONAL FALL FAIR, **Vienna.**
October–November: STYRIAN AUTUMN FESTIVAL, **Graz.**
December 24: "SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT" CELEBRATIONS, **Oberndorf, Hallein, Wagrain.** Marks composition of the famous Christmas carol.

HIGHLIGHTS '78

Europe glows with anniversaries this year. Among the most noteworthy are:

- The Bicentennial of La Scala Opera House, Milan, **Italy**. A year-long celebration with special performances of opera, concerts, ballet.
- The 900th anniversary of the Tower, London, **England**. Special pageants and plays to honor the historic building throughout the year.
- The Ibsen Festival, **Norway**. Marks the 150th anniversary of the birth of the Norwegian playwright.
- The Schubert Festival, **Austria**. Commemorates the 150th anniversary of the death of Franz Schubert.

Plus an outpouring of festivals in **France** and the observance of Heritage Year in **Great Britain**, with emphasis on searching out American roots there.

BELGIUM

April 20–June 16: INTERNATIONAL CHORAL FESTIVAL, **Kortrijk.**
April 29–May 15: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Brussels.**
May 1: 1,010TH ANNUAL PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAY OF SAINT EVERMAR, **Russon.**
May 4: PROCESSION OF THE HOLY BLOOD, **Bruges.**
May 7–July 5, July 27–September 25: MUSIC FESTIVALS, **Flanders, Ghent, Brussels, Leuven, Bruges.**
May 20–23: 18TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL MILITARY MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Mons.** Bands from many countries.
May 21: CENTURY-OLD PROCESSION OF THE GOLDEN CHARIOT, **Mons.**
June 10–11: DAY OF FOUR PROCESSIONS, **Tournai.**
July 2: 31ST ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL AND FAIRY NIGHT, **Namur.**
July 6: OMMEGANG PAGEANT, **Brussels.** Spectacular annual procession.
July 9-20: MEDIEVAL TOURNAMENTS, **Bruges.**
July 28–August 11: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC DAYS, **Bruges.**
August–September: MUSIC FESTIVAL OF FLANDERS, **Ghent.**
August 28: GRAND INTERNATIONAL STEEPLECHASE, **Waregem.**
September 9–24: 33RD ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Ghent.**
September 23–October 8: 22ND ANNUAL OKTOBERFEST, **Wieze.** Beer festival.
September 30–November 11: GRAND VARIETY FAIR, **Liege.**
November 25–December 3: MUSIC SHOW, **Brussels.** At Heysel.
December 17: THE "NUTS" FAIR, **Bastogne.** Commemorates famous reply to German demand for surrender.

BULGARIA

April 12–16: INTERNATIONAL WATER POLO TOURNAMENT, **Sofia.**

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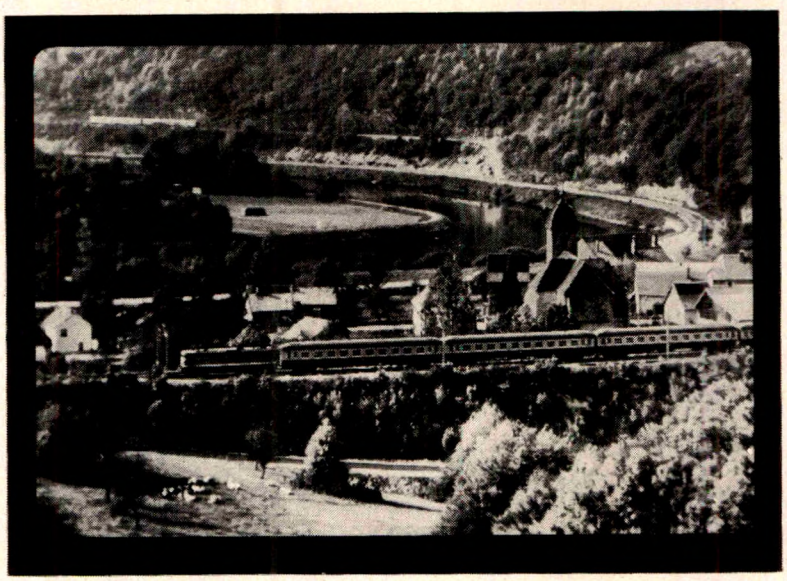

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EURAILPASS

May 1: LABOR DAY PARADES AND CELEBRATIONS.
May 10–14: VARNA '78—INTERNATIONAL CHORAL COMPETITION, **Varna.**
May 18–30: 12TH NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF HUMOR AND SATIRE, **Gabrovo.**
May 23–29: BULGARIAN FILM FESTIVAL, **Sofia.**
May 23–June 14: MUSIC WEEKS INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Sofia.**
June 1–10: ROSE DAY FESTIVAL, **Karlovo.**
June 1–20: SUMMER FESTIVAL OF SYMPHONY, CANTATA, ORATORIO, OPERA AND CHAMBER MUSIC, **Varna.**
July 1–30: NEPTUNE FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL, **Albena, Zlatni Pyassutsi, and Slunchev Bryag.**
July 14–27: INTERNATIONAL BALLET COMPETITION, **Varna.**
August 22–September 1: INTERNATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Burgas.**
September 11–20: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Plovdiv.**

CYPRUS

April 2: PROCESSION OF ICON OF ST. LAZARUS, **Larnaca.**
Early May: FLOWER FESTIVAL, **Anthestiria.**
NICOSIA FESTIVAL, Theater, concerts, folk art.
May 15–31: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, **Nicosia.**
May 26–June 1: THIRD CYPRUS INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Nicosia.**
May 28–June 1: CELEBRATION OF THE "FLOOD," **Kataklysmos.** Festivities in all seaside towns.
June–July: ANCIENT GREEK DRAMA FESTIVAL, **Kato Paphos.**
July 1–15: CURIUM FESTIVAL, **near Limassol.** Ancient Greek and Shakespearean drama, concerts.
July 1–15: INTERNATIONAL ART FESTIVAL, **Limassol.** At the Public Gardens.
August 1–15: FOLK ART FESTIVAL, **Pampaphia.**
August 14–15: THE DORMITION OF THE HOLY VIRGIN, **Monasteries of Trooditissa and Kykko.**
September 15–30: WINE FESTIVAL, **Limassol.** Free wine at all open-air restaurants, folk dancing, singing.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

April 26–May 14: WORLD ICE HOCKEY GAMES, **Prague.** Prague Stadium.
May 3–10: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Brno.**
May 12–June 4: INTERNATIONAL SPRING MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Prague.**
June 23–25: 33RD INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Straznice.**
July–August: BRATISLAVA SUMMER, **Bratislava.** Concerts, film festival, art.
August: CHOPIN MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Marianske Lazne.**
August 25–September 22: 20TH DVORAK FESTIVAL, **Karlovy Vary.** Music.
August 26–September 10: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, FAIR, **Ceske Budejovice.**
August 29–September 3: EUROPEAN TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONSHIP, **Prague.**
October: BACH FESTIVAL, **Bratislava.**

DENMARK

April 4–9: FOOD FAIR, **Copenhagen.** 1,000 international chefs participate.
April 5–end of August: DEER GARDEN FAIR, **Copenhagen.**
April 16: QUEEN MARGARETHE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
May 1–September 17: TIVOLI GARDENS SEASON, **Copenhagen.**
May 1–September 25: LEGOLAND SEASON, **Billund, Jutland.**
May 3–17: SCANDINAVIAN FURNITURE SHOW, **Copenhagen.**
June 23: MIDSUMMER EVE. Bonfire celebrations.
June 23–July 9: VIKING FESTIVAL, **Frederiksund.** Days of the Vikings relived.
July 1–August 31: SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Copenhagen.** Free concerts.
July 4: REBILD FESTIVAL, **Rebild National Park, south of Aalborg.** Marks American Independence Day. Largest such celebration in Europe.
July 8–11: TILTING TOURNAMENT, **Sonderborg.** Horsemen's festival.
Early July–early August: HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN FESTIVAL, **Odense.**
September–December: ROYAL THEATER SEASON, **Copenhagen.**
September 2–11: FESTIVAL WEEK, **Aarhus.** Opera, concerts, ballet.
September 14–17: 26TH SCANDINAVIAN FASHION WEEK, **Copenhagen.**
October 1–2: INTERNATIONAL FAIR FOR ARTS, HANDICRAFTS, **Copenhagen.**
October 13–22: FLOWER SHOW, **Copenhagen.**

FINLAND

March 19: REINDEER RACING COMPETITION. **Rovaniemi.**
June 5–11: DANCE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Kuopio.** Ballet, folk, modern dance.
June 15–18: FESTIVAL, **Vaasa.** Music, art, drama.
June 23–24: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATION. Traditional festivity with bonfires.
June 27–July 7: ARTS FESTIVAL, **Jyväskylä.** Concerts, exhibitions, seminars on industry and society.
July 9–30: OPERA FESTIVAL, **Savonlinna.**
July 14–16: JAZZ '78, **Pori.** Concerts, jam sessions.
July 17–23: FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Kaustinen.** International music and dance.
July 30–August 6: CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Kuhmo.**
August 12–17: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Turku.** Chamber music, symphonies, rock.
August 15–20: TAMPERE THEATRE SUMMER. Famous open-air theater.
August 18–September 1: HELSINKI FESTIVAL. Concerts, ballet, art exhibitions.
December 6: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Lighted candles.

FRANCE

March 26–April 2: EASTER FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND SACRED ART, **Lourdes.**
April 14: 15TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART, **Royan.** Exhibits, ballet, theater, film.
May–June: FESTIVAL OF SAINT-DENIS, **Saint-Denis.** Opera, jazz, other music.
FESTIVAL OF VERSAILLES. Music of 17th and 18th centuries.
May 5–June 21: BORDEAUX FESTIVAL, **Bordeaux.** Music, drama, dancing.
May 17–28: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, **Cannes.** 31st year.
May 26: JOAN OF ARC FESTIVAL, **Rouen.**
June 2–25: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Strasbourg.**
June 5–6: D-DAY LANDING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS, **Normandy.**
June 7–July 13: MARAIS FESTIVAL, **Paris.** Drama and music in old homes.
June 7–July 7: FESTIVAL OF LYONS. Concerts, opera, ballet.
June 10–11: GRAND PRIX, **Le Mans.**
June 22–July 16: TOUR DE FRANCE CYCLE RACE, **Brest to Paris.**
June 23–July 2: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Tours.**
July 1–31: FESTIVAL, **Arles.** Includes bullfighting, guitar playing.
July–August: AVIGNON FESTIVAL. Theater, dance, film, music.
CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Prades.**
July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
July 15–September 23: SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Paris.** 120 concerts, exhibitions, musical competitions, jazz, dance.
July 15–August 4: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Aix-en-Provence.**
July 15–23: JAZZ FESTIVAL, **Antibes.** Jam sessions with top musicians.
September 1–17: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Besancon.**
September 7–18: EUROPEAN FAIR, **Strasbourg.**
September 8: FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY OF THE VIRGIN, **Lourdes.**
Early October: AUTOMOBILE SHOW, **Paris.**
October 28–November 12: GASTRONOMIC FAIR, **Dijon.**
November 15–20: SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, **Metz.**
November 18–20: LES TROIS GLORIEUSES (WINE FESTIVALS), **Nuits-Saint-Georges, Beaune, and Meursault.**
December 3–24: TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS FAIR, **Strasbourg.**

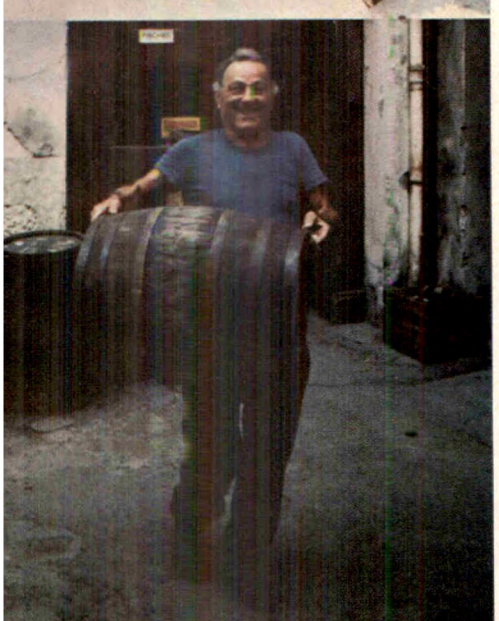
EAST GERMANY

June 11–18: HANDEL FESTIVAL, **Halle.**
July 2–9: ROSE SHOW, **Erfurt.**
September 3–10: FALL FAIR, **Leipzig.**

WEST GERMANY

May 1–31: MAY FESTIVAL OF BALLET AND MUSIC, **Wiesbaden.**
June 10–24: MOZART FESTIVAL, **Wuerzburg.**
June 16–24: EUROPEAN MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Passan/Danube.**
June 23–July 4: INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, **Berlin.**
June 24–July 2: DERBY WEEK, **Hamburg.**
July: NYMPHENBURG SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Munich.**

YOU CAN SPEND THREE WEEKS IN FRANCE WITHOUT EXHAUSTING THE SIGHTS, YOUR MONEY, OR YOURSELF.



You can see everything in a whirlwind tour of Europe and wind up not seeing much of anything.

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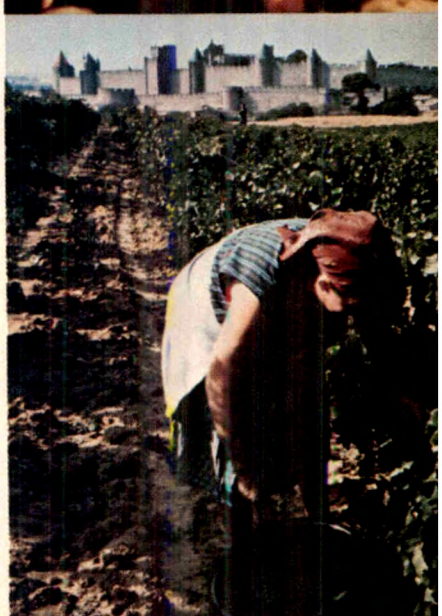
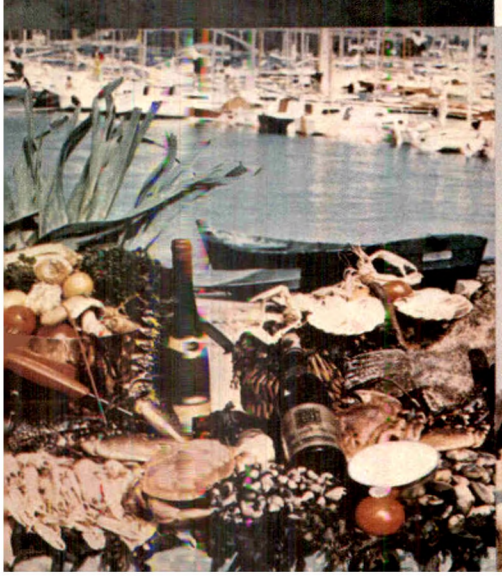
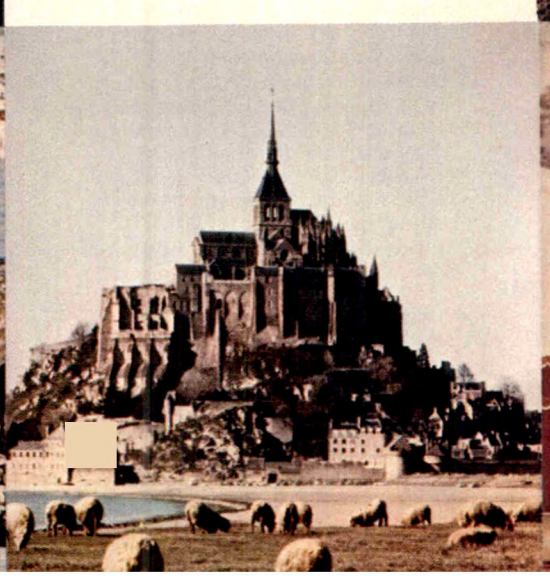
We know quite a few people who've spent a lifetime doing just that.

France







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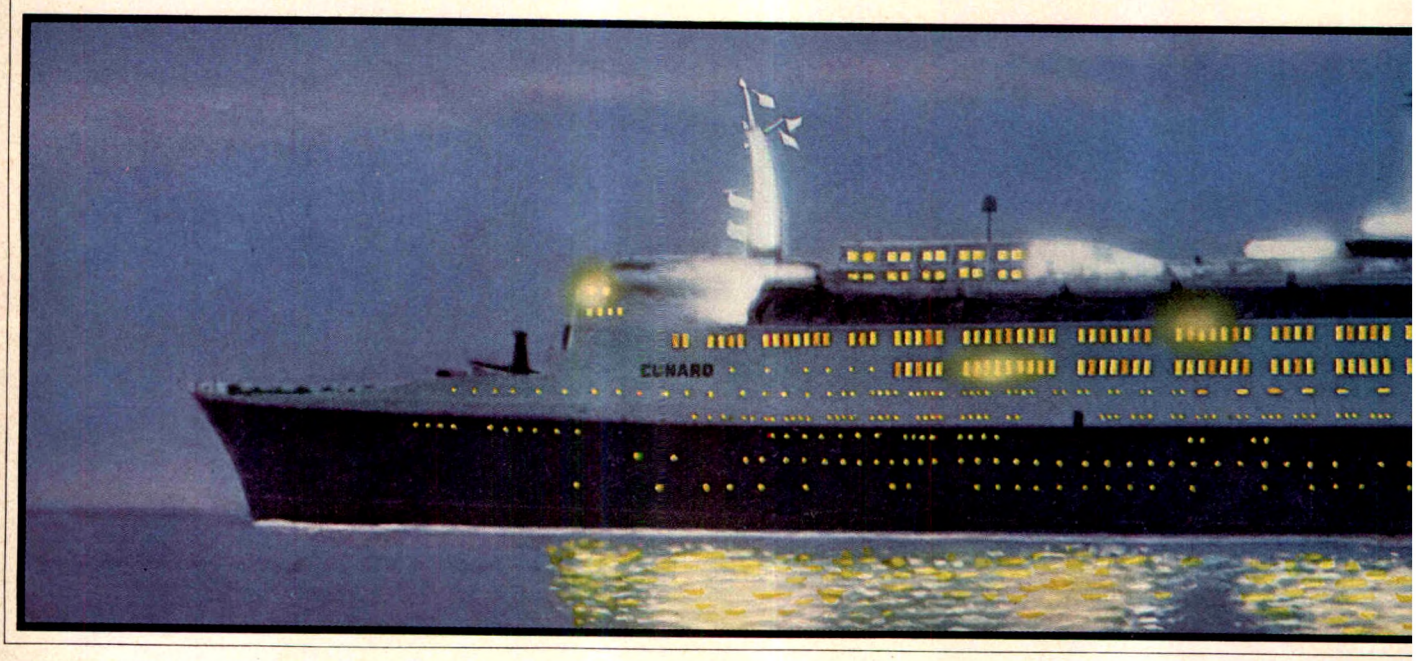

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Photographs by Slim Aarons

On the cover: Houseboats on Dal Lake in the romantic Vale of Kashmir in the Himalayas. Life here is lived on the water: cook-boat is tied up to houseboat, and both are poled to nesting places among the lily pads. The traveler who wants to experience houseboat living will find rentals here still agreeably low-priced.

July–August: MOZART CONCERT SEASON, **Augsburg.**
July–September: HEIDELBERG CASTLE FESTIVAL. Illuminations, concerts.
July 9–30: OPERA FESTIVAL, **Munich.**
July 25–August 28: WAGNER FESTIVAL, **Bayreuth.** A major musical event.
August 6–20: INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, **Aachen.**
Mid-August: ATHLETICS CUP, **Dusseldorf.** Track and field events.
August 15–21: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP BICYCLE RACES, **Munich.**
August: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Frankfurt.**
August–October: WINE FESTIVALS.
September: WINE AND SAUSAGE FESTIVAL, **Bad Durkheim.**
September 3–October 8: FESTIVAL WEEKS, **West Berlin.** Opera.
September 16–October 1: OKTOBERFEST, **Munich.** Beer festival.
Mid-September–mid-October: CONNSTATT FOLK AND BEER FESTIVAL, **Stuttgart.**
October 18–23: BOOK FAIR, **Frankfurt.**

GIBRALTAR

April 22–23: SHARK ANGLING FESTIVAL.
July: CARNIVAL CAVALCADE. Amusements, dances.
GIBRALTAR FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama.
October: DRAMA FESTIVAL.

GREECE

March 25: FEAST OF THE VIRGIN AND INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades.
April 1–October 31: SOUND AND LIGHT PERFORMANCES, **Athens and Rhodes.**
May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, flower festivals, and fairs in most areas.
May–early June: THE PALAIOLOGIA CULTURAL AND ARTISTIC FESTIVAL, **Mystra-Sparta.**
May 9–30: FLOWER FESTIVAL, **Edessa.**
May 15–October 15: FESTIVAL OF FOLKLORIC DANCES, **Athens.**
June–October: REGIONAL GREEK FOLK DANCE PERFORMANCES, **Rhodes.**
June 21: MIDSUMMER'S DAY FESTIVAL, **Rhodes.**
July–September: WINE FESTIVALS, **Athens, Rhodes, and Alexandroupolis.**
July–August: FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT DRAMA, **Theater of Epidauros.**
September: CRICKET MATCHES, **Corfu.**
September 3–17: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Thessaloniki.**
October 28: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Military parades.

HUNGARY

April 15–early September: ORGAN CONCERTS IN THE CATHEDRAL, **Pannonhalma.**
April 28–30: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN CHAMPIONSHIP, **Kiskunhalas.**

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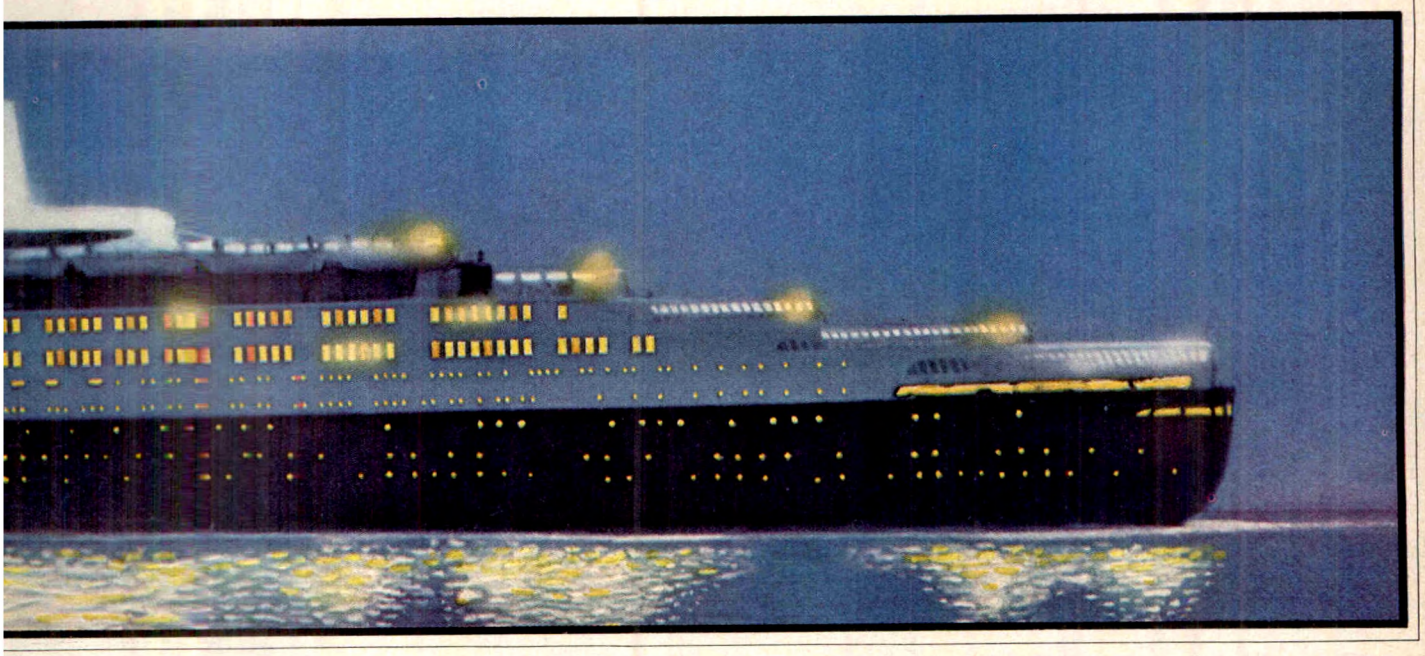

May 17–25: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR, **Budapest.**
June 1–3: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ DAYS, **Szeged.**
June 24, July 29, August 18–19: BEETHOVEN CONCERTS, **Martonvasar.**
July 1–3: INTERNATIONAL EQUESTRIAN DAYS, **Hortobagy.**
July 18–August 19: OPEN-AIR FESTIVAL, **Szeged.**
August 19: 11TH NATIONAL FLORAL CARNIVAL, **Debrecen.**
September 24–October 30: ART WEEKS, **Budapest.**

ICELAND

April 20: FIRST DAY OF SUMMER. A holiday unique to Iceland. Now celebrated mainly by and for children.
June 1: SEAMEN'S DAY. Sports, speeches, parades.
June 17: NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE DAY. Festivities and street dancing.
July 13–16: NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AND RACING, **Thingvillir.**
August 11–13: VESTMANNAE YJAR FESTIVAL, **Westman Islands.** Bonfires, dancing, sports, entertainment.
October–May: NATIONAL THEATER, **Reykjavik.**
Icelandic Symphony Season. Performances every other Thursday.
October 9: LEIF ERICSON DAY. Celebrates the discovery of North America by Ericson in 1000 A. D.

IRELAND

March 23–25: WORLD IRISH DANCING CHAMPIONSHIPS, **Dublin.**
April 19–23: 25TH INTERNATIONAL CHORAL & FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, **Cork.** Features leading choirs.
May 19–28: DUNDALK FESTIVAL AND AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, **Dundalk.**
May 27–June 5: INTERNATIONAL BAND AND MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Tullaniore.**
June 3–10: FILM INTERNATIONAL, **Cork.** Short-film competition.
June 4–10: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC IN GREAT IRISH HOUSES, **Dublin.**
July 8–10: BACH FESTIVAL, **Killarney.**
July 29-August 2: SOUTH OF IRELAND AMATEUR OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, **Lahinch.**
August 8–13: HORSE SHOW, **Dublin.**
August 24–29: INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, **Letterkenny.**
August 25–28: ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF TRADITIONAL IRISH MUSIC, **Ennis.**
August 26–September 3: ARTS WEEK, **Kilkenny.**
August 26–31: ROSE OF TRALEE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Tralee.**
September 12–October 3: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF LIGHT OPERA, **Waterford.**
October 3–15: THEATRE FESTIVAL, **Dublin.**
October 18–29: OPERA FESTIVAL, **Wexford.** Also concerts, film exhibits.

ITALY

Throughout 1978: LA SCALA BICENTENNIAL, **Milan.** Special opera performances, ballet, concerts.
March 23: MAUNDY THURSDAY PROCESSION, **Marsala.**
March 24: GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION OF THE DEAD CHRIST, **Chiete.**
March 26: EXPLOSION OF THE CART, **Florence.** Easter Sunday fireworks.
April 25: ST. MARK'S FEAST DAY, **Venice.** First gondola regatta of season.
May–June: CLASSICAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, **Syracuse.** Performances of Greek and Roman plays.
May–July: SYMPHONIC SEASON, **Venice.**
May 1–July1: 41ST FLORENTINE MAY MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Florence.**
May 4: CRICKET FESTIVAL, **Florence.** Live crickets for racing are sold in tiny cages.
SARDINIAN CAVALCADE, **Sassari.** 3,000 parade in traditional costumes.
May 15: RACE OF THE CANDLES, **Gubbio.** Colorful pageantry.
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL, **Brindisi.**
June–September: SUMMER THEATER, **Verona.**
June 2: FESTIVAL OF THE REPUBLIC, **Rome.** Military parades.
June 13: FEAST OF ST. ANTHONY, **Padua.**
End of June–beginning of July: TWO WORLDS FESTIVAL, **Spoleto.** Opera, concerts, drama, ballet, exhibits.

June 24 and 28: 16TH-CENTURY FOOTBALL GAME, **Florence.** In costume.
July–August: BALLET FESTIVAL, **Nervi.** Major international companies participate.
July 2 and August 16: PALIO, **Siena.** Medieval horse race.
July 16: FESTIVAL OF THE REDEEMER, **Venice.** Illuminated boats.
August: MUSICAL ENCOUNTERS, **Sorrento.** Chamber, symphonic concerts, recitals, ballet. Guest performers.
August–September: BIENNALE, **Venice.** One of the world's major film and art festivals.
August 14: THE PROCESSION OF CANDLESTICKS, **Sassari, Sardinia.**
September: 42ND INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR OF THE LEVANT, **Bari.**
Mid-September–early October: SAGRA MUSICAL UMBRA FESTIVAL, **Perugia, Terni, Orvieto, Assisi, Todi, Sangemini, Gubbio, Narni, Foligno, Cascia, Passignano sui Tras, Meno, Castiglione del Lago, Magione, and Deruta.** Opera, chamber music, organ concerts.
September 19: ST. GENNARO FESTIVAL, **Naples.** Honors city's patron saint.
October–May: OPERA AND SYMPHONIC MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Bologna.** Concerts.
October: TRUFFLE FAIR, **Alba.** Cultural and agricultural events.
October 3–4: FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS, **Assisi.** Italy's patron saint is honored.
October 5: GRAPE FESTIVAL, **Cupramontana, Ancona.**
October 18: TRADITIONAL SAN LUCA FAIR, **Treviso.**
December: PUPPET FAIR AND EXHIBITION MARKET OF THE CRIB, **Lecce.**

LUXEMBOURG

April 16–30: "OCTAVE" 300th annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Luxembourg.
May 1: LILY OF THE VALLEY DAY, **Mondorf-Les-Bains.** Non-stop entertainment program with evening ball.
May 14–22: INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES FAIR, **Luxembourg-City.**
May 16: DANCING PROCESSION, **Echternach.**
June 23: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Fireworks, parades, dancing, concerts.
July–early August: INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR THEATRE, **Wiltz.**
July 8–9: REMEMBRANCE DAY, **Ettelbruck.** In honor of Gen. George S. Patton.
July 29–August 13: POTTERY AND CERAMIC EXHIBIT, **Nospelt.**
August 13: INTERNATIONAL MOTO-CROSS "GRAND PRIX DE LUXEMBOURG," **Ettelbruck.** World championship series.
Mid–August: BEER FESTIVAL, **Clausen Luxembourg.** Held in a jumbo tent.
August 27–September 10: AMUSEMENT FAIR, **Luxembourg-City.** Dates back to 1340.
September 3–4: WINE FESTIVAL, **Schwebsauge.** Wine flows from a fountain in the public square.
September 9–10: GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL, **Grevenmacher.** Fireworks.

MALTA

May 5–8: CARNIVAL, **Valletta and throughout the country.** Dates back to 1535. Dancing competitions, band marches, decorated floats.
June: THE MALTA INTERNATIONAL AIR RALLY, **Valletta.** Light aircraft.
June 27–28: MNARJA FOLK FESTIVAL, **Buskett Gardens, Valletta.**
July 1–15: FAIR, **Naxxar.**
September 8: REGATTA, **Grand Harbour, Valletta.** Boat races and pageantry.

MONACO

April 7–16: 78TH MONTE CARLO TENNIS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. Famous international tournament.
May 7: 36TH MONACO AUTOMOBILE GRAND PRIX, **Monte Carlo.**
May 13–15: INTERNATIONAL FLOWERS COMPETITION, **Monte Carlo.** Under the patronage of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.
June: 41ST INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW, **Monte Carlo.**
July: 13TH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FIREWORKS, **Monte Carlo.** Spectacular displays over the harbor.
July–August: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF ARTS, **Monte Carlo.**
July 13–16: ANTIQUE CAR RALLY. Along the Riviera.
August 4: RED CROSS GALA, **Monte Carlo.** Glittering evening with well-known performers.
November 18–19: MONEGASQUE FESTIVAL DAY, **Monte Carlo.**
December: FIFTH INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL, **Monte Carlo.**

NETHERLANDS

March 23–May 21: "KEUKENHOF" 29TH NATIONAL OPEN-AIR FLOWER SHOW, **Lisse.**
April 22: 31ST BULB DISTRICT FLORAL PARADE, **Haarlem.**
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
Mid-April–mid-September: TRADITIONAL CHEESE MARKET, **Waagplein, Alkmaar.**
Mid-May–mid-September: CHEESE MARKET, **Gouda.** Each Thursday morning. Traditional costumes.
June 1–23: HOLLAND FESTIVAL, **Amsterdam, The Hague/Scheveningen, Rotterdam, Utrecht.** Concerts, opera, chamber music, ballet.
July 1–August 6: WINDMILL DAYS, **Kinderdijk, southeast of Rotterdam.**
July–August: OLD CRAFTS DEMONSTRATIONS, **Arnhem.**
August 16–31: 31ST INTERNATIONAL SHOW JUMPING, **Rotterdam.**
September 2: FLORAL PARADE, **Aalsmeer to Amsterdam and return.**
September 19: PRINSJESDAG (PRINCE'S DAY), **The Hague.** Queen Juliana drives in a golden coach to the Hall of Knights to open Parliament.
Mid-October–early November: ART AND ANTIQUES TRADE FAIR, **Delft.**

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NORWAY

March 9–12: HOLMENKOLLEN SKI FESTIVAL, **Oslo.** International cross-country and ski-jumping events.

May–June: FJORD BLOSSOM TIME. White and red blossoms of thousands of fruit trees cover the slope. Best time: May 10–June 10.

May 14: MIDNIGHT SUN AT NORTH CAPE. First day of round-the-clock sunshine.

May 17: CONSTITUTION DAY. Bands, fireworks, bonfires.

May 24–June 7: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA, BALLET AND FOLKLORE, **Bergen.** Chief cultural event in Norway. Major stars in a magnificent program.

June 23: MIDNIGHT CUP GOLF TOURNAMENT, **Oslo and Trondheim.** MIDSUMMER NIGHT. Bonfires, fireworks, open-air dancing. Festivities in Oslo, Lillehammer, and Trondheim.

June 28–July 2: KONGSBERG INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Concerts and dancing highlighted by jam session.

July: FJORD SKI FESTIVAL, **Geiranger.** Glacier skiing at Djupvass.

July 31–August 5: MOLDE INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL. Star performers, Norwegian rhythm groups.

August: PEER GYNT FESTIVAL, **Vinstra.** Drama.

August 5–6: NORTH SEA FESTIVAL, **Haugesund.** Fishing from boats with rod and reel.

October 1–31: STATE AUTUMN EXHIBIT, **Oslo.** Annual display of new graphics, paintings, sculpture.

October 2: OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, **Oslo.** King Olav V performs ceremony amid pageantry.

December 10: PRESENTATION OF NOBEL PEACE PRIZE, **Oslo.**

POLAND

March 24–26: INTERNATIONAL FENCING TOURNAMENT, **Warsaw.**

April 12–22: CHILDREN'S ART EXHIBIT, **Poznan.**

May–September 15: CHOPIN CONCERTS, **Warsaw.** Every Sunday.

May–October: NINTH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY, **Cracow.**

May 11–17: DAYS OF CHAMBER MUSIC, **Lancut Lezajsk.**

May 12–14: JUVENALIA–YOUTH SPRING FESTIVAL, **Cracow.**

June–July: 15TH FESTIVAL OF ORGAN AND CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS, **Szczecin.** In 12th-century cathedral.

June 11–20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Poznan.**

June 16–18: NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF FOLKLORISTIC ENSEMBLES, **Plock.** Regional shows and a folk arts fair.

July: BALTIC JAZZ MEETINGS, **Sopot, Olsztyn, Szczecin, Koszalin, and Kolobrzeg.** Performances by top artists.

Mid–August: 18TH INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL AND RECORDS FAIR, **Sopot.**

August 30–September 4: 13TH ORATORIO AND CANTATA FESTIVAL, **Wroclaw.**

September: ART FESTIVAL, **Cracow.**

September 1–8: 11TH INTERNATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE HIGHLANDS, **Zakopane.**

September 16–24: "THE WARSAW AUTUMN"—22ND INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, **Warsaw.**

October: 21ST INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL—JAZZ JAMBOREE '78, **Warsaw.**

October 15–23: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Poznan.**

PORTUGAL

April 11: FESTIVAL OF OUR LADY OF BOA VIAGEM, **Constancia.**

May 1–3: FONTE GRANDE FESTIVAL, **Algarve.**

May–July 6: CONCERTS, **Estoril.**

May 12–13: ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, **Fatima.** Religious ceremonies.

June 6–20: SANTAREM FAIR. Folk dancing, singing, fireworks, livestock.

June 8–22: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Lisbon.**

June 12: ST. ANTHONY'S EVE, **Lisbon.** Honors patron saint of lovers. Dancing in the streets.

June 21–29: MUSIC WEEK, **Lisbon.** Focus on Iberian music.

June 24–29: FOLKLORE FESTIVALS, **Angra Do Heroismo, Azores.** Honors Sts. Peter and Paul. Fishermen's holiday.

First or Third Sunday of July: GREAT FESTIVAL OF THE RED WAISTCOAT, **Vila Franca De Xira.**

July 5–9: THE RUNNING OF THE BULLS, **Vila Franca de Xira.**

August 10–17: FESTIVAL OF THE GREEN CAP AND THE SALT PANS, **Alcohete.** Bullfights, amusements.

August 18–20: FEAST OF THE AGONY, **Viana do Castelo.** Parades of enormous papier-mâché figures.

August 23–24: TRADITIONAL FESTIVALS OF THE COUNTY AND ANNUAL FAIR OF ST. BARTHOLOMY, **Ponte Da Barca.**

September 1–5: WINE FESTIVAL, **Palmela.**

September 20–30: FESTIVAL AND FAIR OF ST. MICHAEL, **Cabeceiras De Basto.**

October 12–13: ANNUAL FALL PILGRIMAGE, **Fatima.**

October 18–19: VINTAGES FAIR, **Meda.** Wine tasting, pageantry, exhibits.

November 10–13: GREAT TRADITIONAL FAIR OF ST. MARTIN, **Golega.** Horsemanship, handicrafts, folk dancing.

December 31: GREAT FESTIVALS OF ST. SYLVESTER, **Funchal, Madeira.**

ROMANIA

May: "SIMBRA OILOR" TRADITIONAL SHEPHERDS' FESTIVAL, **Mountain Areas.**

May 1: INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY.

May 21: SHEPHERDS' FEAST, **Novaci.** Pageantry in the Hirisesti Woods.

May 28: "IN THE SPIRIT OF A BALLAD," **Gura Teghiix.** Singing.

June 18: KING OF THE FIR TREES FESTIVAL, **Tiha Birgaului.** Folklore.

July 2: CHERRY FAIR, **Brincovenesti.** Exhibits, special events.

July 16: MUSIC AND FOLK FESTIVAL, **Slanic.**

July 16: MAIDENS' FAIR, **Mount Gaina.** Songs, dances, and bazaars.

July 30–August 6: SONGS OF THE OLT FESTIVAL, **Calimanesti.**

August: FOLKLORE CARNIVAL, **Constanta.** Drama, music, dance.

August 1–6: EIGHTH ANNUAL SONG OF THE MOUNTAINS, **Lainici.**

August 12–13: THE SINGERS' FESTIVAL, **Chilia.**

August 23: NATIONAL DAY. Marks liberation with parades, folk songs, dances, and sports competitions.

August 24: ARAD SONGS, DANCES AND COSTUMES, **Moneasa.**

September 24: GRAPE GATHERING, **Odobesti.**

SPAIN

April 18–23: APRIL FESTIVALS, **Seville.** Fair with exhibits, street carnivals, dancing, special foods, and bullfights.

April 23: FESTIVAL OF SAN JORGE AND CERVANTES DAY, **Barcelona.**

May 1–15: CORDOBA PATIOS FESTIVAL. Centuries-old celebration includes pilgrimage with horsemen and coaches, flamenco contest, flowers.

May 3–7: HORSE FAIR, **Jerez de la Frontera.**

May 9–25: FESTIVAL OF ST. ISIDORE THE FARMER, **Madrid.** Concerts, folk dances, sports competitions, opera.

May 10–15: FESTIVITIES OF SANTO DOMINGO DE LA CALZADA, **Santo Domingo de la Calzada.**

May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI FESTIVAL, **Toledo.** Held since 1230.

June 17–24: FESTIVITIES OF ST. JOHN, **Ciudadela (Menorca, Balearic Islands),** Medieval pageantry.

End of June–beginning of July: 28TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL, **Granada.**

July 6–20: FESTIVITIES IN HONOR OF SAN FERMIN, **Pamplona.** Famous "running of the bulls" festival.

July 8: FESTIVALS OF MEDIEVAL THEATRE, **Hita (Guadalajara).** Dances, medieval plays, and a falconry contest.

August: BIG MONTH OF FESTIVALS, **Cadiz.** Art events, bullfights, regattas, and international soccer tournament. INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND DANCE FESTIVAL, **Santander.**

August 1–15: SPANISH FESTIVAL, **Nerja Caves, Nerja.** Music, ballet.

September 6–10: SHERRY WINE HARVEST FESTIVAL, **Jerez de la Frontera.**

September 18–26: GRAPE HARVEST FESTIVAL, **Logrono.** Tasting and singing.

September 23–27: FIESTAS OF LA MERCED, **Barcelona.** Band festival, parade, medieval drama, swimming race across the port of Barcelona.

October 2–30: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Barcelona.**

October 7–15: FESTIVITIES OF EL PILAR, **Zaragoza**

SWEDEN

April 30: WALPURGIS NIGHT. Bonfires, songs, and speeches hail spring.

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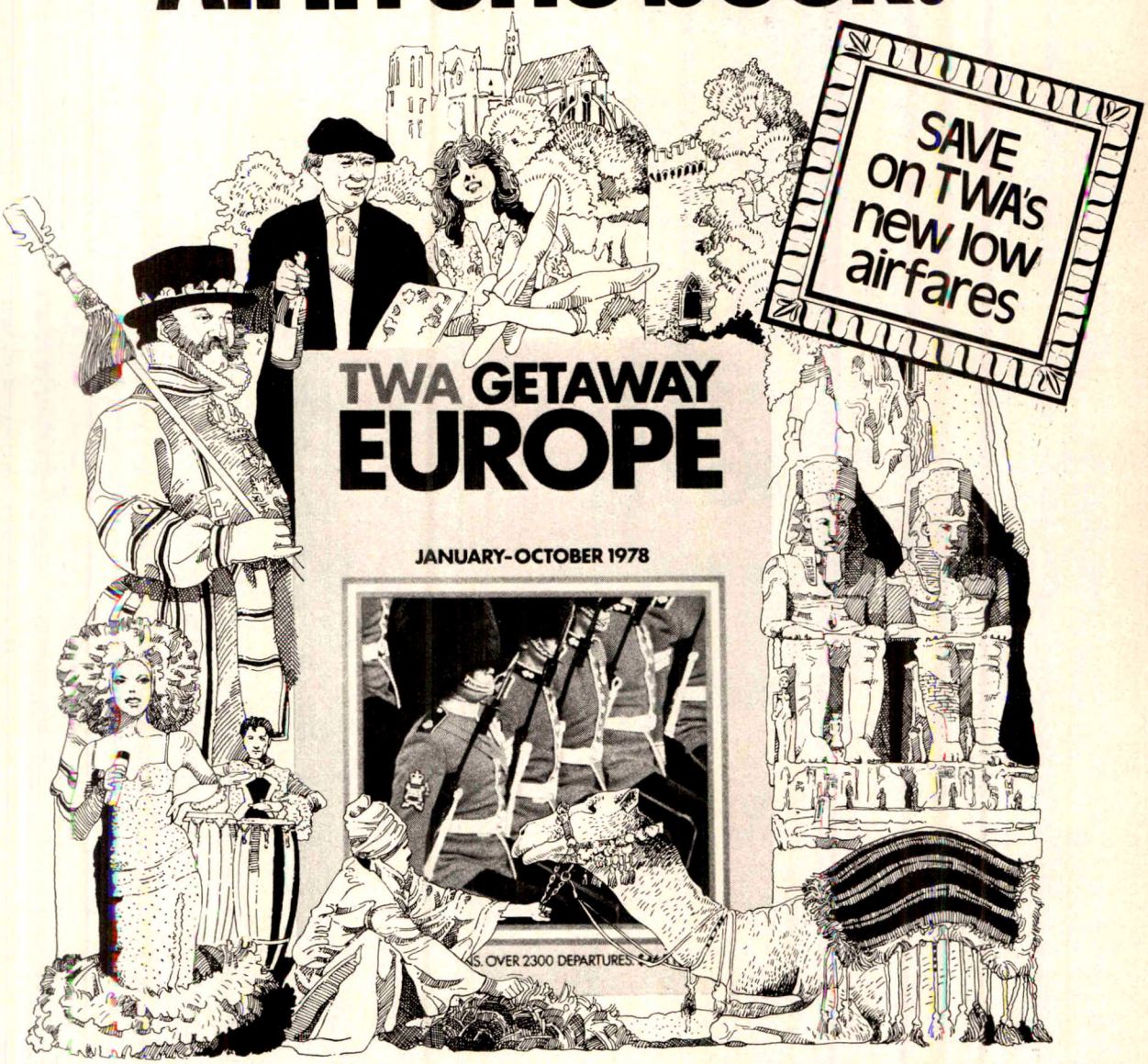

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Mid-May–mid-September: DRAMA AND 18TH-CENTURY OPERAS, **Drottningholm.**

June 6: SWEDISH FLAG DAY.

June 23–24: MIDSUMMER CELEBRATIONS. Dancing around the Maypole, games, folk dances.

Early July–mid-August: VISBY FESTIVAL. Mystical opera pageant.

July 2: THE CHURCH BOAT RACE, **Leksand.** Longboats compete to cross Lake Siljan to Sunday service.

July 8–9: ANCIENT GOTLAND ATHLETIC GAMES, **Stånga.**

July 14–17: LAPPLAND FOLK FESTIVAL, **Asele.** Held for more than 200 years.

August 26–27: LAPP FESTIVAL, **Arvidsjaur.** Lapplanders' special holiday.

September 11–15: WORKING ENVIRONMENTS FAIR, **Jonkoping.**

December 10: NOBEL FESTIVITIES WITH NOBEL PRIZE CEREMONY, **Stockholm.** By invitation only.

December 13: ST. LUCIA'S DAY. Candle crowns are worn in the traditional procession of the Queen of Lights.

SWITZERLAND

April–June: CONCERTS, **Locarno.**

April 15–24: SWISS INDUSTRIES FAIR AND WATCH AND JEWELRY FAIR, **Basel.**

April 15– May 15: GRAND TULIP EXHIBITION, **Morges.** At Parc de l' Independence.

April 16–17: SPRING FESTIVAL, **Zurich.** Symbolic burning of Old Man Winter.

April 22–23: 800TH ANNIVERSARY CEREMONIES, **Lucerne.**

April 29–May 9: BEA-HANDICRAFT, AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL, AND COMMERCIAL EXHIBITION, **Berne.**

May–July 1: 23RD INTERNATIONAL LAUSANNE FESTIVAL, Music.

May 14: FLORAL FESTIVAL, **Locarno.**

June: INTERNATIONAL JUNE FESTIVAL, **Zurich.** Concerts, plays, ballet.

June 14–19: NINTH INTERNATIONAL ART FAIR, **Basel.**

June 18–July 2: 17TH INTERNATIONAL HIGH ALPINE BALLOONING WEEKS, **Murren.**

Early July: 12TH INTERNATIONAL MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL. Folk, soul, rock, country-and-western music.

July–August: SUMMER CONCERTS AND THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES, **Lausanne.** Free.

July 7–23: JAZZ FESTIVAL, **Montreux.**

August: 31ST INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, HORSE SHOW, AND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, **Locarno.**

22ND YEHUDI MENUHIN FESTIVAL, **Gstaad.**

August 16–September 8: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Lucerne.** Concerts, opera, guest performers, and leading conductors.

September: 33RD INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Montreux.** Symphony concerts, oratorios, religious music.

September 9–24: 59TH SWISS COMPTOIR, NATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR, **Lausanne.**

September–November: 34TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC CONTEST, **Geneva.**

October 23–28: THE GOLDEN RING—EUROVISION SPORTS CONTEST, **Lausanne.**

October 28–November 11: AUTUMN FAIR, **Basel.**
November 9–19: NINTH ANTIQUE DEALERS FAIR, **Lausanne.**

TURKEY

April: MESIR FESTIVAL, **Manisa.** Exhibits, folk dancing, and distribution of special candy that is supposed to give youth and health to all.
April 23–May 1: TULIP FESTIVAL, **Istanbul.** Thousands of blooms in parks and palace gardens. Parades.
May 1–5: FESTIVAL OF EPHESUS. Performances in the Roman amphitheatre.
May 17–24: FESTIVAL OF PERGAMUM, **Bergama.** Outdoor drama.
May 19–June 1: MARMARIS FESTIVAL. Opera, folk music, and dancing.
May 23–26: FESTIVAL OF PAMUKKALE, **Denizli.** Folk dancing and plays.
June 7–16: MEDITERRANEAN FESTIVAL, **Izmir.** International folklore, cooking, parades, arts and crafts.
June 12–19: OILED WRESTLING GAMES OF KIREPINAR, **Edirne.** Free-style old Turkish wrestling with olive-oiled contenders.
June 20–July 14: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND THE ARTS, **Istanbul.** Major event.
July 1–4: FESTIVAL OF KUSADASI. Folk dances, wine tasting.
August 10–18: FESTIVAL OF TROY. Performances of ancient theater, folklore, replica of the Trojan Horse.
August 20–September 20: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Izmir.** Also opera, ballet.
August 27–September 5: FESTIVAL OF ANTALYA. Theater and music in ancient Roman amphitheatre.
September 3–10: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND THE ARTS, **Bodrum.** Site of ancient Halikarnassus. Concerts, recitals, folk dancing in medieval castle.
September 13–15: HARVEST FESTIVAL, **Goreme.**
December 5–17: FESTIVAL OF THE MEVLANIS (WHIRLING DERVISHES), **Konya.**

UNITED KINGDOM

April 1: GRAND NATIONAL, **Aintree.** World's best steeplechase.
April 1–December 31: SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL, **Stratford-on-Avon.**
April 5–9: EQUESTRIAN SPRING FAIR. **Earl's Court, London.** Show, events, and equipment for sale. Under the patronage of the Duke of Edinburgh.
April 28–May 9: BACH FESTIVAL, **London.**
May 13–21: BACH FESTIVAL, **Oxford.**
May 15–June 11: MALVERN FESTIVAL, **Malvern, Hereford, Worcester.** Music, drama.
May 18–28: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS, **Glasgow.**
May 23–26: CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, **London.** 22 acres of special gardens.
May 26–June 4: BATH FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama in a city with extraordinary Regency architecture.
May 28–August 6: FESTIVAL OPERA SEASON, **Glyndebourne.**
Early-late June: ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL.
June 3: TROOPING THE COLOR: THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY, **London.**
June 7–10: DERBY, **Epsom.** Horse racing.
June 14–24: ANTIQUES FAIR, **London.**
June 26–July 8: LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP, **London.** At Wimbledon.
June 29–July 2: HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA, **Henley-on-Thames.**
July: NATIONAL ANTIQUES FESTIVAL. BRIGHTON FESTIVAL. Music.
July 4–9: INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD, **Llangollen, Wales.**
July 13–30: ROYAL TOURNAMENT, **London.** Military spectacular.
July 26–August 6: SAILING WEEK, **Cowes, Isle of Wight.**
August 3–16: INTERNATIONAL YOUTH MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Harrogate.**
August 7–12: ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, **Cardiff, Wales.**
August 10: BATTLE OF FLOWERS, **Jersey, Channel Islands.**
August 20–September 9: EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL. First-rate music, art, drama, ballet.
September 2: ROYAL HIGHLAND GATHERING, **Braemar, Scotland.**
October 2–7: HORSE SHOW OF THE YEAR, **London.** At Wembley Stadium.
November 11: LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION AND SHOW, **London.**

Tall trees elegantly reflected in a waterway outside Amsterdam

USSR

March 31–April 7: LENINGRAD SPRING FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, ballet.
May 5–13: MOSCOW STARS FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, ballet.
May 25–June 3: KIEV SPRING FESTIVAL. Music, art, drama, ballet.
June 21–29: WHITE NIGHTS FESTIVAL, **Leningrad.** Music, art, drama, and ballet by the light of the midnight sun.
July 21–24: SONG FESTIVAL, **Riga.**
August 15–26: CRIMEAN DAWNS, **Yalta.** Music, art, drama.
September 15–26: GOLDEN AUTUMN, **Sochi.** Music, art, drama.
October 5–12: MELODIES OF SOVIET TRANS-CAUCASIA, **Erevan.**
November 15–24: BYELORUSSIAN MUSICAL AUTUMN, **Minsk.**
December 25–January 5: RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, **Moscow.** Circus, sleigh rides, music, art, drama, ballet.

YUGOSLAVIA

April–October: FOLKLORE PERFORMANCES, **Cilipi (near Dubrovnik).**
Late April: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FAIR, **Zagreb.**
May–June: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC, **Belgrade.**
June–August: FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Bled.**
June 29–July 8: SIBENIK CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL. Theater, music, puppet theater.
July–August: SPLIT SUMMER FESTIVAL. Opera, ballet, drama, and folklore events in open-air theaters.
ZADAR SUMMER FESTIVAL. International performing arts festival. Accent on Renaissance and Baroque music.
July–September: OPATIJA SUMMER FESTIVAL. Opera, concerts, ballet, folklore, and fashion shows.
July 2–7: BALKAN FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Ohrid.**
July 10–August 5: SUMMER FESTIVAL, **Dubrovnik.** One of Europe's largest performing-arts festivals. Ballet, symphony, theater, folk groups on open-air stages.
Mid-July: WORLD REVIEW OF ORIGINAL FOLKLORE, **Zagreb.**
Late August: INTERNATIONAL WINES AND SPIRITS FAIR, **Ljubljana.**
Early September: INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL, **Belgrade.**
Mid-September: INTERNATIONAL AUTUMN FAIR, **Zagreb.** A major European trade fair.
December 29–30: INTERNATIONAL SCUBA DIVING EVENTS, **Mali Losinj.**

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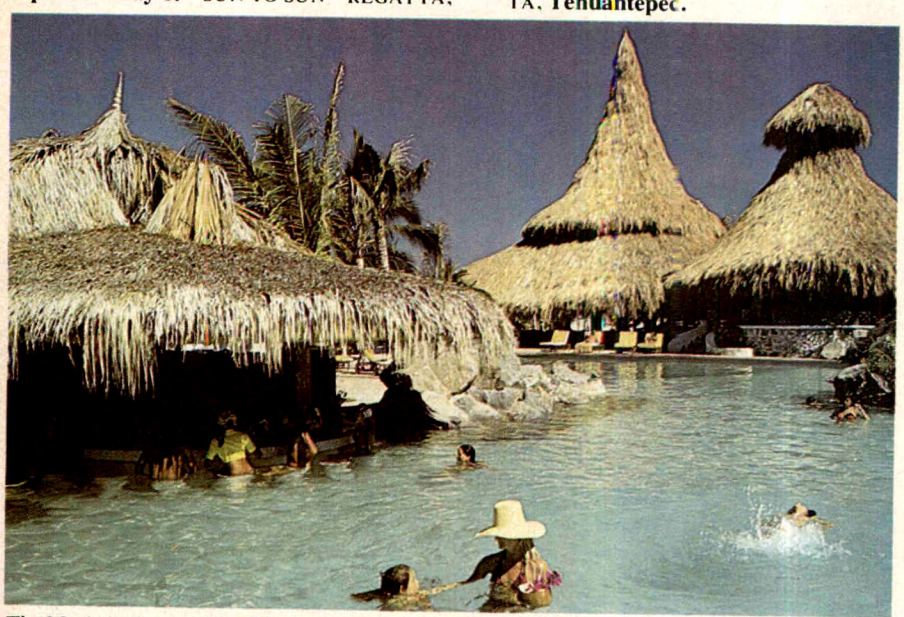
MEXICO AND CANADA

MEXICO

March 19–26: HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS.
March 21: BENITO JUAREZ'S BIRTHDAY.
April 25–May 6: ST. MARK'S DAY CELEBRATION AND CARNIVAL, **Aguascalientes.** Musicians, charros, and bullfighters.
April 29–May 6: "SUN TO SUN" REGATTA, **Cancun.**
May 3: DAY OF THE HOLY CROSS. Parties and fireworks at new buildings under construction.
May 5: BATTLE OF PUEBLA, **Acapulco and Puebla.** Marks a successful battle against the French.
May 31–June 29: ARTS AND CRAFTS FIESTA, **Tehuantepec.**



The Mexican resort of Las Hadas offers luxurious poolside living

Mid-July: FAIRS, **Oaxaca, Reynosa, San Juan Teotihuacan, Saltilo, Campeche.**
August 15: ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN MARY FIESTA, **San Juan de Los Lagos.** Processions, pageantry.
August 13: FALL OF TENOCHTITLAN, **Mexico City.** Dancing at Cuauhtemoc statue to honor the last Aztec emperor.
September 8: AZTEC FIESTA, **Taxco.** Ritual dance drama recalls battle between the Lord of Tepostlan and surrounding chiefs.
September 15–16: INDEPENDENCE DAY OBSERVANCES.
September 17–November 12: OCTOBER FESTIVAL, **Guadalajara.** Music, dances, art, handicrafts, films.
October 1–December 10: 10TH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Puebla.**
November 1–2: DAY OF THE DEAD. Villagers put food and drink on graves of loved ones.
November 22: ST. CECILIA'S DAY, **Zapotitlan.** Fiesta for musicians.
November 25–December 3: 41ST NATIONAL SILVER FAIR, **Taxco.** Exhibits, cultural programs.
December 12: FIESTA HONORS OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, **Tequila.** Bullfights, street dancing, rodeos, mariachis.
December 26–January 1: SIXTH INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Puerto Vallarta.**

CANADA

April 13–16: INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR, **Montreal, Quebec.**
April 21–23: CUSTOM CAR SHOW, **Moncton, New Brunswick.**
April 26–30: AURORA SNOW FESTIVAL, **Churchill, Manitoba.**
April 29–May 21: SPRING FESTIVAL, **Guelph, Ontario.** Music, art, opera.
Late April: TOONIK TYME, **Frobisher Bay, Northwest Territories.** Contests for beard-growing, ice sculpture, igloo-building, ice-fishing, dog-team racing and skidoo racing.
May 1–October 31: SAILING RACES, **Conception Bay, Newfoundland.**
May 5–20: BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, **Niagara Falls, Ontario.**
May 11–October 1: SHAW FESTIVAL, **Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.** Drama. VICTORIAN DAYS, **Victoria, British Columbia.** Flashback to the days of bustles, bows and walrus moustaches.
May 14–30: FESTIVAL OF SPRING, **Ottawa, Ontario.**
May 17–20: BAND FESTIVAL, **Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.**
May 25–28: CATHEDRAL FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS, **Fredericton, New Brunswick.**
June 1–September 30: FRANTIC FOLLIES, **Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.**
June 5–October 14: STRATFORD FESTIVAL, **Stratford, Ontario.** Shakespeare and other drama, concerts.
June 16–24: METRO INTERNATIONAL CARAVAN, **Toronto, Ontario.** City's ethnic groups join in a colorful show.
June 22–September 4: MAN AND HIS WORLD EXHIBITION, **Montreal.**
June 23–25: CHAUTAUQUA: BAVARIAN AND HANDICRAFT FESTIVAL, **Battleford, Saskatchewan.**
Late June: MIDNIGHT GOLF TOURNAMENT, **Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.**
July 1–August 14: NORTHERN PIKE FESTIVAL, **Nipawin, Saskatchewan.**
July 1–9 LOBSTER FESTIVAL, **Summerside, Prince Edward Island.**
July 7–16: CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE, **Calgary, Alberta.**
July 11–16: KLONDIKE DAYS EXHIBITION, **Edmonton, Alberta.**
Late July: ANNUAL BATHTUB RACE, **Nanaimo, British Columbia.**
August: NATIONAL UKRANIAN FESTIVAL, **Dauphin, Manitoba.**
ICELANDIC FESTIVAL, **Gimli, Manitoba.**
August 1–6: BUFFALO DAYS EXHIBITION, **Regina, Saskatchewan.** Rodeo.
August 1–20: FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS, **Banff, Alberta.** At Banff Centre.
August 3–12: 11TH COMMONWEALTH GAMES, **Edmonton.** 38 athletic events. Held every four years.
August 4–14: ACADIAN FESTIVAL, **Caraquet, New Brunswick.**
Mid-August: INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW, **Abbotsford, British Columbia.**
August 16–18: DISCOVERY DAY CELEBRATIONS, **Dawson City, Yukon Territory.** Recalls discovery of gold.
September 2–4: LUMBERMEN'S FESTIVAL, **Edmundston, New Brunswick.**
September 2–5: ALBERTA SUMMER GAMES, **Red Deer.** Sports.
September 3–4: CRAFT MARKET, **Victoria, British Columbia.**
September 8–17: WESTERN FESTIVAL, **St. Tite, Quebec.** Rodeo, parades, fair.
September 15–24: NIAGARA GRAPE AND WINE FESTIVAL, **St. Catharines, Ontario.**
September 22–23: HARVEST AND GRAPE FIESTA, **Penticton, British Columbia.**
October 6–14: OKTOBERFEST, **Kitchener-Waterloo.** Beer Festival.
October 7–9: OKTOBERFEST, **Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.**
November 10–18: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL WINTER FAIR, **Toronto, Ontario.**

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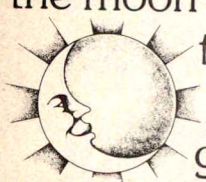

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BERMUDA

April 20–22: AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, **Botanical Gardens.**
Early May: INTERNATIONAL RACE WEEK.
May 12–14: DOG SHOW, **Paget.**
June 10–12: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, **Hamilton.**
June 16: NEWPORT-TO-BERMUDA YACHT RACE.
Early July: 18TH INVITATIONAL LIGHT FISHING TACKLE TOURNAMENT.
August 2–3: ANNUAL CUP MATCH CRICKET FESTIVAL.
November 11: REMEMBRANCE DAY CELEBRATION, **Hamilton.**
Mid-November: BERMUDA LAWN TENNIS CLUB TOURNAMENT.
Early December: ANNUAL GOODWILL GOLF TOURNAMENT.

THE BAHAMAS

April 20–22: 25TH ANNUAL OUT ISLAND REGATTA, **George Town, Exuma.** Annual sailing event with work sloops.
April 26–28: BILLFISH TOURNAMENT, **Walkers Cay.**
May 1–August 31: GOOMBAY HOLIDAY. All islands, but concerts, folklore show, jump-up dances, goombay music in Nassau.
June 16–19: SMALL BOAT FISHING TOURNAMENT, **Walkers Cay.**
June 26–27: BLUE MARLIN FISHING TOURNAMENT, **Cat Cay.**
July 4: 10TH ANNUAL GREEN TURTLE CAY REGATTA, **Abaco.**
July 7–8: THE COMMONWEALTH FOOD, FRUIT AND FLOWER FAIR, **Jumbey Village.**
July 9–14: BAHAMAS BILLFISH CHAMPIONSHIP, **Chub Cay.**
July 10: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
August 19–20: AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, **Freeport, Grand Bahama.**
September 23–24: THIRD ANNUAL NASSAU CITY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.
October 12: DISCOVERY DAY, **San Salvador.** Columbus landed here in 1492.
November 19–25: ABACO WEEK, **Marsh Harbour.** Golf, tennis, fishing regatta, crafts exhibition, film festival.
November 25–December 1: 13TH BAHAMAS FLYING TREASURE HUNT, **Nassau.**

THE CARIB-BEAN

ANTIGUA

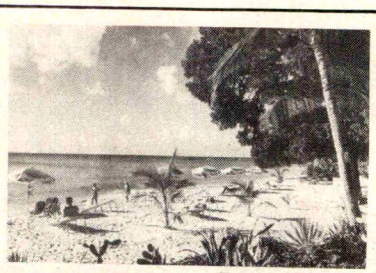
April 23–30: 11TH ANNUAL SAILING WEEK. Yacht races, shore parties, festivities.
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
July 30–August 6: Steel band and calypso competitions, military parades, floats.
November 1: STATE DAY. Public holiday with military parade.

ARUBA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
May 1: LABOR DAY CELEBRATIONS.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. Country people perform folkloric dances.
June 18–25: ARUBA SPORTS UNION OLYMPIAD, **St. John's.** Tournaments in soccer, baseball, table tennis, cycling.
July: INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT. Also held in October.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Marks the achievement of semi-autonomy by the Netherlands Antilles in 1954.

BARBADOS

April: INTERNATIONAL ATHLETIC MEETS, **Bridgetown.**
May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS.
May 15: WHITMONDAY. Fairs, pageantry, throughout Barbados.
June 1–30: CROP-OVER FESTIVAL, **Bridgetown.** Arts, crafts, fashions, concerts.
July–February: POLO, **Bridgetown and St. James.**
July 5: CARICOM DAY. Parades, speeches to mark signing of the Caribbean Community Agreement in July 1974.



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August: HORSE RACING, **Bridgetown.**
September–November: HORSE SHOW—JUMPING, **Bridgetown.**
November 30: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION.

BONAIRE

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY.
June 29: SAINTS PETER AND PAUL DAY.
October: 11TH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL SAILING REGATTA, **Kralendijk.**
November: FOURTH INTERNATIONAL TROLLING TOURNAMENT.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY (Autonomy Celebration).

CAYMAN ISLANDS

May 16: COMMONWEALTH DAY. Sailboat regatta.
June: ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW, **Grand Cayman.**
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.
July 4: CONSTITUTION DAY. Regatta.
October 31: HALLOWEEN FESTIVAL. Costume parties.
November 4: REMEMBRANCE DAY. Memorial services.

CURAÇAO

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Music, parades.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY. A fisherman's holiday on land.
July 26: CURACAO DAY, **Willemstad.** Marks discovery of island.
October 12: COLUMBUS DAY. Cultural program in Willemstad.
December 5: ST. NICHOLAS DAY. Parades. Toys for the good.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY AND ANTILLEAN FLAG DAY. Marks first raising of the Antillean flag, in 1954.

DOMINICA

May 1: LABOR DAY AND TRADE UNION FESTIVITIES.
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **Roseau.** Military parade and other festivities.
July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.
August 1: EMANCIPATION DAY. Recalls abolition of slavery.
November 3–4: NATIONAL DAYS. Carnival, folklore programs, and other events to mark granting of associated statehood to Dominica in 1967.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

April 21–23: NATIONAL QUEEN CONTEST, **Santo Domingo.** Selection of Miss Dominican Republic.
May 27–28: FLOWERS FESTIVAL, **Santo Domingo and other areas.** Pageantry.

GRENADA

May 15: WHITMONDAY YACHT CLUB FESTIVITIES.
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.
August 1–2: EMANCIPATION DAY. GRENADA–CARRIACOU REGATTA, HORSE RACING.

GUADELOUPE

April–December: BICYCLE RACES. In most towns and villages on Sundays.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Parades, fireworks.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Holiday honoring Victor Schoelcher, who led the fight for abolition of slavery in 1848.
August 13: FETE DES CUISINIÈRES (COOKS' FESTIVAL), **Pointe-à-Pitre.** After High Mass at Cathedral, visitors may attend a five-hour gourmet feast, followed by singing and dancing.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Candle lighting at tombs and monuments in all island cemeteries.
November 5–December 1: CONTE DE CHUM." First France–to–Pointe-à-Pitre singlehanded transatlantic boat race.
November 22: SAINT CECELIA'S DAY. Music festivals honor the patron saint of musicians.

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Little Cayman

HAITI

April 14: PAN-AMERICAN DAY.
May 1: AGRICULTURE AND LABOR DAY. Parade of workers and a fair.
May 18: FLAG DAY AND UNIVERSITY DAY.
July 3: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. Pageantry.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
September 22: SOVEREIGNTY NATIONAL.

JAMAICA

May 16–22: JAMAICA JAZZ PARTY '78, **Montego Bay.**
June: JAMAICA DERBY, **Kingston.** Horse racing.
June–July: FESTIVAL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS. Includes start of Jamaica National Dance Theatre season.
August 2–3: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.
October 1–15: 20TH ANNUAL BLUE MARLIN INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT, **Port Antonio.**
October 18: NATIONAL HEROES' DAY.

MARTINIQUE

May 1: LABOR DAY. Parades, yawl race, skeet shoots.
May 15: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach picnics, sports events.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY. Military parades, fireworks.
July 21: SCHOELCHER DAY. Celebrates the abolition of slavery in 1848.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY. Religious holiday honoring the Virgin Mary.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY. Every cemetery on island is illuminated in a very dramatic evening ceremony.

MONTSERRAT

Mid–June to mid–July: LEEWARD ISLANDS CRICKET TOURNAMENT, **Plymouth.**
July 5: CARICOM DAY.
August: WEST INDIAN NETBALL TOURNAMENT, **Plymouth.**
December 12–27: CARNIVAL CELEBRATIONS. Calypso shows.

PUERTO RICO

Mid–April: 11TH ARTISANS FAIR, **Mayaguez.** Exhibits and sales.
April–May: AROUND PUERTO RICO RACE, **from San Juan.** Cruising sailboats.
May 2: SAN FELIPE APOSTOL PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **Arecibo.**
May–June: 14TH INTERNATIONAL THEATER FESTIVAL, **San Juan.**
May 22–30: FIESTAS DE CRUZ (RELIGIOUS SINGING FESTIVAL), **Old San Juan.**
June 8–July 3: PABLO CASALS MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Rio Piedras.** Concerts with guest performers.
Mid–June: 10TH AIBONITO FLOWER FESTIVAL AND EIGHTH FOLK FAIR, **Aibonito.**
June 24: SAN JUAN BAUTISTA PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **San Juan.** Public parties, bonfires on beaches, street dances and concerts.
July 16: VIRGEN DEL CARMEN PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **Catano, Ponce, and Cabo Rojo.**
July 22–26: SANTIAGO APOSTOL PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **Liza Aldea.** Traditional costumes, music, dancing.
July 25: CONSTITUTION DAY, **San Juan.** 24th anniversary of commonwealth status for Puerto Rico.
August: 17TH ANNUAL DORADO BEACH "SAIL IN." For small boats.
September 8: NUESTRA SENORA DE LA MERCED PATRON SAINT FESTIVAL, **Jayuya.**
September: 25TH INVITATIONAL INTERNATIONAL GAME-FISHING TOURNAMENT, **San Juan.**
October: SUNFISH CHAMPIONSHIP REGATTA, **Isla Verde.**
CYCLISTS INTERNATIONAL RACE.
October–January: COFFEE HARVEST.
Mid-November–mid-December: 13TH FESTIVAL OF PUERTO RICAN MUSIC, **Old San Juan.** Symphonic and folkloric concerts, musical shows.

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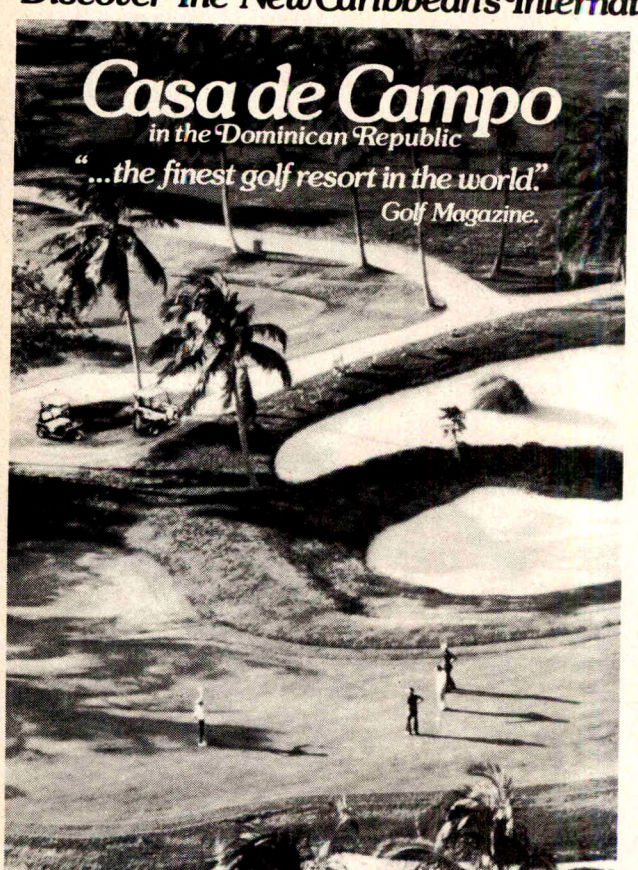

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SABA

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
December 5–7: SABA DAYS. Sports and folk events.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. The autonomy of the Netherlands Antilles is celebrated with sports events and dancing.

ST. BARTHELEMY

May 4: ASCENSION THURSDAY.
May 14: PENTECOST MONDAY. Beach parties.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATION.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY.
August 19–20, 26–27: FESTIVAL OF ST. BARTHELEMY. French country fair in the Caribbean. Streets are lined with booths. Sports events, dancing.
November 1: ALL SAINTS DAY.

ST. KITTS, NEVIS, ANGUILLA

June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **all islands.**
July 5: CARICOM DAY.
August–September: ARTS FESTIVAL, **St. Kitts.** Music, drama, exhibits.
August 6: AUGUST MONDAY, **Nevis.** Horse racing.
November 14: PRINCE OF WALES' BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION, **all islands.**
December–January: CARNIVAL, **all islands.** Calypso shows, steel bands.

ST. LUCIA

June 8: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.
July: FOOTBALL SEASON BEGINS.
July 5: CARICOM DAY.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS, **Castries.**
August 4: EMANCIPATION DAY.
August 30: FÊTE LA ROSE (Flower Festival).
October 2: THANKSGIVING DAY AND HARVEST FESTIVAL.
December 13: ST. LUCIA DAY. Aquatic sports.

ST. EUSTATIUS

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
November 16: STATIA & AMERICA DAY. Sports events, dancing, other events mark first recognition of American flag by a foreign government, in Fort Oranje in 1776.

ST. MAARTEN

April 15–25: FOURTH ANNUAL SAILING RACE, **Virgin Gorda–Martinique–St. Maarten.**
April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Parades, fireworks, sports events.
May 1: LABOR DAY.
November 11: CONCORDIA DAY. Marks agreement between the Dutch and French in 1648 to divide the island.
December 15: KINGDOM DAY. Marks the autonomy of the Netherlands Antilles. Sports, dancing.

ST. VINCENT

May 1: LABOR DAY. Union celebrations.
May 27–29: ANNUAL ST. VINCENT/BEQUIA YACHT RACE AND REGATTA.
June 10: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
July 3–4: CARNIVAL.
October 27: STATEHOOD DAY.

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO

April: FESTIVAL OF LA DIVINA, **Trinidad and Tobago.**
GOAT AND CRAB RACING, **Buccoo Village, Tobago.**
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY PROCESSION, **Port of Spain.**
June 19: BUTLER'S DAY, **Trinidad and Tobago.**
July: FOLKLORE COMPETITIONS, **Trinidad and Tobago.**
FOOTBALL SEASON, **Port of Spain and San Fernando.**
August 4: CARIBBEAN DAY, **Port of Spain.** Cycling, other sports.
August 31: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION, **Trinidad and Tobago.**
November 1–2: ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS DAY, **Trinidad and Tobago.** Lighting of cemeteries with candles.

A Haitian woman wears 19th-century costume at Habitation Leclerc.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 7–9: SPRING REGATTA, **Virgin Gorda.**
August 5–6: FESTIVAL TIME, **Tortola and Virgin Gorda.** Marks the abolition of slavery in 1838. Steel-band music, calypso contest, street dancing, picnics.
October 21: ST. URSULA'S DAY.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

April 17–22: CARNIVAL CALYPSO TENT, **St. Thomas.** Calypso song competition.
April 24–29: CARNIVAL, **St. Thomas.** A wealth of exciting activities.
April 25: TRADITIONAL MARKET FAIR, **St. Thomas.**
July 1–3: GAME FISHING TOURNAMENT, **St. Thomas.**
July 1–4: ST. JOHN FESTIVAL AND PARADE, **Cruz Bay.**
July 4: ROUND-THE-ISLAND YACHT RACE, **St. Thomas.**
July 26–30: GOVERNOR'S INVITATIONAL BLUE MARLIN TOURNAMENT, **St. Thomas.**
October: ANNUAL WAHOO FISHING TOURNAMENT, **St. Croix.**
October 24: HURRICANE THANKSGIVING, **all three islands.**
November: LIBERTY DAY, **all three islands.**

ASIA AND THE PACIFIC

AFGHANISTAN

September 1: PASHTUNISTAN DAY CELEBRATION. Parades, tribal dances, wrestling and other sports.

October–early November: AFGHAN EQUESTRIAN GAMES, **Buzkashi, Kunduz, Baghlan, Mazar-I-Sharif, Samagan.**

BURMA

Early April: WATER FESTIVAL.

May 1: MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS, **Rangoon.** Exhibits of Burmese product displays, fireworks, and cultural programs.

REPUBLIC OF CHINA (TAIWAN)

April 5: TOMB SWEEPING DAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.

June 18: BIRTHDAY OF CHENG HUANG, GOD OF TAIPEI. Processions on stilts, dragon and lion dances.

August 15: BIRTHDAY OF KUAN YIN, GODDESS OF MERCY.

August 17–September 17: MONTH OF GHOSTS. Tribute to the dead.

September 16: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.

September 28: CONFUCIUS'S BIRTHDAY.

October 10: THE DOUBLE TENTH. Celebrates establishment of Republic of China.

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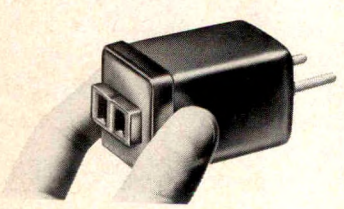

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HONG KONG

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL. Races.

July 17: BIRTHDAY OF LU PAN, MASTER BUILDER. Honors those in building trades.

August 17: GHOST FESTIVAL. Incense and food offered to ghosts of ancestors.

September 16–17: MID-AUTUMN MOON FESTIVAL.

INDIA

April 10: HOLI, **Northern India.** Traditional throwing of colored water on friends. Greetings and sweets are exchanged.

April 19: POORAM (TRICHURI), **Kerala.** Procession of elephants carrying deities. Music.

April 20: MEENAKSHI KALYANAM (MYTHICAL WEDDING OF LORD SHIVA AND MEENAKSHI), **Madurai.**

May 22: BUDDHAN PURNIMA. Celebrates birth, enlightenment, and passing of Buddha.

July 7: RATHAYATRA (TEMPLE FESTIVAL), **Puri, Orissa.**

August 25: JANMASHTAMI, **Bombay, Mathura, Agra.** Anniversary of the birth of Lord Krishna with special prayers and rites.

October 31: DIWALI (FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS).

November 14: PUSHKAR FAIR. Races, exhibits, music.

INDONESIA

April 1: MEDAN ANNIVERSARY, **North Sumatra.** Fair, cultural programs mark city's founding.

April 5–6: SEA FESTIVAL, **along the coast.** Night cultural events, sports.

April 21: KARTIN DAY. Marks Birthday of Raden Adjeng, leader in movement of emancipation of women. Fashion shows, other events.

May–October: CLASSICAL DANCE FESTIVAL, **Pandaan.** RAMAYANA BALLET FESTIVAL, **Yogyakarta.**

June 14–24: ANNUAL FAIR, **Jakarta.**

June 22: 450TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, **Jakarta.**

August–October: KERAPAN SAPI BULL RACES, **Madura Island.**

August 17: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

JAPAN

April: CHERRY DANCES, **Tokyo and Kyoto.** Extravaganzas to celebrate the cherry blossom season.

April 29: EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY.

May 3–5: KITE BATTLES, **Hamamatsu, Shizuoka.** Massive kites are masterworks of art and made by craftsmen according to age-old tradition.

May 5–19: INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL, **Osaka.** Music, dance, and drama.

May 11: OPENING OF CORMORANT FISHING SEASON, **Nagara River, Gifu.** Fascinating and ancient method of fishing for trout.

May 15: HOLLYHOCK FESTIVAL, **Kyoto.** Magnificent pageant reenacting ancient Imperial procession.

Mid-May: SANJA MATSURI, **Asakusa Shrine, Tokyo.** Lively and colorful festival involving parading of two huge portable shrines.

June 15: SANNO FESTIVAL, **Tokyo.** Gayest festival in Tokyo featuring procession of portable Shinto shrines.

July 7: STAR FESTIVAL, **Tanabata.** Colorful mid-summer festival celebrating lovers represented by the stars which meet across the Milky Way once a year.

July 16–17: GION MATSURI, **Yasaka Shrine, Kyoto.** One of the most famous festivals of Kyoto, Japan's former Imperial city. Magnificently decorated floats and shrines.

July 24: WILD HORSE CHASE, **Fukushima.** Reenactment in white traditional costumes of chase of wild horses by ancient samurai warriors.

August 1–7: NEBUTA MATSURI, **Aomori.** Fantastic floats paraded through the city streets amid much dancing and gaiety.

August 6: PEACE FESTIVAL, **Hiroshima.** Festival in memory of A-bomb victims at the Peace Memorial Park.

August 12–15: AWA ODORI, **Tokushima.** A citywide festive event of singing and dancing non-stop, day and night.

August 16: DAIMONJI BONFIRE, **Mt. Nyoigadake, Kyoto.** Spectacular bonfire in shape of Japanese character meaning "great" which highlights the Bon Festivities.

October 22: JIDAI MATSURI, **Heian Shrine, Kyoto.** A breathtaking proces-

sion of over 2,000 paraders in costumes representing important epochs in the city's history.
November 3: CULTURE DAY.

KOREA

May 5: TANO FESTIVAL DAY, **Seoul.** Wrestling, women's style.
June 10: FARMER'S DAY. Dances and music.
July 17: CONSTITUTION DAY.
August 15: LIBERATION DAY AND MOON FESTIVAL.
October 1: ARMED FORCES DAY, **Seoul.** Military parades.
October 3: GAECHON CULTURAL FESTIVAL, **Chinjoo, Kyongsagnam-Do.** Literary contest, wrestling, archery and bullfights.

MACAO

April 29: GODDESS A-MA FESTIVAL. Macao's most important event.
May 13: OUR LADY OF FATIMA PROCESSION.
June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.
November 13–19: INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL, OPEN-AIR PORTUGUESE FEIRA.
November 18–19: 25TH MACAO GRAND PRIX. Motor racing classic.

MALAYSIA

April 2–3: MALYSIAN GRAND PRIX. Motor racing.
May–September: MIGRATION OF THE GIANT TURTLES. From the South China Sea to beaches off the East Coast states of West Malaysia.
May 29–June 10: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE.
Mid–June: KITE-FLYING COMPETITION, **Kelantan.**
July 2–5: ANNUAL SEA SPORTS AND FUN FAIR, **Lumut Perak.**
August 22–26: MADE-IN-MALAYSIA TRADE FAIR, **Kuala Lumpur.**
August 31: NATIONAL DAY. Parades, fireworks mark Malaysia's founding.
September 9–22: MALAYSIAN STAMP EXHIBITION, **Kuala Lumpur.** At the National Museum.
October 6: UNIVERSAL CHILDREN'S DAY. Special awards ceremony at Kuala Lumpur.
December 10–11: ENDURO GRAND PRIX, **Selangor.** Racing at Batutiga Circuit.

NEPAL

April 12–13: BASKET AND CHARIOT FESTIVAL, **Bhadagaon.** Afternoon events.
May 22: BUDDHA JAYANTI, **Lumbini and Swayambhunath Stupa.** Marks birth of Lord Buddha.
August 20: MATAYAA (MUSIC, DANCE AND HUMOR FESTIVAL), **Patan.** All-day events.
September 16: WOMEN'S FESTIVAL, Pashupatinath.
December 29: KING'S BIRTHDAY. Huge procession, cultural events, fireworks.

Soaking in a hot bath is one of the pleasures of a Japanese inn, or ryokan.

PHILIPPINES

April 9: BATAAN DAY. Marks fall of Bataan and re-enactment of Death March at Mt. Samat Shrine.
April 24: MAGELLAN'S LANDING, **Cebu.** Pageantry.
May: MAYTIME FESTIVAL, **Santacruzan.**
June 12: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
July 4–7: RIVER FESTIVAL, **Bocaue.** Holy Cross of Wawa is carried on decorated river barge.

SINGAPORE

June 10: DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL.
August 9: NATIONAL DAY. Parades and a fair commemorate founding of Singapore.
August 4–September 1: MARKET FESTIVAL. Fair with local handicrafts.
October 13–November 10: PILGRIMAGE TO TOKUSO ISLAND. By Chinese Taoists.

SRI LANKA (CEYLON)

April 13–14: SINHALA AND TAMIL NEW YEAR. Fireworks.
May 22: REPUBLIC DAY. Fireworks, parades.
June 20: POSON FESTIVAL, **Mihintale, Apuradhapura.** Recalls the introduction of Buddhism to Sri Lanka in 247 B.C.
July–August: FIRE-WALKING FESTIVAL, **Kataragama.**
ESALA PERAHERA, **Kandy.** Procession of elephants.
July–September: TEMPLE FESTIVALS, **Jaffna.** End-of-harvest festival.

THAILAND

April 6: CHAKRI DAY. Marks enthronement of King Rama.
April 13–15: THE SONGKRAN FESTIVAL, **Chiang Mai and Paklat.** Water-throwing festival. Fish and birds are set free.
May 21: VISAKHA PUJA. Marks birth, enlightenment, and passing into Nirvana of the Buddha. Candlelight processions.
October 27–November 24: TOD KATHIN, **Bangkok.** Processions, folk dancing, music.
November 13: ELEPHANT ROUND-UP. **Surin.**
November 13–15: GOLDEN MOUNT FESTIVAL. Honors Buddha's relics. Rites, bazaar.
December 5: KING'S BIRTHDAY AND NATIONAL DAY.

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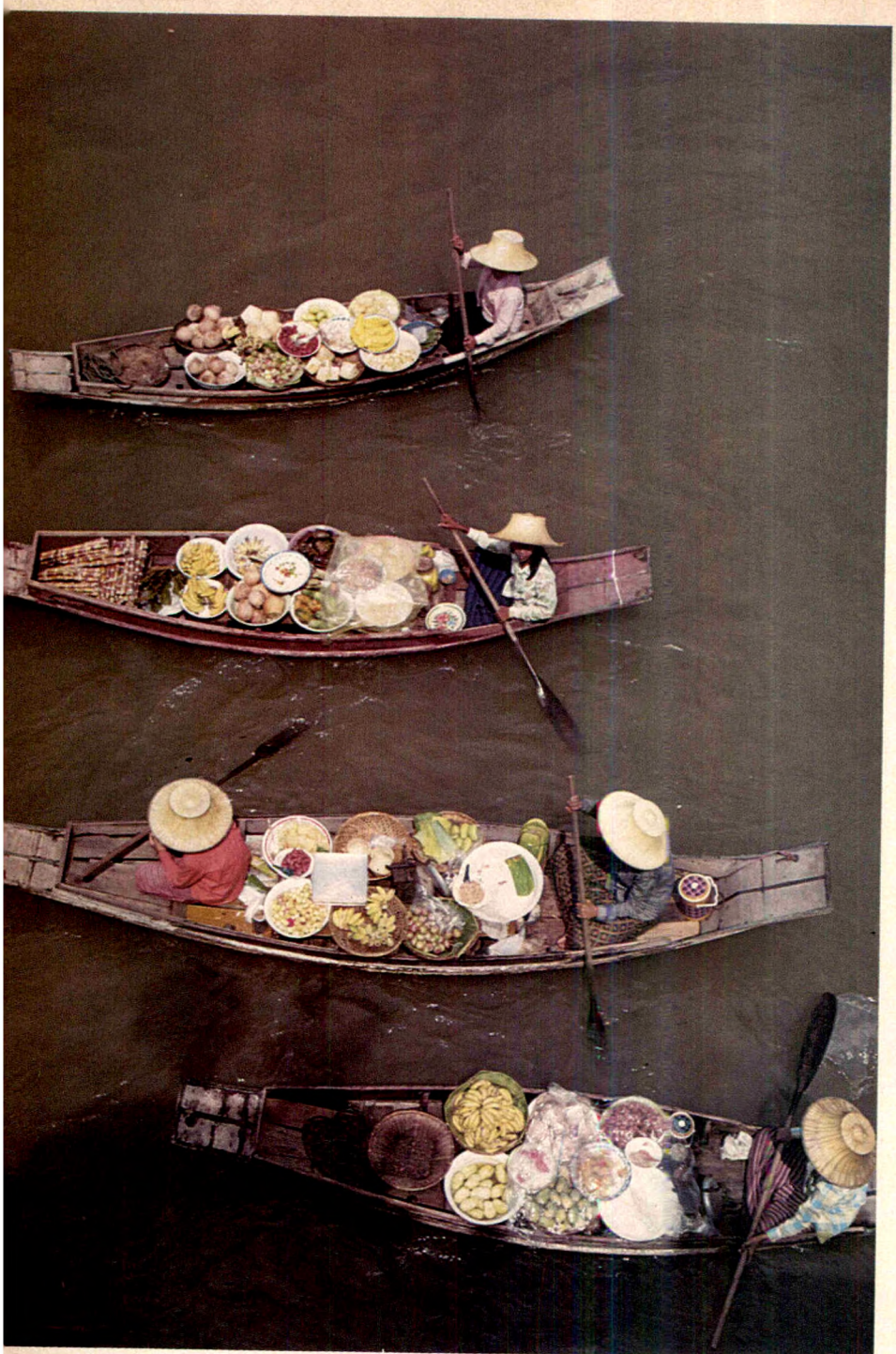

Boats piled with produce in the floating market of a Bangkok canal

THE PACIFIC

ALASKA

May 19–21: "LITTLE NORWAY" FESTIVAL, **Petersburg.** Norwegian folklore.
June 7–11: KING CRAB FESTIVAL, **Kodiak.** Pageantry. Lots of crab to eat.
June 16–18: MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL, **Palmer.**
June 19: 12TH ANNUAL MIDNIGHT SUN OUTDOOR FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL, **Anchorage.**
June 21: MIDNIGHT SUN BASEBALL GAME, **Fairbanks.** At Growden Memorial Field.
July 16–30: SOUTHEAST ALASKA FINE ARTS CAMP, **Sitka.**
July 27–29: WORLD ESKIMO, INDIAN, ALEUT OLYMPICS, **Fairbanks.** Walking on knuckles, ear-pulling, seal-skinning.
August 16–20: TANANA VALLEY FAIR, **Fairbanks.**

AUSTRALIA

April 8–15: CUP WEEK, **Sydney.** Horse racing.
April 25: ANZAC DAY.
June 5: FOUNDATION DAY, **Western Australia.**
August 26: HENLEY-ON-TODD REGATTA, **Alice Springs.** Mock boat races on dry bed of the Todd River.
September 10: AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX, **Melbourne.** Auto race of open-wheel cars over 60 miles.
September 23–30: CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS, **Toowoomba.**
September 26–October 3: WARANA SPRING FESTIVAL, **Sydney.** Floral parades, music, drama.
November 4–11: MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL. Horse racing.
December 26: YACHT RACE, **Sydney to Hobart.** Racing classic.

COOK ISLANDS

March 26–27: EASTER SUNDAY AND EASTER MONDAY, **Muri Beach.** Religious rites, sports, evening dances.
April 25: ANZAC DAY PARADE, **Rarotonga.**
July 28–August 6: CONSTITUTION CELEBRATIONS.
October 26: GOSPEL DAY. Marks arrival of first missionaries with open-air pageants.

FIJI

April 30: AUCKLAND–SUVA YACHT RACE.
June 9–19: SOUTH PACIFIC BOWLING CARNIVAL, **Suva.**
August 27–September 3: HIBISCUS FESTIVAL, **Suva.** Displays, dances.
September: NATIONAL ARTS AND CRAFTS DISPLAY, **Suva.**
Mid–September: ORCHID AND HORTICULTURAL CIRCLE FLOWER SHOW, **Suva.**
October 31: DIWALI (FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS).
November 13: PRINCE CHARLES'S BIRTHDAY.

GUAM

June 13: FIESTA OF ST. ANTHONY, **Tamuning.**
July 4–21: SPIRIT OF AMERICA CELEBRATION. Celebrates liberation from Japanese.
August 18–20: WATER FESTIVAL, **Merizo.**
November 11–12, 18–19: ARTS FESTIVAL, **Chamorro and Agana.**

HAWAII

To August 31: BISHOP MUSEUM EXHIBIT, **Honolulu.** Marks 200th anniversary of Captain Cook's arrival.
March–April: CHERRY BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, **Honolulu.** Japanese tea ceremony, bonsai, flower arranging, fashion show.
March 26: EASTER SUNRISE SERVICE, **Honolulu.** At Punchbowl National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific.

March 29–April 2: MERRIE MONARCH FESTIVAL, **Hilo.**
May 1: LEI DAY, **Honolulu.** Hula pageant at sunset and lei competitions.
May 15–June 18: FIESTA FILIPINA, **Honolulu.** Filipino music and folklore.
May 26–29, June 2–4, 9–11: 50TH STATE FAIR, **Honolulu.**
September 15–October 21: ALOHA WEEK. Pageantry, street dances, parades.

MICRONESIA

May 7: FIESTA OF ST. JOSEPH, **Tinian Island.**
May 13: SAN ISIDRO FESTIVAL, **Saipan.**
Mid-May: SCHOOL FAIR, **Ponape.** Children show their art work.
July 2–4: LIBERATION DAY, **Saipan.**
July 12: PALAU FAIR, **Koror.**
August 23: LEGISLATIVE DAY.

NEW CALEDONIA

May 1–7: ARTS SEASON, **Noumea.**
July 13–14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS, **Noumea.**
September 24–October 1: ANNIVERSARY OF FRENCH POSSESSION, **Noumea.** Horse races, regatta, other events.

NEW HEBRIDES

May: LAND DIVERS FESTIVAL, **Bunlap, Pentecost Island.**
May 2: LABOR DAY.
July 14: BASTILLE DAY CELEBRATIONS. Torchlight parades on main island.
End of August: TOKA DANCE, **Tanna Island.** Old-time native feast.
September 2: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Vila.**

NEW ZEALAND

April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May 29–June 1: ARTS AND CRAFTS DISPLAY, **Dunedin.**
May 30: MAORI REGATTA, **Waikato River.** Canoe races.
May 30–31: SPORTS TOURNAMENT, **Masterton.**
August 15–29: ORANGE FESTIVAL, **Tauranga.** Displays of flowers and floats.
August 16–September 2: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Wellington.**
September 24–29: ANNUAL BLOSSOM FESTIVAL PARADE, **Alexandria.**

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

June: FRANGIPANI WEEK, **Rabaul.** Celebrates first flower to bloom after the eruption of local volcano.
June 10–12: NATIONAL CAPITAL SHOW, **Port Moresby.** Fair.
July: FLOWER SHOW, **Madang.**
August: MABAROSA FESTIVAL, **Madang.** Dancing, singing, sports.
September 16: INDEPENDENCE DAY.
October: TOLAI WARWAGIRA (DISPLAY OF HANDICRAFTS), **Rabaul.**
November: PAPUA SAFARI, **Port Moresby.** Motor rally.
PEARL FESTIVAL, **Samarai, Milne Bay.**

TAHITI

April 30: MISS BORA BORA CONTEST.
July 14–21: FÊTES DE JUILLET, **Papeete, Raiatea, and Bora Bora.** Bastille Day celebrations.
December 3: TIARE TAHITI DAY, **Papeete.** Tiare, Tahiti's national flower, is distributed to all.

TONGA

April 25: ANZAC DAY.
May 4: PRINCE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Dancing, singing and feasting to honor Crown Prince Tupouto'a.
May 13–21: RED CROSS WEEK. Children's fashion show, bazaar, ball.
July 4: KING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
September: ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOWS. Horse racing, chariot racing, and coconut-tree-climbing contests.
November 4: CONSTITUTION DAY.
December 4: KING TUPOU I DAY.

THE MIDDLE EAST

EGYPT

March 1: INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT, **Cairo.**
May: ARABIAN HORSE FESTIVAL, **Luxor.**
September: BOAT SHOW, **Cairo.**
December: INTERNATIONAL ROWING FESTIVAL, **Luxor.**

IRAN

Mid–July: FILM FESTIVAL, **Tehran.**
August 24–September 3: ART FESTIVAL, **Shiraz.**
October 24–30: FESTIVAL OF CULTURE AND ARTS, **Tehran.**

IRAQ

April 9–16: SPRING FESTIVAL, **Mosul.**
October 1–21: INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Baghdad.**

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ISRAEL

April 19–May 18: SPRING FESTIVAL OF MUSIC, DRAMA AND DANCE, **Jerusalem.** Concerts, competitions.
April 22–28: PASSOVER OBSERVANCE.
April 25–May 1: NINTH INTERNATIONAL BOOK FAIR, **Jerusalem.**
May 11: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS. 30th anniversary of Israel.
End of July–mid-August: ISRAEL FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA, **Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, and Caesarea.**

AFRICA

ALGERIA

April 14–26: FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS, **Miliana.**
Early May: FEASTS OF RABB, **Tlemcen.** Pilgrimages, folk dances.
June 1–14: CHERRY FESTIVAL, **Miliana.**
July 14–27: HARVEST FESTIVALS, **Miliana.**
August: ANNUAL GRAND FESTIVAL OF WHEAT, **Tiaret.**
August 18–September 1: MEDITERRANEAN GAMES, **Algiers.**

ETHIOPIA

May 1: WORKING MEN'S DAY. Parades, speeches.
September 27: FEAST OF THE FINDING OF THE TRUE CROSS.
December 28: FEAST OF ST. GABRIEL, **Kulubi.** Pilgrimage.

GHANA

March–April: VOLO FESTIVAL, **Volo, East of Akuse.** Celebrated to mourn the dead and pay homage to the living chief. Grand durbar, folk-music competitions, drumming, and dancing.
Third week of April: ASIKLOE FESTIVAL, **Anfoega.** Colorful traditional displays.
Early May: WINNEBA DEER HUNTING FESTIVAL, **Winneba, west of Accra.** Two Asafo groups compete to catch the first deer.
June: AHOBAA KAKRABA FESTIVAL, **Abura, Central Region.** Celebrated to drive away diseases.
July 1: GHANA REPUBLIC DAY CELEBRATION. Parades.
SEKONDI YAM FESTIVAL. The eating of new yams.
First week of July: BAKATUE FESTIVAL, **Elmina.** One of the greatest festivals in Ghana. The omanhene, chief of this area, is carried to the river, where offerings are made to the gods and the river is opened to fishing.

KENYA

March 24–26: AFRICAN SAFARI RALLY, **Nairobi.** Road race. 26th year.
Mid-June: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Nakuru.**
June 19–28: MUSIC FESTIVAL, **Nairobi.**
End of August: AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Mombasa.**
Early September: KENYA FLYING SAFARI, **Wilson Airport, Nairobi.** Air race.
September 26–30: INTERNATIONAL SHOW, **Nairobi.** At Jamhuri Park. Trade and agricultural show.
November: SEA FISHING FESTIVAL, **Malindi.**

MOROCCO

April: CHERRY FESTIVAL, **Sefrou.**
Mid-April: DOR ESH SHEMAA, **Salé.** Wax-lantern procession, an entertainment dating back to Barbary times.
Mid-May: ROSE FESTIVAL, **Kelaa des N'Gouna.**
May 26: NATIONAL FOLKLORE FESTIVAL, **Marrakesh.**
Early October: DATE FESTIVAL, **Erfoud.** Nearly a million date palms grow here.
EQUESTRIAN FESTIVAL, **Tissa (near Fez).**

NIGERIA

March–May: EGUNGUN FESTIVALS, **Offa, Oyo, Ijebu, and Igbo.** Tribal rites.
May: AGEMO FESTIVAL (THE AGELESS FESTIVAL), **Ijebu, Igbo.** Dancing and drumming with a highlight: local king dances.
July–August: AWAKERE FESTIVAL, **Warri.** Masquerade dance performances.
August: OSHUN FESTIVAL, **Oshogbo.** Sacrifices and dances.
December: IGUE FESTIVAL, **Benin City.** 15th-century pageantry.

SOUTH AFRICA

April 1–29: ARTS AND SPORTS FESTIVAL, **Cape Town.**
April 10–22: RAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Johannesburg.**
September: SPRING FLOWER SHOWS, **Cape Province.**
October: WORLD ROLLER-SKATE MEETING, **Johannesburg.**

TUNISIA

March 19–April 16: ORANGE TREE FESTIVAL, **Menzel Bou-Zelfa.**
April 9–16: SPRING FESTIVAL, **Nabeul.** Regional fair with folklore shows.
May 7–14: HORSE RIDING FESTIVAL, **Le Kef.** Horse races.
June 15–August 15: INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND CORAL FESTIVAL, **Tabarka.** Coral exhibits and music.
August 13–20: THEATER FESTIVAL, **Korba.** Plays, conferences.
September 19–24: WINE FESTIVAL, **Grombalia and Bou Argoub.**

ZAMBIA

May 25: AFRICA FREEDOM DAY. Sports Competitions.
May 30–June 2: COPPER BELT AGRICULTURAL SHOW, **Ndola.**
July 29: UMUTOMBOKO CEREMONY, **Luapula Province.** Ancient rites honor the chief.
September 1–4: AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL SHOW, **Lusaka.**
October 24: INDEPENDENCE DAY.

CENTRAL AMERICA

BELIZE

April 8: CROSS-COUNTRY BICYCLE RACE, **from Belize City.**
September 10: NATIONAL DAY. Marks defeat of the Spanish in 1798 by British settlers. Formerly known as the Battle of St. George's Day.
November 19: CARIB SETTLEMENT DAY, **Stann Creek and Toledo.** Music and dancing recall the first Carib settlement.

COSTA RICA

April 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF RIVAS.
May 25: FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI. Religious processions and services.
June 29: FEAST OF STS. PAUL AND PETER. Pageantry and processions.
July 9–16: UNIVERSITY WEEK, **San José.** Art, drama, dances, sports.
July 25: CELEBRATION OF THE ANNEXATION OF GUANACASTE. Dances, horse races, rodeo, bullfights, fireworks.
August 2: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS, **Cartago.**
September 15: INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATIONS.
October 12: RACE DAY. Marks the discovery of America by Columbus.

EL SALVADOR

April 21–May 2: FAIR OF THE HOLY CROSS, **San Juan Nonualco.**

Be sure to use the reply card at page T24

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Our warm thanks to the government tourist offices, the consulates, the European Travel Commission, the Caribbean Tourism Association, and the Pacific Area Travel Association for their help in gathering dates and events.

Compiled by Frances Shemanski

Since much of our information was gathered months in advance, we suggest you verify dates and events. Both are occasionally subject to change. (Events which do not specify a city are nationwide.)

July 17–26: FIESTAS DE SANTA ANA.
August 2–7: AUGUST FESTIVALS, **San Salvador.** Religious processions with floats.
September 13–16: HOLY ROMAN CROSS FIESTA, **Panchimalco.**
November 16–28: FIESTAS DE SAN MIGUEL.
December 1–10: FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, **Izalco.**
December 10–17: FEAST OF ST. LUCY, **Zacatecoluca.**

GUATEMALA

April 21–29: LOCAL FAIR, **San Marcos.** Exhibits, special programs.
May 1–5: FAIR OF THE CROSS, **Lake Amatitlan.** Religious pagentry.
June 10–13: ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA FESTIVAL, **San Antonio Aguas Calientas.**
June 26–28: FAIR OF ST. PETER, **San Pedro Sacatepequez.**
July 11–17: FIESTAS JULIAS LOCAL FAIR, **Hueheutenango.**
September 10–15: STATE FAIR, **Quezaltenango.**
October 15–18: FAIR OF ST. LUKE, **San Lucas Toliman, Lake Atitlan.**
October 20: FIESTA MARKING THE REVOLUTION OF 1944.
December 12: GUADALUPE HOLIDAY. Religious rites and pageantry.
December 16–24: POSADAS. Nine nights of Christmas processions.

HONDURAS

April 30–May 4: HOLY CROSS FESTIVAL, **Gualala.**
May 18–25: FERIA SAN ISIDRA, **La Ceiba.** Music festival.
June 21–29: FEAST OF ST. PETER, **San Pedro Sula.**
July 22–30: DISCOVERY OF AMERICA PAGEANT, **José Santos.**
October 2–5: FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, **San Francisco de Yojos.**

NICARAGUA

August 1–10: SANTO DOMINGO FIESTA, **Managua.** Popular feast with fireworks, parades, costumes.
August 15: FIESTA OF THE ASSUMPTION, **Granada.** Processions, rites.
September 30: DANCE OF THE BULLS, **Leon.** Honors San Jeronimo.
December 7–8: FIESTA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, **Managua, Leon, Granada.** Religious pageantry.

PANAMA

April: COFFEE FAIR AND FLOWER FESTIVAL, **Boquete.** Coffee-blossom exhibits, pageant on coffee growing.
April 9–16: TOMATO FESTIVAL, **Nata de Los Caballeros.**
May–November: CONCERT SEASON, **Panama City.** At National Theater.

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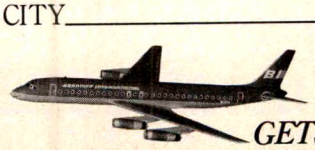

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May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL, **Los Santos and Penonome.** "Great Devil Montezuma" pageant and dances.
July: INTERNATIONAL AQUATIC FESTIVAL. **Taboga Island.**
July–September: 27TH INTERNATIONAL FISHING TOURNAMENT.
July 16: FESTIVAL OF THE PATRON SAINT VIRGIN EL CARMEN, **Tobago Island.**
July 19–23: ST. LIBRADA FESTIVAL, **Las Tablas.**
August: 10TH FESTIVAL DE MANITA, **Ocu.** Folk festival with typical music and dances of the region.
August 6–9: CORN WEEK FESTIVAL, **Panama City.** All kinds of foods and handicrafts made of corn.
September 23–27: OUR LADY OF MERCY FESTIVAL, **Guarate.** Religious procession, folk dances, parades.
October 11: ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION, **Panama City.** Classic "Guardia Nacional" race at the President Remon Racetrack.
October 21: FESTIVAL OF THE BLACK CHRIST, **Portobelo.**
TORITO GUAPO FESTIVAL, **Anton.** Folklore.

SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA

July: NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW, **Buenos Aires.**
July 9: NATIONAL DAY OF ARGENTINA.
July–August: SNOW FESTIVAL, **Bariloche.** Ski events and championships.
SNOW FESTIVAL AND SKI TOURNAMENT, **Los Molles Vallecitors.**
October: NATIONAL YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIP, **Olivos, Buenos Aires.**
November: INTERNATIONAL FISHING CONTEST, **Bariloche.**
November 10: DAY OF ARGENTINE TRADITION.
December 1-2: FESTIVAL OF THE TROUT, **Mar del Plata.**
December 14-26: HANDICRAFTS FAIR, **Chaco.**

BOLIVIA

July 16: LA PAZ DAY. Civic and folkloric events, parades.
Early August: INDEPENDENCE CELEBRATIONS.

BRAZIL

April 14–29: SHRIMP FESTIVAL, **Joinville.** Variety of shrimp dishes.
May 1: NATIONAL DONKEY FESTIVAL, **Panelas.**
May 14–19: FESTIVAL OF POPULAR MUSIC, **Brasilia.** Concerts, competitions.
May 29: COWBOY FESTIVAL, **Oeiras.**
June 1–7: 103RD ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARRIVAL OF ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS, **Rio Grande Do Sul, Caxias do Sul.**
June 22–23: FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, **Recife.**
June 23–30: FOLK FESTIVAL OF THE AMAZONAS, **Manaus.**
July: WINTER FESTIVAL, **Ouro Preto.** Drama, music, art exhibits, dance.
July 14–30: WINE FESTIVAL, **Andradas.**
August 20–24: CATTLEHANDS' RODEO, **Barretos.** Competitions in calf catching and roping, folk dances.
August 24: DRUMBEATS FOR EXU, **Pernambuco.** Voodoo.
September 24–October 4: FIESTA OF ST. FRANCIS, **Caninde.** Pageantry.
October 1–30: FEAST OF OUR LADY OF THE PENHA, **Rio de Janeiro.**
November 14–29: FLOWER AND ORCHID EXHIBIT, **Brusque.**
RODEO, **Palmeria dos Indios**
December 24–January 6: THREE WISE MEN PAGEANT, **Pernambuco.**

CHILE

April: VINTAGE CELEBRATIONS, **Aconcagua, Curico and Maule.**
June–September: SKIING SEASON, **Central Region (near Santiago) and Southern Region.**
June 29: ST. PETER'S DAY.
September: AGRICULTURAL AND ARTISAN INTERNATIONAL FAIR, **Parque Cerillos.**

COLOMBIA

June 20–26: BAMBUCO FESTIVAL, **Neiva.** Music and dancing to the rhythm of the bambuco.
July 9–23: INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR, **Bogota.**
July 14–17: SEA FESTIVAL, **San Marta.**
September: THEATER FESTIVAL, **Bogota.**
December 27–January 1: INTERNATIONAL SUGAR CANE FAIR, **Cali.**

ECUADOR

June 24: ST. JOHN'S DAY, **Otavalo.** Pageantry.
June 28–30: ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL'S DAY, **Otavalo, Cotocollao, Tabacundo.** Religious rites, folk dances, singing.
September 2–15: YAMOR FESTIVITIES, **Otavalo.** Aborigine rites and art.
September 19–25: BANANA WORLD'S FAIR, **Machala.**
October 3–12: GUAYAQUIL'S DAY. International fair, concerts.
December 1–6: QUITO'S FOUNDING DAY. Folk dances, bullfights.

FRENCH GUIANA

July 14: BASTILLE DAY.
October 14–29: CAYENNE FESTIVAL.

GUYANA

July 4: CARIBBEAN DAY.
August 1: COMMONWEALTH DAY.

PARAGUAY

May 14–15: INDEPENDENCE DAY. Parades.
June 24: ST. JOHN'S NIGHT, **Asunsion.** Barefooted "promiers" walk over flames.
August 15: ASSUMPTION DAY AND FOUNDING OF ASUNSION CELEBRATIONS.
October 12: RACE DAY AND COLUMBUS DAY CELEBRATIONS.

PERU

May : ALASITAS FAIR, **Puno.** Miniature popular art.
June 21–28: INCA FESTIVAL, **Cuzco.** Includes Sun Festival.
June 23–24: SAINT JOHN'S FESTIVAL, **Iquitos.** Folklore and dances.
July 21–28: TINGO MARIA COFFEE FESTIVAL, **Huanuco.** Exhibits and displays.
July 28–29: INDEPENDENCE OF PERU NATIONAL FESTIVAL. Parades, fairs.
August 29–30: FEAST OF SANTA ROSA DE LIMA, **Lima.** Pilgrimages.
September 22–29: INTERNATIONAL SPRING FESTIVAL, **Trujillo.** Song and dance contests.
October 20–24: BULLFIGHT FAIR, **Lima.**
December 6–8: PILGRIMAGE TO THE VIRGIN DE GUADALUPE SHRINE, **Guadalupe.** Folklore events and a fair.

SURINAM

April 30: QUEEN JULIANA'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, **Paramaribo.** Parades.
July 1: FREEDOM DAY, **Paramaribo.** Kottomissie Shows with women in Creole costumes.
November: KONFRIEJARIE (PEOPLE'S FAIR), **Paramaribo.** Agricultural displays, sports competitions.

URUGUAY

August: LIVESTOCK FAIR, **Montevideo.**

VENEZUELA

April 19: NATIONAL HOLIDAY. Marks Venezuelan Declaration of Independence.
May–September: MUSICALS OF THE CROSS, **Caracas.** Music, song, and folk dances to ward off evil spirits.
May 25: CORPUS CHRISTI DAY, **San Francisco de Yare.**
July 24: BOLIVAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Honors the Liberator of South America.
August 14–21: NATIONAL FESTIVAL AND FAIR, **Tariba.** Bullfights.
September 22–23: LA TURA DANCE, **El Vegon, Flacon.**

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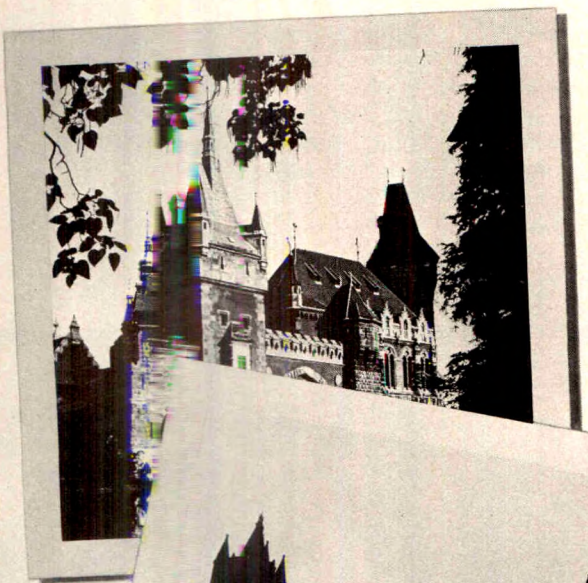

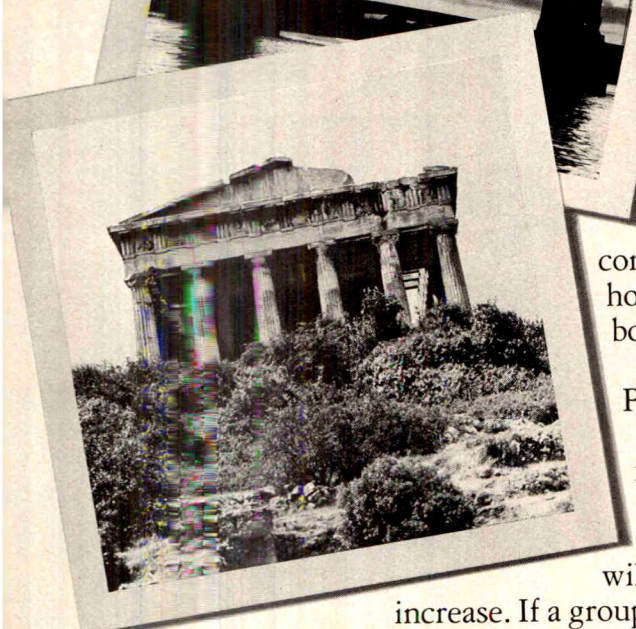

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SWISSAIR

At the start of the Vietnam War, the VA hospital system was primarily a refuge for the indigent; 70 percent of the patients were veterans whose ailments had nothing to do with military service.

VA hospitals had long been open to all needy veterans regardless of the source of their medical problems, and at the start of the Vietnam War, the VA system was primarily a refuge for the indigent. Then as now, 70 percent of the patients were veterans whose ailments had nothing to do with military service. For the most part, they were elderly and middle-aged men. Inevitably, the hospitals had come to emphasize maintenance care, and many were not ready to provide for the flood of severely wounded soldiers from Vietnam. Nor did the VA do all it might for the severely wounded once they left the hospitals. War-made paraplegics have been well provided for in terms of cash; a man with 100 percent physical disability receives roughly the equivalent of $25,000 a year. But many of the severely wounded were adolescents. Many lacked education and the habit of success. Many had parents who—quite understandably, but disastrously—were inclined to feed their sons' inevitable self-pity. Yet the VA never tried to prepare parents for their wounded sons' return, and did next to nothing to set these boys on paths toward useful careers. Estimates vary, but something like 50 percent of the disabled and 80 percent of the paralyzed are unemployed today. Many languish unhappily, with nothing much to live for, and I heard of several who committed suicide after they left the hospital.

Our national veterans policy seems to be misguided. Most people will agree that public expenditures for former soldiers should go primarily to assist those who have been injured in military service and to help bring the men fresh from war back into the fold. But federal policy tends to spread benefits thinly, so that a great many get something to be grateful for (presumably they will reward their legislators at election time). Meanwhile, the relative few whose needs are truly related to military service tend to get short shrift. The situation will probably get worse. Under existing law, the hospital system remains open to all veterans. Those over 65 not only have a statutory entitlement to VA medical care regardless of financial need, but they are also eligible to receive VA pensions. There are 13 million World War II veterans. Their average age is fifty-six. According to very rough estimates, the annual cost of pensions could rise from about $3.5 billion in 1978 to about $7.5 billion in 1995. Senator Alan Cranston is attempting a reform, but the reformed program would also be expensive and would still constitute a large welfare program just for veterans. Aside from the question of whether or not existing policies and such possible reforms are fair to non-veteran Americans is the question of how great a burden the World War II veterans are going to place on the VA's substantial but finite resources. If the VA's energies are increasingly directed toward this group, which has been described as "a wave about to break," what will happen if there is another war anytime soon?

Enter Max Cleland. Circumstances and his position have given him an influential voice. His appointment in 1977 was approved by acclamation in the Senate. He is a well-known, popular figure.

To the dismay of the many small, disorganized Vietnam veterans groups, Cleland has so far spoken mainly for the status quo. He has backed off from a former position on the GI Bill: he once said that it should be modeled more closely after the World War II Bill, but now he claims that the Vietnam Bill is adequate. He has done no more than support Carter's limited Discharge Upgrade Program. He has spoken for keeping the VA hospital system open to all indigent veterans. And he has avoided some issues. He told me that he planned to "maximize" the VA's job-training efforts, but he was quick to insist that it wasn't really his problem. "The Department of Labor has the ball." Because of these positions, some spokesmen for Vietnam veterans groups have decided that Cleland is their enemy or at best an empty symbol. They point to his age and inexperience and contend that he will never figure out how to reform middle-level management.

In Cleland's defense, one can say that impossible expectations attended his appointment. He has been in office only a year, and it has not been an entirely fruitless one. Even his critics believe that he will improve the hospital system; in fact he has already begun. He has spoken strongly for the readjustment counseling program. He has launched a "sensitivity campaign," placing special emphasis on educating VA personnel to the problems of Vietnam veterans, and while sensitivity may be hard to create through executive orders, no one can argue that it isn't worth trying.

It seems fitting that Cleland, one of the soldiers who suffered from a cold welcome at the hands of the VA, should now be in a position to begin to set things right. It is obvious that he wants to do so. But is Cleland in that position? Is there any such position anymore? Cleland told me, "Next year we should move for the first time to identify the basic readjustment problems of the Vietnam veteran and tailor a program to meet the needs of those who have the problems." He spoke with mounting enthusiasm. There would be a comprehensive study. The remaining problems would be clarified and addressed.

Of course, a great deal might still be done, but as I traveled around the United States, I was surprised to

"Doesn't it even mean anything now? Doesn't it matter to anyone?"

see how many of the youths who fought in Vietnam had acquired paunches and strands of gray hair. It appears that Congress will at last pass the bill to create a "readjustment counseling" program. A high-level VA psychologist, Dr. Charles Stenger, described the program's purpose as follows: "If you can help a person soon after separation, it will prevent him from having many possible problems in the difficult but normal process of adjusting to civilian life." But for men who went to Vietnam, the time is hardly ripe. The readjustment program won't catch them right after separation from the military, because most got out years ago. As for the promise of a comprehensive study, it seems tardy at best. "Talk about doing things ass-backwards," one Vietnam veteran remarked. "Let me put it this way. The study, when and if it comes, will be a postmortem."

And yet no postmortem can be written. Many soldiers have not gotten over the war, and of course that would be the case even if the government had applied needed balm in time. War does lingering damage. No amount of money and programs can repair all of it.

"I'll do it myself"

I asked Bobby Muller if there wasn't some chance that a team of surgical wizards would find a way to fix up busted spinal cords. Muller replied, "The spinal cord is similar in dimension and consistency to a tube of toothpaste. Through that run millions of neurons. So once you break that, how are you ever gonna put it back together?" But he didn't seem depressed about it.

When he was twenty-two and still had an appetite for war, Muller told fellow junior Marine officers that if he lost so much as a leg in Vietnam he would wish to die. A year or so later, on a hillside near Con Thien, he took a bullet through his chest. He remembers lying on his back, looking at the sky, and as he began to lose consciousness he said to himself in amazement, "I'm dyin'. I don't believe it. I'm gonna die on this shitty fucking ground." Afterward, life would always seem to him less a natural right than a precious, interesting gift.

He woke up on the hospital ship *U.S.S. Repose*. It could have had a different name: strapped in a Stryker frame, he heard other young soldiers crying for their mothers, while nurses changed the dressings on the boys' fresh amputations. But Muller was grateful, almost euphoric. A harried-looking doctor leaned over him and thanked him for surviving—they had been losing too many patients on that boat. Muller put a finger over the hole that the surgeons had cut in his trachea and said in a hoarse voice, "Glad to accommodate ya, Doc." Later, he learned that he had made it to surgery with only a minute to spare, and then only because of a series of lucky accidents, and this strengthened his feeling that the mere fact of life was miraculous.

He swears he didn't grieve when the doctors told him that he was three-quarters paralyzed, and at the naval hospital where he was sent next, there was no time for sorrow. It wasn't permitted. Every day he was taken to physical therapy whether he felt like going or not. The wards were immaculate. There were only two men to a room. Uncooperative attendants lost their weekend passes and soon mended their ways. While he was there, he was put in a wheelchair for an hour or so a day. "And you gotta know what that means after eight weeks in a frame. You can go to the water fountain by yourself. That's freedom, man, that's independence." But he was at that place only six weeks, and then he was transferred to the Kingsbridge VA Hospital in the Bronx.

Muller had not cried once about his wound, but when he was carried to the door of his new room at Kingsbridge and saw what awaited him inside, he began to weep and couldn't stop for a day. It had dreary bluish-green walls and contained ten beds jammed closely together. There would be no privacy or quiet there. A TV, a radio, and a record player were all blaring at once. The place smelled of urine, for the drainage bags attached to the sides of the stricken men's beds often went unemptied and overflowed onto the floor. One does not have to take Muller's word for these things. In 1970 *Life* magazine did a cover story about the ward where Muller lived, and it is all there in photographs: the crowded, grimy-looking rooms, the traps which the more able-bodied patients set to try and keep rats and mice off the beds at night, and—most frightening of all to Muller—the hopeless look of the patients. Many were old men who had been there for years, and there was no sign of activity. Although it was late morning, no one was even dressed. He wept while the attendants carried him to his bed because, he said, it seemed to him that he was being taken to the end of the line, to live in his grave.

It didn't turn out that way, but only because Muller struggled: with the doctor who did not want to give him a wheelchair right away and who later tried to deny him the body brace which Muller needed in order to prove to himself that he could walk if he had to; with the psychologist whom he liked but who kept telling

him that he should go off in a corner and cry for himself; with the evening attendant who said he was too busy to help Muller get from his bed to his wheelchair. ("All right. Fuck you. I'll do it myself," he said, and he proceeded to learn the difficult, frightening art of "transferring" without assistance.) Eventually, he managed to walk, in a brace, with Canadian crutches. He did this, hurling himself down the hallways and inching his way up the stairs of the hospital (there were no special training stairs available), in spite of the fact that there were only two physical therapists there who were offering something more than "courses in how to make wallets." These men were overworked and sometimes Muller had to wait three hours just to get ten minutes with them.

Muller stayed a year in Kingsbridge and then he went home to his parents. He did not feel that he had been encouraged or helped in any way to find a useful life out in the world. When he left the hospital, a doctor told him that he should go home, buy a big car with his government check, and "tear up" the streets of his old neighborhood; it was the same sort of message he had been given by the psychologist who wanted him to cry.

But Muller had resources. He was older than many of the war-wounded, he had a college education, and his parents knew that the worst thing they could do for him would be to let him mope around feeling sorry for himself. He also had a goal now: he wanted to be a lawyer so that someday he might be able to sue the VA.

Bobby Muller is a paradigm of what was worst about the war and best about many of the men who had to fight it. His paralysis begins at the nipples. Below he is diminished. Above, in the shoulders and arms, he seems wiry and able. He wears a full brown beard and his face is thin, not unhealthy-looking but experienced. He appears older than thirty-one. He has the look of a historical figure.

Muller gets around. His brand new house in suburban Long Island has wide corridors and a special bathroom like Cleland's. Muller is having a lift installed to give him access to the upstairs. There are no steps to block his way to the garage, and every day he wheels himself out there to his specially equipped car and drives through traffic to work in New York City. Since leaving Kingsbridge he has graduated from Hofstra Law School and has been the legislative director of the eastern region for the Paralyzed Veterans of America, an old, congressionally chartered lobby. He is a member of Governor Carey's Advisory Council on the Disabled and was once a familiar figure at antiwar

rallies. He has also been, as he puts it, a sort of drill instructor for the civilian handicapped, leading wheelchair brigades to places such as Times Square to demonstrate for the civil rights of the disabled. Today he is attempting to start up a Vietnam veterans' "advocacy center."

I waited for Muller at his home one afternoon last fall. His black-haired wife, Virginia, was at the stove working on dinner. Muller entered like the typical commuter, kissed Virginia at the door, and rolled his chair toward his office wearily, complaining of the traffic. In a moment, however, he was laughing. About what I don't recall. I was absorbed by his laugh. I had never heard one like it. He threw his head back and opened his mouth and the laughter came up in hoarse, loud hoots.

A little later on he explained, "Gotta tell ya. I can't feel that bad about being a paraplegic."

About four times in the past nine years, Bobby Muller has awakened and found this dream still around him, like something interfering with his breathing.

He can walk! He looks down at himself; he is tall and lean. He fingers his uniform. "Hey, what happened?" he says to himself. "Am I in a time warp?"

He is standing on a hill. Around him he sees the ten big crablike tanks and the ARVN troops who were always so adept at running away. He catches a young Marine by the arm and demands the date. The young soldier seems to think the request peculiar. "Just gimme the date!"

The soldier tells him it is April 29, 1969, which is what Muller had suspected. He runs across the camp and gathers the American troops. "We gotta stop," he tells them. To the major he says, "We can't go any further. The war's wrong." The major places him under a hard, military stare. Muller tries to explain. "There's these things called the Pentagon Papers. We're being used." He tries to warn them about the coming fire fight, attempting to frighten the ones who he knows are going to die that afternoon. He shouts at them that this battle will leave him, their lieutenant, three-quarters paralyzed. The major tells the troops that Muller has lost his courage and is feigning madness in order to get out of the field. Muller pleads with them, "But I know the future. I'm a flashback." The men know that their lieutenant would never talk that way. They are saddling up, shrugging into knapsacks, picking up their weapons. He has to follow them. He is weeping, because he knows that it is going to happen all over again. □

MARCH MORNING UNLIKE OTHERS

by Ted Hughes

Blue haze. Bees hanging in air at the hive-mouth.
Crawling in prone stupor of sun
On the hive-lip. Snowdrops. Two buzzards,
Still-wings, each
Magnetized to the other
Float orbits.
Cattle standing warm. Lit, happy stillness.
A raven, under the hill,
Coughing among bare oaks.
Aircraft, elated, splitting blue.
Leisure to stand. The knee-deep mud at the trough
Stiffening. Lambs freed to be foolish.

The earth invalid, dropsied, bruised, wheeled
Out into the sun,
After the frightful operation.
She lies back, wounds undressed to the sun,
To be healed,
Sheltered from the sneapy chill creeping North wind,
Leans back, eyes closed, exhausted, smiling
Into the sun. Perhaps dozing a little.
While we sit, and smile, and wait, and know
She is not going to die.

Mystery Friend Blues

A story by James Kaplan

Henry Hightower, Jr. was a rather round, pasty boy of fourteen, with a dyspeptic look to his face. He wore large, horn-rimmed glasses, and was not inclined to smile. His parents had brought him on a vacation, much against his will, to the King George Hotel in Bermuda, a towering old white anachronism of a building, created long before the days of synthetic fabrics and middle-class mobility. There was a large oil portrait of the queen in the lobby, and at the front door stood Sir Winston, a tall old black man who did card tricks and pulled a penny from your ear.

It was August, the hottest month of the year in Bermuda, and out of season. Occasionally there were short thundershowers in the late afternoon, but most of the time the sky stayed the same bright shade of blue, and the sun shone down with a vengeance. Henry had his own room, adjacent to his parents', and now, in the middle of the day, he sat there, bored. He had met the English boys who sat at the table next to his, and found them overchatty and aggressively imaginative in a way that didn't inspire him. He had met the boy-and-girl twins from Cincinnati, who seemed uncomfortably like himself—dour and introspective. Sir Winston, who jested with the other children, seemed to have something against Henry, so Henry decided that Sir Winston was a fake. If my hands were that big, figured Henry, I could do coin tricks, too. There was "horse racing" at night, and bingo—old ladies always seemed to win. The day before, Henry had gone swimming in the saltwater pool (he was afraid to swim in the ocean—sharks) in his new beige swimsuit. Henry's skin was so white that it had looked, to two older girls in bikinis, as if he were naked. They laughed and asked him where his suit was. Henry was mortified, and decided not to go back to the pool.

He looked out the window, down the tropical hillside to the blue-green, clear sea. Although the hotel felt cool—it was well air-conditioned—Henry knew that the wet heat outside was like a barrier into which you walked, once you opened the glass doors of the hotel. One large, puffy white cloud hung, unmoving, over the water. Henry pushed his nose against the glass, then pulled it back to see the mark his breath had made. There was a knock at the connecting door.

"May I come in?" Henry's mother said, closing the door behind her.

"You already have," Henry said, pushing up his glasses.

"Henry, honey, may I ask you a favor?" She was a very pretty, if not outright beautiful, woman, with sun-bleached hair pulled back into a knot, and eyes that were much the same color as the Bermuda sky. She was deeply suntanned. She wore a one-piece bathing suit and a man's shirt, unbuttoned.

"Okay," Henry said.

"May I sit down?" she asked. "That's not the favor." She smiled, but Henry did not. She sat on the bed. "Henry, it's such wonderful weather outside. It's never this way at home. The sea is so beautiful. Won't you come out, please, with Daddy and me?"

"I don't want to go in the ocean."

"We checked with the lifeguard, sweetie. There are *never* any sharks here. Never. The waves aren't even very big."

"I'm not scared to go. I just don't want to go."

"Aren't you lonesome up here all by yourself?"

"No, not so much. I've been reading. I just stopped for awhile."

"Won't you come down and sit with us?"

"Mother, it's so *hot* out there."

"We have a nice big beach umbrella, and you can buy sodas at the pavilion. We miss you. Won't you come?" She smiled at him so nicely that it was hard for Henry not to smile a little, too. He smiled with one side of his mouth and felt embarrassed. "I'd still sort of rather not come," he said, knowing he was losing.

"You look so handsome when you smile," Henry's mother said. "Come on. I'll put some lotion on you and you'll get a nice tan."

"All right," Henry said, grinning now and hating his mother a bit. "But first I have to change. I'll be right down."

"You promise?"

"*Yes,* I promise, Mother," Henry said, and, since his smile was gone now, he gave her such a hard look that she was frightened for a second. She closed the connecting door behind her.

But Henry didn't come. He made faces at himself in the mirror for a while, then he changed into his trunks and sandals, put on a shirt, and took the elevator down to the lobby. As he was walking across, he saw a hallway he hadn't noticed before, and strolled down it. It was a long, quiet corridor, flanked on one side by French windows leading to a garden, and on the other side by a pair of wide white doors. Henry tried them; they were unlocked.

Immediately inside were heavy plush curtains. Henry pushed through them, and found himself in a large, dark room. The only light came from some small windows up near the ceiling in one wall; the windows were almost entirely overgrown on the outside with creeping vines. As Henry's pupils dilated, he could see that the room was filled with folding chairs facing a stage, on which stood a portable movie screen, a lectern, and a flagpole with a British flag. The room was cool, cold almost, and smelled of dust and mildew. In the corner, in front of the stage, was a black grand piano.

Henry went over to the piano and opened the cover—the keys were cracked and brown, and some of the ivory plates were missing, showing the wood beneath. Very lightly, he pushed down a key. There was a muffled, metallic sound. He tried another key, but it was the same. He lifted the heavy lid. A large, folded American flag had been crammed underneath. He pulled out the flag and put it on a folding chair, carefully, so that no corner touched the floor. Then he sat on the piano bench and, again very softly, pressed one of the keys. There was a responding note, tentative but matter-of-fact in the big, dim room. Then Henry played a chord, which sounded good, if a bit out of tune. He got up and checked behind the curtains to make sure that the doors were closed tight. He spent the rest of the afternoon inside.

Henry had, at a frighteningly early age, begun to sing television commercial jingles, note for note, as he played with his blocks. His mother, who for a brief period in her eighteenth year had considered becoming a concert pianist, began to give him some determinedly nonintrusive, unstrenuous lessons, and then, acting on the advice of a family friend who was a psychologist, turned the task over to a teacher. But Henry hated the teacher, and the next one, and the next one. Finally, he would not go to the piano at all. He was a headstrong child. The psychologist advised not to force; Henry might become interested again. Besides, he was doing well enough in school; he seemed well-adjusted, if solitary.

Unknown to his parents, though, Henry did go back to the piano, on his own, one year after he had his last teacher at the age of eight. He always made sure, however, that nobody was in the house, or was likely to be for awhile, when he played. The piano in Henry's house was by a window that had a good view of the driveway, so when he was home sick from school and his mother was out shopping, he could play until her car pulled up. But this was not often. Henry didn't know why, but he just didn't like anybody to hear him play.

He taught himself by ear, and his ear was excellent. There were some beginners' books left over from his lessons, and he used these for awhile, but soon surpassed them. Henry liked popular music, the oldish songs that still had a melody, and he especially liked to play the jingles from television commercials. By the age of fourteen, he had a fairly large repertoire, and probably could have sat in with most dance bands, of the sort that play catered affairs.

His parents were distressed that he hadn't shown up at the beach, but he smiled at them, that evening, in such an unusually placatory and friendly way that they didn't press the issue. Besides, they were dressing to go to a party in Hamilton. They were a very handsome couple, and very suntanned, and as Henry watched them prepare to go, there were the heady, intertwined odors of luggage and perfume and after-shave lotion.

James Kaplan lives in New York and in Maine. His stories have appeared in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere.

"What's on for tonight, Henry old bean?" his father, a tall, well-built man, asked as he straightened his bow tie in front of the mirror.

"Oh, I don't know," Henry said affably. "Read, maybe."

"Jeez, you read a lot. I wish I read as much as you do."

"You sure you won't be lonely, honey?" his mother said, coming out of the bathroom. She wore gold bracelets that clinked as she walked, and a bright green dress that went well with her tan and her eyes.

"Oh, no," Henry said. "I don't think so."

"You ought to give the British boys another try, Henry," she said. "Maybe something unpleasant happened between you all, but don't be afraid to try again. I really think they're very nice. One of them, the older boy, asked for you at the beach this afternoon."

"Stay away from those Cincinnati twins, though, Henry," his father said. "I think they're creeps." His wife shot him an admonitory glance in the mirror. "Well, I *do*," he replied, to her reflection.

"I call them Groucho and Oucho," Henry said. He smiled almost sweetly at his parents as they kissed him goodnight.

"I wonder what's got into *him*," Henry's father said, as soon as the elevator door had closed.

Henry walked down the stairs to the lobby, hitting every other step and making sure not to tread on the roses in the carpet, passed through the mingling crowd of gaudily dressed guests waiting for the evening's parlor game, and went down his hall. He paused before the doors as an old couple appeared at the head of the corridor.

"What's down there?" the man said to his wife in a loud voice. They stared at Henry, and he shrugged noncommittally.

"Oh, nothing," the woman said. "Let's go to the horse racing." And they were gone. Henry opened the doors, closed them from the inside, and slipped through the heavy velvet curtains. *Someone had turned a light on in the room.* But the room was empty; Henry looked in every corner to make sure. He wondered about that light. He sat down and played until two in the morning, with a feeling of having stayed up forever; but his parents were still out when he went back upstairs.

The King George was filled with Americans and English who came gray and turned pink and became brown, but this year, for the first time in the hotel's history, there were a significant number of black guests, who stayed the same color all the time. In the big dining room, perhaps one quarter of the tables were occupied by black people, who were in manner and dress exactly like most of the other guests, and who sat in such a quiet and natural way as to defy the fact that ten years before, perhaps even five, such a thing would have been absolutely unheard of. The black guests were mostly Americans. They wore pastel clothes of synthetic fabrics, carried cameras, and went to horse racing and bingo. However, neither Henry nor his parents had ever seen so many black and brown people, in a space and position shared with themselves, at once. Henry tried, in general, not to stare, but it was impossible not to stare at one amazing, honey-colored man who appeared one day at lunch with his thin, dark, quiet wife, three tables away from the Hightowers.

The man looked to be in his fifties, or perhaps his sixties, and he looked different from *every*body in the room. He was fat and short, almost round, and he had a big, square head. He seemed always to be smiling, and this made his eyes just slits; his smile looked like a miniature sun, with very white teeth and a gold one at the corner. He wore a white linen suit and brown and white, old-fashioned-looking shoes and a canary-yellow tie. When he walked into the room, he had on a white panama hat, which he took off when he sat down. His hair was cut short and slicked back. A waiter came to the man's table, and Henry heard the man's voice—low and very husky—and, several times, his laugh, which was loud and unrestrained and sounded like "Heh, heh!" The waiter left, and the man looked around the room, beaming like a searchlight, while his wife sat shyly.

"Dad, who do you think that is?" Henry said.

"Who?" asked his father, through a mouthful of shrimp cocktail.

Henry nodded his head in the direction. "The fat black man," he said.

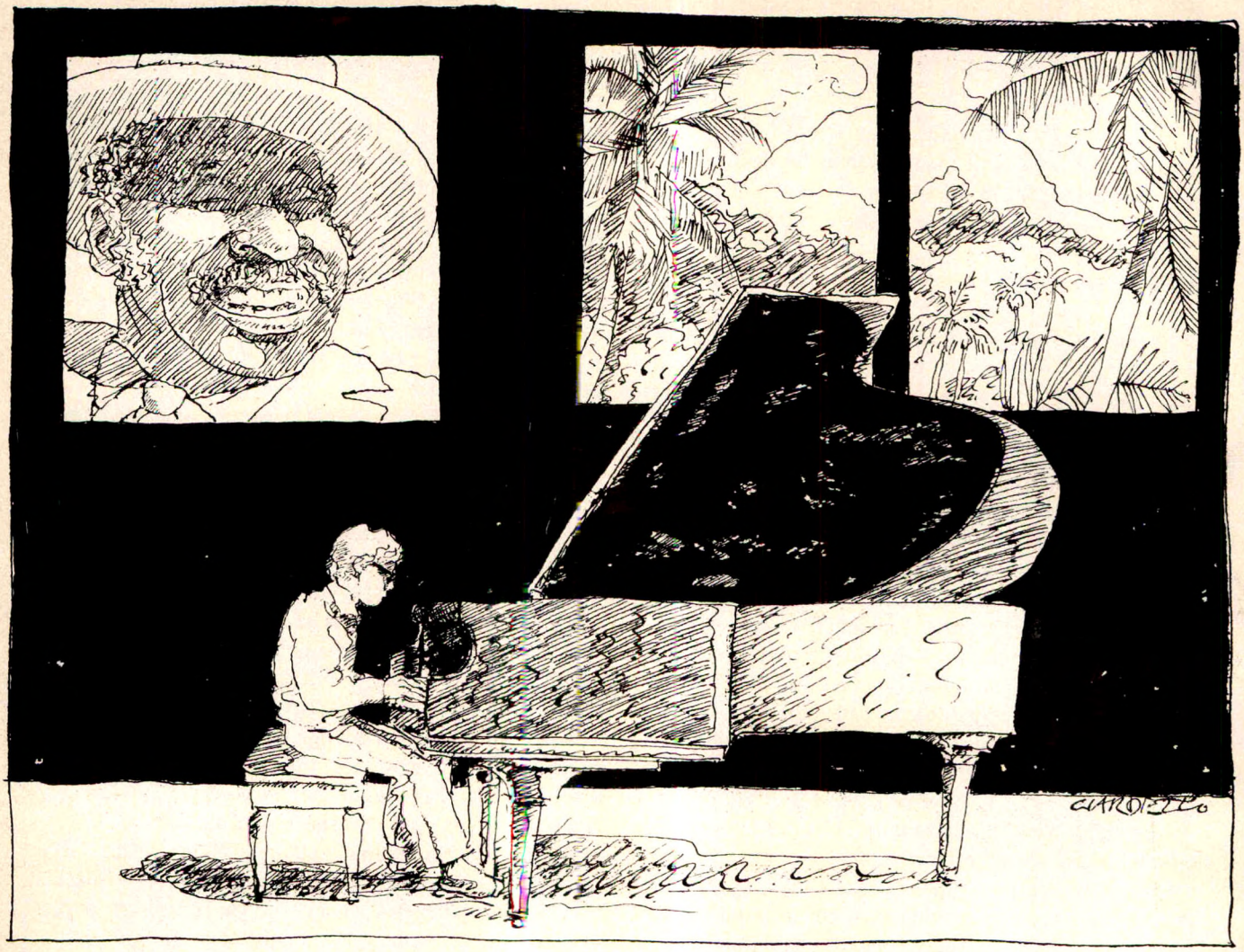
"Oh, isn't he *unusual*-looking," Henry's mother said.

"Probably some Haitian gangster," his father said, and went back to his shrimp.

But a raspy voice in Henry's head, coming so unexpectedly that he actually jumped in his seat, said, "Hello, boy."

And Henry looked in the man's direction, and the man was looking directly at *him*, grinning. The man winked at him. Henry turned around and stared down at the tablecloth.

He forgot about the man after lunch, though, when they rented motor scooters. And that evening, when they came back to the hotel, the idea that a black man in a white suit had talked to him in his head at lunchtime seemed absolutely preposterous. The man had looked so interesting that Henry had *wished* he would speak to him, Henry decided. But at dinner, the man and his wife were there again, and as Henry cautiously



stole peeks at him, he waited, fearfully, for the voice to come again. Nothing happened—not during the appetizer, the main course, or dessert. The fat man sat, more serious than at lunch, but sometimes smiling suddenly and laughing his low, seismic laugh at something that his wife said or that he just thought of. Nothing happened in Henry's head, to his relief—until the meal was over and he was standing up from the table. Then, as he was pushing in his chair, Henry thought he heard—in his mind, that is—two words: "You play?" But it could have been just the sound of the chair scraping against the floor.

That night, Henry felt particularly eager to get down to his piano. What had happened at lunch and dinner had upset him, and he wanted to immerse himself in music. He was working on a version of "Don't Blame Me." But his parents had to be eluded. His father knocked on his door after dinner and came in, fixing his tie.

"Coming down to bingo, Hen?" he asked.

"No. I think I'll take a walk for awhile."

"You will, eh? You're getting awfully independent in your old age."

"I guess so."

"Well, if you want to drop by and try your luck, feel free. Where you walking?"

"I don't know. Just around."

"Well, come on. Mother and I'll accompany you to the front door."

The three of them went down to the lobby. Sir Winston sprang from a chair and put his hand on the door. "Get you a cab, sah?" he asked.

"No, we're staying in tonight. This young man is going out, though. For a walk."

"Is that so?" Sir Winston said. "Well, watch out some evil spirit don't get hold of you, now," he said to Henry, with a big, phony smile. Henry's parents told him goodnight, and went off; Sir Winston sat back down, ignoring him.

The cold air of the lobby gave way to the close, perfumed night. A zillion tree toads were chirping mindlessly, incessantly. We really are in a jungle here, Henry thought. He wished it would close in on the stupid hotel and choke it. Out below, the lights of the harbor twinkled and rocked, and across the water a jet roared hugely and lifted off, heading back to the gray world. Couples walked along the parapet. Somebody went put-putting by on a motor scooter. Henry waited

a while and then went back inside. Sir Winston looked up at him and then back down. Henry walked across the lobby, quickly, past the door of the big room where they were playing bingo ("I 29," a man's voice said; "Bingo!" cried an old woman; there was a general groan) and to his hall and his door, where, unbelieving, he heard the sound of *his* piano from within.

He listened, ear against the panel of the door, for several minutes. It was a type of music he had never heard before: fast and rhythmic, with a pounding bass—"jazzy" was the only word he could think of. It was wonderful music. Suddenly, a voice said, "Come on in." Henry jumped, and looked back down the corridor. No one was there.

"Come *on*," the voice said again. It sounded very friendly. Henry wasn't afraid anymore. He entered, closed the doors behind him, slipped through the curtains, and was in the room.

It was the fat man in the white suit at the piano. He continued to play, and flashed his big smile at Henry. Then the man said—out loud this time, with his mouth and over the music—"Come on over, youngblood."

Henry walked to the piano and stood at the keyboard, next to the fat man, watching him play. The man's hands were short and his fingers were plump. On the pinkie of his left hand was a diamond ring. The hands danced like skaters over the keys, occasionally crossing each other. The man stopped pounding the bass keys for a second, played a tinkling figure in the very high notes, then crashed back down to the bass keys and began to pound again, laughing.

"This is called 'Cow Cow Blues,' " he said to Henry over the music, looking up. His voice was gravelly but smooth at the same time. "Written by Clarence Davenport in nineteen and twenty-nine." He said "Clarence" like "Clance." "Course I was just a pup then," the man said. "But on my way *up*." He finished the song, and smiled his lighthouse smile at Henry. Henry was smiling, too.

"Well, sit down a minute, son, and *tell* me about yourself," the man said, moving over on the bench and mopping his forehead with a white handkerchief. There was little room for Henry, but he obediently sat.

"I know you play," the man said, "but I don't know your name. 'Cause you think about playing, but you never think about your name."

Henry tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come out. He cleared his throat. "Henry Hightower, Jr.," he said.

The man extended his chubby hand. "Very pleased to meet you, very pleased." The hand was warm and soft, but strong. "Name's Honey Brown."

"Hi," Henry said.

"Mind if I smoke?" Honey asked.

"Sure. I mean, no, go ahead."

The man took a big cigar out of the interior of his jacket and put it in his mouth. He lit it, and there was a large blue cloud of fragrant smoke. "My Lenore—that's my wife—wanted to go to the *tropics*. So I said, 'What's the matter—ain't New Orleans tropical enough?' That's where we live. She said, 'No, Honey, I want to see some *tropics*.' She's a hardheaded woman, and a man rules his home, so here we are." He laughed and shook his head. "But it's most too hot for me." He riffled the keyboard, up and down. "You like it here?"

"No," Henry said, his smile fading, "I had to come. My parents brought me."

"Well, it was just the same with me," Honey Brown said. "Only it was my *wife*." He mopped his forehead again, then replaced the handkerchief in his breast pocket. "Yes, yes," he said, looking at the piano and chuckling softly. He puffed on the cigar and blew a perfect smoke ring. "Now, I played something for *you*," he said. "How about *you* play something for *me*?"

"Well, I'm not so good—I don't play that kind—"

"Don't matter what kind, youngblood. Just play anything—anything at all." He got off the bench, laboriously, and stood by the piano. Henry shrugged and moved over, and, very nervously, began his version of "Don't Blame Me."

"Yes!" said Honey Brown, a little ways into the song. "You're *good*, you know that? You're real good!"

Henry smiled, and played more confidently. He *did* sound good to himself. To his left, Honey Brown was nodding his head and tapping his foot. Henry finished the song.

"Well, that was fine!" Honey said. "You hit all those notes. Not everyone can do that. It's sort of like cleaning a floor. Most people just scrub and rub out in the middle, but you get in them *corners*."

"I do?"

"Yes!"

"Umm, do you think—" Henry began.

"Why *sure* I could! You want me to teach you some of what I play. Some of my *style*."

"How'd you know?"

"Tell you what I'll do. First I'll show you a song called 'Vicksburg Blues.' Every blues pianist worth his stuff has got to play the 'Vicksburg Blues.' Some folks call it 'Forty-four,' but I call it 'Vicksburg.' It's the same song, either way. Then I'll show you a couple of the faster numbers; that's what you like best, isn't it." It was stated as a fact, not a question.

Three hours and two cigars later, Honey Brown was standing by the piano, nodding and snapping his fingers as Henry played "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie."

"Man, you can play!" said Honey. "I never seen a cat learn so fast."

"I make mistakes," Henry said, smiling and knowing it really didn't matter. He liked being a cat.

"Nonsense, nonsense! You cover 'em up quicker than I can hear 'em." He took out a pocket watch and regarded it. "You know it's nearly midnight, youngblood? You keep playing. I got to go. I believe Lenore has won herself a whole pile of money playing bingo."

"But wait—"

"You be here tomorrow night? I'll be here too, at about the same time." He turned and walked across the room, moving very swiftly for a fat man, and disappeared between the drapes.

The next morning it was sunny, bright, and hot, as usual; but Henry woke in his bed smiling—he didn't quite know why. Then he thought about the night before, and felt incredulous. But it had happened—he knew that as surely as he knew the dream he'd just awakened from was a dream.

At breakfast, however, Honey Brown's table was empty. In fact, the dining room was only about half full. When the waiter brought them their juice, Henry asked him why.

"I believe a number of the guests have gone on a sightseeing tour, sir," he said, embarrassing Henry with the "sir."

It was the same at lunch and at dinner. After dinner, Henry's parents decided, in their room, to go see a movie in town.

"—don't think he ought to see it," Henry heard his mother whisper through the connecting door.

"Why the hell not?"

"Shhh!"

"Why not?" his father went on, more quietly. Henry put his ear to the door. "It might do him some good," he heard. "He might en*joy* it."

"He's not supposed to enjoy that at his age!"

"Oh, tommyrot!"

The debate continued. His mother, saying that she wouldn't go if Henry did, won. His father's heavy step came up to the door, and Henry jumped onto the bed and picked up a book. There was a knock.

"Come in," Henry said.

"Henry?" his father said, peering through the partly opened door.

"It's okay. You can come in."

"Hen, your mother and I are, ah, going to a movie . . ."

"It's okay. I'd rather stay here and read."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"You, uh, sure you don't want to come?" His mother hissed something from the next room.

"Uh-huh. You guys go."

"Do you want anything from town?"

"No thanks." Henry smiled at his father, who left and closed the door behind him, feeling puzzled.

When he was sure they had gone, Henry went downstairs to the piano room. He sat down and began to play "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie." He played that, and then played some more, it all sounding very good, and he became so caught up that he forgot the time. After awhile he looked at his watch and saw that Honey Brown was two hours late. Henry stared at the curtains, waiting for them to part and reveal his friend. Nothing. He began to play "Moonlight in Vermont." Suddenly there was a loud click, and Henry froze, his scalp bristling. He thought he saw the curtains shift. He sat, his hands poised just over the keys, and watched; still, nothing happened. He went over and looked behind the curtains—one door was slightly ajar. He closed it, but when he came back into the room, something made him stop before he got to the piano. Seeing the piano, and the lamp behind it, and the bench pulled out at just that angle, he felt that this had all happened before—perhaps at his piano at home? But he never played at night at home; and besides, his piano there looked different. But something about the room was giving Henry the creeps. Without turning off the lamp, without even wanting to look back, he pushed through the curtains—for a panicky second (like swimming to the surface of a pool) he couldn't find the opening—and pulled the door shut behind him.

In bed back up in his room, Henry wasn't sleepy at all. He lay with his eyes and all his senses wide open. Occasionally people would go by in the hall, laughing and whispering outside the louvered door, but other than that, and the small noise of his air-conditioner blowing, the whole hotel seemed silent. His parents hadn't come back yet. He went over to the window and pressed his nose against the cold glass. A full moon was hanging over the glittering sea, and Henry could see people moving in the lighted garden below. There was a sign on the sill saying, "Please do not open window, on account of air-conditioning—Thank you!" Henry unlocked the window and pushed it open. The warm air, full of scent and conversation and music, entered the room like a person. Henry was immediately less lonely. He leaned on the windowsill and watched and smelled and listened: some people sitting at a table below were talking as clearly as if they were in the room with him.

"I've never seen so many here before," a man's voice was saying. "I wonder what's happening."

"Can you *believe* it?" a woman's voice said.

"Well, they all seem very well-behaved," another woman said.

"Still, you know what I just can't get used to?" a man said. He lowered his voice, but Henry could still hear him perfectly. "I just can't get used to seeing the waiters serving *them*."

"Oh, Jerry!"

"Well, I can't."

"Have you caught the one in the white suit and the panama hat?" another man said. "I wonder what his story is."

"Yes!"

"I think I saw him in a movie! Isn't he in the movies?"

"No, no, you're mixing him up with what's-his-name, the one who just dropped dead."

"Listen, what's the difference between a black wedding and a Polish wedding?"

"What?"

"Don't you be listening to that trash, boy. Why don't you come on downstairs?" Honey Brown said. Henry swiveled around.

He paused in the corridor outside the doors. An unfamiliar sound was coming from within: there was muffled piano music, but there also seemed to be singing, high and sweet.

When Henry pushed through the curtains, he saw Honey sitting at the piano, singing, with his eyes closed and his head shaking slightly from side to side:

Mysteree-ee
Oh, mystery friend
Mysteree-ee
Oh, mystery friend

In between phrases of singing, Honey would play rumbling figures deep in the bass notes, followed by chords high in the treble. His eyes stayed closed the whole time.

"That's a little ditty I just composed," Honey said when he was through, opening his eyes and wiping his head with his handkerchief.

"I like it," Henry said. He was about to say, but didn't dare, "Where've you *been?*"

"Lenore and I took that sightseeing bus," Honey said, "and then we went into town to buy presents for the grandchildren and nieces and nephews, on account of we'll be taking the plane back to New Orleans tomorrow night."

"You're *leaving?*"

"Yup. Mind if I light up?"

"But you've only *been* here two days!"

"Well," Honey said, lighting the cigar and puffing what seemed like a roomful of smoke, "Lenore and I was walking on the main street, downtown. And Lenore had a bunch of postcards in her hand, and she was fannin' and fannin' herself. I pretended not to notice. She said, 'Phew, Honey, ain't you *hot?*' And *I* said, 'I'm comfortable.' And she said, 'What do you reckon people want to come to such a hot place for?' And I said, 'I suspect most folks want to relax, you know, and get a suntan.' She laughed at that. She said, 'I know, Honey, but I've always been relaxed, and I've always had a suntan, so what *else?*' So I said, 'Well, it's pretty. There's the pink houses and the blue water and the little black and yellow fishes.' And she said, 'Honey, can we go home?' And I said, 'If you want to, darlin', if you want to.' That's how a man gets his way. By *accident*."

Henry, who was laughing in spite of how bad he felt, said, "But what'll I do without you?"

"*Play,* man, play! Play 'Pinetop.' Play 'Cow Cow.' Play 'Vicksburg.' Write your own song! Can you sing?"

Henry had never sung. He didn't know how to answer.

"Well, you try singin', and see if you've got the gift. It's a gift, just like playin'. But if you ain't got that gift, it's no great shakes. Just find yourself a pretty gal to sing while you play, and you're on the way. Shoot, man, you'll be famous in no time flat! If that's what you want, though, only if you want it."

Henry tried to think if he wanted to be famous.

"Well, you got a ways to go," Honey said. "Don't worry. You'll figure it all out. Now, come on. Did I show you the walking bass? Can you make an octave with your left hand? Easy! You've got the gift, man, you've got the gift. That's it, that's it! Walk on up!"

The following evening at dinner, Honey Brown's table was occupied by a red-haired family who, the waiter told Henry's mother, were from Detroit. Henry asked to be excused after dessert. He walked out through the lobby. Sir Winston looked up, and was about to cut Henry again, but then Henry winked at Sir Winston, nearly surprising the life out of him. Henry pushed the heavy glass door and was out in the hot, tree-toady night. He walked along the parapet, whistling Honey's song: "Mysteree-ee, Oh, mystery friend." Then, from across the harbor, there was the giant rumbling of a jet lifting off, heading back to the world. And then the rumbling was lost to Henry in a flood of wonderful music, of rolling basses and singing trebles. □

One Way To Reconstruct the Scene

The moon, through light snow, between the trees,
distorted by the broken glass, looked blue,
almost the color of the girl's blue dress,
or the man's eyes. The car came to rest
against the large maple forty yards from the road,
bisecting the angle of the slow curve beyond the bridge.

The girl was thrown free. She lay as if asleep
against the tree, her hands in her lap.
Perhaps she was dreaming. The man was still
behind the wheel, his hand to his head, a cup
of blood spilled over his yellow shirt. The brake
pedal was pushed all the way through the floorboard.

It was winter. A light snow fell past her window.
She had been waiting for hours. When he came
she had fallen asleep. She dreamed she was dreaming.
He whispered and she awakened. She smiled.
They sat watching snow fall through the trees,
the moon move slowly across the sky. They spoke.

He knew the road by heart. His father had helped
to build the bridge. They were speaking softly together.
The faint blue light reflected from the snow
as it fell slowly through the trees made the blue
of her dress bluer. They did not speak of the night,
no doubt they hardly noticed. There was nothing to know.

It happened without warning. There, suddenly,
outlined in the dark like an animal only visible
when it turns to let you see its eyes, a shape
of something insubstantial cut off his view
as he started to turn, beyond the bridge, just
into the long slow curve. He tried to blink it back.

The girl in the blue dress leaned against the tree.
She seemed to be sleeping. The man remained in the car,
upright, his blue eyes open. Light snow fell slowly
through the barren limbs of the tree above the car.
The moon moved across the sky. It cast a light blue
reflection on the scene, the snow, the broken glass.

by William Virgil Davis

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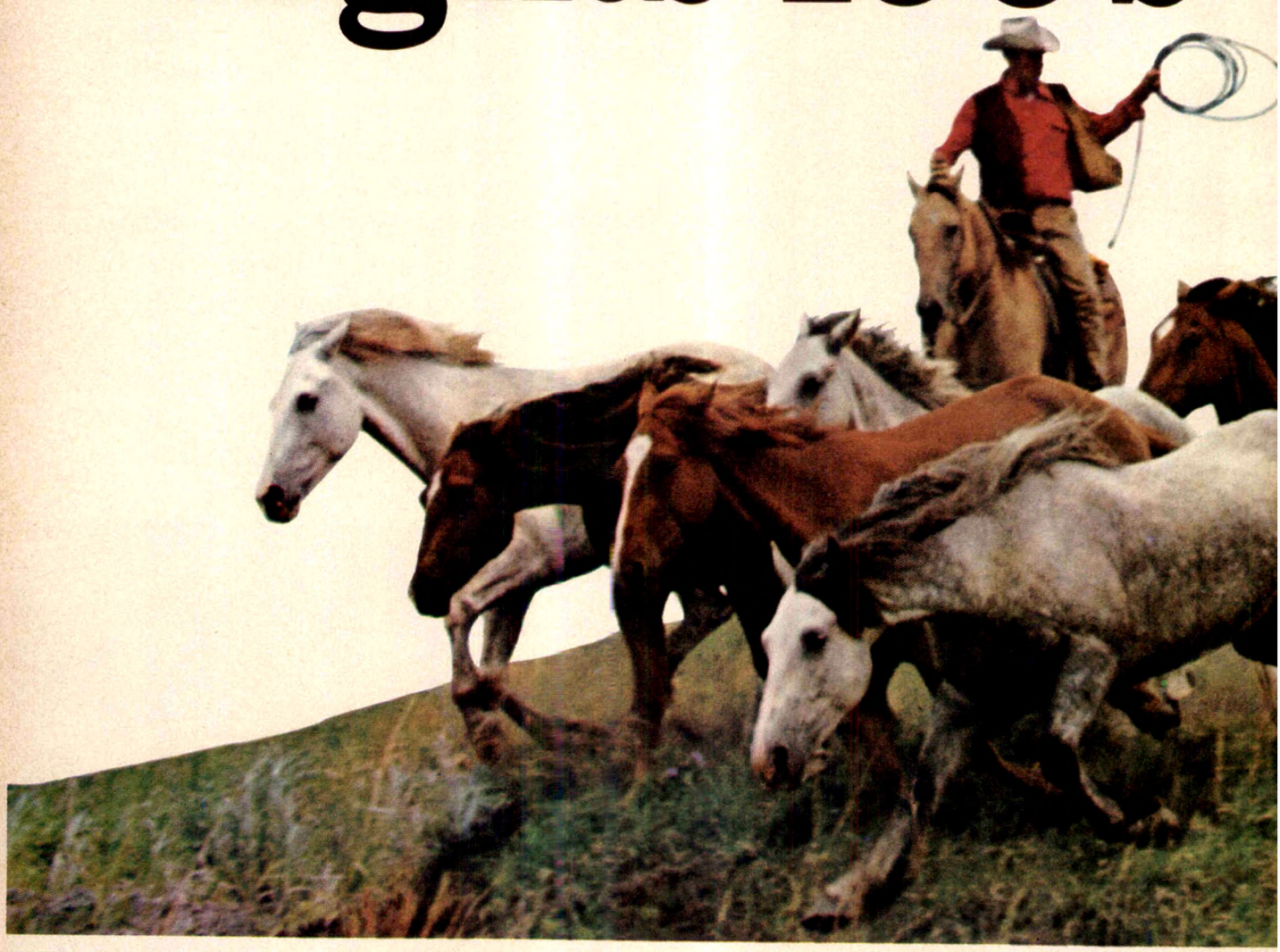

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Writing, TYPING & Economic$

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Marshall McLuhan once said, or is said to have said, that clarity of expression betrays an absence of thought. Not necessarily so, says the author of more than twenty books, innumerable essays and reviews, and the recent television series "The Age of Uncertainty." His advice to would-be writers combines considerable thought with laudable clarity.

Six or seven years ago, when I was spending a couple of terms at Trinity College, Cambridge, I received a proposal of more than usual interest from the University of California. It was that I resign from Harvard and accept a chair there in English. More precisely, it was to be the chair in rhetoric; they assured me that rhetoric was a traditional and not, as one would naturally suppose, a pejorative title. My task would be to hold seminars with the young on what I had learned about writing in general and on technical matters in particular.

I was attracted by the idea. I had spent several decades attempting to teach the young about economics. And the practical consequences were not reassuring. When I entered the field in the early 1930s, it was generally known that the modern economy could suffer a serious depression, and that it could have a serious inflation. In the ensuing forty years my teaching had principally advanced to the point of telling that it was possible to have both at once. This was soon to be associated with the belief of William Simon and Alan Greenspan, the gifts of Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford to our science, that progress in this subject is measured by the speed of the return to the ideas of the eighteenth century. A subject where it can be believed that you go ahead by going back has many problems for a teacher. Things are better now. Mr. Carter's economists do not believe in going back. But they are caught in a delicate balance between their fear of inflation and unemployment and their fear of doing anything about them. It is hard to conclude that economics is a productive intellectual and pedagogical investment.

Then I began to consider what I could tell about writing. My experience was certainly ample. I had been initiated by two inspired professors in Canada, O. J. Stevenson and E. C. McLean. They were men who deeply loved their craft and who were willing to spend endless hours with a student, however obscure his talent. I had been an editor of *Fortune*, which in my day meant mostly being a writer. Editor was thought a

more distinguished title and justified more pay. Both as an editor proper and as a writer, I had had the close attention of Henry Robinson Luce. Harry Luce is in danger of being remembered for his political judgments, which left much to be desired; he found unblemished merit in John Foster Dulles, Robert A. Taft, and Chiang Kai-shek. But more important, he was an acute businessman and a truly brilliant editor. One proof is that while Time, Inc. publications have become politically more predictable since he departed, they have become infinitely less amusing.

Finally, as I reflected, among my qualifications was the amount of my life that I have spent at a typewriter. Nominally I have been a teacher. In practice I have been a writer—as generations of Harvard students have suspected. Faced with the choice of spending time on the unpublished scholarship of a graduate student or the unpublished work of Galbraith, I have rarely hesitated. Superficially, at least, I was well qualified for that California chair.

There was, however, a major difficulty. It was that I could tell everything I knew about writing in approximately half an hour. For the rest of the term I would have nothing to say except as I could invite discussion, this being the last resort of the empty academic mind. I could use up a few hours telling how a writer should deal with publishers. This is a field of study in which I especially rejoice. All authors should seek to establish a relationship of warmth, affection, and mutual mistrust with their publishers. This is in the hope that the uncertainty will add, however marginally, to compensation. But instruction on how to deal with publishers and how to bear up under the inevitable defeat would be for a very advanced course. It is not the sort of thing that the average beginning writer at Berkeley would find immediately practical.

So I returned to the few things that I could teach. The first lesson would have to do with the all-important issue of inspiration. All writers know that on some golden mornings they are touched by the wand—are on intimate terms with poetry and cosmic truth. I have experienced those moments myself. Their lesson is simple: It's a total illusion. And the danger in the illusion is that you will wait for those moments. Such is the horror of having to face the typewriter that you will spend all your time waiting. I am persuaded that most writers, like most shoemakers, are about as good one day as the next (a point which Trollope made), hangovers apart. The difference is the result of euphoria, alcohol, or imagination. The meaning is that one had better go to his or her typewriter every morning and stay there regardless of the seeming result. It will be much the same.

All professions have their own ways of justifying laziness. Harvard professors are deeply impressed by the jeweled fragility of their minds. More than the thinnest metal, these are subject terribly to fatigue. More than six hours teaching a week is fatal—and an impairment of academic freedom. So, at any given moment, they are resting their minds in preparation for the next orgiastic act of insight or revelation. Writers, in contrast, do nothing because they are waiting for inspiration.

In my own case there are days when the result is so bad that no fewer than five revisions are required. However, when I'm greatly inspired, only four revisions are needed before, as I've often said, I put in that note of spontaneity which even my meanest critics concede. My advice to those eager students in California would be, "Do not wait for the golden moment. It may well be worse." I would also warn against the flocking tendency of writers and its use as a cover for idleness. It helps greatly in the avoidance of work to be in the company of others who are also waiting for the golden moment. The best place to write is by yourself, because writing becomes an escape from the terrible boredom of your own personality. It's the reason that for years I've favored Switzerland, where I look at the telephone and yearn to hear it ring.

The question of revision is closely allied with that of inspiration. There may be inspired writers for whom the first draft is just right. But anyone who is not certifiably a Milton had better assume that the first draft is a very primitive thing. The reason is simple: Writing is difficult work. Ralph Paine, who managed *Fortune* in my time, used to say that anyone who said writing was easy was either a bad writer or an unregenerate liar. Thinking, as Voltaire avowed, is also a very tedious thing which men—or women—will do anything to avoid. So all first drafts are deeply flawed by the need to combine composition with thought. Each later draft is less demanding in this regard. Hence the writing can be better. There does come a time when revision is for the sake of change—when one has become so bored with the words that anything that is different looks better. But even then it may be better.

For months in 1955–1956, when I was working on *The Affluent Society*, my title was "The Opulent Society." Eventually I could stand it no longer: the word opulent had a nasty, greasy sound. One day, before starting work, I looked up the synonyms in the dictionary. First to meet my eye was the word "affluent." I had only one worry; that was whether I could possibly

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sell it to the publisher. All publishers wish to have books called *The Crisis in American Democracy*. My title, to my surprise, was acceptable. Mark Twain once said that the difference between the right adjective and the next-best adjective is the difference between lightning and a lightning bug.

Next, I would stress a rather old-fashioned idea to those students. It was above all the lesson of Harry Luce. No one who worked for him ever again escaped the feeling that he was there looking over one's shoulder. In his hand was a pencil; down on each page one could expect, any moment, a long swishing wiggle accompanied by the comment: "This can go." Invariably it could. It was written to please the author and not the reader. Or to fill in the space. The gains from brevity are obvious; in most efforts to achieve brevity, it is the worst and dullest that goes. It is the worst and dullest that spoils the rest.

I know that brevity is now out of favor. The *New York Review of Books* prides itself on giving its authors as much space as they want and sometimes twice as much as they need. Even those who have read only Joyce must find their thoughts wandering before the end of the fortnightly article. Writing for television, I've learned in the last year or two, is an exercise in relentless condensation. It has left me with the feeling that even brevity can be carried to extremes. But the danger, as I look at some of the newer fashions in writing, is not great.

The next of my injunctions, which I would impart with even less hope of success, would concern alcohol. Nothing is so pleasant. Nothing is so important for giving the writer a sense of confidence in himself. And nothing so impairs the product. Again there are exceptions: I remember a brilliant writer at *Fortune* for whom I was responsible, who could work only with his hat on and after consuming a bottle of Scotch. There were major crises in the years immediately after World War II, when Scotch was difficult to find. But it is, quite literally, very sobering to reflect upon how many good American writers have been destroyed by this solace—by the sauce. Scott Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner—the list goes on and on. Hamish Hamilton, once my English publisher, put the question to James Thurber: "Jim, why is it so many of your great writers have ruined themselves with drink?" Thurber thought long and carefully and finally replied: "It's this way, Jamie. They wrote these novels, and they sold very well. They made a lot of money and so they could buy whiskey by the case."

Their reputation was universal. A few years before his death, John Steinbeck, an appreciative but not a compulsive drinker, went to Moscow. It was a triumphal tour; and in a letter that he sent me about his hosts, he said: "I found I enjoyed the Soviet hustlers pretty much. There was a kind of youthful honesty about their illicit intentions that was not without charm. And their lives are difficult under their four-party system [a reference that escapes me]. It takes a fairly deft or very lucky man to make his way upward in the worker's paradise." I later heard that one night, after a particularly effusive celebration, he decided to make his way back to the hotel on foot. On the way he was overcome by fatigue and the hospitality he had received and sat down on a bench in a small park to rest. A policeman, called a militiaman in Moscow, came along and informed John, who was now asleep, and his companion, who spoke Russian, that the benches could not be occupied at that hour. His companion explained, rightly, that John was a very great American writer and that an exception should be made. The militiaman insisted. The companion explained again, insisted more strongly. Presently a transcendental light came over the policeman's face. He looked at Steinbeck asleep on the bench, inspected his condition more closely, recoiled slightly from the fumes, and said, "Oh, oh, Gemingway." Then he took off his cap and tiptoed carefully away.

We are all desperately afraid of sounding like Carry Nation. I must take the risk. Any writer who wants to do his best against a deadline should stick to Coca-Cola. If he doesn't have a deadline, he can risk Seven-Up.

Next, I would want to tell my students of a point strongly pressed, if my memory serves, by Shaw. He once said that as he grew older, he became less and less interested in theory, more and more interested in information. The temptation in writing is just the reverse. Nothing is so hard to come by as a new and interesting fact. Nothing is so easy on the feet as a generalization. I now pick up magazines and leaf through them looking for articles that are rich with facts; I do not care much what they are. Richly evocative and deeply percipient theory I avoid. It leaves me cold unless I am the author of it. My advice to all young writers is to stick to research and reporting with only a minimum of interpretation. And especially this is my advice to all older writers, particularly to columnists. As the feet give out, they seek to have the mind take their place.

Reluctantly, but from a long and terrible experience, I would urge my young writers to avoid all attempts at humor. It does greatly lighten one's task. I've often wondered who made it impolite to laugh at one's own

jokes; it is one of the major enjoyments of life. And that is the point. Humor is an intensely personal, largely internal thing. What pleases some, including the source, does not please others. One laughs; another says, "Well I certainly see nothing funny about that." And the second opinion has just as much standing as the first, maybe more. Where humor is concerned, there are no standards—no one can say what is good or bad, although you can be sure that everyone will. Only a very foolish man will use a form of language that is wholly uncertain in its effect. That is the nature of humor.

There are other reasons for avoiding humor. In our society the solemn person inspires far more trust than the one who laughs. The politician allows himself one joke at the beginning of his speech. A ritual. Then he changes his expression, affects an aspect of morbid solemnity signaling that, after all, he is a totally serious man. Nothing so undermines a point as its association with a wisecrack—the very word is pejorative.

Also, as Art Buchwald has pointed out, we live in an age when it is hard to invent anything that is as funny as everyday life. How could one improve, for example, on the efforts of the great men of television to attribute cosmic significance to the offhand and hilarious way Bert Lance combined professed fiscal conservatism with an unparalleled personal commitment to the deficit financing of John Maynard Keynes? And because the real world is so funny, there is almost nothing you can do, short of labeling a joke a joke, to keep people from taking it seriously. A few years ago in *Harper's* I invented the theory that socialism in our time was the result of our dangerous addiction to team sports. The ethic of the team is all wrong for free enterprise. The code words are cooperation; team spirit; accept leadership; the coach is always right. Authoritarianism is sanctified; the individualist is a poor team player, a menace. All this our vulnerable adolescents learn. I announced the formation of an organization to combat this deadly trend and to promote boxing and track instead. I called it the C.I.A. —Congress for Individualist Athletics. Hundreds wrote in to *Harper's* asking to join. Or demanding that baseball be exempted. A batter is on his own. I presented the letters to the Kennedy Library.

Finally, I would come to a matter of much personal interest, intensely self-serving. It concerns the peculiar pitfalls of the writer who is dealing with presumptively difficult or technical matters. Economics is an example, and within the field of economics the subject of money, with the history of which I have been much concerned, is an especially good case. Any specialist who ventures to write on money with a view to making himself intelligible works under a grave moral hazard. He will be accused of oversimplification. The charge will be made by his fellow professionals, however obtuse or incompetent. They will have a sympathetic hearing from the layman. That is because no layman really expects to understand about money, inflation, or the International Monetary Fund. If he does, he suspects that he is being fooled. One can have respect only for someone who is decently confusing.

In the case of economics there are no important propositions that cannot be stated in plain language. Qualifications and refinements are numerous and of great technical complexity. These are important for separating the good students from the dolts. But in economics the refinements rarely, if ever, modify the essential and practical point. The writer who seeks to be intelligible needs to be right; he must be challenged if his argument leads to an erroneous conclusion and especially if it leads to the wrong action. But he can safely dismiss the charge that he has made the subject too easy. The truth is not difficult.

Complexity and obscurity have professional value—they are the academic equivalents of apprenticeship rules in the building trades. They exclude the outsiders, keep down the competition, preserve the image of a privileged or priestly class. The man who makes things clear is a scab. He is criticized less for his clarity than for his treachery.

Additionally, and especially in the social sciences, much unclear writing is based on unclear or incomplete thought. It is possible with safety to be technically obscure about something you haven't thought out. It is impossible to be wholly clear on something you do not understand. Clarity thus exposes flaws in the thought. The person who undertakes to make difficult matters clear is infringing on the sovereign right of numerous economists, sociologists, and political scientists to make bad writing the disguise for sloppy, imprecise, or incomplete thought. One can understand the resulting anger. Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, John Maynard Keynes were writers of crystalline clarity most of the time. Marx had great moments, as in *The Communist Manifesto*. Economics owes very little, if anything, to the practitioners of scholarly obscurity. If any of my California students should come to me from the learned professions, I would counsel them in all their writing to keep the confidence of their colleagues. This they should do by being always complex, always obscure, invariably a trifle vague.

You might say that all this constitutes a meager yield for a lifetime of writing. Or that writing on economics, as someone once said of Kerouac's prose, is not writing but typing. True. □

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by Sy Levin.

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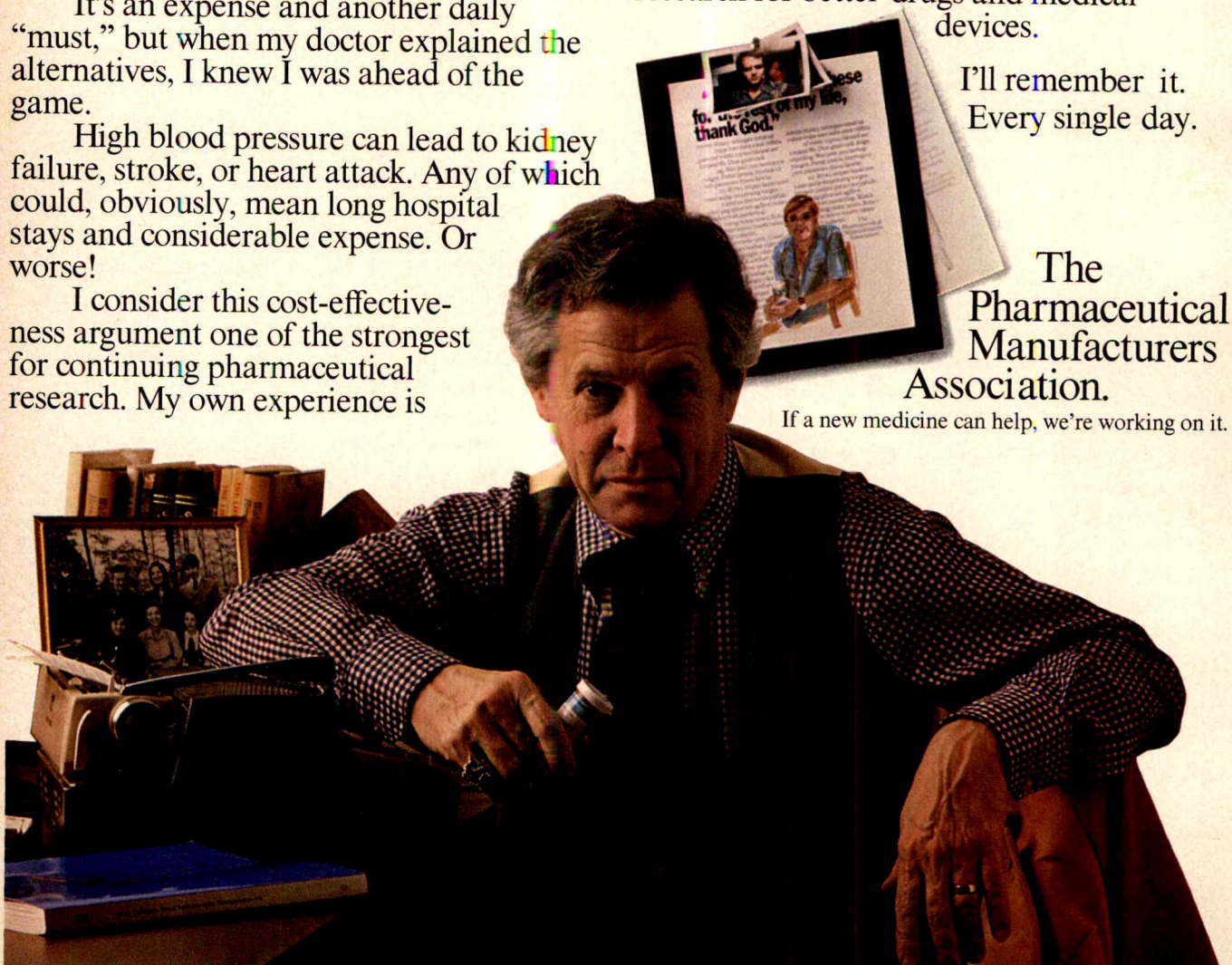

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In the December 1977 *Atlantic*, Canadian novelist Mordecai Richler examined his country's current political problems, particularly the sensitive issue of independence for Quebec. Mr. Richler's tart views provoked a number of responses, from both sides of the Canadian border. Here is a sampling.

To Mr. Richler's attack on many things Canadian and French-Canadian, one can apply the same judgment that he does to charges he attributes to French-Canadians: "There's some truth in all these accusations, but also a good deal of hyperbole." And if, as he writes, "In an adolescent society, where the verities come in convenient halves only, and absolutely nobody is responsible for his own failures, round and round we go," the same can be said of a writer who prolongs his own adolescence well beyond the normal age. To say of Americans that "Their ignorance of matters Canadian is insulting, their indifference sometimes maddening," is, to say the least, more than a trifle narcissistic. Besides, are Americans all that ignorant, all that indifferent? Are Canadians capable of thinking well of themselves only to the extent Americans find them interesting? I suggest they deserve credit for more maturity on such matters than Mr. Richler allows.

Richler writes:

"While it is true that for years the Québecois were treated as second-class citizens by the rulers of St. James Street, who controlled the levers of financial power in the province, it is also fair to point out that they were held back by their own educational system. Antiquated and church-ridden, emphasizing family verities, it eschewed materialism and its rewards: a spiritual, praiseworthy but, alas, impractical stance, which left the financial fields to be plowed by the uncultured anglophones. The anglophones didn't protest, no sir, they rubbed their hands together gleefully, putting French-Canadian shoulders to wheels they spun for their own fun and profit."

The expression "church-ridden," a variant on the hackneyed "priest-ridden," is untrue and offensive to innumerable clerics, women and men, who devoted their lives to the schooling of children, the education of young people and adults, and the treatment of the sick, among other things, when French-Canadian society was not wealthy enough to afford regularly salaried educators, nurses, and hospital administrators. One need not be "under the spell of Rome" to acknowledge this; it is a simple matter of justice to the memory of those who came before this generation. French-Canadian universities did not enjoy the financial endowments of wealthy individuals, as did, for example, McGill University in Montreal, which serves the English-speaking community. They were, however, endowed with the toil and self-denial, over generations, of countless priests, and some laymen, who volun-

teered their time and energies for a pittance. As for French-Canadian primary and secondary schools, they were largely sustained by the toil and self-denial of nuns, teaching brothers, and priests; the same was true, although to a lesser extent, of English Roman Catholic schools. The names of these clerics may be forgotten for the most part, but, with all their faults, they gave generously and usually with wisdom.

And, one might like to ask of Mr. Richler, what is wrong with "emphasizing family verities"? Perhaps they are largely ignored nowadays, and perhaps not, but in either case it can be argued that they stand the test of comparison with "materialism and its rewards." Besides, the acknowledgment of these "verities" is not inconsistent with a healthy respect for things material: it can be conducive to frugality and thrift (not to be confused with miserliness and stinginess) for tomorrow's needs.

PIERRE JONCAS
Ottawa, Ont.

As a tenth-generation Canadian of French-Canadian ancestry, I heartily agree with Mordecai Richler's views of the current situation in Canada. You are to be commended for your foresight in devoting your cover and lead article, as well as The Editor's Page, to the delineation of our problems.

PHILIP C. DENOMME
Windsor, Ont.

I can well believe Mr. Richler's remark that he found Canadian politics, until recently, boring. He has found them so boring that he has failed to inform himself of the basic constitution under which we now operate. It is English. Canada is governed under the terms of a British statute which, barring a declaration of independence by the nation as a whole, can only be repealed by the British Parliament. Should Canada undertake a unilateral declaration of independence, no part of the country could be legally compelled to remain a part of it. Unless, of course, all sections agreed beforehand upon a new constitution. The present Quebec government has simply said, with Mr. Goldwyn, "Include me out."

They have a right to say it. I don't think anglophonic Canada will lose its identity by Quebec's departure any more than Sweden did by the loss of Norway. We *would* lose our identity as a democracy by the tactics and methods we would have to employ to keep Quebec in against its will.

MATTHEW WHERRY
London, Ont.

Good reading, yes, and up to *Atlantic* standards are Mordecai Richler's perceptive views on Canada's present political predicament. They should cast many a pebble into the mournful ponds of WASP minds. One would like to believe in the validity of Mr. Richler's possible solution as outlined in his final paragraph, i.e., legislated equality of partnership, "one culture enriching rather than menacing the other." Enrich? Alas, for close to a century, the policy throughout English Canada has been to negate and rub out French education, outlook, and language. Only twelve years ago, historian Arnold Toynbee said, "It is a piece of good fortune for Canada that her two national languages happen to be *world* languages as well." Nine English-Canadians out of ten do not *know* this, do not understand what it *means*, nor realize what exceptional *opportunity* it affords for the enrichment of their children's education, knowledge, and culture. That is why Pierre Trudeau had a name for them. He called them "obtuse." To this day they think he was merely being rude and petulant.

DENYS GOULET
Ottawa, Ont.

Thank you for Mordecai Richler's "Oh! Canada!" which paints a humorous but grimly accurate picture of my country. Where we part company is in his conclusion, for Richler seems to be saying that still more power should be yielded to Quebec and the other provinces as a means of settlement. Already, the authority of the national government has been so eroded (and blackmail is not too strong a word to describe how it was secured) that we may no longer have a viable government in Ottawa. Even Jacques Parizeau, Quebec's minister of finance, has written: "In times of unemployment, or inflation, to keep 80% of public works outside of federal control is madness."

Critics often forget that Canada's constitution provided for a far more centralized federal government than America's. After all, ours came about after watching your bloody civil war, which made our constitution-makers determined to avoid your mistakes by ensuring that the BNA Act provided for the unquestioned supremacy of the national government and the inability of any province to contemplate secession. Unfortunately, we failed to take into account the destructive capabilities of Britain's Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or the political cowardice and appeasing tendencies of some latter-day prime ministers.

If Mr. Richler's recommendations are followed, we will be reverting to the equivalent of America's "Articles of Confederation," and your readers well know what happened to the short-lived government established under them.

F. L. P. ANDERSON
Victoria, B.C.

From the perspective of one who lived in Canada for thirteen years—in Toronto from 1959 to 1964 and in Montreal from 1964 through 1971—and who currently spends four to five days a month in that country on business, I read Mordecai Richler's article with great interest. It is the keenest and by far the best-written piece on that troubled country that I have seen.

He does seem unduly harsh in his putdown of Joe Clark, but his perceptions generally are sharp and objective.

Particularly on the Quebec turmoil, where the anglophone invariably sees it through his eyes and the francophone through his eyes, Richler has done a

masterful job of enriching our understanding of the situation.

HOWARD P. SMITH
Sudbury, Mass.

As a Québecois student in Boston, just a little homesick, always glad to get news from home, I was delighted to see your cover story, "Oh! Canada! Lament For A Divided Country." After reading it, however, I realized what I had been given. For the first time in my life, I felt positively Canadian, not just Canadian by virtue of being born on the wrong side of the border. Mordecai Richler captured the very essence of our contradictory nationhood; through him I have gained a sense of country; through him, I hope that some of your American readers will mend their woeful ignorance about their northern neighbors.

KRISTIN FOSS
Montreal, Que.

At first sight, Mordecai Richler's article on the subject of Quebec's future and his fears of anti-Semitism seemed to me amply and carefully documented . . . until I read the following sentence: " . . . joyous PQ supporters sang a French version of 'Tomorrow Belongs To Me,' the chilling Hitler Youth song from *Cabaret*. . . ."

The Parti Québecois did indeed have a theme song for the November 1976 election. It was called "Demain nous appartient" (literal translation, "Tomorrow belongs to us"), and I was the one who wrote it.

The *Cabaret* song referred to was written especially for the film in 1972 by John Kander and Fred Ebb; it is not a "Hitler Youth song."

Sloppy research may in fact lead to paranoia. And journalism does indeed require some form of "apprenticeship," Mr. Kravitz.

STÉPHANE VENNE
Longueuil, Que.

Richler refers to the alleged anti-Semitism his fellow Jews have suffered in the past at the hands of the WASPs, McGill University, the governors of the Montreal Stock Exchange, the late Premier Duplessis, and now at the hands of extremist elements in the separatist Parti Québecois.

Quebec's treatment of her Jews has by and large been very good and compares favorably with that of any other part of the world. To suggest anything else does the Jewish community a disservice. Strangely enough, Mr. Richler does not seem to realize that probably nowhere in Quebec, with the possible exception of the inconsequential, short-lived, yellow trash sheets *Le Goglu* and *Le Miroir*, did there ever appear more defamatory anti-Semitic caricatures than have appeared in his own works. With friends like Mr. Richler, the Jews need no enemies.

EDGAR COHEN
Montreal, Que.

Mordecai Richler's article, while thought-provoking and presumably informative for U.S. readers on the subject of Canada's present Quebec dilemma, was somewhat less than the latter in referring to the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. as weak and cowardly ("the pusillanimous CBC").

CBC radio, much tuned in here in Vermont, has an extraordinarily open and democratic policy of exposition and discussion of political, social, and economic news and points of view throughout Canada, in striking contrast to the sterile offerings and commercial gibberings of the U.S. broadcast media.

ERNEST STIRES
Middlebury, Vt.

Mordecai Richler replies:

I should explain that Edgar Cohen, a retired Montreal fuel merchant, has taken to following my work around like a cranky footnote. I don't want to say anything to discourage him. However, I referred not to alleged but to real acts of anti-Semitism. Or does this baffling man consider a Jewish quota at McGill, the refusal to seat Jews on the local stock exchange, and other examples I quoted "very good" treatment, even as he takes my fiction to be anti-Semitic? Oh dear, oh dear.

I've read Mr. Joncas's letter three times and still can't understand what he's so excited about. Emphasizing family verities, I wrote, was a *praiseworthy* but, alas, impractical stance. Sounds clear enough to me.

Though his manner is unfortunately snide (Mr. Kravitz, indeed), Stéphane Venne has a dubious point. I should have translated "Demain nous appartient" as "Tomorrow belongs to us." Furthermore, the title of the song written for the Hitler Youth in *Cabaret* is "Tomorrow Belongs to Me." I am prepared to accept that M. Venne's song, with a similar title but a different tune, was not a willful provocation. It was merely insensitive. □

WAITING

An Atlantic "First" by Janette Hospital

Mr. Matthew Thomas owed his name and faith, as well as his lands, to those ancestors of lowly caste whose eyes had seen the salvation of the Lord as offered to South India by the apostolic St. Thomas, and by later waves of Portuguese Jesuits, Dutch Protestants, and British missionaries. Since the bringers of faith had come hand in hand with traders and administrators, the bargain struck by Mr. Thomas's ancestors had been a good one. Not only did they instantly escape from the cycle of rebirth, receiving eternal salvation in exchange for the horrifying possibility of several more lives as destitute servants or even as animals, but they gained the right to cover the breasts of their womenfolk (a crime, under the Maharajahs of Travancore, punishable by mutilation or amputation of the breasts of a low-caste woman), to educate their children, and to own Christian land.

Now Mr. Matthew Thomas, heir of both East and West, sat quietly in one of the chairs at the crowded Air India office, waiting for his turn. It was necessary to make inquiries on behalf of a cousin of his wife's, and although his wife had died ten years ago, these family obligations continued. The cousin, whose son was to be sent overseas for a brief period of foreign education, lived in the village of Parassala and could not get down to Trivandrum during the rice harvest. Mr. Matthew Thomas did not mind. He had much to think about on the subject of sons and daughters and foreign travel, and he was glad of this opportunity for quiet contemplation away from the noisy happiness of his son's house.

It is true that he had been waiting since nine o'clock that morning and it was now half past three in the afternoon. It is also true that things would have been more pleasant if the ceiling fan were turning, for it was that steamy season when the monsoon is petering out, and the air hangs as still and hot and heavy as a mosquito net over a sickbed. But the fan had limped to a halt over an hour ago, stricken by the almost daily power failure, and one simply accepted such little inconveniences.

Besides, Mr. Thomas could look from the comfortable vantage point of today back toward yesterday, which had also been spent at the Air India office, but since he had arrived too late to find a chair it had been necessary to stand all day. At the end of the day, someone had told him that he was supposed to sign his name in the book at the desk and that he would be called when his turn came. Wiser now, he had arrived early in the morning, signed his name, and found a chair. He was confident that his turn would come today, and until it did he could sit and think in comfort. Mr. Thomas was often conscious of God's goodness to him in such matters. All the gods were the same, he reflected, thinking fondly of the auspicious match which had just been arranged for the daughter of his neighbor Mr. Balakrishnan Pillai. Lord Vishnu. Lord Shiva. The Allah of his friend Mr. Karim, the baker. The One True God of his own church. All protected their faithful. He did not dwell on paradox.

God was merciful. It was sufficient.

The problem which demanded attention, and which Mr. Thomas turned over and over in his mind, peacefully and appraisingly as he might examine one of his coconuts, concerned both his married daughter in Burlington, Vermont, and the white woman waiting in another chair in the Air India office.

Burlingtonvermont. Burlingtonvermont. What a strange word it was. This was how his son-in-law had pronounced it. His daughter had explained in a letter that it was like saying Trivandrum, Kerala. But who would ever say Trivandrum, Kerala? Why would they say it? He had been deeply startled yesterday morning to hear the word suddenly spoken aloud, just when he was thinking of his daughter. Burlingtonvermont. The white woman had said it to the clerk at the counter, and she had been told to write her name in the book and wait for her turn.

This is a strange and wonderful thing, he had thought. And now he understood why God had arranged these two days of waiting. It was ordained so that he would see this woman who came, it seemed, from the place where his daughter was; so that he might have time to study her at leisure and consider what he should do.

He thought of Kumari, his youngest and favorite child. Kumari, who on her wedding day, shyly radiant, had looked so like her dead mother that Mr. Matthew Thomas had had to turn away to hide his tears. What did she do in Burlingtonvermont? He tried to picture her now that she was in her confinement, her silk sari swelling slightly over his grandchild. A terrible thought suddenly presented itself to him. If she had no servants, who was marketing for her at this time when she should not leave the house? Surely she herself was not . . . No. His mind turned from the idea, yet the bothersome riddles accumulated.

She was in her third month now, so he knew from the four childbearings of his own wife that she would be craving for sweet mango pickle. He had written to say he would send a package of this delicacy. Dear daddy, she had written back, please do not send the sweet pickle. I have no need of anything. I am perfectly happy.

How could this be? It was true that her parents-in-law lived only five kilometers distant in the same city, and her brother-in-law and his wife also lived close by, and of course they would do her marketing and bring her the foods she craved. Of course, they were her true family now that she was married. Even so, when a woman was in the family way, it was a time when she might return to the house of her father, when she would want to eat the delicacies of the house of her birth.

He could not complain of the marriage. He was very happy with the marriages of all four of his children. They had all made alliances with Christian families of high caste. He had been able to provide handsome dowries for his daughters, and the wives of his sons had brought both wealth and beauty with them. God had been good. It was just a little sad that his elder daughter's husband was chief government engineer for Tamil Nadu instead of Kerala, and was therefore living in Madras. But at least he saw them and his grandchildren at the annual festival of Onam.

It was four years since he had seen Kumari. The week after her wedding her husband and his family had returned to America, where they had been living for many years. Only to arrange the marriages of their sons had they gone back to Kerala. The arrangements had been made through the mail. Mr. Thomas had been content because the family was distantly related on his wife's side and he had known them many years ago, before they had left for America. Also the son was a professor of chemistry at the university in Burlingtonvermont, which was fitting for his daughter who had her B.A. in English literature. So they had come, the wedding had taken place, and they had gone.

For four years Mr. Matthew Thomas had waited with increasing anxiety. What is a father to think when his daughter does not bear a child in all this time? Now, as God was merciful, a child was coming. Yet she had written: Dear daddy, please do not send the sweet pickle. I am perfectly happy.

It had been the same when he had expressed his shock at her not having servants. Dear daddy, she had written, you do not understand. Here we are not needing servants. The machines are doing everything. Your daughter and your son-in-law are very happy. Of course this was very reassuring, if only he could really believe it. He worried about the snow and the cold. How was it possible to live with such cold? He worried about the food. The food in America is terrible, some businessmen at the Secretariat had told him. It is having no flavor. In America, they are not using any chili peppers. And yet, even at such a time as this, she did not want the sweet pickle. Could it mean that she had changed, that she had become like a Western woman?

Janette Hospital, an Australian, recently returned from South India where she and her family had spent several months.

He looked steadily and intently at the white woman in the room. Certainly, he thought, my daughter will be one of the most beautiful women in America. White women were so unattractive. It was not just their wheat-colored hair, which did indeed look strange, but they seemed to have no understanding of the proper methods of beauty. They let their hair fly as dry and fluffy as rice chaff at threshing time instead of combing it with coconut oil so that it hung wet and glossy.

The woman was wearing a sari. Certainly that was better than the other Western women he had sometimes seen at the Mascot Hotel, although in fact one rarely saw Westerners in Trivandrum. The ones he had seen usually wore trousers like a man. It was amazing that American men allowed their women to appear so ugly. True, he had heard it said that women in the north of India wore trousers, but Mr. Thomas did not believe it. An Indian woman would not do such a thing. Once he had seen a white woman in a short dress, of the kind worn by little girls, with half her legs brazenly showing. He had turned away in embarrassment.

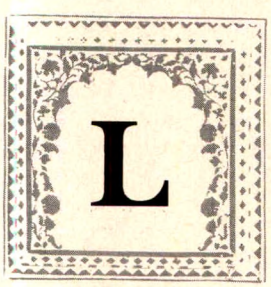
Mr. Thomas was pleased that the woman from Burlingtonvermont was wearing a sari. Still, it did not look right with pale skin and pale hair. It is the best she can do, he concluded to himself. It is simply not possible for them to look beautiful, no matter what they do.

The thing that was important, and must now be considered, was what to do with this manifestation sent by God. The woman from Burlingtonvermont perhaps had all the answers to his questions. Perhaps she could even explain the matter of the sweet pickle. But what to do? One did not speak to a woman outside of the family. And yet why else would it have been arranged that he should have two days to observe this very woman? God would also arrange the solution, he thought simply. He had only to wait.

As he continued to study that strange pale face an amazing thing happened. A tear rolled slowly down one cheek and fell into the soft folds of the sari. Mr. Thomas was shocked and looked away. After a little while, he looked back again. The woman seemed to be holding herself very tightly, as still as death, he thought. Her hands were clasped together in her lap so rigidly that the knuckles showed white. Her eyes were lowered, but the lashes glistened wetly. It must be a matter of love, he thought. Tragic love. Her parents have forbidden the match. For what other reason could a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, be weeping? Then his name was called and he went to the counter.

At the counter, Mr. Chandrashekharan Nair consulted the timetables and folders which would answer the queries of Mr. Matthew Thomas. He handled his sheaves of printed information reverently, occasionally pausing to make a small notation in ink in one of the margins, or to dignify a page with one of his rubber stamps. It always gave him a sense of pleasurable power. It was so fitting that the Nairs, who had from ancient times guarded the Maharajah of Travancore and defended his lands, should be as it were the guardians of Kerala in this modern age, watchmen over all the means of entry and egress.

It had given him particular pleasure to announce the name of Mr. Matthew Thomas. It was like the pleasure which comes after a summer's day of torpid discomfort, when the air is as damp and still as funeral bindings until the monsoon suddenly bursts in a torrent of cool blessing. Just such a salvific release from several days of tension had come when he passed over the name of Miss Jennifer Harper to announce instead that of Mr. Matthew Thomas.



Life was distressingly complicated at the moment for Chandrashekharan Nair, who was twenty-six years old, and who owed his present position to his master's degree in economics as well as to his uncle who was a regional manager for Air India. The trouble was that two years ago, when he was still a student at the University of Kerala, he had joined one of the Marxist student groups. Well, in a sense joined. They had been an interesting bunch, livelier than other students. Mostly low-caste of course, even Harijans, not the sort of people one usually associated with, and this gave a risqué sense of exhilaration. But the leaders had all been decent fellows from the right families—Nairs, Pillais, Iyers. They read a bit too much for his liking, but the demonstrations had been rather fun, milling along Mahatma Gandhi Road in front of the Secretariat, confusing the traffic, making the withered old buffalo cart drivers curse, jeering at the occasional American tourist. It was a student sort of thing to do. He had not expected that they would hang on to him in this way. It was beginning to become very embarrassing.

Of course he was all for progress. He agreed that more had to be done for the poor people. He felt that when he had his own household he would not expect so much from the peon as his father did. They really should not make the boy walk five kilometers each noontime to take young Hari's lunch to him at college, he thought. It was too much for a twelve-year-old boy.

In theory he also agreed with the Marxists about dowry. Nevertheless, when he had studied so hard for

his master's degree, he felt he could expect a lakh of rupees from his bride's family. That was simple justice. He would be providing her with security and prestige. He had *earned* the money. Strictly speaking, it was not dowry. Dowries were illegal anyway. It was simply that a girl's family would be embarrassed not to provide well for her, and a bridegroom from a good family, with a master's degree into the bargain, had every right to expect that they provide for her in a manner suited to his status.

Chandrashekharan Nair's marriage, and his lakh of rupees, was all but arranged. There was one slight problem. The girl's family was raising questions about his association with the Marxists. His father had assured them that this had been the passing fancy of a student, wild oats only, but they wanted something more, a public statement or action.

Chandrashekharan Nair was nervous. One of his cousins, who had held an influential position in the Congress party of Kerala, was now under attack in the newspapers. It was possible that he would have to stand trial for obscure things, and his career would be ruined. It did not seem likely that the Marxists would gain total power again in Kerala, but they were becoming stronger all the time and one should not take chances. It was not wise to be on record for any political opinion, for or against anything. One should always appear knowing but vague, erudite but equivocal.

Chandrashekharan Nair leafed through the problems in his mind day after day as he leafed through the papers on his desk. The girl's family was waiting. His own family was waiting. His father was becoming annoyed. It was simply not fair that he should be forced into such a dangerous position. Three days ago some of his former Marxist friends had come to the office. They were jubilant about the Coca-Cola business, and had just erected near the Secretariat a huge billboard showing Coca-Cola bottles toppling onto lots of little American businessmen who were scattering like ants. There was to be a major demonstration and they wanted him to take part.

All of Chandrashekharan Nair's anxiety became focused on the American girl who had walked into his office yesterday. It was her fault, the fault of Americans and their Coca-Cola and their independent women that all these problems had come to plague his life. And then the glimmer of a solution appeared to him. He would make a public statement about Coca-Cola. He would praise the new Indian drink and the name chosen for it. He would mention Gandhi, he would say that this nonviolent method, following in Gandhiji's footsteps, was the correct political way for India. All this was quite safe. Morarji Desai and Raj Narain were saying it in the newspapers every day. The girl's family would be satisfied. But he would also say a few carefully ambiguous words about American businessmen that would please the Marxists. And as he slid easily over Miss Jennifer Harper's name, he thought with a surge of delight of how he would tell his Marxist friends in private of his personal triumphant struggle with an imperialist in the Air India office.

He saw the tear run down Miss Jennifer Harper's cheek and frowned with disgust. He felt vindicated. Integrated. Both Hindu and Marxist teachings agreed: compassion and sentiment were signs of weakness. The West was indeed decadent.

Jennifer Harper concentrated all her energy on waiting. There is just this one last ordeal, she promised herself, and even if I have to wait all tomorrow too, it must come to an end. I will not let the staring upset me. There is just this last time.

She wondered how long it would be before her sleep was free of Indian eyes staring the endless incurious stare of spectators at a circus. Or at a traffic accident. If one saw the bloodied remains of a total stranger spread across a road, one watched in just that way—with a fascinated absorption, yet removed, essentially unaffected.

She looked up at the counter with mute resignation. Surely her turn would come today. Inadvertently, she became aware of the intent gaze of the gentleman who had arrived next after her that morning. He also had waited all yesterday, but it did not seem to ruffle him. Nor did he show any sign of the exhausted dejection she had felt. Time means nothing to them, she thought with irritation. She decided to meet his gaze evenly, to stare him into submission.

He did not seem to notice. Her eyes bounced back off a stare as impenetrable as the packed red clay beneath the coconut palms. She felt as stupid and insignificant as a coconut, a stray green coconut that falls before its time, thuds onto the unyielding earth, and lies ignored, ineffectual, something for the scavenger dogs. It was intolerable. She could feel tears pricking her eyes.

Damn, damn, damn, she thought, pressing her hands together with all the force of her desire not to fall apart. Just this one last little thing, she pleaded with her self-respect. Then a name was called, and the impertinent staring gentleman went to the counter. They had missed her name by accident. But what would be the good of attempting to protest? Communication would be a shambles. The clerk would be confident that he was speaking English but would be

virtually unintelligible. He would understand almost nothing she was trying to explain. Then she would try her halting Malayalam, but all her velar and palatal *r*'s and *l*'s, and all those impossible *d*'s and *t*'s, would get mixed up, and the people in the room would stare and giggle. Better to wait. He would soon notice that he had omitted a name.

Mr. Matthew Thomas was right in a way. The tears that Jennifer Harper choked back were for a love tragically crossed. She wept inwardly because she had wanted to love India. She wept because she had come as a student to learn Malayalam and to study Indian literature, and she had been inundated with forms and frustrations and delays so that it had taken two weeks of dedicated full-time waiting just to register. It had taken more forms and more days of waiting in lines to get a university bus pass. She wept because none of the students had heard of R. K. Narayan or Kamala Markandaya. They did know of T. S. Pillai, who wrote in Malayalam, but only because they had seen the movie of his novel *Chemmeen*. They all revered Tagore of course, but few seemed to have read him. They all knew by rote the sonnets of Keats and numerous quotations from Shakespeare and Milton, but rarely had a clear idea of the work from which the quotations were taken. The lectures reminded her of high school, and the students copied them down verbatim and memorized them for the exam.

She wept because she had intended to stay for a year, and after three months she could stand it no longer. She could not endure filling out any more forms for the bank, for the library, for anything one needed to do. She could not endure any longer the segregation, the waiting in the women's line while the men filed on and off the buses first, the being shunted into the strained silence of the women's living room when she visited the families of other students.

She wept because she was a child of the sixties, of the counterculture and the antiwar demonstrations, of caring about and participating in the life of the Third World. And there was no place for her in India. She was the token imperialist for the Marxist demonstrators who had jeered at her in the streets. She was nothing at all to the other students and their families, many of whom were far wealthier than anyone she knew in affluent America. They showed a self-absorption and a lack of curiosity about any world beyond the family circle so total as to be incomprehensible to her.

Only with the servants of the houses on her street did she share a tentative and largely wordless friendship. They became alarmed and nervous when they saw her doing the things they were supposed to do. They smiled back, but sidled away without speaking. She wept because now she could not even shut the endless Indian stare out of her sleep. The nights were crammed with eyes.

There was a blare of loudspeakers passing the office. No one paid any attention to it. Every day some demonstration or other muddled the already chaotic traffic of Trivandrum's main road. If it was not the Marxists, it would be the student unions of the Congress party or the Janata party marching to protest one another's corruptions. Or it would be the bus drivers on strike, or the teachers picketing the Secretariat, or the rubber workers clamoring for attention, or perhaps just a flower-strewn palanquin bearing the image of some guru or deity.

The blast from the loudspeaker was so close that those at the counter could not hear one another speak. There was a milling crowd at the Air India doors, which gave way suddenly to the pressure of bodies. Mr. Chandrashekharan Nair blanched to see several Marxist leaders. He was going to have to make some snap decision that might have frightening repercussions for the rest of his life. He breathed a prayer to Lord Vishnu. Mr. Matthew Thomas, who knew that the ways of God were inscrutable but wise, felt that something important was about to happen and waited calmly for it. Jennifer Harper thought with despair that the office would now be closed and she would have to come back again the next day.

The student leader made an impassioned speech in Malayalam, which culminated in a sweeping accusatory gesture toward Jennifer. She rose to her feet as if in the dock. The student advanced threateningly, glared, and said in heavily accented English: "Imperialists out of India!" In equally amateur Malayalam, and in a voice from which she was unable to keep a slight trembling, Jennifer replied, "I agree with you. But I am not an imperialist."

There was a wave of laughter, but whether it was directed at her accent or her politics she could not say. Several things happened so quickly that she could never quite remember the order afterward. First, she thought, the gentleman who had stared so hard stepped between herself and the student. "This woman is being friend of my daughter in America," he said. "She is good woman."

At the same time, the clerk at the desk had said, with a rather puzzling sense of importance, that he had been especially arranging for the American woman to leave the country as quickly as possible. At any rate,

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Originally a menthol smoker couldn't get real cigarette taste without what has come to be known as tobacco 'tar.'

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Even our high porosity paper is specifically designed to give an efficient burn rate that delivers optimum taste with a minimum of 'tar.'

The result.

So try a pack of Decade for yourself. Menthol or Regular. And after one taste we think you'll agree that our last 10 years were well worth the effort.

Only 5 mg. 'tar.'

Regular and Menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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she was now in a taxi on her way to the airport with nothing but her return ticket and her pocketbook. Next to the driver in the front seat was the gentleman who had defended her. She was thinking how sweet and easy and simple it was to sacrifice the few clothes and books, the purchased batiks and brasses, left back at the hostel. But the gentleman was saying something.

"My name is Matthew Thomas and I am having a daughter in Burlingtonvermont. I am hearing you say this place yesterday, and I am thinking perhaps you are knowing my daughter?"

She shook her head and smiled gently.

"My daughter . . . I am missing her very much . . . She is having a child . . . There are many things I am not understanding . . ."

They talked then, waiting at the airport where the fans were not working and the air was thick with the stench of the public latrines and the plane was late. When the call came, Jennifer said, "I will visit your daughter, and I will write. I will be quite truthful. I understand all the things you want to know."

Mr. Matthew Thomas put his arms around her in a courteous formal embrace. She was startled and moved. No one had shown her any affection in three months in India. She had felt the touch of another body only as the rude shoving on suicidally crowded buses. "It is because you are the age of my daughter," he said, "and because you go to where she is. You have become part of my family."

Mr. Chandrashekharan Nair watched the plane circle overhead. He was on his way to the temple of Sree Padmanabhaswamy to receive prasadam and to give thanks to Lord Vishnu. He had just made a most satisfactory report of the incident to the newspaper reporter, and had been able to link it rather nicely to the Coca-Cola issue. It was a most auspicious day.

The ways of God are truly remarkable, thought Mr. Matthew Thomas as he left the airport. To think that the whole purpose behind the education of his wife's cousin's son had been the answer to his prayers about Kumari.

India is redeemed, thought Jennifer Harper as she watched the red-tiled flat roofs and the coconut plantations and the rice paddies dwindle into her past. Oh yes, she would say casually in Burlington, Vermont. India. A remarkable country. □

VILLANELLE IN MARCH

This is the season turning on its own
edge, heat to cold, but summer's on the way
so the long slide to winter has begun.

Not to escape the cycle in its spin
we lurch, lean, balance, fatalistic, sway.
This is the season turning on its own

sore pole, north-south. An avalanche will run
its course, of course, upon us: great white way
down which the slide to winter has begun,

buried the hill, the steeple, houses, town.
Red shingles poke through the prevailing gray.
This is the season turning. On its own

path of destruction flowers turn to sun
shyly, afraid of what their fate will be
once the long slide to winter has begun.

Grass, trees—it all will grow. The time has flown
too fast: is fall tomorrow, spring today?
This is the season turning on its own
and the long slide to winter has begun.

by Rachel Hadas

The 2 ounce vacation.

(With the taste of the Virgin Islands.)

Enjoy a taste of the Virgin Islands tonight. Mr. Boston Virgin Islands Rum. Perfectly clear, dry and every bit as sunny as the Islands that distill it. Makes you wish you were there.

Let Mr. Boston make your party.

Virgin Islands Rum, 80 Proof, Imported and bottled by Mr. Boston Distiller, Boston, Mass., Owensboro, Ky., Albany, Ga. © 1977.

LIFE & LETTERS

THE KIDS WHO WON'T LEAVE HOME

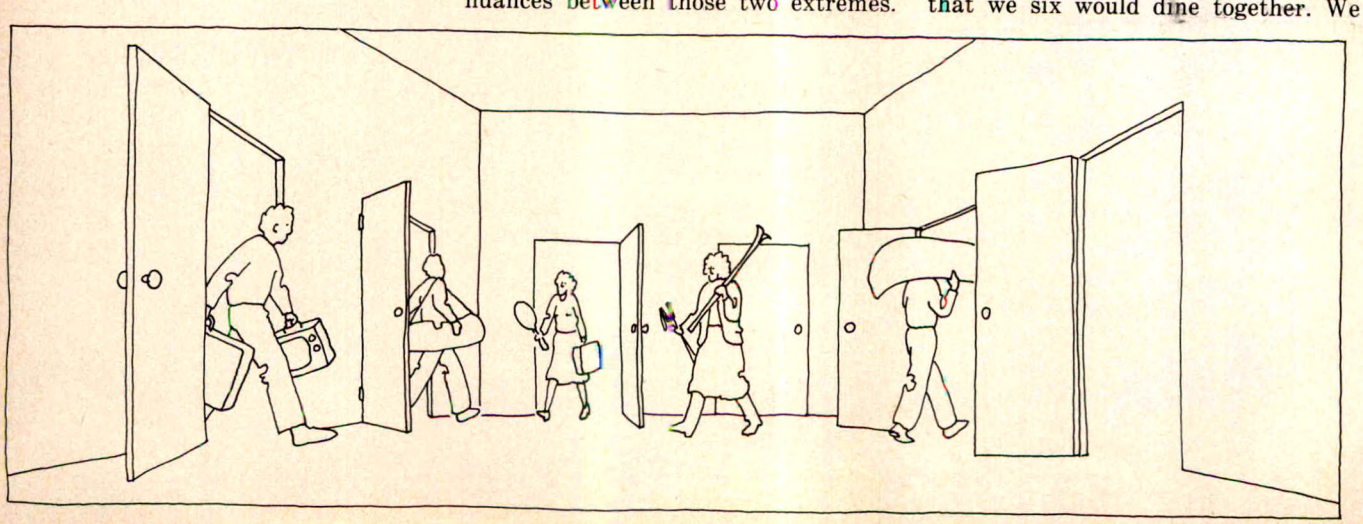
by Audrey C. Foote

Along with all the other miseries of the modern woman's middle years there is a predicament which has been a favorite motif of syndicated psychologists in the last few years. They call it the Empty Nest Syndrome. Just in case there is anyone out there who hasn't heard about it, this quaintly labeled malady is the devastating depression of the mother whose children have all grown up and left home. But current sociology is now questioning this dilemma. Delia Ephron, in *Esquire*, writes that three national surveys have exposed the Empty Nest Syndrome as a pious fiction. And Patricia Williams, in the New York *Times*, asserts, "Women whose children have grown up and gone are found to be happier than women of the same age who are still mothering on a daily basis." "The Empty Nest syndrome," she says, "is for the birds."

While I read these findings with interest, I am suspicious of those neat categories "children who have grown up and left home" and "mothering on a daily basis." There is a universe of nuances between those two extremes. *Whose* empty nest? I thought with only a twinge of irony as I looked up from the *Times* to see two of my children playing Mastermind at the coffee table, another slouched by the stereo replacing Vivaldi with James Taylor, and the fourth bent over his math at the dining room table. A traditional heartwarming family vignette, except for the fact that apart from the youngest, age eleven, not one will ever again celebrate his or her twenty-first birthday. And yet for a considerable portion of this past year, as in the years before, they have all been, both *de jure* and *de facto*, resident at home.

Like parents of the past, my husband and I assumed when our children went off to college that it was an irrevocable break. It has turned out that entry into college was not the final flight from home but merely a four-year intermission.

Eight years ago, when our oldest left for Harvard, I produced an elaborate dinner at which I lachrymosely observed that this might well be the last time, at least as part of daily routine, that we six would dine together. We



have had quite a number of such valedictory dinners since, but they have become mere pretexts for a party since we all now know that the youth leaving today may be back in a month and departing again the next, equally inconclusively. Had I foreseen this state of affairs, say ten years ago, I might well have assumed that it would brand me as a Philip Wylie-style Mom, and my children as emotional and social retards. Fortunately, in the intervening years I've had the benefit of the experience of friends with slightly older children. From observing them I've learned that to have grown children living at home is not necessarily a Freudian failing or an ethnic joke but rather a new "life-style" of the 1970s. As we stood with bulging grocery bags on the porch of Sewards Market in Menemsha this summer, a friend observed, "In the fifties the kids went to college and got married when they graduated or else took an apartment with a pal of the same sex; in the sixties they dropped out, made leather sandals, and lived in communes. But now, why, they aren't even *living together!*"

The first hint of this peculiar change in youthful mores came to me a few years ago when I had tea with a friend in the library of her five-story Washington town house. Sally had always been a kind of bellwether for me as she progressed through the maternal miseries and splendors of the 1960s. She had accepted her children's idealistic but often dangerous involvements with awesome equanimity. But that day she mentioned that her oldest son had come home for an apparently indefinite stay, and remarked, "I simply don't understand it. He has a lovely girl with a nice little apartment in Georgetown who I know would be delighted to share it with him." Not long afterward I learned that they had sold their handsome mansion and moved into a chic but minuscule apartment nearby. The big house kept being broken into and robbed when they were traveling, Sally first explained. This was indeed true, but she later confessed it was also to elude all their postgraduate children who simply *would* keep coming back to camp in their old bedrooms, appearing hopefully at mealtimes and helplessly with armloads of dirty shirts.

Now in Sally's case this congregation of the young may well have been a deserved personal tribute, but in the following years I saw this bizarre exception become a trend and then finally a whole new alternative lifestyle. My neighbor has a twenty-eight-year-old son living at home and commuting to New York to his job in public relations; a friend of a friend in Monsey has two post-college daughters at home, one going to law school, the other a cocktail waitress. (The other innovation now is, I think, the diversity of occupations. Our children are as likely to be mechanics, carpenters, butchers, and policemen as doctors or lawyers; often there are both extremes in a family. My friend in Croton has one son who is a newspaper writer, another who is a moving man. The latter's girlfriend is a doctor and her sister is going to clown school. Their friends have produced a geologist, a magazine editor, and a short-order cook. Of my own grown children, the oldest is a postal clerk, one sister is in publishing, and the other is studying to become a costume designer. This does make life interesting, for the parents as well. Former routine inquiries at large cocktail parties concerning the offspring of acquaintances are answered no longer with prideful accounts of progress at the Chase Manhattan but often with piquant incongruities. I encountered one the other night: the older boy was already a famous rock star—*really* famous; even I had heard him on the radio—while the younger son was a nurse.) But however original and various their *métiers*, a great many of the young people we know are living in the family home.

We mothers quite often ask ourselves how and why this has happened. Except in classic cliché cases of flagrant Oedipal attachment or literal incompetence, the primary motive appears to be quite simple—to save money. Nothing is ever quite that simple, however. The young have always needed to save money, but in the past they would have sold themselves piece by piece—in futurity—to medical schools rather than move back home. This phenomenon must be related to another trend, the tendency to postpone marriage or even the commitment of living together. Like the costume of dirty jeans and unisex haircuts, it may be one of Nature's sneaky ways of exerting population control. But in any case, it is made feasible surely by the fact that home is an easier place to return to now that mother and father aren't so punctilious about schedules,

March report on

ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS BOOKS

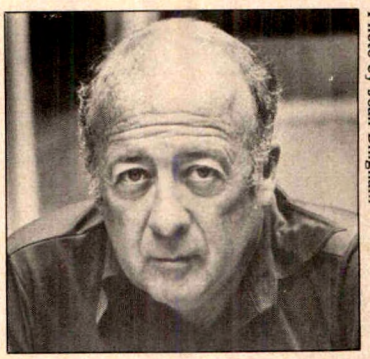


Photo by Joan Bingham

"In *A Vein of Riches* John Knowles has combined the sharp private sensibility that made so startling *A Separate Peace* with a new and positively Dreiserian grasp of the real American world of money and the making of things. The result is not only a haunting meditation on the way we were and are, it is also that rare artifact in a minor time, a major novel." —Gore Vidal

"It is a rich book, dealing with great and tragic themes—the despoiling of America, the divisions between rich and poor, exploiters and exploited, belief and doubt, sons and fathers, South and North, pleasure and pain, the rise and fall of a class, all done with quiet and elegant authority." —Irwin Shaw

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"From the world of New England in his classic *A Separate Peace* to his brooding European nightmare in *Spreading Fires,* John Knowles' fiction has had deep meaning and resonance in American writing. . . . This is a book of great power and understanding, written by a man who knows how to tell a masterful story." —Willie Morris

A VEIN OF RICHES

by John Knowles

$9.95 at your bookstore

LITTLE, BROWN

dress codes, and table manners. The children drift in and out with often maddening insouciance.

I hardly ever know just how many places to lay on the table, be it breakfast or dinner, or whose socks are whirling around in the dryer. The dog starts to wag her tail and grin at no matter what hour the front door creaks open. Nor have I figured out an appropriate answer to phone calls for the children, even the 3 A.M. ones, other than to mumble, "Well I don't know whether she's here, I suppose I might find her." A yet older generation might think this feckless, but one would feel just *silly*, I think, expressing concern for the safety or doubt about the resourcefulness of the son or daughter who has hitchhiked through Nigeria or backpacked in Nepal.

And as for the inconvenience, one brings that on oneself, of course, if one can't get the knack of being "laid back," of "hanging loose"; the kids don't care if they go without supper, miss phone calls and buses, have to wear the same shirt four days in a row. Other than employing the *force majeure* of "for *my* sake, then," which one needs to keep in reserve to forestall schemes like weekend parachute jumping, there is nothing a parent can say or do short of expulsion. Occasionally we sulk a little, but mostly we come to take it all in stride, with only a stumble now and then. Therefore it is obvious that the modern home offers a number of conveniences, even pleasures, and only a manageable number of "hassles." So it is after all no mystery that the children keep coming home. The real question is, Why do we let them in?

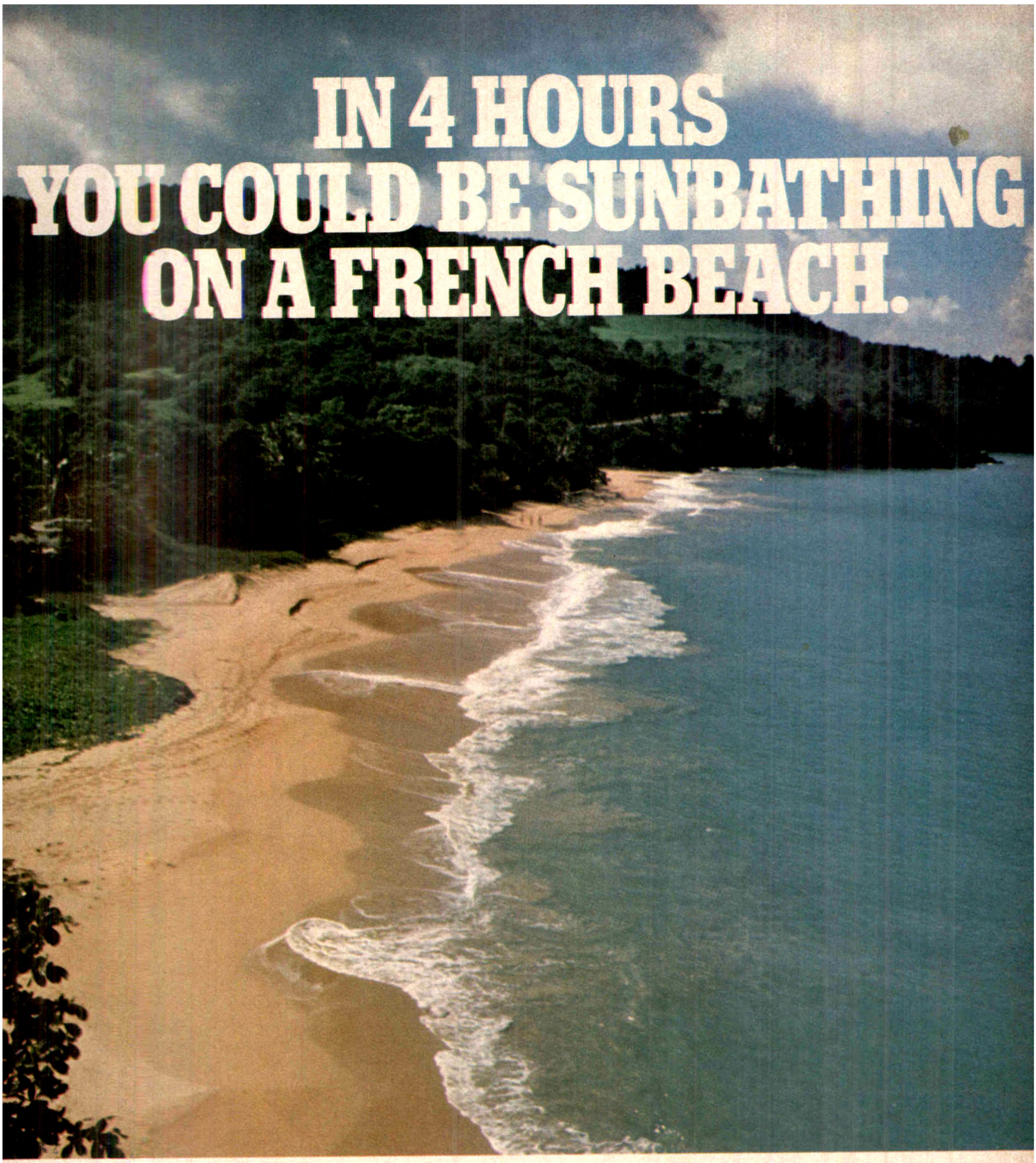
For the parents the situation can be a trying one. The first thing one notices is the matter of diminishing physical space. A house which once comfortably contained two adults and three to five children, with rooms and furniture adequate to their size, has to accommodate five to seven big people, all adults at least in physique. These new grown-ups need large beds in place of cots, cribs, or convertibles, large closets, extra showers, and cupboards for their curling irons. Moreover, returning from their colleges and apartments, they import the funky furnishings of those temporary digs. Our basement and attic, once repositories for tools, storm windows, Christmas decorations, and old love letters, now bulge and buckle with Coca-Cola cartons filled with books and records, electric hot plates, mini-fridges, toaster-ovens, fans, rolls of posters and remnant rugs, two guitars, four sets of skis, and a canoe. What a garage sale! I think wistfully; the proceeds could easily pay off the mortgage. But alas, not one item of this vast commercial cornucopia can be sold or even given away, since the time will come when it will all be shoehorned back into the weary station wagon or U-Haul and driven off many miles away to adorn yet another room.

Sometimes muttering "Om" and standing in that basement, which looks like a Green Stamp warehouse or backstage at a giveaway quiz show, I reflect that despite their jeans and rubber sandals, and their proudly proletarian occupations (my son was shocked when my husband once said to him, "Working in the post office isn't proletarian—it's petty bourgeois"), our children live in some ways on a more elevated economic scale than we do—at least in terms of material acquisition. Even as I type here I am tapping, gratefully, on Victoria's Smith-Corona electric with power return instead of on my $65 portable. I am wearing Valerie's Bulova Accutron, which she passed on to me when she got a watch she liked better. Beside me is our oldest's tape recorder, borrowed and not returned since he has a more elaborate model upstairs. In the next room is his Zenith color TV; our own Sears black and white portable with its wobbly rabbit ears now lives in the attic. Stereos, ten-speed bikes, Japanese cameras, calculators, hair-dryers, they have them all, often in duplicate.

But then I remind myself that 1) many of these baubles were given by us as Christmas or birthday presents or awards for academic achievements; 2) the rest, the kids bought for themselves with money earned at jobs we would not have endured at their age; 3) the children are generous in sharing them or even giving them away, hand-me-ups, as they replace them with newer models; and 4) there is nothing much really to keep me from going out and buying at least some of these gadgets for *myself*—except for the fact that like most of my generation I did not grow up with these electronic marvels. We went off to college on *trains*—with *suitcases*. So we don't quite regard these things as necessities, and sometimes we can hardly master the intricacies of their operation. No, I begrudge the children not their possession of these tools and playthings but rather the space that they monopolize. The house swells and sags as they are moved in, is stripped and stark as they are moved out; one must be constantly making room or filling cavities.

After space, the major problem is transportation. Grown children living at home either still haven't learned to drive and must be chauffeured about or entrusted to their peers; *do* know how to drive but have no cars of their own and are thus invariably cruising in the parents' vehicle; do have a car/cars of their own so the driveway looks like a used-car lot and it requires the skill and recklessness of a parking attendant to get out of the garage. Actually, all these combinations have their inherent compensations. The nondrivers can be marooned at home occasionally to answer phones, welcome plumbers, or make yogurt. The carless drivers can often be bribed into collecting cat food or dry cleaning on their way to *Star Wars*. Those with multiple cars can serve as the family's private Hertz company when the station wagon—hernia'd from all that moving—is in hospital. Our son, while not precisely forthcoming with his silver Mercedes or even his Volkswagen bug for petty chores like taking the golden retriever to the vet, carting costumes to our local amateur theater, or collecting his younger brother who, the school nurse says, feels he's about to throw up, rises to the occasion when it is a question of a big mission. He is good for about one major moving job a season, and positively saintly about delivering and collecting his sisters at the airport. (Money saved roughing it at home can be diverted into holidays.) This free limousine service is no small contribution to my own leisure time and peace of mind.

One last problem for the mother with resident grown children is the extra housework involved, most of which invariably falls upon her *if she is at home*. Many of us have discovered that proviso and have renounced gardening and gourmet dinners for two and begun stampeding offices, boutiques, and graduate schools, which in their mercy often let us in. All statistics show that more middle-aged women are entering the work force; it has been naively assumed that a large segment are trying to escape the doldrums of an empty nest. *Au contraire!* Lots I know have abandoned housewifery to make room in that nest for all the returnees and to help pay for the extra wheat germ and



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GUADELOUPE & MARTINIQUE.
THE CARIBBEAN ISLANDS OF FRANCE.

long-distance phone calls. (Characteristic episode: Phone rings. Our son, age twenty-six, picks it up. Operator asks, "Is this Mr. Foote?" Short pause. Judicious answer. "That depends.") But above all, the mother's flight from home is a means of decently ducking the dishes and the dusting, which somehow manage to get done by someone else in her absence but *never* in her presence. Or, if not, who notices after dark and a long day in the office?

In spite of the crowding, chauffeuring, and extra housework, there are rewards in having the children home again: they help with engine rattles, making rum cake, and pinning up hems, and they provide company for afternoon tea and Scrabble. What's more, one learns so much. After all those years of teaching them skills—shoelace tying, New Math, soufflé baking, and parallel parking—how satisfying to learn a few from them, like putting on mascara, raising a spinnaker, and basic yoga.

My husband, who relishes having all the children under our roof, cherishes illusions, which periodically soar into ambitions, of making this arrangement not merely a sometime pleasure but also an economic asset like the traditional farm family. He visualizes us turning our collective talents to some sort of cottage industry. The girls have always made ingenious family gifts from various *objets trouvés*, flotsam and jetsam of the Hudson River or our neighbors' curbside offerings to Goodwill. Valerie once got a citation "Worthy" at a county fair for her apple pie; her first try, too. And as an assistant den mother I have helped make medieval castles from milk cartons, egg boxes, and beer-can tabs. So the children's father dreams of us all clustered, chortling, in a revamped corner of our dank and crowded basement, turning out boudoir wastebaskets covered with flocked wallpaper, pickled picture frames, jars of jam from our dying quince tree, velvet-covered jewel cases created from cigar boxes, scissors-holders from sequined tennis-ball cans, and decoupage umbrella stands from transmogrified plastic Clorox bottles. Our attic groans under the weight of empty but promising coffee tins, wooden cheese cartons, oatmeal boxes, and samples of tweed suit materials received in the mail. We will sell our creations in the local boutiques or antique shops—on consignment, if necessary—or perhaps peddle them door-to-door. (Actually, our only entrepreneurial success is Andrew, who at age seven borrowed a pound of peat moss from our neighbors, put two level tablespoons in each of a stack of plastic Baggies, and sold them to the other neighbors for a quarter a shot.) Or better still, we will market them by mail order. My husband is quite prepared to leave his editorial job in the city to help Victoria, who has studied Chinese calligraphy, and Valerie, who does etchings, concoct a catalogue. When these fits come upon him, usually during snowstorms, torrential rains, or heat waves, and at breakfast just before train time, the children and I pat him fondly on the arm and hand him his briefcase. After all, he has all those mouths to feed.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

by Andrew Ward

George "Teeny Beany" Memechose

The "lil' darlin' " of radio got his first break in 1924, when, at three and a half, he was spotted by a painter of inspirational calendars. Billed as "The Kid with the Christ Child's Mug," he was snatched up by a producer from the Paregoric Parade of Family Listening Pleasure to play "Teeny Beany" in their new series, *What a Swell Time We're Having.*

Teeny Beany's rise was meteoric. The sweetheart of the nation for over a quarter of a century, he received at his peak more mail than did some congressmen from the mountain states. He was bounced on the knees of four Presidents, seven Vice Presidents, a secretary of the interior, and a baffled archbishop of Canterbury. Memechose's distinctive "Wazza wazza wazza" entered the national parlance.

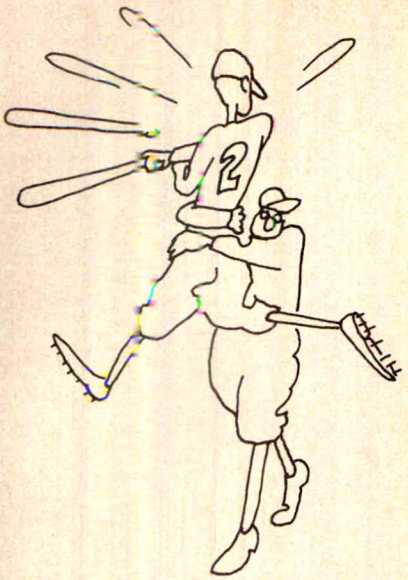
When his series moved to television, Memechose was let go, the role of Teeny Beany going to Chester Tyke (now a mezzo-soprano in Palo Alto). A towering six feet seven and some thirty-seven years old when released from his contract, Memechose was no longer convincing in child roles. Hollywood showed little interest, and Memechose was reduced to a few bit parts in low-budget quickies. After his role in the X-rated *Violators Will Be Toed*, he was dumped by his agency, which had been doubling over the years as his parents.

Teeny Beany now lives in Dame May Whitty's former wardrobe closet. "With windows," says Memechose, "I'm going to have a hell of a view." Was it all worth it? we asked him. "Wazza wazza wazza," he replied.

Boony "Spook" Shubuta

Baseball's King of Swing grew up on his father's groat maw in Porky, Georgia. Even as an infant, Spook had a passion for baseball. Too poor to afford a bat and ball, Spook had to practice with toilet tissue tubing and various defatted flax seeds. As soon as he could write his name in the dirt with a stick, Spook hopped a train to Cleveland to join the Indians. Unfortunately, he wound up in Cleveland, Florida, and wasted two prime years playing third base for a team of Seminoles, leaving only after he was penalized for tardiness by having thorns passed through his thumbs.

Spook made his way to Chicago, but when he showed up at Comiskey Park to try out for the White Sox, he was nearly laughed out of the stadium. Legendary coach Pops Unk Doc O'Mahler, however, recognized in this gangly, loinclothed, backwoods kid the makings of a baseball immortal. Spook honed his batting form to perfection, despite some initial confusion over such then-in-use terms as "shoulder," "swing," and "rapid." By the end of his first season, Spook topped the league in bats run in and pops flown high up. During his second season he performed the



unprecedented feat of hitting every ball pitched to him, even including balls thrown him while he was in the field. He sometimes had to be physically restrained from darting out onto the diamond and swinging out of turn.

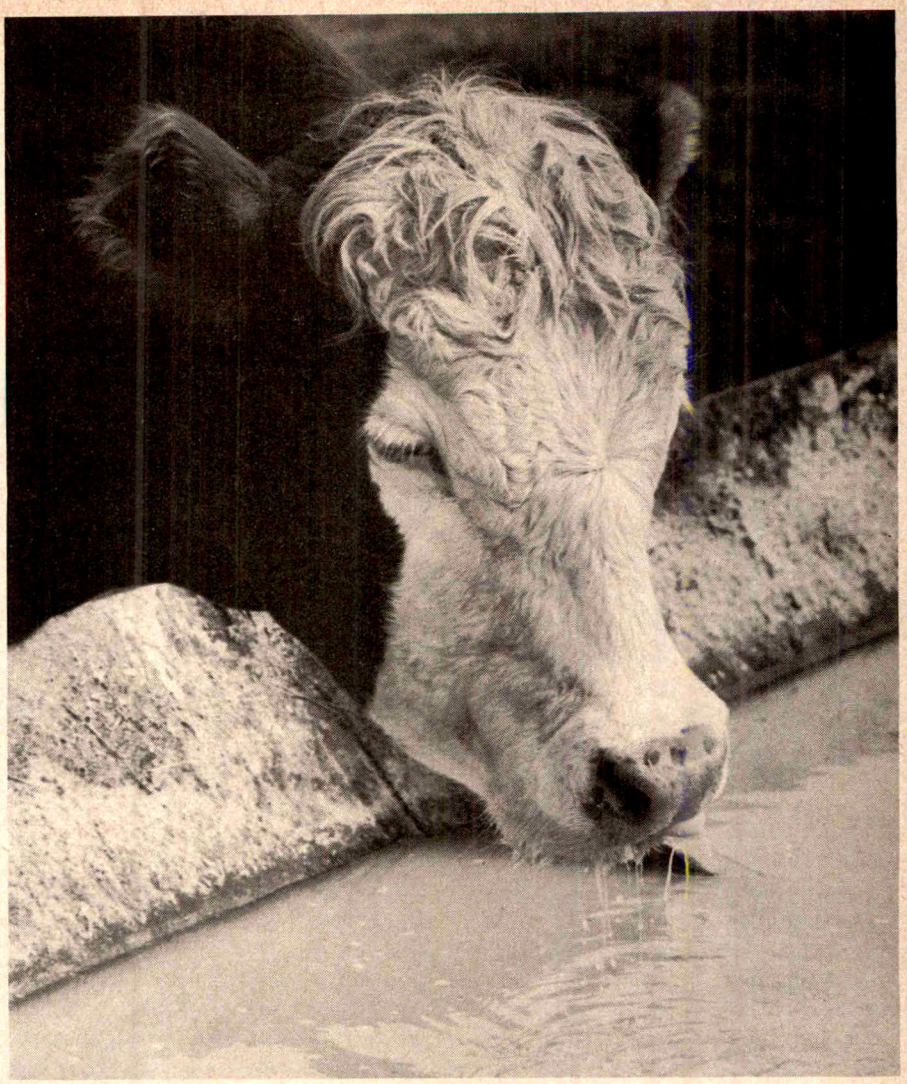
Spook earned his nickname when catcher Willy "Smut" Van Tappan III (now a procurer in Salt Lake City) turned to him one day and declared, "Boy, you're a spook. I'm going to call you 'Spook.' " The name stuck.

Spook packed them in for three seasons in the Windy City, but some questionable business connections, his playful habit of "stomping" opposing fans during away games, and his open dislike for small children led to his eventual ouster. After a few best-forgotten years in various farm clubs, Spook finally retired from baseball to run a liquor store in Fort Lee, New Jersey. The store is slightly festooned with memorabilia from his career, and old teammates still drop by to see how the Spook is doing, and stock up on specials.

Marjorie Maison

Television's Grandmother Broomhead was born the youngest of a family of palmists in Sakron, Delaware. Her father left her and her mother to eke out a living reconstituting fruit juices at a local cannery, where little Marjorie was discovered by Hollywood director Yutzler Geist (now a custom reupholsterer in Hammerlock, West Virginia). Geist was casting for his epic *Make a Lap* and needed a female for the scene in which the actuary (Bruce Castaway, a cryogenicist in Beulah, Michigan) gets a grip on himself.

Make a Lap made an overnight star



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out of Marjorie, but despite her traffic-stopping figure she was mostly cast in matronly roles in such pictures as *Watch on the Cuyahoga, Hot Shots,* and the Einstein biographical drama *The Big Head.* In 1947 she was nominated for the coveted "Huey" for her role as Mary Todd Lincoln in the musical *High Steppin' Fella.*

Marjorie was quick to make the transition to television, landing the role of Grandma Broomhead in the long-running series *She's Got the Dropsy.* No television family could have been more convincing, on screen or off: Marjorie had children by both TV hubby Herb Blight (squeaking by in Santa Fanta) and pretend neighbor Dill Prance (a pastel artist in Long Beach). When the show was finally canceled, Marjorie tried her hand at torch singing, but after her hair caught fire during an engagement at Bob's Buckeye Melody Pit, she took to drink, and on one binge invested all her savings in a line of Nehru jackets.

Now a maintenance worker at the Exquisite Rest Sanitorium in Wishwash, Wisconsin, Marjorie has overcome her bout with alcoholism. Does she miss her old *Dropsy* family? "Oh, I suppose so," Marjorie allows, "especially the kids."

Flex Forster

Raised on a duck farm in Tarfeather, Ontario, this he-man heartthrob of the middle fifties held down over a hundred odd jobs before finally deciding to become an actor. Talked into acting lessons while working as a hedge sculptor, Flex wowed a Paramount talent scout by reciting "Trees" while hefting a box of hens. Picked to play Big John the Baptist in the biblical blockbuster *Great God Almighty,* Flex went on to leading roles in such classics as *The*

Buckswashler, Hi, Muscles, and the highly acclaimed all-color romp, *Make Way for the Philologists.*

Flex refused to allow stand-ins to perform his feats of strength, and finally pulled something on the set of the never-completed bowling epic *The Longest Lane.* Flex was unable to lift so much as a toothbrush thereafter and eventually dropped out of show business. However, his present life refutes the popular assumption that every has-been winds up unhappy. Flex is now working as a paid informer in Shipshewana, Indiana, where he lives with his wife, the former hoofer Milly Arkette, whom he jokingly refers to as "a vegetable." We asked him, "Do any of your fans recognize you on the street these days?" "No," quipped Flex, "not so much."

THE MASTER SINGER

by Arthur W. Hepner

This year marks the 150th anniversary of the death of Franz Peter Schubert. No other composer mastered the art song as completely as he did, and to commemorate the sesquicentennial, recitals of his works will be given in all parts of the world. New York will have its celebration on March 22, 25, and 31, when the eminent German baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau will present three evenings of Schubert lieder in Carnegie Hall.

For more than a quarter of a century Fischer-Dieskau has been closely associated not only with the music of Schubert but with vocal music of every kind. He began appearing on German concert stages at the end of World War II, and shortly thereafter Gerald Moore, the leading accompanist of the forties, fifties, and sixties, was asked whether he had yet heard of the young German singer. Since he had not, he was promptly told, "Then you soon will. He is one of the greatest interpretative artists Germany has ever produced."

These days Fischer-Dieskau is well recognized throughout the musical world as a master of the art song, as a consummate operatic performer, and as an interpreter of sacred music. Indefatigable, he has recorded more vocal music than any other male singer of his time, and when not in the recording studio or on the stage, he can be found painting, giving elaborate lectures to friends on history, music, and letters, or writing books on Wagner and Nietzsche, Schubert and the wonders of lieder.

Fischer-Dieskau is a twentieth-century renaissance man. Born in Berlin in the spring of 1925, he was the son of teachers who provided a rigorous intellectual upbringing and imparted a strong sense of taste. From his mother he learned English, which he speaks virtually without flaw (he is equally fluent in a number of tongues). From his father he inherited a powerful physique, and as a young man of large proportions, was considered a giant physically, musically, and intellectually.

Formal study of singing, begun at sixteen, was interrupted two years later by conscription into the Wehrmacht. He was taken prisoner by the English in Italy in 1945, resumed his musical training after the war, and in 1947 made his debut as a soloist in Germany in a performance of Brahms's *German Requiem.* Acclaim was instantaneous. He was praised for clarity of diction, great musicality, and an ability to enter into the spirit of the music he performed—qualities that have grown in him with the passage of the years.

Early in his career, Fischer-Dieskau succumbed to the magic of that eloquent art form, the German lied, and to Schubert's music. At first, he was drawn to the more profound songs, such as those in the cycle *Die Winterreise,*

and because of the demands these songs imposed, many listeners believed him incapable of coping with the lighter examples of the genre. He was too serious, they said. But his performances of the more whimsical lieder and of such operatic roles as Sachs and Falstaff showed that he was an artist whose work could be droll and delightful as well as dramatic and determined. Indeed, Fischer-Dieskau is a musician for all seasons, an interpreter for whom no mood or musical demand is beyond his talent or intelligence. He is to the voice what Casals was to the cello, Heifetz has been to the violin, and Horowitz is to the piano.

For some reason, Fischer-Dieskau's operatic career has been limited to Europe, mainly to Germany, Austria, and Holland, and he has yet to appear with an American opera company. Still, he has toured this country many times, chiefly to present lieder recitals. He has also tried conducting in Europe and in the United States, but has abandoned the baton in favor of other musical pursuits. In this country and many others he is known mostly through the vast collection of his recordings which cover an extensive range of vocal music—a veritable encyclopedia of recorded compositions for baritone.

In a typical ten-day period set aside for a recording, Fischer-Dieskau may spend three days rehearsing and four recording, leaving three days for rest. However, the three days of rest are likely to be spent studying and memorizing the music to be rehearsed and recorded. His repertoire includes complete operas of all periods and styles, masses and other sacred works, secular compositions for voice and orchestra, and, of course, collections of lieder. One large-scale undertaking, a set of twenty-five discs made years ago, presents a chronological survey of some 500 Schubert lieder (Deutsche Grammophon: 2720006, 2720022, 2720059).

Since it would take months, if not years, to listen to the entire Fischer-Dieskau recorded output, I selected a representative sampling. It includes complete operas (Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* and *Die Meistersinger*, Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and Berg's *Wozzeck*), operatic excerpts (from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* and arias from Verdi's *Falstaff*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, *Don Carlos*, *Un ballo in maschera*, and *I vespri siciliani*), sacred music (Bach's *Mass in B minor* and *Magnificat* and the Fauré *Requiem*), Schumann's *Faust*, Mahler's *Songs of a Wayfarer* and *Kindertotenlieder*, and Schubert's song cycle *Die Schöne Müllerin*.

Except for the timbre of the voice, it is hard to believe that these performances all feature the same individual. The resonant, authoritative quality of the singing is the clue. Even a sotto voce aside in an operatic episode bears the unmistakable stamp of Fischer-Dieskau's rich vocal color. But it is the way he uses his voice that provides its versatility. In *Meistersinger* his genial characterization of Sachs seems to sweep up everyone else, even Beckmesser, in an avuncular embrace. As Kurvenal in *Tristan*, he serves his master faithfully, grief-stricken over Tristan's agonizing death. His brief appearance as The Speaker in *Magic Flute* has the ring of power and dominance. He approaches Verdi in the best bel canto tradition of Italian opera, investing the arias with dramatic intensity as required. And to top it off there is a chilling performance in *Wozzeck* as Berg's pathetic soldier who succumbs numbly to death following a crime of passion.

There are other equally wonderful sides to the Fischer-Dieskau art. In Schumann's *Faust*, in my opinion the most lyrical setting of the Goethe legend, he performs both the title role and that of Dr. Marianus in the final scene. As Faust he is tender and loving, as Dr. Marianus, reverent and enchanted. In the Mahler songs, originally recorded in the fifties and reissued last year by Angel on a single Seraphim disc, his poignance is hard to match. The reissue was promptly chosen by the Mahler Society as the outstanding Mahler record of 1976.

Sacred music has been a favorite of Fischer-Dieskau's ever since he made his first solo appearance in Müllheim, at the age of twenty-two, in the Brahms *Requiem*. Whether in the supplicant passages of the Fauré *Requiem*, the vigorous arias of Bach's *Magnificat*, or the noble moments of the B minor Mass, Fischer-Dieskau's interpretation creates the precise mood required for text and music. If there is a clerical manner of singing sacred works, he personifies the description. The emotion and drama he generates are religious and the performance steeped in awe. His is the way the composer meant sacred music to be rendered.

And then the lieder. Back in 1959, the London *Times* said Fischer-Dieskau

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stood "unchallenged as the greatest lieder singer of our time, one who ranks alongside the great figures of the past." Nothing has happened since to change this verdict. When I compared his version of *Die Schöne Müllerin* with that of the late Danish tenor Aksel Schiøtz, I found Fischer-Dieskau more robust, more biting, more attuned to the poetry and meaning of the text. Besides, he enlivens this cycle with an extraordinary sense of rhythm which accounts for his ability to surpass other performers.

In recent years, age has required him to force a bit, occasionally marring the purity of the performance. Even so, the artistry remains untarnished.

The artist has shown his worth. What manner of man is this? He has been a warm companion to those close to him, principally his first wife, Irmgard, and their sons, but he is essentially a private person. Through shyness or dislike of display, he shuns autograph-seekers and strangers after a performance and even uses back stairways and elevators to slip away from adulatory crowds. He is reticent about his accomplishments and not readily given to interviews. To Fischer-Dieskau the public is an audience and his relationship to it ends with the last flurry of applause.

He delights in all things artistic. The plan for the reconstruction of his home in a section of Berlin was his own, and during Irmgard's life he often designed her jewelry. He also devotes great care to his collection of phonograph records, regardless of the recording artist. They are kept in meticulous order with pictures and, frequently, biographical notes at hand. During evenings with relatives and friends Fischer-Dieskau often presents a previously tape-recorded talk accompanied by slides that illustrate his points. The evening ends with a recorded concert of a particular composer's works.

Essentially, Fischer-Dieskau is the exacting scholar who applies thought, concentration, and research to everything he does. The scholarship is particularly evident in his writings, which, though academic, manage to be very interesting. Without being too pedantic, he takes his responsibilities as artist, interpreter, and explicator seriously; a bit on the conservative side, despite his success with serial and atonal music, he argues that without melody there can be no musical invention.

In his book *Schubert's Songs: A Biographical Study*, Fischer-Dieskau asks: "Will musical theorists ever pluck up enough courage to admit the impossibility of making music *without* melody?" After cacophony, he says, musicians and audiences want to return to peace and quiet. "Even in the pop-mentality of the moment, we want to rediscover a little yearning, we want to rediscover the lost unity of melody, the melodic 'non-decadence' that Nietzsche was seeking. Even amid the distortion of our age, we want to be able to find that joy which can keep the spirit of art alive and which enables it to transform itself again and again."

If listeners have a sensitivity for art, he concludes, "the musical setting of a poem by a master's hand will always remain an incomparable experience." So will its performance by an interpreter of his quality.

Most recordings of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau are on Deutsche Grammophon, Angel (and Seraphim), and London. He has also made recordings for both RCA and Columbia. The full listing of his repertoire in active circulation can be found in the Schwann Artist Issue.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWER

by Benjamin DeMott

Pendrid Chatworth, hero and narrator of Wilfrid Sheed's seventh novel, **Transatlantic Blues** (Dutton, $9.95), is an international TV celebrity with a problem rare among his kind: he's completely unillusioned about himself. Owing to accidents of birth and education, he can pass regularly for what he's not, but, owing to native shrewdness and a habit of self-watching, he's aware at every instant of the precise measure of untruth in the passings. And, worse, his deceits trouble him. What to do? Chatworth tries escaping through self-objectification—assembling an indictment so particularized and damning that nobody acquainted with it will ever again take him straight. The result is the saving confessional addressed to a tape recorder (Father Sony) that's printed in the book at hand.

The work begins with the accidents of birth and education. English-born, Chatworth spent the second world war in America at a fifth-rate boarding school, returned to the homeland for Oxford, and quickly discovered he was a virtuoso of accents. Back in America, job-hunting, he exploits the virtuosity in a career that leads from obscurity as a Fresno disc jockey to David Frostian riches and eminence as transatlantic interviewer. His pitch is perfect (the right touch of American-ness for the English viewer and vice versa); so too is his knowledge of how he's perceived.

Not more so, though, to repeat, than his knowledge of what, in fact, he is. There's class, for instance. By American eyes he can't be seen as other than an aristocrat. Broke now, the Chatworths were descended from "an old Catholic family in the north of England," furnished with estates, private chapels, and the like. The hero's parents were "prominent socialites before the war, in the fast Catholic set"; his father, determined to spare his lad too early an exposure to grubbiness, impoverished himself by setting an undergraduate allowance high enough to support a rich man's Oxford—trips to the Continent, decent rations of wine and women, lazy punting noons. Nothing more inevitable than that Americans would be impressed with Chatworth's manners, prepared to pronounce him "the first gentleman of television." Yet Chatworth himself isn't fooled. En route to fame he has endured a hundred hustler's humiliations on camera and off—insults that true pride would never have borne. And, since wherever such scars aren't universal they're noticeable, he suffers many rejections, imagined and real, by people theoretically no more than his peers. "You don't belong here, said the first Earl of Chatworth from the apse, you belong in a *studio*. Rubbishy feller from the BBC. He's not English. He's not even Cah-tholic." The right labels for Chatworth are shorter-syllabled than *aristocrat*, and Chatworth knows the right labels cold.

The same sure knowledge prevails when it comes to the state of the hero's religious and ethical being. Audiences perceive him as godly and he cultivates—through "specials" on famine and flood—a reputation for compas-

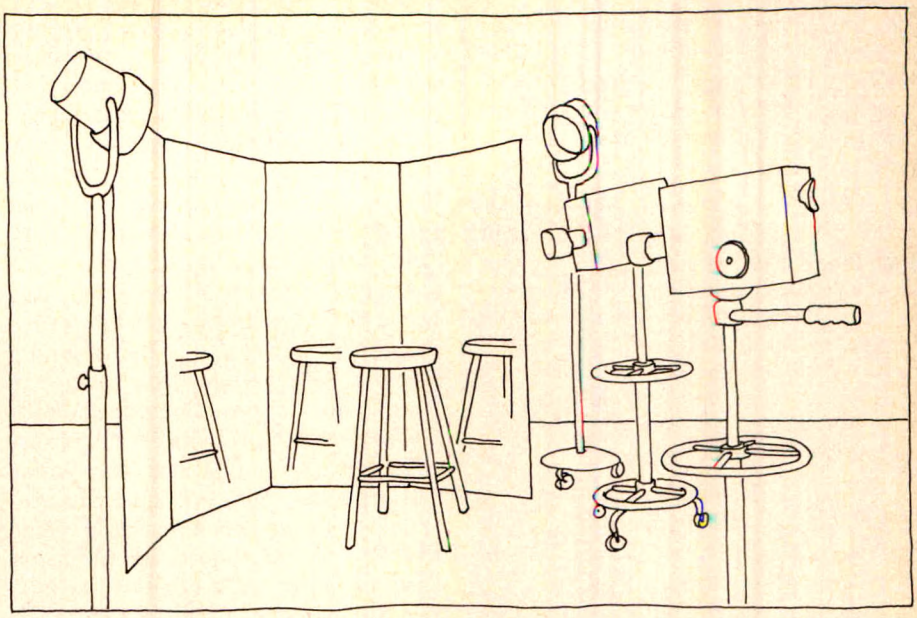
sion. But actually religiosity, not faith, is his number. A sense of sin ravages him throughout an undergraduate affair with the one woman who succeeds in putting him in touch with his feelings. He seals himself off intermittently, playing ascetic, in an improbable monastic retreat in New Jersey. The agent of his vision of renewal at the end is a "pious Catholic," a "New Nun" whom he has made pregnant. But it's always clear that he is less a believer than a person simultaneously longing for belief and "spitting on [his] faith." Into the Sony: "I am a Catholic, I am a Catholic. I am a man saying he is a Catholic." And, here again, nobody knows the hypocrisy better than he.

No illusions, in sum. No mysterious spontaneous inner movements of the heart: ". . . I couldn't even be generous, because I would know I was being generous, and that would constitute a fuss. . . ." No belief in the redeeming qualities perceived by outsiders: ". . . as for [my] modesty: it's like a bit of business you pick up in vaudeville playing the Palace in Sheboygan." No relief from the reductive afterthought and the pertinent anthropological abstraction: "I silently scream a last wild prayer for guidance, knowing that it's typically American to pray for guidance." Pendrid Chatworth understands himself to be a man obsessed with self-variation ("Nobody ever . . . tried on so many styles"), ruled at every moment by self-conscious greed:

> . . . the worm in the apple: my desire to have *everything*, even Englishness. I go to the London music halls and recognize another source of my wit. I am *au fond* a Cockney comedian. *Gott in Himmel*, I would be a French Apache and a Swiss yodeler if they'd let me. Once one has mastered the art of assimilation there is no stopping it. I enter everyone like the curse of the body snatchers.

And there's no evidence whatever in his confession on which to challenge his judgment.

Myth has it that self-consciousness on the Chatworth scale has been a norm in letters since Stendhal. But in reality things are more complicated. What we have become used to isn't total self-consciousness but, instead, artfully managed combinations of self-revelation and evasiveness. The well-loved heroes and heroines emerge early on in their books as figures who are genuinely different from those around them—yet they're oddly unconscious of the difference, disposed not to explain it but to ignore it. They describe their doings, disclose some of their thoughts, but about their uniqueness they're unflappably enigmatic. *Myself I take for granted.* Alone in his class Turgenev's aristocrat-hunter in *A Sportsman's Sketches* spends days listening to peasants. Alone in the bond house Nick Carraway sees Gatsby as a hero rather than a freak. Alone on the Mississippi Huck accepts Jim as a human being. And it's up to us to explain why. Across the board, from *Pnin* to *Catcher in the Rye* to *Fear of Flying*, the story is roughly the same—in place of perfected self-scrutiny and self-understanding, silences. The silences become readers' territory, a space for entry. We enter, look about, begin to guess. Working with frail clues—word choices, speech rhythms, gestures, less—we imagine ahead and around the heroes, enjoying the pleasures of attachment, closeness, intimacy.



These are exactly the pleasures not to be looked for in books like *Transatlantic Blues.* But in imaginative letters, as on earth, there are other pleasures. A detailed confessional from someone whose self-knowledge is without gaps may stand readers off, withholding camaraderie. But if the confessor has wit, intelligence, and broad acquaintance with his chosen world, if his mind is the kind upon which no fatuity is lost, he can offer alternative satisfactions.

And the hero of *Transatlantic Blues* is nothing if not witty and intelligent. After being interviewed by Monty Chatworth (California abolishes "Pendrid" on the ground that "Monty" sounds more English), a Catholic actress remarks, happily, that the program felt like a confessional to her. "It's funny," she says, "if the people won't go to confession, perhaps we must bring confession to them. That might be the interviewer's calling these days." Chatworth is instantly on to this piece of unwitting wit. It has been a theme of his, before meeting the woman, that the marketplace ought to provide "nondenominational confession to go with your exorcism kit." His acerbity has entertained the commercial possibilities of "a string of confessionals across the country, like Fred Astaire dance studios, where you can speak your piece to genuine Monty Chatworth priests. . . ." It has even occurred to him that "Maybe we could bring back the great staging, the upended coffin with someone like Vincent Price inside, growling in Latin." Give Chatworth a fatuity, in other words, and he can run with it—build a travesty, show forth a hitherto neglected dimension of a contemporary institution, and, in the bargain, make a reader laugh out loud.

A frequent target in the book, as might be guessed, is the Vatican Council: "The Church had lost its gravity. By expressing ancient beliefs in modern terms it had removed all their weight. That is the whole point with modern terms." But it's as an inventory of fools and media do-gooders (fund-raisers who are all heart) that *Transatlantic Blues* is most pleasing. I especially liked Chatworth's characterization of himself as a resident media intellectual—"TV's Amazing Thinking Man who speaks in little bite-sized paragraphs."

And he's equally good on students, both Yanks abroad and limeys at home. The affected loutishness of Oxford working-class meritocrats bothers him, but not more than the dimness of certain visiting Americans:

> The ones at Oxford are just the kind the English despise: their minds move like heavy machinery, and their tongues can barely keep up with their minds. They stare at you solemnly for a minute after you have spoken, and then the answer rumbles out as from a cave. They are *stoodents* and I am ashamed of them.

The hit at Rhodes scholars—they're placed as "absolutely average in looks, mind, and bodily hygiene"—is, according to my observation, direct.

Now and then the author forgets the rules that prohibit—in this form—vulnerability and tenderness. There's an embarrassment in the ending, for example, as Mr. Sheed attempts to persuade himself that, while Chatworth describes his savior as "Sister Rip Van Winkle," and plainly regards her as naive, he's nevertheless deeply moved by her.

But for most of its length the book understands its nature as thoroughly as the hero understands his. A decorous tartness is maintained, as it should be in satire; readers are discouraged from looking for pen pals among the cast, and the center of interest remains the display of analytical wit. Other works by Wilfrid Sheed—most notably *People Will Always Be Kind* (1973)—welcome would-be collaborative creators who enjoy filling out "real people" to whom real events are happening in real worlds. They're kinder items than *Transatlantic Blues*, but much less keen.

Richard Stern's **Natural Shocks** (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $8.95) is about another interviewer-celebrity, Fred Wursup by name, who's prompted to look hard at his own life and work. But in this instance overweening self-consciousness isn't the prompter. A John Gunther-like print journalist who is between books, Wursup accepts a magazine assignment to probe the meaning of the contemporary "death fad" (Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, etc.). He interviews a beautiful eighteen-year-old cancer patient, and a disorientingly lyric impulse—closer to love than to pity—draws him into her life and her family's, directing him to study himself.

Like *Transatlantic Blues*, *Natural Shocks* is the work of an experienced novelistic hand. It leaves a more disjointed impression than at least two of this author's previous books—*Golk* and *Other Men's Daughters*—owing to some badly timed shifts of focus: from hospital patients to congressional politicians, from familial to public life, from New York to Rome. Compared with the stylishly hyper-analytical Pendrid Chatworth, Fred Wursup seems plodding, somebody from *U. S. News*, not *Time*. Compared with Sheed's fierce reflections on media success, Stern's ruminations on similar matters seem flabby and sentimental.

But at one moment toward the end of *Natural Shocks*—we're in Intensive Care, and a patient is dying—these failings are immaterial. All caring is focused outward, as Fred Wursup attends with whole absorption to the unfathomable event before him. There is no thought, no understanding, no assessing in process, as it seems. No mental continuities. As he reads the Monitron, watches in suspension the bleeping beady lights, feels the decline in the digits as though numbers were life, we're in his space. Suddenly the breath goes and self absolutely vanishes—we are his space. The effect is riveting.

PLA

The Golden Cage by Hilde Bruch, M.D. Harvard, $8.95. Dr. Bruch is professor of psychiatry at Baylor College of Medicine. She is also the great authority on anorexia nervosa, for the simple reason that she has been remarkably successful in treating this freakish condition. Her book is no formal treatise for the medical library, however, but rather a lucid, blunt, even testy description of the combination of family conduct and individual temperament that impels young people (mostly girls) to set about starving themselves. It is written for the layman, designed to alert parents and teachers to the possibility of the disease and to enable them to recognize the preliminary symptoms, for like many other problems, anorexia is easiest to correct before it really starts. The book also offers stern warnings about the wrong kind of treatment. It is hopeless to try to summarize a work of this type, but one point emerges very clearly. The well-heeled family rejoicing in a perfect daughter—fine student, good athlete, pretty, obedient, reliable, and perpetually sweet-tempered—may be nurturing a time bomb. It is these unnatural little goody-goodies who succumb to anorexia nervosa.

Soldiering by Rice C. Bull, edited by K. Jack Bauer. Presidio, $12.95. In 1913, having retired from business, Bull collected his Civil War diary and the letters he had written home and wove them into a narrative of his experiences. He came from a small town in New York and joined a volunteer regiment which, after the usual training period and the usual agony of adjusting to Army food (bacon and hardtack, hardtack and bacon, with bacon and hardtack for variety), was thrown straight into the Battle of Chancellorsville, where Bull was wounded. Once recovered, he went back to the fighting and finished out the war under Sherman, marching to the sea and on north through the Carolina swamps. In short, he saw a lot. His enlisted man's account is fascinating whether Bull is describing the contrast between Hooker's gold-braided swank and Lincoln's difficulties with a tall hat and a short-legged horse, or the horrors that beset the wounded after Chancellorsville, or Sherman's tactics outside Atlanta, or the mixture of relief and regret with which the troops finally dispersed to civilian life. He must have been a notably good soldier. He wrote well, too, for Mr. Bauer, who has been most conscientious in providing identification for the people Bull mentions, professes to have done very little to his text. Maps, index, bibliography.

"Daylight in the Swamp!" by Robert W. Wells. Doubleday, $8.95. This anecdotal history of American lumbering does nothing to alter the traditional notion that the loggers were a gang of drunken, brawling oafs and the lumber magnates a gang of shameless thieves. It does contain some good tales, and also some that only a lumberjack can appreciate. Illustrations.

Captain Pantoja and the Special Service by Mario Vargas Llosa. Harper & Row, $10.00. Pantoja, a dutiful young quartermaster officer, is ordered to the eastern frontier of Peru, where dull garrison duty and the tropical climate

have produced numerous unfortunate incidents with the local females. Pantoja's assignment is to organize feminine solace for the troops. The humor of this tragicomic novel arises from the incongruity between the solemn, methodical, slightly prissy captain and his disorderly employment as brothel keeper. The tragedy is much more varied, since the author converts it into a means of satirizing the army, the press, the civil authorities, the church, and officious zealots of any description. Quite a number of ideas have been attached to one basic joke. Translated by Gregory Kolovakos and Ronald Christ.

BIG BAD WOLVES by Joan Mellen. Pantheon, $12.95. In discussing "Masculinity in the American Film," Ms. Mellen has blundered into the trap (it lies in wait for anyone writing about films) of confusing the actor with his professional style, the style with the role, and the role with that habit of star typecasting which Hollywood has always found both easy and profitable. There are some sensible notions about antifeminine bias lurking in the author's clumsy prose, but how can one take seriously an argument about the movie business which ignores the fact that it is a business, and one directly dependent on the taste of a large, general public. Illustrations, index.

ETHNIC CHAUVINISM by Orlando Patterson. Stein and Day, $15.00. Professor Patterson believes that the only society which can provide scope for individual freedom, prosperity, and creativity is "the universalist culture of a democratic and egalitarian state," and that ethnic groupings, although they may be temporarily useful, are essentially reactionary, conformist, potentially repressive, and altogether a bad thing. His support for this position is sharked up out of Plato, Pelagius, Chinese settlements in the Caribbean, and a number of similarly unexpected sources. His style is stupefyingly academic, but the reader who manages to keep awake will come upon some splendidly impudent and unorthodox propositions. Notes.

SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER by Shelby Foote. Random House, $8.95. By telling his story from several different points of view, Mr. Foote has sacrificed suspense in this novel about the kidnapping of a black child by white extortionists. He has done so deliberately, it seems, in order to illustrate alterations in social perspective resulting from the civil rights movement. The white kidnappers (a worthless trio but not seriously dangerous) never change, but their black victims do, and for the better.

FERBER: A Biography by Julie Goldsmith Gilbert. Doubleday, $10.50. Early in this life of Edna Ferber, the author sums up her distinguished great-aunt as a middle-western spinster who took care of her mother, her family, and her typewriter—a description so devastatingly accurate that it reduces the rest of the book to mere corroborative detail. Illustrations.

THE CHILDREN OF BLADENSFIELD by Evelyn D. Ward. Sand Dune/Viking, $14.95. Evelyn Ward was a child at the time of the Civil War, one of a huge family living on a modest plantation called Bladensfield. Years afterward, she wrote about those times for the children of later generations, preserving her juvenile perspective and creating a vivid picture full of the sort of detail that adult historians ignore, like the dazzling impact of the first oil lamps or the ultimate fate of rifle crates. Peter Matthiessen, one of the later children, has added an attractive essay on the subsequent history of the place. It is good to know that the family still sits on those rifle crates. Illustrations.

HUMANKIND by Peter Farb. Houghton Mifflin, $15.95. Mr. Farb has undertaken to present all that is known about the origin of humans, their physical structure, their mental processes, their development and operation of social structures. To do this, he has necessarily condensed material from half-a-dozen disciplines, in each case so simplifying the information that even the casual amateur in any given area will find the treatment of that area alarmingly superficial; the effects of royal incest in Egypt, for example, can hardly be covered adequately by confining the discussion to Cleopatra. There is a purpose to all this once-over-lightly. Mr. Farb is promoting the worthy causes of peace, conservation, and equality, both racial and sexual, and he carefully avoids any fact or theory likely to work against his aim. His book would presumably do wonders for Archie Bunker—but has Archie ever been known to read a book? Notes, bibliography, index, illustrations.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Audrey C. Foote is a free-lance writer and experienced book reviewer and researcher.

Andrew Ward is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic.*

Arthur W. Hepner is corporate public relations director of Houghton Mifflin.

Benjamin DeMott is professor of English at Amherst College and a contributing editor of *The Atlantic.*

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Ted Hughes (page 90) is the author of several books of poetry, the most recent entitled *Gaudette.*

William Virgil Davis (page 98) is a member of the English department at the University of Illinois.

Rachel Hadas (page 116), who is currently at Princeton, is the author of *Starting From Troy.*

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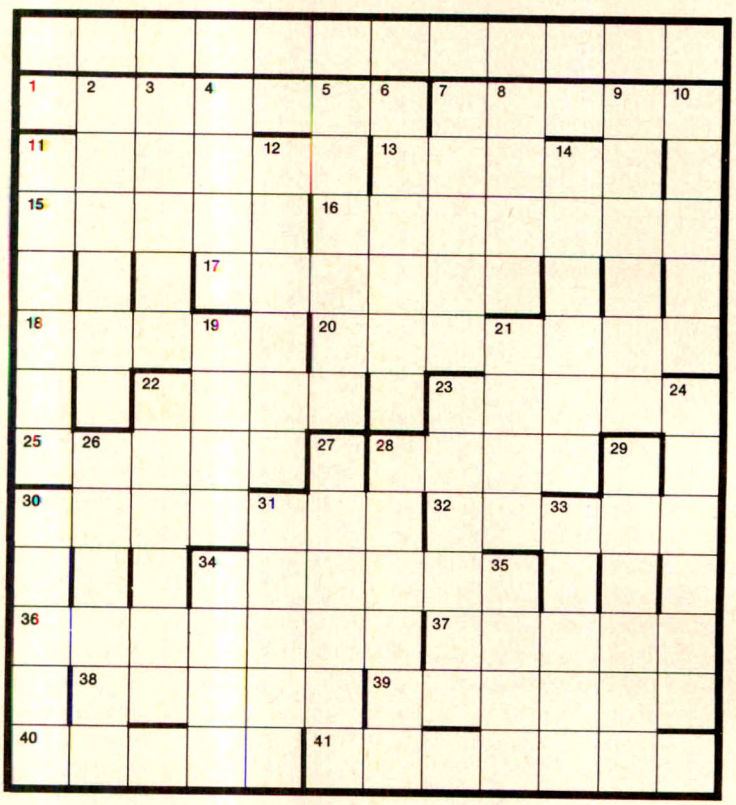
The Atlantic PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

"MUSICAL CHAIRS"

Each of the twelve vertical columns in this puzzle contains one light whose clue is indicated by an asterisk. The answers to these twelve clues play musical chairs before being entered in the grid as lights: i.e., their letters rotate sequentially and drop one member. For example, the word "chair" as an answer might be entered as "harc" with the "i" dropped, or "irha" with the "c" dropped, etc. The twelve letters discarded in this manner are to be seated at the tops of their respective columns, where they will compose a word of great importance to music. Answers to normal clues include two proper nouns. Remember that punctuation in the clues may be used deceptively.



ACROSS

1. Robin Hood's men comprise band members, but not their leader (7)
7. Articulate star in *Casablanca* making truck (5)
11. Force thousands out of business (6)
13. Slip can cause drinks of the tongue (5)
15. Do air broadcast (5)
16. Charwoman—a clever cover for Bond (7)
17. Humiliate oneself for $1000 in front of eccentric lover (6)
18. Get strange ride out West, sitting in front (5)
20. Protected from the sun, Dover is in a different light (7)
22. Got high from wine (4)
23. Dislikes wits (5)
25. Like a lead balloon, e.g., without one sign of amusement (5)
28. High card following diamond, heart, club (4)
30. Filled from apple tree after a soft shaking (7)
32. Find bear in stall (5)
34. Warning to middle-man: bring back artwork (6)
36. Wingless small fat duck (7)
37. Swing music like Indian music (5)
38. Band performances include top-grade ushers (5)
39. Shuffle in Las Vegas or Monte Carlo? (6)
40. Harry Truman's inaugural facility (5)
41. Stabbed at visitor in audience (7)

DOWN

2. Zorro—American fencing character like Don Quixote (6)
* 3. "Improvisational Epics": original Duke—and hot (6)
* 4. Fix up ripped-off piano (5)
5. Take dream companion (and lover when unclothed) (6)
6. Kidnappers get six hundred for European (6)
7. Flying angels leaving behind grand trails (5)
8. Compass of optical silica (4)
9. Put faith in *Twice Told Tales*? (6)
*10. Song for maiden of mountains to yodel with abandon (6)
11. Money makes a king (6)
*12. Albums of Royal English Strings (7)
*14. Cavalrymen's top brass? (7)
19. Part for voice and part for drum (4)
*21. Bracing for the top note of scale (5)
22. Piano in terrible peril from a small wave (6)
*23. Take me to a certain musical bar (7)
24. I'm happy to be cruel, and unhappy it's wrong (6)
*26. Holders of first, second, and third tubas emend piece (7)
*27. These instruments suit rag playing (7)
*28. Musician's murder revolved around piece of music (7)
*29. Popcorn, peanuts, and trumpet blasts! (7)
*30. Metropolitan Opera House—Enrico's in the middle of "Rhythm" (6)
31. Raise spirits of dead after Easter (5)
33. Hear gossip about Ulysses' best friend (5)
34. Unfortunately, spit up—disgorging one wishbone (4)
35. Bach's B Minor is one great piece (4)

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue solving, write to The

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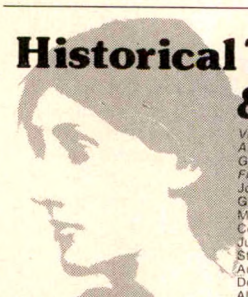

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A	37 L	E	E	S	38 I	C	I	C	L	E
39 L	E	S	40 R	E	D	T	O	41 E	T	S

Seventeen answers (indicated by an asterisk) shed an article of clothing (were "dis-guised") before entering the diagram.

Across. 1. IN-F-ANT (*tan* anag.) *5. CONES*toga* (anag.) 9. MONGREL (anag. + *m*) 10. DID-O 11. (w)EASEL 13. OILER (hidden rev.) 15. SHE-ETS (*set* anag.) *16. *f-u*(*r*UN)CLE (*clue* anag.) 18. ARRIVED (anag. + *a*) 21. GROS(s) 22. ROE (homophone) *23. JE*suit*S (*suite* anag. in *JS*) 24. D-RAPE 26. (f)AT-TAR 28. DIADEM (hidden) 30. IRIS (pun) *32. PARTICI*pants* (anag.) 35. TEMPO (anag. + *t*) 36. VERSUS (hidden) 37. LEES (anag.) 38. IC-ICLE (*lice* anag.) *39. *Bib*LES (anag. without *n*) *40. *hat*RED (anag.) *41. *sock*ETS ("change" *p* to *s*) *Down.* *1. *double t*IME (anag.) *2. NOAH's *ark* (anag.) 3. AGEE (the "first" and "last" of *aiming*) 4. TENSES (anag. + *t*) 5. C-LOUD 6. ODIN (hidden) 7. NIL (first letters) 8. SORES (homophone of *soars*) 12. S-ERE 14. (pen)ELOPE *15. S(ARA*b*)*and* *17. CRA*b louse* (anag.) 19. ROT (rev. of *tor*) *20. *b-ra*VER *21. GRA*ves-t* 23. JA-SP-ER 24. DIRECT (double def.) *25. EMIS-*sari*ES (anag.) 27. TIMES (anag.) 28. D-AVID *29. DIS*turban*CE (anag.) *30. *cap*-ITAL (*tail* anag.) *31. RE*veil*LE (anag.) 32. POS(tag)E 33. TRIO (hidden) 34. CU(L)T

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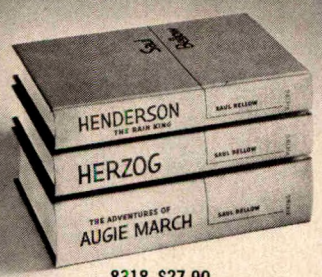

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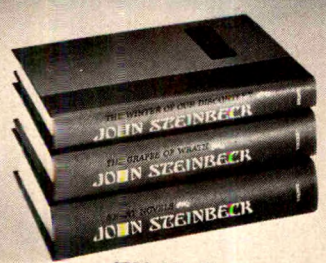

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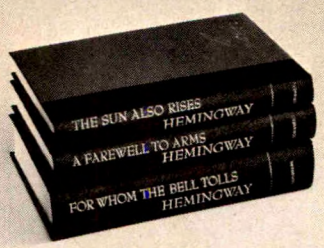

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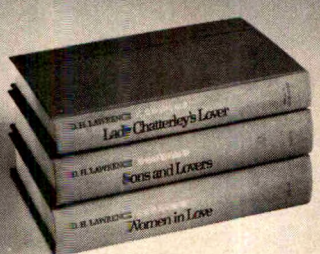

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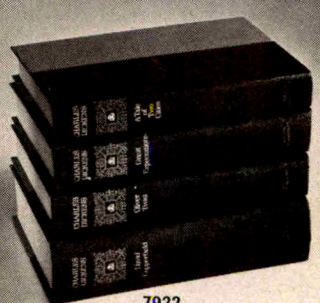

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LAURA STAMM

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Professional ice hockey skating coach

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, ballet.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Plain Speaking" by Merle Miller

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Authored book "Power Skating the Hockey Way."

QUOTE: "The athletes that I coach are concerned only with my improving their performance. To me this implies that the woman's role in sports is finally at the point where it's ability, and no longer sex, that counts."

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APRIL 1978 $1.25

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by Wallace Stegner and Page Stegner

A Special Supplement with an Ansel Adams Portfolio

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DAVID A. GORDON

HOME: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Film company president, writer/producer

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, photography.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Power of the Mind" by Herbert Reuther

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Established the Exceptional Child Development Center, Inc., a national organization providing mental and physical development aids to parents of handicapped and retarded children.

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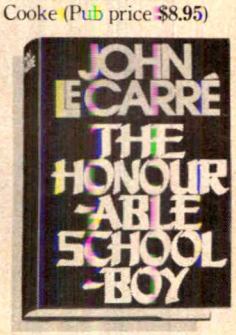

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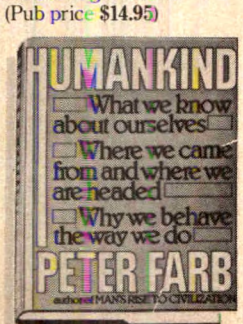

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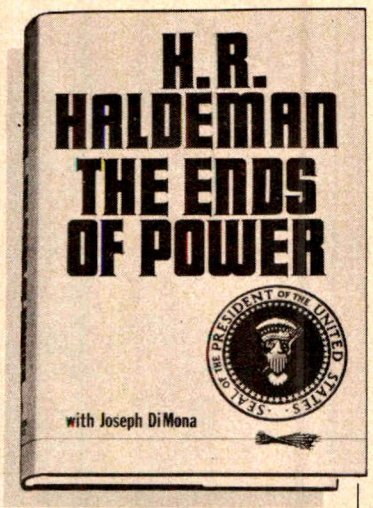

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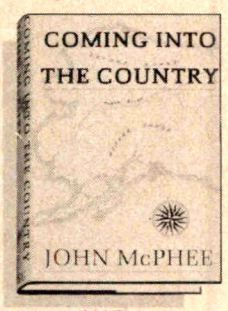

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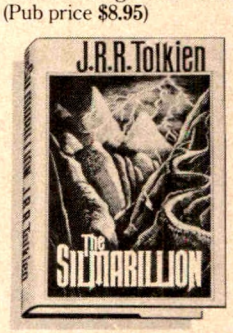

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Business and the rational mind, Part III

The national guilt complex • Achievement or original sin • Production vs. atonement

Judging by some of what we read and hear, self-flagellation seems about to become the order of the day. Much of whatever Americans do or achieve or enjoy is termed immoral or otherwise indefensible, and what people in other countries do is hailed as the shape of the future, morally speaking.

Well, now.

A lot of this national guilt complex depends on how things are put.

Suppose, for example, we ask you, "Do you think it's right for the United States, with only 5% of the world's population, to consume 28% of its energy?" That might be your cue to beat your breast and cry, "Heavens to Betsy, no! How could we do such a thing? And how can we atone?"

Suppose, however, we rephrase that question and ask you, "Isn't it remarkable that the United States, with only a twentieth of the world's population, can produce a fourth of the entire world's goods and services? And that we have become the industrial and agricultural breadbasket of the world . . . a prime purveyor to the hungry and the needy abroad?"

"Gee," you might say. "Just shows you what the old Yankee ingenuity, along with hard work and clean living, can do."

We can stomach breast-beating or a hair-shirt demonstration, if that's what gives the other fellow his kicks. But the point we want to make is that nobody in this country has to beat himself over the head just because he's adequately fed and clothed. Mankind has always striven for a land flowing with milk and honey, not a land short of necessities and barren of luxuries, long on deprivation and longer on austerity.

This is not a plea for devil-may-care hedonism. On the contrary, we are trying to make two points:

(1) Gratuitous martyrdom is an exercise in futility.

(2) When someone tries to make you feel guilty because our country has achieved to a considerable degree what all countries strive for, don't leap to the bait. Remember, it's possible to state even the most positive accomplishments in a way that makes them sound like original sin.

We get the distinct impression that most of the people who berate this country for its productivity are themselves quite well fed, well clothed, well housed, and, possibly as a result, feeling guilty. We cannot believe that Americans can solve, or even alleviate, the problems of this country and the rest of the world through starvation diets or by sleeping on a bed of nails. A refrigerator or a loaf of bread or a pair of shoes not bought and used in the United States is not automatically going to end up in some less-developed country.

The point is that our country is so productive, despite all the roadblocks thrown up by government and others, that it can turn out an almost unbelievable volume of goods—enough to supply the domestic market and still have a lot left over to export. If you want more U.S. money and food and other goods sent to needy peoples abroad, fine; tell your Senators and your Congressman so. But don't feel guilty about living well if you already do, or about wanting to if you don't.

We are not trying to promote gluttony or even conspicuous consumption. We are trying to deflate what strikes us as nonsense. Life is short, and people who work hard and productively shouldn't reproach themselves over their rewards, especially since producing for plenty makes society a lot more comfortable than sharing unnecessary shortage. To some people pleasure may be a little sinful, but if there were no sin in the world, what would be the benchmark for virtue?

Mark Twain once commented that on the basis of the information reaching him, his choice would be heaven for climate and hell for good conversation. Maybe he had something there.

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THE Atlantic

APRIL 1978 VOLUME 241 No. 4

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The battle for water

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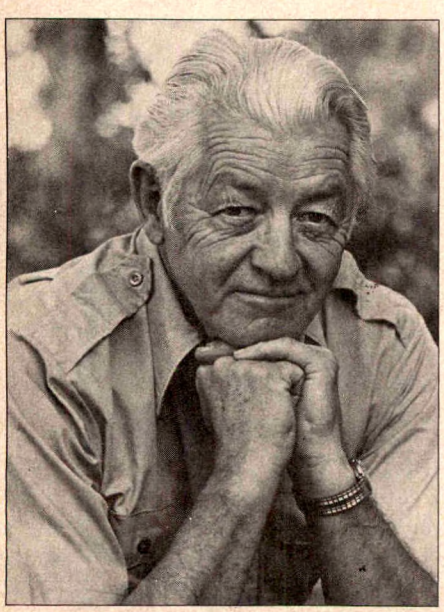
THE EDITOR'S PAGE

Americans seem continually to be discovering their own country, even the parts of it in which they live. We were forcefully reminded of this by the reception of *The Atlantic*'s special supplements on Texas (March 1975) and the Pacific Northwest (April 1976), and by the added satisfaction of seeing *Time* (the Pacific Northwest) and *Newsweek* (Texas) emulate those journalistic excursions many months thereafter. This month *The Atlantic* ventures into Rocky Mountain Country to survey some of the grandeurs and charms, problems and preoccupations of that breathtaking region of the United States.

Some twenty writers joined in profiling Texas. One alone nobly limned the Northwest. The editors decided that this assignment called for a pair of writers. It struck us that there could be no better Lewis for this expedition than Wallace Stegner, the distinguished teacher, essayist, historian, biographer, and Pulitzer prizewinning novelist. And what better Clark than Stegner's son, Page, also a teacher, critic, and novelist? The father and the son provisioned themselves at their respective bases in northern California, divided up the territory with the decisive aplomb of the Big Three at Yalta dividing up Europe, and set out on a four-month task of observing, interviewing, and writing. Their handiwork, accompanied by a stunning portfolio of photographs by Wallace Stegner's friend Ansel Adams, begins on page 44.



Wallace Stegner

Wallace Stegner, sixty-nine, was born in Iowa, earned his B.A. at the University of Utah, and lived for many years in the Rockies. He has taught at the University of Utah, Wisconsin, Harvard, and Stanford, and written a score of books including the 1972 Pulitzer Prize fiction winner, *Angle of Repose*, and the 1977 National Book Award winner for fiction, *The Spectator Bird*. He lives in Los Altos Hills, California. Page Stegner, forty-one, was born in Salt Lake City, attended schools in the East and the West, and now considers himself to be "essentially a Californian, a California writer in temperament and subject." In addition to works of criticism *(Escape Into Aesthetics: The Art of Vladimir Nabokov)*, he wrote *Sports Car Menopause*, a novel published late last year. He makes his home in Santa Cruz, California, and is currently on leave as an associate professor at the university there.

"Rocky Mountain Country" represents the first collaborative effort of Stegner & Son. "It was a lot of fun," says the younger Stegner, "but we ran into some disagreements when we got down to the writing." "Both of us learned a lot," says Stegner *père*. "I may have pulled rank on Page along the way."

Does collaborating suit them? Well, having tried the Rockies, they are now working together on a book about a larger piece of real estate, North America.

Page Stegner

Anyone who wonders how he or she might react under capture and torture by an enemy and fears the worst will read with special interest "The World of Epictetus," beginning on page 98. The man who wrote it, an Annapolis classmate of President Carter's, wears more medals than any other man in the U.S. Navy, including the Medal of Honor, as well as the three stars of a vice admiral. The ordeal that transported James Bond Stockdale into the world of the philosopher Epictetus began on

Vice Admiral James Bond Stockdale

September 4, 1965, when his Skyhawk jet was shot down over North Vietnam. Injured after parachuting down, he was stripped by Vietnamese villagers, rolled down a street while being beaten and kicked, and deposited in a POW camp with a broken shoulder and a broken knee. Most of his seven and a half years in prison camp were spent in solitary. He was subjected to beatings, stocks and leg irons, and torture by rope bindings; "cooked" in the prison camp's "bathhouse"; and led about frequently on a leash. Once he cut his own scalp and pounded his face with a stool so that he would be disfigured and thus unsuitable for propaganda display by his captors. Stockdale, then a commander, served as leader of the other American POWs in the camp.

Why did Stockdale and most of the men under him never break under the brutal pressure? And what, pray tell, would you have done—or I?

Robert Manning

Pruning as a means to more nearly perfect wines.

To us, pruning—the cutting off of parts of the grapevine during the winter dormant period—is the single most important practice in the entire culture of grapes.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the amount of crop our vines will bear, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that crop will make to our wines.

That is why, we do not consider a man thoroughly experienced until he has been pruning for at least three years.

Why We Prune

The whole purpose of pruning is to direct our vines to grow fewer but better grapes—grapes of optimum maturity and with the full potential of their variety.

Vines which produce too many grapes—a condition called overcropping—can lead to a thin, watery wine.

A carefully pruned vine will produce grapes that have acid and sugar contents in perfect balance, and their wine will be full-bodied, deep and brilliant in color, and with a bouquet that is true to the grape.

Our Unique Next Step

Sometimes, despite judicious pruning, a vine will overproduce anyway—perhaps because of optimum conditions for exceptional fruitfulness, or because it did not produce as much as it should have in the previous year.

In such a case, we resort to thinning.

Thinning involves the actual removal of whole grape clusters from the vine—the sacrificing of a part of our crop in order to ensure the quality of the rest.

Sometimes this can mean removing as much as one-third the crop from an overproducing vine in order to maintain vine vigor. Or all of it, if we wish to give the vine a rest to regain its vigor.

Gallo, we might point out, is one of the very few wineries to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the best possible wine grapes.

How We Prune

Pruning is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our pruning practices in the 1940's.

At that time, every single variety of grape was given its own program to determine the best method of pruning for that particular vine.

As a result of our tests, we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each spur—that part of the new wood which remains after pruning—we never leave more than two buds for future growth. This ensures optimum grape quality.

We do, however, vary the number of spurs on each vine. This depends on the variety.

For example, the Chenin Blanc and Ruby Cabernet vines are allowed not more than twelve spurs, the French Colombard fourteen, and the Barbera ten.

In general, the varieties having larger grapes and grape clusters are left with fewer spurs so as not to tax them beyond their capacities, and the varieties having smaller grapes and grape clusters are left with more.

Who Prunes

Because so much depends on the judgment of our pruners—in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which wood—we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must work under a foreman.

That is why, as mentioned earlier, it is usually three years before we consider him a thoroughly experienced pruner.

Our Goal

Obviously, the reason we here at the Gallo Vineyards are so particular about pruning is the direct relationship it has with wine quality.

Our experience is that excellent wines can only be made from excellent grapes, and that perfect wines require perfect grapes.

Therefore, because our goal is to make the finest wines possible—to give you pleasure by bringing you only the fullest perfection of flavor, taste and bouquet—we are totally committed to growing and using only the best quality grapes.

That insistence on perfection, really, is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our wine-making lives.

Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California

REPORTS & COMMENT

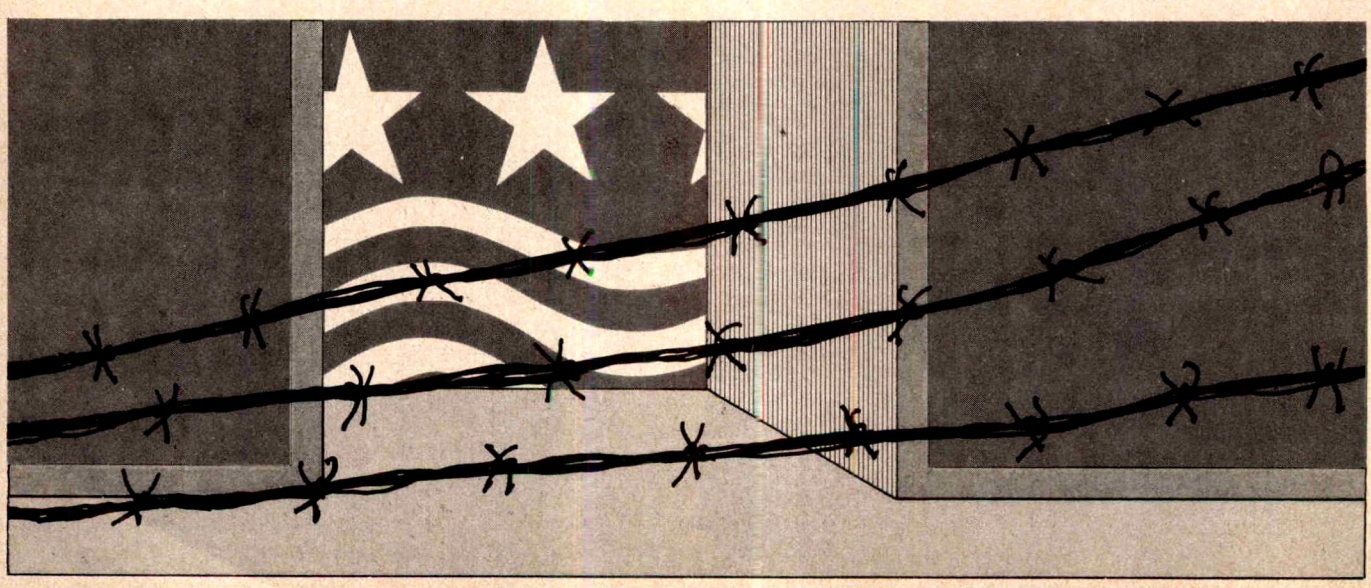
IMMIGRANTS: Whose Huddled Masses?

An estimated 8 million illegal aliens now live in the United States. Can anything—should anything—be done about them?

You can see illegal immigrants all over Chicago, if you look: digging and planting for the landscape gardeners and nurserymen; busing tables in restaurants in the Loop; fetching and carrying at O'Hare Airport; walking along the streets of Pilsen, the big Mexican neighborhood on the lower west side.

Pilsen got its name from Chicago's Bohemian settlers a century ago. The Roman Catholic parish church of St. Procopius at 18th and Allport is still in the charge of a Bohemian Benedictine father; a sign on Pastor Charles Kolek's confessional offers audiences in Bohemian, Slovak, and German as well as English and Spanish. One service a week is conducted in "Bohemian" and is attended by Czechs from the metropolitan area. But today such traces of the early character of the lower west side are scarce indeed. The Indian faces, the food, the posters, the goods in shops, the Spanish speech, all suggest a Mexican border town.

Knowledgeable people estimate that a third of the people on the streets of Pilsen are illegal aliens from Mexico. Most of them join a hometown friend or relative. They also get help from the community of their compatriots. In Pilsen, a newcomer without documents can quickly find a place in a "wetshack," a rooming house that specializes in illegal immigrant lodgers. In the bars on 18th Street or Blue Island Avenue he can buy false identification—anything from a Social Security card to a driver's license, a draft card, a birth certificate, a voter registration card, or a "green card" authorizing permanent residence. He can pick up advice on how to make a living under constant threat



Too many ads like this start out pointing with pride, but wind up pointing the finger.

Being in business, we naturally believe in competitive enterprise.

Just as naturally, we think everybody should. So each year, the business community invests more money in ads that point with pride to the accomplishments of business and the competitive enterprise system within which it operates.

When we find that our story isn't getting across, we tend to blame the other guy. We point the finger at government. At the media. At educators. At young people.

At everyone, in fact, except ourselves.

Yet business is as much to blame as anyone else for the anti-business mood of the public.

When we're not busy talking to ourselves, we're trying to arm-twist people into accepting the one-sided proposition that there's nothing at all wrong with the way our system works.

We're also inconsistent.

We rail against government regulations, for example. Except regulations to protect us from foreign competition.

We oppose government handouts. Except handouts to rescue a company (or even an industry) from its own mistakes.

Unfortunately, people see these inconsistencies. They no longer accept on faith the traditional business defense of business. They don't really believe us anymore.

Since survival of our system depends on the credibility of business, we think it's time to stop pointing the finger.

And time to try a totally new approach: Candor.

We hope it catches on.

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Helen Hayes and Fred Astaire in "A Family Upside Down."
A Xerox Television Special. Sunday, April 9th on NBC.

XEROX

of deportation; how to look less like an immigrant; what employers to approach; how to ask for a job; when to admit being an alien without papers, and to whom; how to evade the immigration service.

Because they don't want to come to the attention of the authorities, illegal aliens are loath to use public services, and in Pilsen a variety of people fill the gap. Some dubious operators sell services which are ordinarily provided by public agencies or licensed professionals. Notaries public, designating themselves *Notario*, one of the Spanish words for lawyer, give advice on immigration law and often make problems worse.

Many illegal aliens, if they seek medical help at all, go to private physicians who charge more than the public clinics which treat low-income Chicagoans. Dr. Jorge Prieto, chairman of the Department of Family Practice at Cook County Hospital, observes of the 2000 or 3000 illegals in Evanston, where he lives: "A large number of them don't even vaccinate their children. They don't even get the diphtheria-whooping cough shots because they're afraid—simply afraid of the society. They only come in when they're bleeding, when pain is too severe, or when they're in danger of losing their jobs because of sickness. They're not getting preventive care and practically no one is reaching out to give it to them."

Because of their need for anonymity, illegal aliens are likely to use cash instead of checks or credit cards in transactions, which makes them vulnerable to holdups and muggings. They do not call on police for fear of being discovered and deported.

Chicago's earlier settlers did not have to live outside the law. The first of them came from New York and New England early in the nineteenth century; later waves of newcomers came overseas from Europe. When employment ran out in the South, blacks rode the railroads up to Chicago to find work. Today's Mexican migrants, like the easterners and the blacks who preceded them, were able to reach their destination over land, without crossing an ocean. Like the Germans, Irish, Italians, and Poles of the old immigration, they are "foreigners." Unlike any of those who came before, they do not possess an unchallenged right to be in

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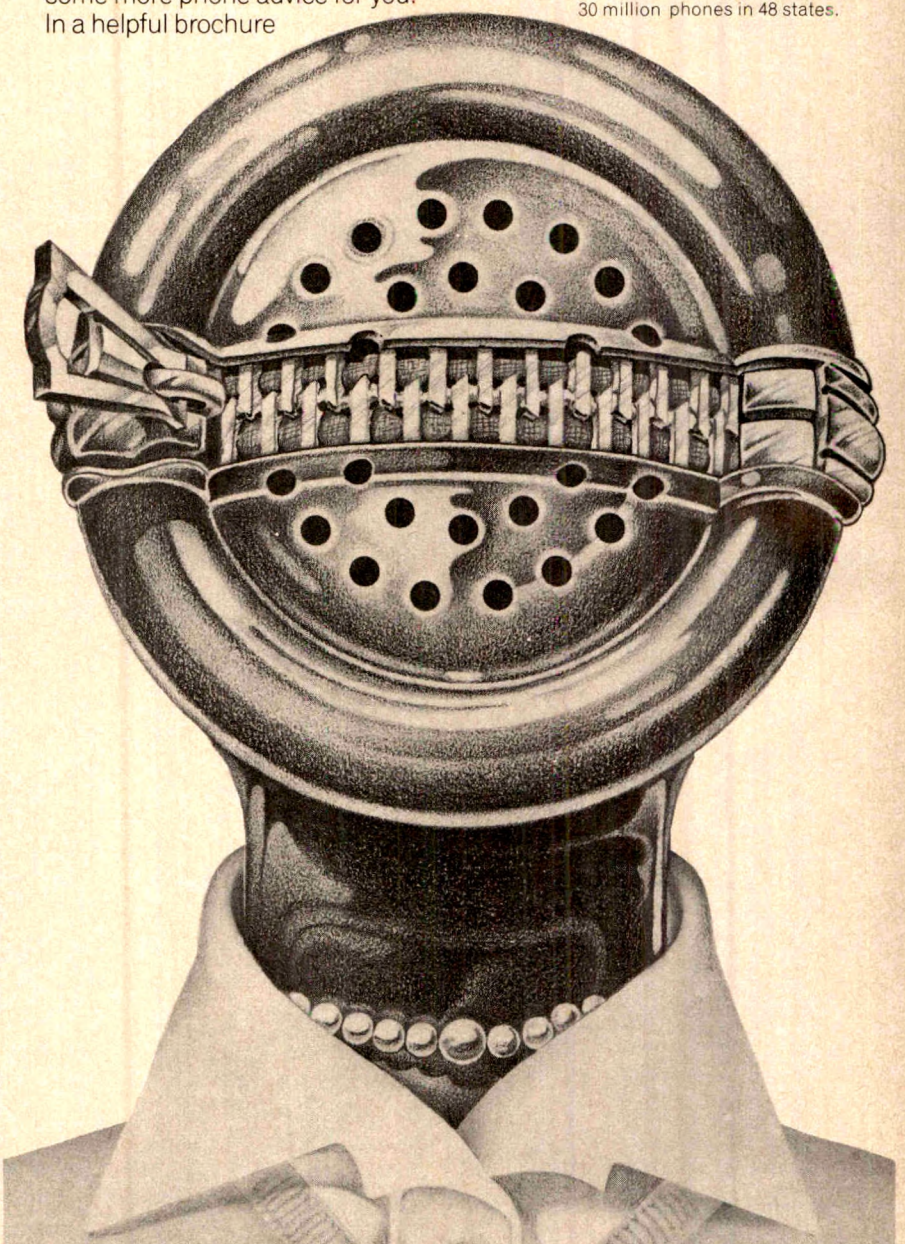

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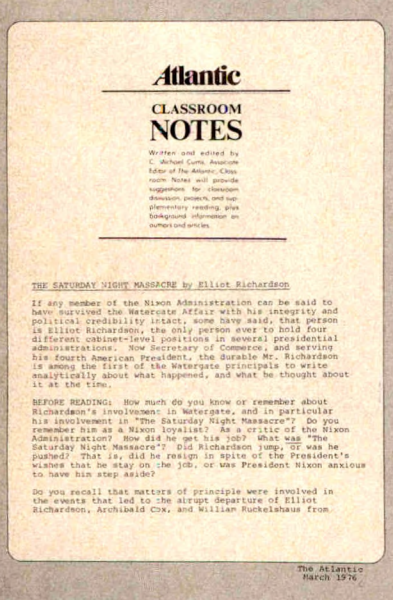
Atlantic

CLASSROOM
NOTES

Written and edited by C. Michael Curtis, Associate Editor of The Atlantic, Classroom Notes will provide suggestions for classroom discussion, projects, and supplementary reading, plus background information on authors and articles.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MASSACRE by Elliot Richardson

If any member of the Nixon Administration can be said to have survived the Watergate Affair with his integrity and political credibility intact, some have said, that person is Elliot Richardson, the only person ever to hold four different cabinet-level positions in several presidential administrations. Now Secretary of Commerce, and serving his fourth American President, the durable Mr. Richardson is among the first of the Watergate principals to write analytically about what happened, and what he thought about it at the time.

BEFORE READING: How much do you know or remember about Richardson's involvement in Watergate, and in particular his involvement in "The Saturday Night Massacre"? Do you remember him as a Nixon loyalist? As a critic of the Nixon Administration? How did he get his job? What was "The Saturday Night Massacre"? Did Richardson jump, or was he pushed? That is, did he resign in spite of the President's wishes that he stay on the job, or was President Nixon anxious to have him step aside?

Do you recall that matters of principle were involved in the events that led to the abrupt departure of Elliot Richardson, Archibald Cox, and William Ruckelshaus from

The Atlantic
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IMMIGRANTS

Chicago seeking their fortune, for only a fraction of them have proper visas. The rest are, in the euphemism recently adopted by the U.S. government, "undocumented aliens."

Some of them, about a thousand a month, are apprehended and sent home by the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Several times a week, chartered Greyhound buses come out of the garage under the Federal Building on Dearborn Street loaded with Mexicans, headed for El Paso and the Mexican authorities on the other side of the Rio Grande. Illegal aliens from more distant places are taken to O'Hare Airport for the trip home. But about 250,000 in Chicago have not been found. They mostly have low-paying jobs: as hotel, restaurant, laundry, or hospital workers, gardeners, janitors, cooks, maids. If they stay in those jobs, chances are that no official will challenge their right to be in the United States. Those who move up into better-paying jobs, as meat-packers or factory workers, are more likely to be swept up in an Immigration Service raid, in accordance with the service's policy of using its resources to free "jobs attractive to American labor."

Illegal immigrants in the professions are less obvious to the Immigration Service. The Chicago district director remarked, "If a man is a Pakistani chemical engineer, I'm not going to find him on a factory sweep. And he could be legal because of a skills preference. But factory workers cannot come in on a skills preference."

The officers of the Immigration Service who locate and expel illegal aliens find themselves trying to enforce laws which few people like and many oppose. "A lot of people feel we're a gestapo or harassing operation. You wouldn't be human if you didn't have empathy for the illegal alien. He's not a criminal, he's not violating the other laws of the country, he's seeking employment. But if his presence hurts this country, then we have to remove him." The policeman's lot is not a happy one, but at least the ordinary cop can expect the support of respectable citizens when he catches a felon, a burglar, or a murderer. Not so the immigration officer as he rounds up a hapless foreigner whose offense is that he lacks the right documents. Most people look the other way. Zeferino Ochoa, immigration adviser for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago, is one of those who go further and directly challenge the legitimacy of Immigration Service operations in his city: "If the government is not equipped to safeguard its borders, why bother the people who live here? The INS shouldn't be on the streets. It's okay on the borders, at the airports, but not in the towns."

The Chicago Archdiocese has been particularly helpful to the children of illegal aliens. The Chicago school authorities insist on seeing the visas of parents of new children who have no transfer documents from American schools. The result is that public education is denied to a number of children whose parents cannot show the right papers. Church schools will enroll them regardless of their parents' legal status, not only meeting the child's immediate need for schooling but providing him with a school report that permits his eventual enrollment in a public school.

Among other groups dedicated to helping illegal immigrants is the Immigrants Service League, whose staff of twenty caseworkers and a lawyer work to provide their clients with a basis for residence that will satisfy the law. The work of the Legal Services Center for Immigrants extends beyond the simple legalization of residence for clients to litigation aimed at enlarging the effective immigration quota for the Western Hemisphere. The American Civil Liberties Union will enter a case where it can see a constitutional issue. Yet, important as these issues of principle are, the lawyers who feel a vocation in such matters cannot materially change the situation of the great majority who, under the existing limitations of national quotas and individual preferences, are beyond being legalized.

Immigrant profile

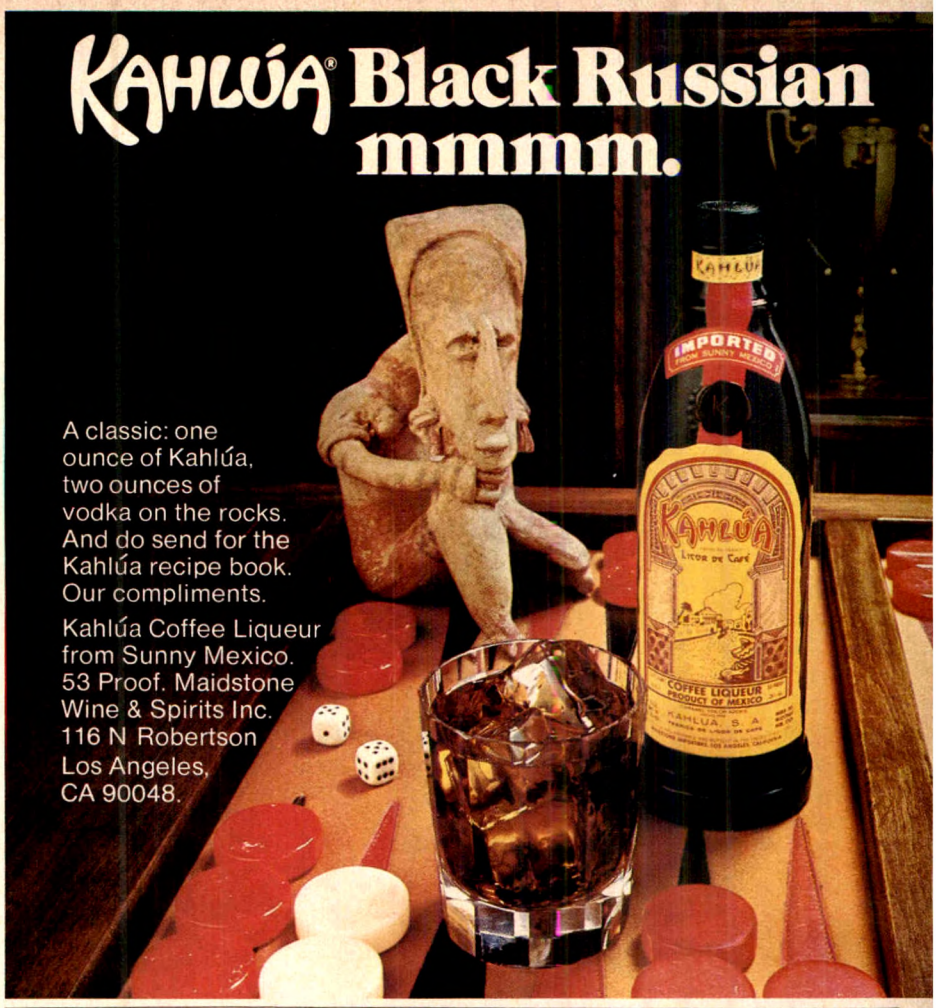
Who are the illegal aliens in the United States as a whole? About 60 percent are Mexican, and most of these crossed the border without being seen. The next big identifiable group is Central and South Americans. Some of these come through Mexico, but most enter with tourist visas, the terms of which they violate by overstaying and doing paid work. The Caribbean countries send more illegal immigrants than does Canada. From the Eastern Hemisphere, about as many Asians as Europeans are apprehended by the

Immigration Service. At a guess, they constitute a tenth each of the illegal population. But nobody knows.

Mexican immigration is the biggest piece in the puzzle, and has been the object of several studies. Among them is Julian Samora's *Los Mojados: The Wetback Story* (1971), which includes information from interviews with Mexicans conducted in detention camps near the border. There is also a Mexican government survey of several thousand Mexicans who were expelled from the United States and delivered back home. Wayne Cornelius, a professor of political science at MIT, has studied illegal immigration from the vantage point of the communities in Mexico which send large numbers of migrants north. David North and Marion Houstoun did a particularly illuminating study for the Department of Labor on the characteristics and impact on the labor market of illegal immigration. They interviewed illegals who were on their way back home after apprehension by the Immigration Service.

From these studies one learns that illegal aliens from Mexico are young adults, predominantly men, who have come to the United States for the purpose of working and who are likely to send much of their earnings back to families in Mexico. The Mexicans interviewed in the North-Houstoun project had been in the United States for an average of not quite two and a half years before they were apprehended; most of them, after being caught, told the researchers (but presumably not the immigration officials) that they intended to come back. During their stays in the United States, they had gone home to Mexico on an average of every six months. They worked at low-status, low-paying jobs; their average wage, sampled by North and Houstoun in 1975 in cities across the country and along the border, was $2.34 an hour. Twenty percent of them had been paid less than the minimum wage. More than half of them were in the lowest-paid occupations: farm or non-farm laborer, service or household worker. Only a fifth of U.S. workers are in those jobs. The Mexican government study of illegals upon their repatriation showed that 23 percent were illiterate.

Samora, North and Houstoun, and the Mexican government all took their samples from the catch netted by the Immigration Service—a catch which is itself a selection of a kind, since the



service, with its limited resources, cannot look everywhere.

A self-selected group of Mexicans has been studied by Professor Joan Moore, a sociologist at the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee: 3000 illegals at liberty in Los Angeles, clients of the One-Stop Immigration Center who were seeking to legalize their presence in the United States. Members of this group are quite different from those studied by the other researchers. Among the millions of people who would like to be admitted to the United States as legal immigrants within their countries' quotas, three categories get preference: those with close relatives who are U.S. citizens or permanent residents (this is the biggest group); those with special occupational skills; refugees from countries designated by the U.S. government. Persons who do not fall into one of these groups have little practical hope of immigrating legally. Thus it is no surprise to find that the clients of the One-Stop Immigration Center, who had reason to hope for legal immigrant status and the wit to go to a legal aid group in Los Angeles for advice and advocacy, were better educated, more settled, better paid, and more likely to be living in family groups than the people whom other investigators encountered. They were an elite of sorts, with more skilled or white-collar workers than the general run of illegal aliens. Eighty-four percent were married, many with children.

The way in

Illegal aliens from Europe and Asia or other parts of the Western Hemisphere usually come from a higher economic and social class than do Mexican nationals. This is due largely to a geographic relationship to the United States. Illegal entrants from Mexico can approach the border by cheap means of transportation, can cross it on foot and make their way inexpensively across country. When things are difficult, they may have to pay for a smuggler's help, as many have been doing lately. Still, strength, endurance, nerve, and familiarity with the land are the qualities chiefly needed to "enter without inspection," as the Border Patrol puts it. Education provides no advantage in gaining this kind of entry.

People from distant parts of the world, on the other hand, must make an expensive journey by either air or sea and come in through official ports of entry. Most carry temporary visas, granted to them as tourists or students, for which they must have some money, or some education, or a bit of both. The European, Asian, African, or South American counterparts of Mexican peasants would not generally pass muster as tourists in the consular screening process—even if they could scrape together the money for the sea or air voyage.

A third of the Eastern Hemisphere illegals in the North-Houstoun sample had had professional or managerial jobs at home. They had an average of just under twelve years of schooling, as compared with five years for the Mexicans. Fewer than a quarter of the Mexicans interviewed spoke English, as compared with more than four fifths of those from the Eastern Hemisphere.

But illegals who are of superior status in their home countries often slip when they work illegally in the United States. In the North-Houstoun sample, only a third of the Eastern Hemisphere illegals who had been professionals or managers were able to remain in those categories in the United States because they had great difficulty using their skills while keeping their illegal status hidden. If one visits an immigration lawyer's office or an immigration court, one can encounter some fairly bitter and disappointed people: a Ghanaian who has overstayed his student visa to sell ice cream from a vending truck; a graduate physician from India supporting himself by driving a cab, trying to remain in the United States in the hope of doing medical work; a Peruvian accountant who works as a cashier in a restaurant.

What are the numbers?

How many illegal immigrants are there in the United States at present? Nobody knows, and until very recently the United States government felt no need to make any systematic attempt to find out. The Immigration Service is now sponsoring a residential survey in twelve big cities which the Domestic Council Committee on Illegal Aliens described in 1976 as "the first attempt to collect data on the number, characteristics and impact of illegal immigrants on a national scale." The results of that survey are expected to be known this spring.

Previous government estimates of the number of illegal aliens in the country have been made by the Immigration Service on the basis of the number of people apprehended and on the number of informants' tips; the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has been singularly uninterested in the question, and the Bureau of the Census, unable to measure, has not tried to guess. There were 1,017,000 apprehensions in fiscal year 1977. Arrest figures are the only firm data about the number of illegal immigrants, but they don't reveal much. They reflect the number of arrests, not the number of individuals arrested, and there are border-crossers who get arrested several times in a year. Even if one knew exactly how many had entered, the lack of information about those who go back of their own free will would limit the usefulness of the statistics.

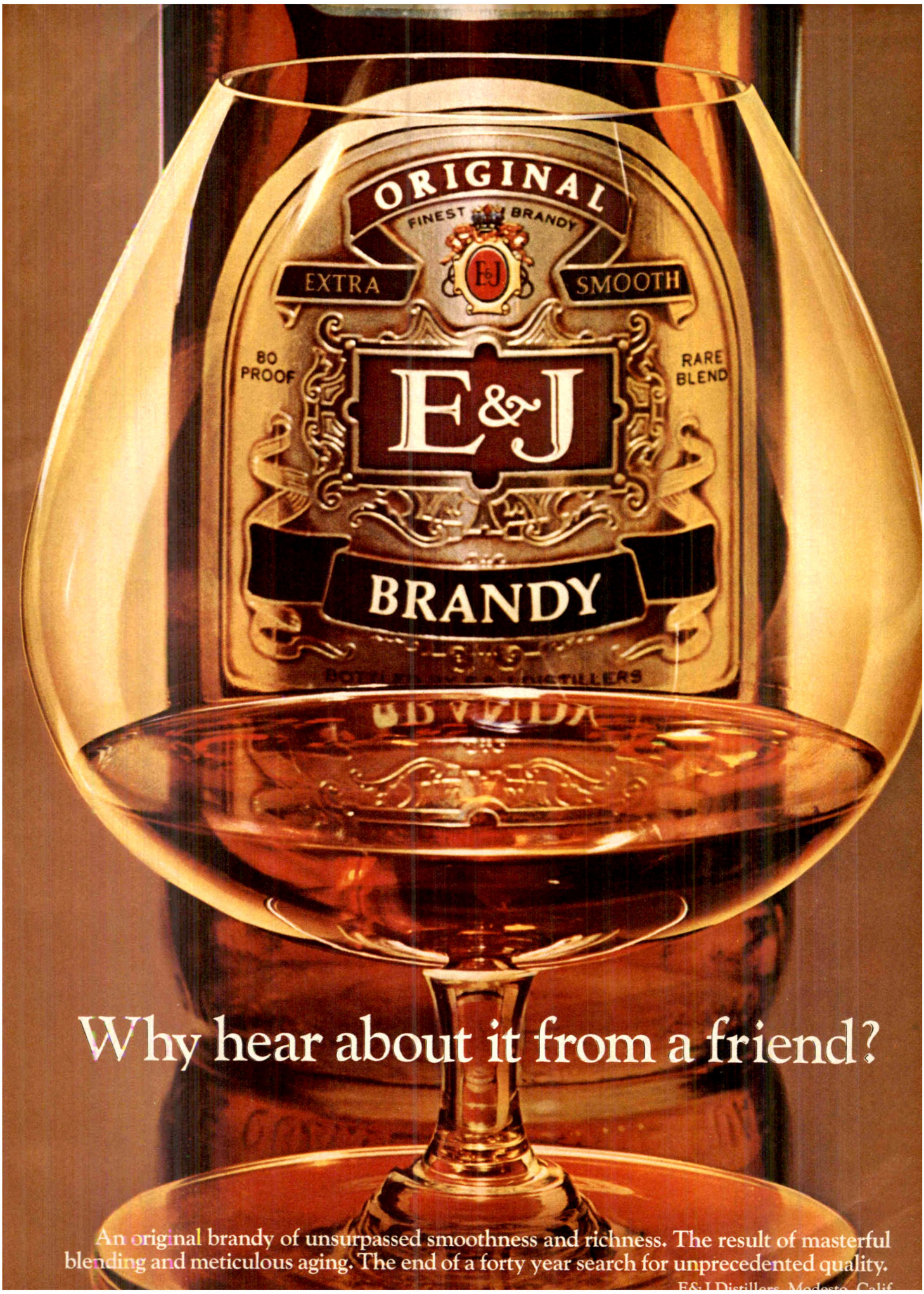
Given the shaky base of knowledge, it is no wonder that estimates of the number of illegal aliens in the country have ranged from as low as 4 million to as high as 12 million in the last few years. The last official estimate by the Immigration Service—6 to 8 million—was made in 1976, and 800,000 new illegal residents per year is a commonly accepted figure.

How should one judge these figures? Against other numbers, for a start.

Legal immigration: By statute, 170,000 people are allowed to immigrate each year from the Eastern Hemisphere, 120,000 from the Western Hemisphere. In addition, the immediate relatives of citizens may come in without restriction, bringing the total of legal immigrants to about 400,000 a year. Therefore, the rate of illegal immigration is double the legal rate.

Refugees: Since 1975, about 165,000 Indochinese refugees have been admitted under special authority. If over the next five years 150,000 more are taken in, the final result will be the acceptance of 315,000 people as fallout from the American defeat in Indochina. Illegal immigration is adding several times that number to the population each year.

Population growth: In 1976 there were 1.3 million more births than deaths in the United States. Legal and illegal immigration taken together approached natural increase as a source of population growth. If one assumes an illegal immigration of 800,000 a year



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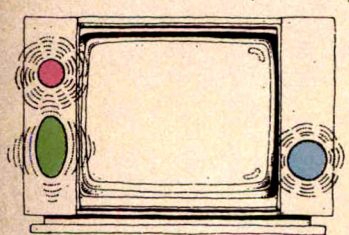

A Quasar exclusive, it finally makes television sound as good as it looks.

Not one speaker but three. You see, whether it's a 100 piece orchestra or a simple conversation, most televisions cram everything through one speaker.

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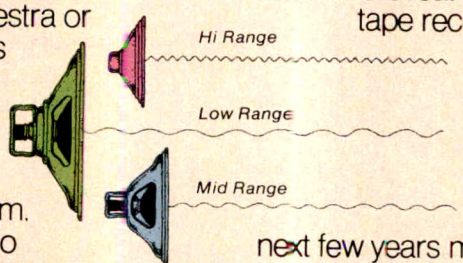

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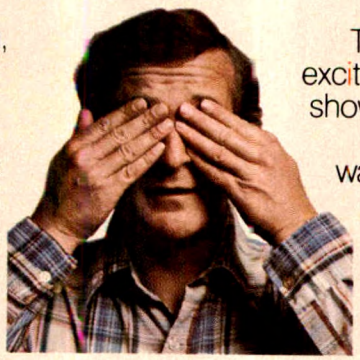

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But remember, if you don't hear Audio Spectrum Sound, you might spend the next few years missing out on a lot.

and a rise in fertility of U.S. women to replacement level (2.1), the U.S. population will be 291 million at the turn of the century: 26 million more than it would be without illegal immigration.

Employment: This winter about 92 million people were working in the United States; another 6.8 million were unemployed. Illegal immigrants number some 5 percent of the total labor force. In the last twelve months the number of jobs in the United States has increased by more than 4 million, but unemployment is stuck at a rate of over 6 percent because people are entering the labor force as fast as new jobs are created. Among the new job seekers are a significant number of incoming illegal aliens: 800,000 a year would fill a fifth of the new jobs.

So what?

Is there a problem? President Carter says there is: undocumented aliens have "breached our immigration laws, displaced many American citizens from jobs, and placed an increased financial burden on many state and local governments. I have concluded that an adjustment of status is necessary to avoid having a permanent 'underclass' of millions of persons who have not been and cannot practically be deported, and who would continue living here in perpetual fear of immigration authorities, the local police, employers and neighbors."

For the *Wall Street Journal*, the President's "enormous problem" is a red herring. "In spite of the sinister sound of 'illegal alien' we are dealing with a familiar and healthy phenomenon, a wave of immigration like those which brought us the Germans, Irish, Italians and so forth. . . . The easiest, cheapest and fairest way to protect the labor market will be to legalize the immigrants. . . . Legal or not, the present wave of Western Hemisphere immigrants is already enriching and contributing to North American society."

The most thoroughly debated aspect of the illegal immigration is its effect on the labor market. Does illegal immigration contribute to unemployment and depress wage levels? Yes, says the House Immigration Subcommittee, which held hearings on the matter in 1971, 1972, 1973, and 1975. It concluded that ". . . illegal aliens take jobs which could be filled by American workers . . . reduce the effectiveness of employee organizations; compete most directly with unskilled and uneducated American citizens and constitute for employers a group highly susceptible to exploitation."

The President's Domestic Council Committee on Illegal Aliens, in its report of December 1976, advanced what it termed a hypothesis: that the adverse effect of illegal immigration is felt largely by the unskilled. "As relative wages for illegal aliens decline in response to an increase in their labor supply," the report said, "the relative wages of legal resident workers who are close substitutes in employment for the illegal aliens also decline." Academic studies bear out this theory. A study in California and another in Texas showed that wages for unskilled work were lower in border towns (where the concentration of illegals is great) than in the cities of states farther north.

David North and Marion Houstoun point out significant indirect effects even in sectors where illegals are not employed: "For instance, the pants factories in El Paso generally do not employ illegals. The overwhelming majority of their employees are women—often women with small children who can afford to take a $100 or $120 a week job only because illegal maids are available at $25 and $30 a week. If maids were available only at the minimum wage, the pants factories might have to increase their wages, make other accommodations in order to attract workers, or relocate that work to areas where cheap labor is available."

In defense of the use of illegal workers, employers usually say: "You can't get Americans to do stoop labor," and "Americans won't do service work anymore—they'd rather go on welfare." Thus, they claim, illegal aliens take only the jobs that Americans won't do. Professor Michael Piore, an economist at MIT who knows a great deal about the use of illegal labor, believes, "Industrial societies seem to generate a series of jobs, at the bottom of the social structure, which their own labor force is reluctant to fill. . . . To the extent that these jobs are critical to the functioning of an industrial society the aliens are complementary to native workers and to domestic consumption patterns. Any wholesale attempt to end the migration is therefore likely to be exceedingly disruptive. . . ." In sum, people have to get what they expect, and cannot be asked to change their ways. Piore's argument leads him to recommend legalizing the migration he has defined as necessary.

Who pays?

The cost of government services to illegal immigrants and who should pay for them is another area of disagreement. The subject first received national attention as part of a campaign to alert the country to the dangers of illegal immigration. The commissioner of immigration during the Nixon and Ford administrations, General Leonard Chapman, made a great number of speeches across the country about what he called the "silent invasion." "Aliens come to this country for just one reason—to work, earn money, and send it home. And when they are unsuccessful in finding work, they often end up on welfare rolls. . . . Our files are filled with examples of the ways in which illegal aliens drain our economy through the use of public funds and the avoidance of taxes."

Commissioner Chapman's views notwithstanding, there is no evidence that the public accounts are suffering an overall loss from the presence of illegals. On the contrary, the country is acquiring a supply of vigorous, ambitious workers in the prime of their working years without having to assume the full cost of educating them or their children, or caring for them in sickness or old age, or supporting them when they are out of work. Illegal aliens are barred from participation in major federal public assistance programs such as food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, and Medicaid. Three quarters of the people questioned for the North-Houstoun study reported that Social Security and federal income taxes had been withheld from their pay—but only 4.6 percent said they had received free medical care and only 4 percent said they had ever collected unemployment insurance. An investigation of 9132 welfare cases in San Diego County turned up only ten illegal aliens. The millions of illegal aliens who have false Social Security numbers are fattening up the trust fund for the rest of us: while taxes are deducted from their paychecks, they have not established valid accounts which might someday provide them with benefits.

All of this is cold comfort, however,

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Linus Pauling, Ph.D.

VITAMIN C AND HEART DISEASE

Can vitamin C protect you, and how much should you take?

Heart disease and related diseases of the circulatory system are the main cause of death in the United States. Over one million people die of these diseases each year, and probably more than five million people now living are suffering from them in a significant way.

There is no doubt that heart disease is related to the diet. In the 1976 Congressional Hearings on the relation between diet and disease the nation's top health officer, Dr. Theodore Cooper (Assistant Secretary for Health in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare), stated that

> "While scientists do not yet agree on the specific causal relationships, evidence is mounting and there appears to be general agreement that the kinds and amount of food and beverages we consume and the style of living common in our generally affluent, sedentary society may be the major factors assosociated with the cause of cancer, cardiovascular disease, and other chronic illnesses."

For about 25 years the major culprits in cardiovascular disease have been thought to be saturated fats, cholesterol, and related fat-like substances (lipids). A tremendous campaign has been waged to promote diets with low cholesterol, low saturated fat, and increased polyunsaturated fat. Despite this campaign, the death rate from cardiovascular disease has remained constant during the last 25 years, and it now seems to be almost certain that the assumption that heart disease is caused by a high intake of saturated fats and cholesterol is wrong.

This development does not mean that diet is not important. A high intake of ordinary sugar greatly increases the incidence of cardiovascular disease (see "Sugar: Sweet and Dangerous" in *Executive Health*, Volume 9, Number 1, 1972). Moreover, much evidence has been gathered recently to show that cardiovascular disease can be controlled to a considerable extent by the proper use of vitamin C.

What is cardiovascular disease?

The general term cardiovascular disease comprises various diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Arterio-

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for localities and states that have large numbers of illegal aliens to whom they furnish some public services. One difficulty is that federal revenue sharing, in apportioning its payments, takes no account of people whom the census has not counted. Evelyn Mann, chief of the population division of the New York Planning Commission, estimated in 1977 that because some 750,000 illegal aliens went uncounted, $20 million a year in federal revenue sharing funds and another $20 million in block grants was lost to New York City. Los Angeles County estimated the cost of illegal aliens to its hospitals at $8 million in 1974 and sent a bill for most of this to the Immigration Service, on the theory that the service was responsible for keeping the aliens out of the country. The bill was not paid.

The Texas Legislature passed a law in 1975 saying that the state would not provide money to local school districts for the education of illegal aliens, and in some localities the children were barred unless they paid tuition. That law has been challenged, and U.S. District Court Judge William Justice has ordered children of Tyler, Texas, temporarily admitted to free public education pending further hearings, noting that "a distinct class of poor, undocumented children. . . is absolutely deprived of any education whatsoever by virtue of their poverty." In the Houston school district there are thought to be some 5000 illegal alien children, and the school district is trying to exclude them from free education.

Notably silent in this debate is the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. One might think that HEW would make its own assessment of the impact of illegal immigration on American social, medical, and educational services, but immigration is a subject HEW prefers to regard as none of its business. Richard Beattie, the assistant general counsel who represented HEW in the interdepartmental group which prepared the Administration's proposed legislation on immigration in the spring and summer of 1977, told me that no assessment of the effects of illegal immigration was made by HEW because the time had been short, there was "amazingly, a dearth of information," and "our interest became diverted to another matter"—opposing the expanded use of the Social Security card to keep illegal immigrants out of the labor market. "One of the alternatives under consideration was to turn the Social Security card into a national identity card—we strongly opposed the idea."

With the Administration's program complete (including no change in the use of the Social Security card), there is still no office or person at HEW charged with surveying the effects of the new immigration or developing policy responses to it. Local and state governments continue to trade guesses with the Immigration Service about how many illegal aliens use public services, and the courts are stuck with the task of assigning responsibility for costs.

The President's compromise

In August 1977, President Carter sent a message to Congress outlining legislation "to help markedly reduce the increasing flow of undocumented aliens and to regulate the presence of the millions already here." The President's proposals represented a compromise. The least controversial among them recommend better enforcement of wages and hours laws and more resources for policing the border and entry points.

The difficulties start when he proposes to make it unlawful to hire illegal aliens, and to prosecute employers found to have a "pattern or practice" of employing illegal aliens. Convicted employers would be fined up to $1000 for each alien unlawfully employed. An employer's defense would lie in showing that, before hiring the illegal worker, he had seen "documentary evidence of eligibility to work." Such documents have yet to be designated, but Attorney General Bell mentioned Social Security cards, driver's licenses, and birth certificates as evidence. Naturalization certificates, cards indicating permanent resident status, and temporary foreign worker documents would also be acceptable.

The government's assumption of the burden of showing a "pattern or practice" of hiring illegal aliens and its proposal of civil instead of criminal penalties were concessions to the views of Senator Eastland and the Senate Judiciary Committee, which over the years has shown itself uninterested in passing new laws to cut back illegal immigration. They disappointed advocates (notably members of the House Immigration Subcommittee) of strong sanctions against errant employers.

The proposed laws would legalize the presence of all who were in the United States before January 1, 1977; people here illegally would have to register and offer proof of their residence. At a guess, 6 million people would qualify. Those who could prove residence before 1970 (a small fraction of the total) could become permanent residents. In five years they could become citizens with the automatic right to bring in spouses, children, and parents outside the quotas.

People who took up unauthorized residence between January 1, 1970, and the end of 1976 would be granted a new status in American law: "temporary resident alien." They would be authorized to stay and work for five years but they could not become citizens (unless they found another way to do it, like getting married), nor could they bring in their families or receive federal welfare benefits. Before the five years was up, the government would decide whether the temporary resident aliens would be allowed to stay, and on what terms. This postponement of a decision about which illegal aliens are finally to be let in was a result of the conflict between those who wish to avoid rewarding lawbreakers with an amnesty and those who would clear the decks and start over. The latter group is not satisfied by the President's compromise. The Roman Catholic Church, Hispanic-Americans, and civil libertarians say that the halfway measure would divide families and create a second-class status. According to the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund, it would "be a catalyst for heightened discrimination against the Mexican-American community." When Congress takes up the measure, we will hear from the upholders of legality.

The President noted in his message that an effective policy "must include the development of a strong economy in each source country. Unfortunately, this objective may be difficult to achieve in the near future." The United States has never had a development aid program in Mexico. There have been signs that Mexico's large-scale unemployment and external debt and the weakness of the peso have made the Mexican government more receptive to help from the United States. But the Carter Administration's plan to narrow the safety valve of migration to the

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United States arouses a degree of anger in Mexico that makes cooperative ventures difficult for Mexican politicians to contemplate.

Notably absent was any proposal of a universal work permit or improved Social Security card to show eligibility for employment in the United States. Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall advocated such a document, arguing that if everyone had to show it on being hired, ethnic discrimination would be ruled out. But the combined opposition of civil libertarians and HEW Secretary Joseph Califano to an "identity card," together with the lack of agreement from Mexican-American groups that such a document would help them combat discrimination, spelled the defeat of Secretary Marshall's proposal.

Special interests

No law that might seriously diminish the flow of illegal immigrants is likely to be passed in the near future. Before that happens, there will have to be a major change in the constellation of forces ranged on either side.

The groups which have consistently supported proposals to restrict illegal immigration are the labor unions, the environmentalists, and the population control groups, notably Zero Population Growth. Although the arguments of those concerned with the environment and population are gaining currency, these groups do not yet sway many votes in Congress. Only the unions can exert much political pressure, and it does not appear likely that restricting the illegal influx will be high on the unions' list of priorities. Union members, the elite of American wage earners, do not see themselves as threatened by competition from illegal workers, who generally dare not bid for high-paying unionized jobs. (Poorer workers, who *are* threatened, lack organized strength.)

On the other side are the powerful groups that want the continued influx of eager foreign workers. Growers of fruits and vegetables who seek to keep their wage costs down need no scientific evidence to tell them that an ample supply of illegal labor helps. Their power to bend government policy was demonstrated in the spring of 1977. At that time the Immigration Service blocked the usual illegal immigration across the border at Presidio, Texas. The growers of melons and vegetables, thus cut off from their customary source of field labor, asked the Department of Labor to certify that domestic labor could not be found to do the work, thereby clearing the way for temporary admission of foreign workers by the Immigration Service. When the Department of Labor did not make the desired finding, the congressman from the district persuaded the President to disregard Labor and to order 809 Mexican workers admitted for six months to do what their brothers had formerly done as illegals.

Other industries cannot presume to demand a supply of labor at the right price, but they do resist any measures to limit the availability of illegal labor. When they testify before congressional committees they emphasize the crippling cost of complying with procedures to ascertain job applicants' status. They exhibit great solicitude for the civil rights of minority job applicants, rights which they say might be compromised by such screening.

Consumers of services may well see their interests as the same. There are many towns where restaurant meals, nursing home care, and household service would cost more if the supply of illegal workers were cut back. This is common knowledge. People in power in Washington know it, even if they don't talk about it: illegal workers have been rounded up in just about every posh restaurant in town, and everyone who is anyone knows someone with a domestic servant who is, or was, or may become an illegal alien.

Without exception, Hispanic-Americans in public life and politics oppose any proposals that are made to limit illegal immigration. All proposals, they say, would increase discrimination against the "browns" of the United States if enacted. The major political organizations of Spanish-speaking Americans have formed a coalition to oppose the proposals of the Carter Administration. In October 1977, groups including the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF, financed by the Ford Foundation); the old-line Latin-American citizens' organization, LULAC; the Chicano La Roza Unida; and CASA, a radical group dedicated to erasing the Mexican-American border, met in San Antonio to agree on opposition to the proposed incomplete legitimization of illegal aliens and penalties on employers of illegals.

It is not obvious why Hispanic-American politicians should be unanimous in their opposition to restrictions. The self-interest of their constituents would seem to lie elsewhere. The analyses of labor economists indicate that the presence of a large pool of unskilled illegal labor depresses wages and working conditions in the job sectors where most Spanish-speaking Americans find themselves. But Al Perez, who represents MALDEF in Washington, says that even if there were an equitable way to control access to the labor market—perhaps through a work permit required of all persons on being hired—he would not support such a deterrent to illegal immigration. "More Mexican-Americans mean more political power for us. Time is on our side. Yes, we fear the backlash which may come as a result of illegal immigration, but we believe that on balance the migration is in our interest."

Beneath the surface of much of the opposition to control is the feeling that the Mexican-American border has no particular legitimacy. Fidel Lopez, a Chicago architect who founded the Latino Institute of Chicago with impressive business and foundation support, remarked: "While I don't want to sound like a radical who wants to return Texas to Mexico, Mexico *did* lose valuable lands to the United States." He had little respect for the frontier as a "rigid demarcation line." Philip Ayala, director of Chicago's Latin American Youth Center, drew a parallel with the Panama Canal: "It's just now starting to surface how the United States got the Panama Canal—which is a very interesting story. Well, how did the United States acquire Texas, Arizona, California, New Mexico? So I don't look at it as us being the aliens. We didn't have to cross an ocean."

Then there are groups without an obvious direct interest which still oppose particular measures aimed at cutting down the flow. Proposals to limit access to the labor market usually involve making more use of the Social Security card. The Social Security Administration has always opposed efforts to turn its card into an identification card, although the number has become an almost universal identifying number, even for tiny children.

The rearguard action of the Social Security Administration against fur-

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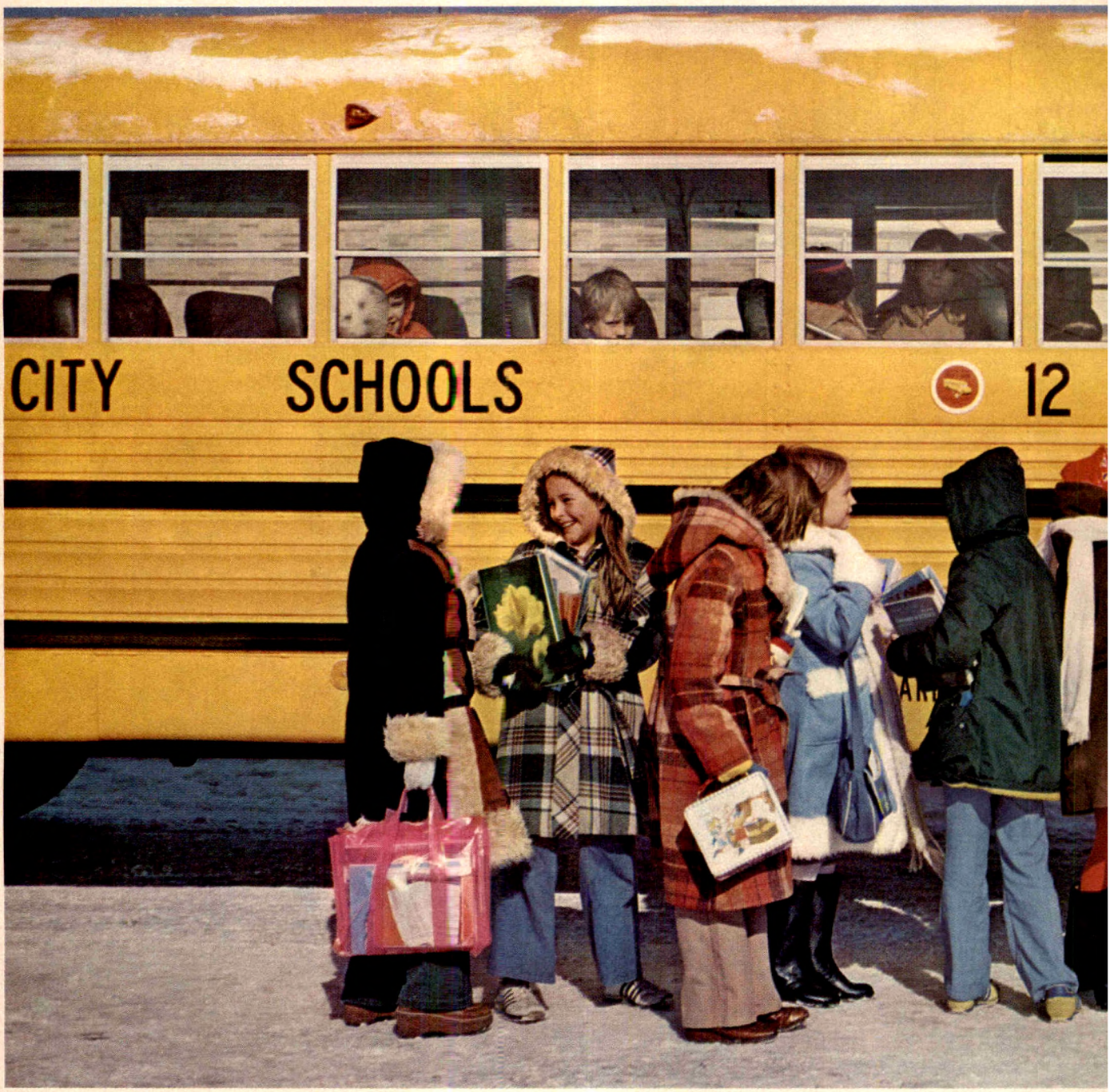

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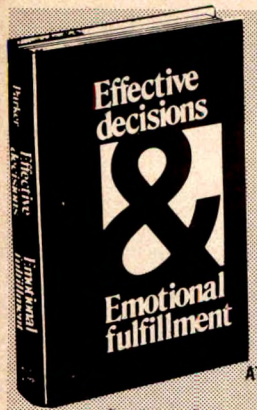

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ther compromises of the principles of social insurance has the support of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which adds the argument of the expense that would be involved in reissuing the cards, estimated at $500 million to $800 million.

Civil libertarians, likewise, have no obvious interest in defending illegal immigration, but they, too, find the measures used to limit it in the past, and those which are proposed for the future, obnoxious. David Carliner, an expert in immigration law, has been the spokesman for the ACLU on the subject. Before the House Immigration Subcommittee he said: "If . . . the number of aliens is a major problem in the United States, the more effective way of keeping them out of the United States and prohibiting them from working would be to keep them from getting food. Could we therefore require a national identity card when a person goes to the grocery store to buy groceries? . . . We all share that revulsion . . . of having some kind of identity card as a condition for employment."

During its long expansion, the economy of the United States has always had at its disposal reservoirs of cheap labor: slaves in the fields, immigrants in sweatshops and factories, children in the mills. Slavery and child labor were abolished—two steps many thought disastrously rash when they were taken. Trade unions and labor laws gradually raised the standards of the exploited newcomers. After World War I, when unlimited immigration from Europe became inconvenient, it was ended. Mexican labor was never formally regulated. It was drawn upon when it was wanted—notably during the wars of the twentieth century—and was rounded up and sent home when it seemed superfluous. As recently as 1953-1956 we had "Operation Wetback," in which the Border Patrol, under the supervision of a retired Army general, expelled close to 4 million Mexicans.

The days when such an action would be humanely and politically possible are gone. President Carter said as much when he spoke of the millions who "cannot practicably be deported." Americans have changed; a large-scale effort to root out non-citizens would produce divisions and disorders not unlike those produced by the Vietnam War.

The Mexicans have changed, too. They have grown from a small, docile, available labor force to an incoming wave impelled by rapid population growth and lack of a livelihood at home. (Behind them are far greater numbers of hungry people in other continents; the Mexicans are merely the closest and dominate the inflow at the moment.) The attitudes of immigrants without papers have also changed. Their rights are being advanced thanks to the growing assertiveness and political and legal skills of their American advocates.

The old game is up. We can no longer regard any of the people who live and work inside our borders as negligible factors, people of no account. Taking our illegal aliens seriously will make us think seriously about the American future.

—*Elizabeth Midgley*

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTOR

Elizabeth Midgley is with CBS News in Washington, D.C.

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WATTING FOR GODOT

SIR: Although I fully agree with Andrew Ward's reaction ("So what?") to Hollywood science fiction ("Filming the Unknown," January *Atlantic*), I think he missed the point in wondering how the antsy aliens with clumsy talons changed all those lightbulbs. Obviously, that's why they came to Earth and collected a dozen stubby-fingered NASA technicians!

THOMAS M. PFLAUM
Tallahassee, Fla.

SIR: Andrew Ward is right. Some writers, and Ward is a good example, do have difficulty describing the indescribable. That's why imaginative people use other mediums such as art, music, film, etc. Too bad Ward couldn't have sailed off into the universe with Spielberg's Mother Ship. He might not be missed and he could help change the lightbulbs.

HELGA CHARNES
Sunnyvale, Calif.

BROWNIAN MOVEMENT

SIR: I noticed one glaring error in David Broder's article about California's current governor ("The Canniness of the Long-Distance Runner," January *Atlantic*). The present occupant of this state's chief executive office did refuse to live in the executive residence built during the Ronald Reagan years, but the structure was not built for Reagan's use. It wasn't completed until after Reagan left office, and was intended for the use of future governors with wives and children.

PATRICK H. MCKELVEY
Arcadia, Calif.

SIR: Broder describes Edmund G. Brown as a "work of art." Many of us in California, however, consider him only crafty.

JAMES P. FELDE
Concord, Calif.

UNION WITH CANADA?

SIR: As a Canadian happily living and working in the United States (and soon, I hope, to become an American citizen), I would like to propose an alternative to those dreary and depressing choices for Canada and Quebec outlined by Mordecai Richler in the December *Atlantic* ("Oh! Canada! Lament For a Divided Country").

The best solution by far for Quebec, Canada, and America is the voluntary and enthusiastic union of Canada's nine English-speaking provinces with the United States and separate and independent status for Quebec. The logic and rationale of such a movement is overwhelming.

The probable separation of Quebec from Canada either in whole or in part is a tragic but totally understandable schism between two peoples each of whom have their own culture, values, and language. In fact, the length of time that the "Two Solitudes" remained in surface harmony is in itself a minor miracle and a credit to the basic reasonableness of each. A new age, bred by the development of instant mass communication, preceded and was the catalyst for the awakening of the Québecois in their irreversible rush to nationhood. Prolonging the Canadian Confederation in its present form only delays the inevitable and builds bitterness and negativism in all the people.

The positive can best be achieved by forming a new Canadian national political party, the Union party, whose overriding campaign platform would be the merging of Canada's nine English-speaking provinces into the United States of America. There is surprisingly widespread appeal for just such an act, contrary to what has been printed and said by politicians and the media.

The combination marriage and divorce would be good for everyone—American, English-speaking Canadian, and Québecois. Consider: Quebec would get nationhood, preservation of its language and culture, and undoubtedly substantial economic aid from its superpower neighbor; English Canada would get the markets, capital, know-how, and people it so desperately needs; America would get 16 million dynamic new immigrants who would "fit" immediately, raw material, resources, and space to grow in the future. On top of this, the world would benefit from the undoubted economic boom that would follow the union and the long-term effects that would accrue from the strengthening of the free enterprise system.

I. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL
Corona del Mar, Calif.

SIR: Unfortunately one cannot share equally in the (sometimes dubious) benefits of American materialism while retaining seventeenth-century French culture and language. The converse of this point is well illustrated by the three quarters of a million descendants of these same people who now live quietly and successfully in the northeastern United States.

It is easy to flagellate oneself mental-

ly over the plight of the Francophone in the same way Americans agonize over disadvantaged criminals. But no one has a solution. There are Alice in Wonderland attempts to redress imaginary wrongs with artificial rights. And we now have Bilingualism and Biculturism, a program which, like the universe, has no known beginning or end. Matters are further complicated by our Liberal (party) government which, in power for forty-two of the past fifty-two years, depends on near unanimous support from Quebec. In this milieu the line between national unity and outright bribery of Quebecers becomes blurred.

Many people here believe the answer is to make a friendly separation with Quebec after which the remainder of the country might join in full union with the United States. There would certainly be many mutual advantages.

ROGER LANSBURY
Ontario, Canada

ADVICE & CONSENT

SIR: Few institutions in this world have been killed as often as Hollywood, and Alan Trustman has written a fine account of its most recent demises, at the hands of government and TV, and by suicide ("Who Killed Hollywood?" January *Atlantic*). Among other instances, Hollywood was first killed in its infancy by something called the Patents Company, and about twenty years after that, sound came along and did it in again.

As a cinematographer in the low-budget movie biz, I certainly hope that Mr. Trustman is correct in predicting that we will be Hollywood's next incarnation. It would improve my standard of living.

JOHN SPRUNG
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Adam Smith has written about economics, that most boring of subjects, and has produced an essay that is both informative and entertaining ("Arabs, Their Money . . . and Ours," February *Atlantic*). However, two passages disturb me.

The first is a quote from one of the Iranian ministers that the United States "will need discipline to enforce conservation" of oil. The word discipline was italicized. The shah himself is described by Mr. Blumenthal as one who "talks a lot about law and order" and is "very much the boss of his country." We may have those who find the Iranian model worthy of emulation, but I hope we have the wisdom to deny them the power they seek. Unfortunately, the failure of voluntary conservation by most Americans provides ammunition to those who speak with relish of discipline. We are fortunate now because we have a choice. We can cut consumption of oil considerably with minimal damage to our life-style, as the Europeans have shown, or we can continue full speed ahead, pay the OPEC price, and hope for a miracle.

I am also disturbed by the author's closing statement that our "easy years . . . will, most certainly, come to an end." My answer to that is, only if we allow it.

GARY AYERS, M.D.
Athens, Ga.

SIR: Annie Dillard again, simple and exquisite! "A Field of Silence" (February *Atlantic*), now with angels! If she has no idea what her experience means, "perception, or language, or angels, or [her] own sanity," I do. While one may be envious of her transcendental experience and her ability to express it so tellingly, no one need impugn her sanity.

COLA G. CHASE
Vaughn, Wash.

SIR: Many thanks for printing Gore Vidal's fine article "Of Writers and Class" (February *Atlantic*). Finally a man has had the guts to come out and tell the truth about men, women, and writing. To paraphrase E. M. Broner, it is possible to go all the way through graduate school, to finish the Ph.D., even, without ever having read a woman writer.

NADINE M. FEINBERG
Southfield, Mich.

SIR: In all the years I've been reading quality magazines, I haven't seen a finer single issue than the February *Atlantic*. Adam Smith, Karl Fleming, Winthrop Knowlton, Gail Godwin, H. Bibesco, Annie Dillard, Gore Vidal, in approximately that order—all rivet the attention.

MALCOLM MOORE
La Mesa, Calif.

SIR: In reference to your article "Robert Browning, Meet Johnny Carson" in the February *Atlantic*. As someone who reads quite a lot, and who usually tries to keep abreast of new books, both fiction and nonfiction, and also someone who frequently watches the talk shows (particularly Dick Cavett), I must say that I have *never* purchased a book that was being pushed on one of those shows.

DIANA E. SMITH
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: "The Champ" (T. Coraghessan Boyle, January *Atlantic*) is quite simply and without qualification the funniest story I have read in years. Congratulations!

PATRICK K. LONG
Stony Brook, N.Y.

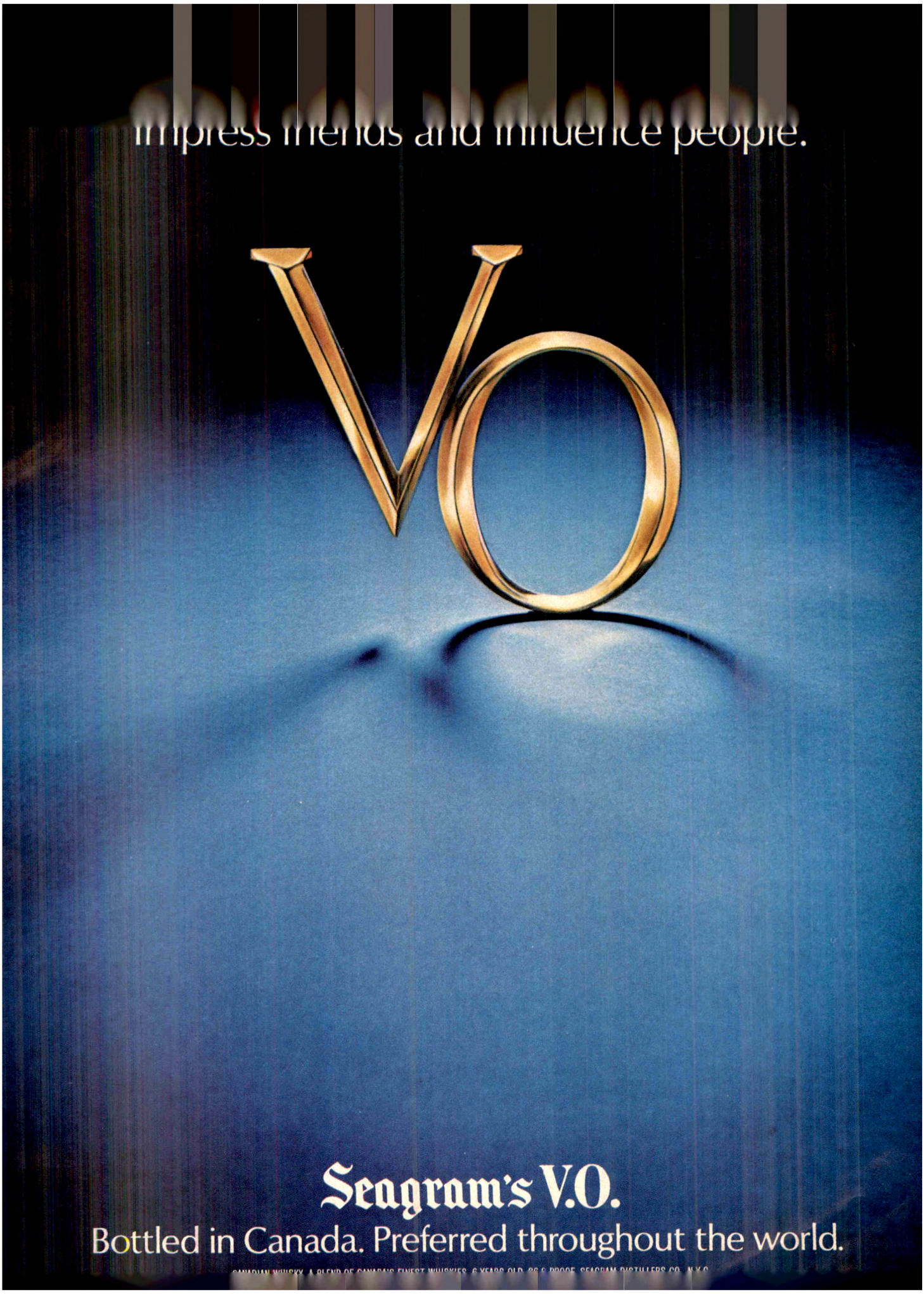
SIR: Caskie Stinnett's article "Guestmanship" (December *Atlantic*) was amusing, although I wouldn't want him to be *my* host. Mr. Stinnett seems to think that the Borgias lived in the Palazzo Borghese in Rome. I can find no reference to this fact. I believe that his historical knowledge is faulty and that he is confusing an infamous Spanish family with one of the oldest Roman ones.

HORACE W. GIBSON, JR.
Florence, Italy

SIR: Mr. Bibesco's nostalgic reminiscence ("Lunch With T. S. Eliot," February *Atlantic*) must be congratulated! He may not remember me, but we met several days after that high drama in the boxing ring. Our meeting was brief, however, since I had undertaken the job of Tom's literary agent, and Mr. Bibesco was hesitant to speak at length. (Tom had asked me to "pick Bibesco's brain" for possible images—especially those relating to impending disaster or death—he could use in the longish poem he was working on at the time.)

But no matter. Ezra, Eliot's literary "trainer," insisted that Tom cut the sixty-seven lines devoted to the boxing match; in fact, he encouraged Tom to remove any allusion to boxing and his participation in such barbaric pursuits. We all know Ezra jousted with Papa in Paris on occasion, but he never let the sport bruise his art. But no doubt Mr. Bibesco will agree with me and everyone else that we have a much better *Waste Land* than otherwise might have been. Yes, Mr. Bibesco nearly achieved immortality beside Madame Sosostris, Phlebas the Phoenician, Mrs. Equitone, et al., but Ezra ended all that with one quick left, eh, Count?

DON DAVEYUP
Madrid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by Sy Levin.

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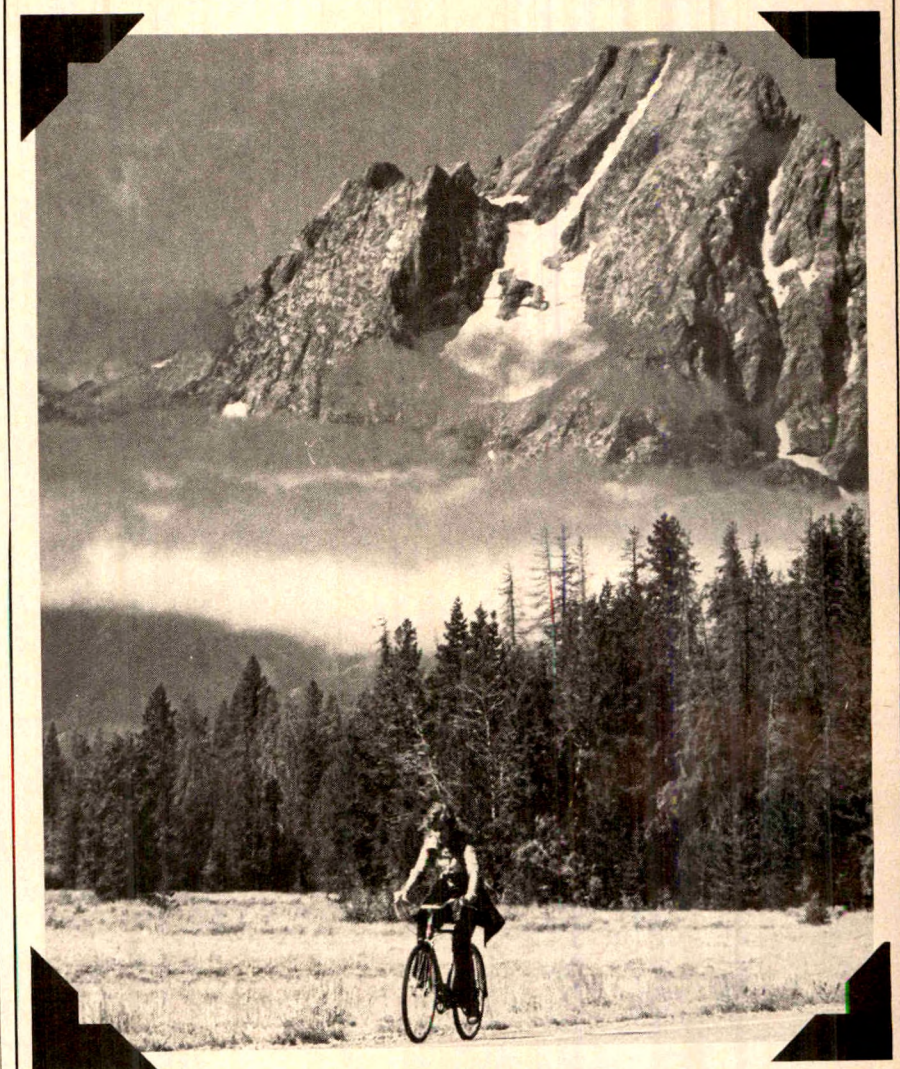

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In Seattle, particularly, the insurance industry has become involved in helping to spot instances of arson.

The result: while all across the country arson is looked at as a growth stock in the criminal's stock-in-trade, Seattle and Houston have actually experienced significant reductions in the number of cases of arson and substantial increases in the number of arrests. Proof, maybe, that those two statistics go hand in hand.

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MEMO TO THE PRESS: THEY HATE YOU OUT THERE

by Louis Banks

No sensible student of the American scene expects business and the media to "lie down together," but antagonism between the two has gotten out of hand and, in the opinion of this experienced journalist, it is the media that should take much of the blame and should now adjust to greater social responsibility.

Do you remember the "invisible shield"? That was in the TV commercial which demonstrated that all kinds of baseballs, footballs, slings, and arrows (i.e. germs) would be stopped dead by a transparent barrier just short of the toothy smile of the fellow who brushed with Colgate toothpaste. Well, I realize now that most of my friends who write, edit, publish, or broadcast the news work behind an invisible shield something like that—a shield of righteousness, defensiveness, and self-protection which blocks out germs of conflicting judgment or thoughtful criticism from other elements of our world. During my thirty-odd years on newspapers and national magazines I saw no shield at all, and joined my colleagues in looking outward with a clear vision, a sense of mission, and perhaps an occasional wink. Not until I went in search of a second career as an academic did I really get outside, and perceive the shield for what it is.

The frustrating, nightmarish aspect of that perception is that I now have an urgent message to send back, and I am having a very hard time getting through. The message I try to convey is this: *"Be careful! They hate you out here!"* But they can't or won't hear me, and the best response I can ever get is a momentary slip in the Colgate smile to the sad sweetness of martyrdom.

Of course my message is somewhat oversimplified—like most headlines or TV news items. There are different "they's," and different degrees of hate, perhaps a certain amount of love–hate, and even a few great exceptions of respect and admiration. But by and large the people who are trying to get things done in this country have a growing contempt for mass journalism, and it is visceral, pervading, and, in the words of the chairman of a $2 billion corporation, full of "dangerous emotions [which] should not be left unattended."

After nearly five years on the outside I've learned to hear some of the sounds that the shield shuts out. Here are two examples:

Time magazine nominates the top 200 young leaders of America and invites them to a Washington conference to meet each other and discuss leadership. On the second day of the panel sessions, antimedia bitterness breaks out spontaneously in nearly every group. In my own session (I was an observer, not a leader), four

of the most impressive, attractive young political leaders we could ever hope to elect to office agreed without a quibble that the press was a totally negative influence on their attempts to advance positive programs of reform. "I have to live two lives," said one young governor whose name is cherished by Common Cause. "One to work on my programs and another to cope with the irrelevant, personal, frequently trivial interests of the press. They don't care very much about what I'm really trying to get done." This spontaneity of criticism so stunned Hedley Donovan, the host and editor in chief of Time Inc. publications (and a man quite sensitive to alien sounds), that he later remarked: "I thought it was particularly striking that a group of people who on the whole have prospered from the attention the press has given them, and indeed had been brought together by an organ of the press . . . were quite emphatic in their concerns about, as they saw it, superficiality in the press, unexamined power in the press, problems of accountability in the press, and the press's general place in American life."

In a virgin attempt to teach something about business–media relations to a class of senior corporate executives at the Harvard Business School, I was stopped cold after the first five minutes. One hand went up, and then another, and in a kind of anarchy student after student poured out tales of media perfidy in the coverage of business. Many of them admitted later, over coffee, that they would not have dared to level like that before a working journalist for fear of retaliation. (As former Senator William Fulbright said of some of his fellow politicians: "They have seen the media's power and few are disposed to trifle with it.") Inured by now to such corporate executive emotion, I was surprised again last summer to find the same deep anger from a group of thirty social service managers from around the United States—many of them men and women up from hardscrabble backgrounds themselves, and trying to salvage young lives in their respective cities.

Perhaps I should declare right here that my particular interest is in business–media relationships, because I see business and the media as two essential elements of voluntaristic activism in American life—and, in my view, quite a lot that is central to enterprise, individualism, imagination, ethical performance, material well-being, and even political liberty depends on the successful workings of that voluntarism. I do not expect business and the media to lie down together. They play very different roles, and an adversary relationship on a certain plane provides an essential check-and-balance function. Journalistic history is rich with instances of robber barons of various sizes and guises being brought to justice by diligent reporting—and there is still enough evidence around to sustain that legend. Even so, from my neutral territory I have concluded that it is time for the mass media to pay close attention to the business bill of complaints, to the very end that the check-and-balance function can maintain its effectiveness.[1]

Since my first traumatic experience I have spent considerable time over the last three years in trying to explain the media to business achievers of various age levels in the benign atmosphere of business school. I have learned that the only way to get on with a rational discussion of the relationship between the media and the rest of society is to exorcise as much emotional anger as possible in the first session. This I do by asking innocently some neutral question about media performance and then listing the responses on the blackboard. This is the way such a list usually runs—these are literal, unprovoked quotes from taped sessions:

"Always sensational. Always looking for the negative."

"Doom-criers."

"The liberalism of most reporters and editors may be way out of whack with the norm of society."

"Some reporters have preconceived answers and merely go through the motion of checking the facts. They have the story written before they come in."

"We can explain our side of the story and think we are on the right side and then a reporter tells his version of that, and what the public thinks about us is going to depend on that reporter."

"The press has a very inflated opinion of its role in society—'the right of the public to know.' They push their way into things and justify really obnoxious, ignorant behavior, sometimes on the argument of the public's right to know."

"They're insulated from the real world."

"As far as TV is concerned my attitude is forgive them for they know not what they do."

"They're a closed monopoly. They even monitor criticism of what they write."

"They're a business like any other business, except in some perverse way they profit by being against the rest of us."

Louis Banks, a former managing editor of *Fortune* magazine, is currently an adjunct professor of management at the Sloan School, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

[1] As a matter of definition, by "business" I refer to the influential corporations of the Fortune 500 or Business Roundtable caliber unless otherwise indicated. By mass media I mean television, radio, the wire services, and general circulation daily and weekly newspapers—as distinguished from business publications. By "general assignment reporter" or "editor," I refer to those who handle the general run of the news, as distinguished from business specialists.

"They're a bunch of whores."

Of course such statements are heavy with emotion, such group fault-finding tends to be contagious, and the most opinionated critics always out-talk the most reticent "not quite sure" people.[2] But for all of the variations in quality of assertion, the basic and reportable fact is that the passion increases year by year.

A blow to widows and orphans

It is not easy to get to the bottom of these pent-up business feelings about the mass media, nor indeed to separate emotion from rational thought. However, I believe it is possible more or less to pinpoint three distinct levels of antagonism. The first involves everyday operational relationships, i.e., the specific reactions to specific encounters in which the business executive or his company has been involved. The second is attitudinal: a businessman's conviction that the great power of the media is used selectively to sour the body politic on corporate product, profit, and practice. The third is societal: a gut feeling that, behind a façade of constitutional righteousness, First Amendment guarantees are being misused at the expense of other institutional rights no less basic, with a net loss to the American system.

Operationally, the business bill of particulars tends to be a litany. Careless news stories present business executives as saying things they never said, or corporations as doing things they never intended to do. In the reporting of figures, apples are compared to oranges, and decimal points slide back and forth. In the corporate view, sensationalism ignores the 99 percent of constructive progress and gives headline attention to the bizarre, odd, inconsequential, or exceptional. Chronic negativism fortifies this tendency so that the "good news" story or the positive TV footage does not see light of day in the mass media, while the accident, or the competitor's slur, is surefire copy—and usually wrong in detail. Ignorant reporting tangles business complexities into erroneous conclusions, or ducks the complexities in favor of power struggles and personality clashes, real or imagined.

Fred Hartley, the feisty chairman of the Union Oil Company of California, became a sort of business legend in the 1960s when he claimed he was misquoted in a touchy senatorial hearing on the infamous Santa Barbara oil spill. He produced a transcript of the record to back his case. *Newsweek*'s investigation revealed that a New York *Times* reporter had made a direct quotation out of a paraphrased fill-in on Hartley's testimony, provided by the *Christian Science Monitor*'s man. Once printed in the *Times*, the quote turned up as fact in the innumerable newspapers that use the New York *Times* service, in the *Wall Street Journal*, on network television, and in *Time*. Hartley demanded—and got—apologies from nearly everybody involved.

Few business executives see themselves as that lucky. A Boston supermarket chain howled in vain when the Boston *Globe* headlined the news that its profits were "up 200%" at a time when consumers were very upset about supermarket food prices. In fact the chain was recovering from a *loss* the previous year, and was earning, overall, less than a paltry one percent after taxes on gross revenues. Chairman John deButts of American Telephone & Telegraph asserts that a reporter's misinterpretation of an Appellate Court decision about Ma Bell knocked $1 billion off the stock value in two days—quite a blow to the favorite holding of widows and orphans.

Not all of the horror stories are this clear-cut, but nearly every business executive has his/her own to recite, and thus contributes to the collective mind-set. It all comes together in the old cry that every journalist has heard forever, and probably has come to shrug off forever: "I've never seen accurate reporting about anything that I know anything about."

Handling the egomaniacal executive

In truth, the business case probably is weakest at the operational level. Anecdote for anecdote it can be matched by editors, correspondents, and camera crews who have tried to get at the facts of business news under deadline pressures, and failed (they hold) through no fault of their own.

To begin with, journalists prove to themselves every day that too many corporate executives want things printed their way—or not at all. "The first thing we have to teach a reporter is to get behind those press releases," says Robert Healy, executive editor of the Boston *Globe*. Since New England businessmen feel somewhat persecuted by this policy at the *Globe*, perhaps they should hear the same thinking from Laurence O'Donnell, the managing editor of their favorite newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal*. "As a young reporter for the *Journal*, I soon learned that the press release was the start of the conversation," he says. "What *aren't* they saying? And what do they mean by this? What has the lawyer told them to put in here? Why does what they say disagree with their 10K reports to the Securities and Exchange Commission?"

The editors of the small Southbridge (Mass.) *Evening News* suspect that the dominant manufacturer in

[2] In a show of hands at the end of my most recent group discussion, eighteen voted that "the major impact of the media is sensationalism disregarding consequences," and ten voted that it is a "legitimate fulfillment of its informational function in a democratic society." Two abstained.

their area has, on occasion, deliberately timed "bad news" press releases (job layoffs, corporate reassignments, etc.) to hit just minutes before the *News*'s deadlines. The PR men seemed to know that the *News* had to go to press with the company's version of the story because reporters would have no time to ask questions or get public reaction. Every business editor has seen variations on this kind of gamesmanship; a mild and commonly accepted form is corporate announcement of bad news in time for the Saturday papers, which are less well read.

When a corporation is in trouble or bedeviled by its lawyers, the press release syndrome can deteriorate to actual lies. A Detroit correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal* carries a flaming scar because, many years ago, American Motors flatly assured him that, contrary to rumor, the company had no intention of selling off its appliance division. He flashed the news to brokerage offices on the Dow-Jones "ticker." One hour later the company announced just such a sale. "One hour later! You don't forget!"

Perhaps the most common editorial grievance is that reporters cannot get to responsible executives when they need information. Instead they are shunted to public relations people who are afraid to say anything except on the word of the boss. And the boss is probably "out of town" when needed most. So deadlines loom, and stories get written on information from best available sources (sometimes competitors). The corporate executive's next-day call to the publisher is predictable: "Your people never even bothered to call me to check the facts." If interviews with top managers are finally granted, the PR person frequently goes along to monitor the conversation. Newspeople see this as meddling just short of prior restraint, and the practice fortifies the journalist's inherent distaste for the authoritarian structure of corporate business in general.

Privately, some corporate PR men commiserate with newsmen at the nearest bar, particularly when trying to "handle" that not uncommon genus, the egomaniacal chief executive. The latter is inclined to believe that he hires a public relations expert to *control* what is printed about the company. Such a president of a middle-sized New England firm thought he was worthy of an interview in a metropolitan daily. Wondrously, his PR man was able to bring it off—only to be fired the day after the story appeared because the interviewer had described the executive as "swarthy."

One brand of egocentricity hates to see the names of lesser executives in the paper. For many years any local official of a big southern "investor owned" utility who got his name in print was sure to get a call from the parent company in New York telling him never to let that happen again. (The policy was reversed in a hurry when the subsidiary companies began to get in trouble with editorial writers, consumers, and regulatory agencies over petitions for rate increases.)

Add to the media's litany the prayer for the soul of a corporate boss who uses the company's economic power to forestall a story or retaliate for one already printed. In *Fortune*'s earlier days AT&T canceled a lucrative advertising campaign in the magazine after a writer had trenchantly criticized the company's financial strategy (which was subsequently modified). In the celebrated battle between the Detroit bureau of the *Wall Street Journal* and General Motors, in 1954, the *Journal* refused to abide by release dates on stories about new models. GM pulled its advertising until it was badly bruised in the *Journal*'s editorial columns and in publications sympathetic to the *Journal*.

Every editor who assigns a story on a corporation in trouble knows that he or his bosses are in for a certain amount of pressure. In a recent issue of *New York* magazine, Chris Welles reported that hard-hitting stories, directed by a gutsy editor named Lew Young, had provoked "many major corporations, such as Westinghouse, First National Bank of Chicago, and Braniff Airways" to cancel their advertising in *Business Week*. Few are the corporate executives willing to march behind the banner of Stanley Marcus, who built the Neiman Marcus department store chain into an international name by adroit public relations. "A businessman can make no worse mistake than to try to use the muscle of his advertising dollar to try to influence the news," he says, and adds that one of his first moves at Neiman Marcus was to separate totally the advertising and public relations departments.

Yet there is a certain amount of hope that trouble at the operational level can be eased somewhat by confrontation and discussion among parties concerned. I have found, in business–media conferences and panel sessions, that this usually means that businessmen are supposed to understand that journalists are 1) really nice people (which they generally are), 2) dedicated to impartial truth, 3) serving their readers or viewers with unwavering professionalism, 4) hampered at every turn by corporate secrecy or deceit, 5) hounded by deadlines and technical problems beyond imagining, and 6) motivated by some indefinable compulsion to get "the story" in print or on the tube at whatever cost, before anybody else. The editors may confess that most general assignment reporters find business dull. Often they will claim aggressively that a journalistic state of original ignorance makes it easier for them to explain matters to an audience that is equally ignorant. (This is particularly a ploy of television newspeople.) But there

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is a recent heartening tendency for publishers, editors, and even TV news executives to risk sending a few specialists off to short courses in business school, and in most cases this practice has resulted in more effective reporting—if the reporters can get through the layer of editors above them who still believe that business is dull.

For their part, business executives at the panel sessions rarely get much through the shield about the problems of making corporate decisions under intense and conflicting pressures from governments, shareholders, labor unions, environmentalists, consumerists, and competitors. Or about the importance to the neighborhood of a thriving, prosperous business operation. But being quintessential pragmatists, they learn to recognize the media as one more difficult constituent to be dealt with, and they go home to give increasing support for, and new sympathy to, the vice president for public affairs. So all is not lost. A more sophisticated approach to the media does tend to ease the operational problems somewhat and to loosen up the company itself. Many PR executives, newly enhanced in stature and invited to participate in policy-making decisions, have persuaded their bosses and peers to join special training courses so that they can be cogently responsive to either reporters or TV interviewers. The executive open-door policy has come to prevail at numerous Fortune 500 companies, particularly at those engaged in serious political battles, and needful of public support. Chairman deButts of AT&T rarely refuses a legitimate interview request. Edgar B. Speer, chairman of United States Steel, has spectacularly reversed Big Steel tradition by chatting informally with reporters. And the top executives of major U.S. oil companies are usually available these days.

Easy mark for the leak

The difference between the operational and the attitudinal states of mind is revealed in what happens after the last drink and the last first-name farewells of the panel sessions. The media people tend to drift to their own gatherings to have a nightcap and swap old stories about the last war or the last presidential campaign—i.e., anything but business coverage. The business executives slam their doors and write notes to themselves about "those arrogant bastards." The term "arrogant" can partly be attributed, of course, to the executives' frustration over a large investment of time with very little to show for it but bruises. But more broadly it is a business reaction to a kind of pervasive populism that colors the very terms of the dialogue—and, in fact, the definition of news itself, as far as mass media coverage of business is concerned.

Basically most ranking editors of mass media see business as suspect until proved innocent. At the attitudinal level this means a greatly overweighted coverage of antibusiness pronouncements. The average editor of print or tube becomes an easy mark for the leak from governmental or public interest agencies, some of which have a vested interest of sorts in being antibusiness. Political candidates are eternally running against privately owned public utilities; usually their campaign charges are faithfully reported, but the media is rarely moved to ask why the issues fade away after the election. Congressman Les Aspin of Wisconsin, a member of the House Armed Services Committee, generally has a release blasting some aspect of the military–industrial complex ready for the Monday morning papers; the statements invariably get wide coverage, but I have yet to see a story reporting this careful regularity as something newsworthy in its own right. (I noted with interest, while attending a conference in Colorado with the affable Congressman Aspin, that the Monday morning stories kept coming under Washington datelines despite the fact that he was some 2000 miles away.)

The latest vogue in business reporting is consumerism. Newspapers and wire services that previously have carried little more business news than the stock and bond tables find room for lengthy reports by their consumerist investigative teams. Even local television stations are conducting a daily search for bait-and-switch advertising, spoiled vegetables, or tainted hamburger. Now executives of consumer goods corporations may be willing to admit reluctantly that the original reformists probably had a case, but today they see themselves as victims of a media epidemic more virulent than botulism. Here again the point is not the accuracy or inaccuracy of specific stories, or whether some businesses may deserve all the investigatory attention they can get, but the fact that consumerism is attitudinally antibusiness by definition, and the media is coming to have something of a vested interest in pushing coverage which, on net, provides a distorted view of reality.

One cannot help but note the irony in coverage of a recent major development in the automobile industry. Whereas we are well informed about alleged auto industry foot-dragging in matters of pollution control and air bags, there was no visible consumerist reporting praising General Motors for its risky leadership in chopping down the size of its principal cars in the 1977 and 1978 model years to aid energy conservation. Instead, the story slipped over to the business pages, where the question was whether stupid old GM would suffer lower sales because it wasn't providing consumers with the big gas-guzzlers they loved and wanted.

Given this general attitude, both industrial and

consumerist corporations are terrified at the persistent and often careless linkage of industrial or commercial processes to nearly all of the world's woes, including the state of the ozone layer and the spread of cancer. In the business view, the big danger lies in the mass media's uncritical acceptance of fragmentary or half-baked claims. It is one thing to report findings carefully considered by competent professionals, and quite another to shout "fire" in a crowded theater by giving space or air time to speculative theories propounded in raw research.

Business has its list of horrible examples of distortions that proved to be disastrous to responsible producers (cranberries, swordfish, cyclamates, spray adhesives, and even nuclear power), while the media can counter with an equally long list of missteps or cover-ups (Kepone, B.C.M.E., thalidomide, and some aspects of nuclear power). Doubtless environmentalism and toxicity are areas where the check-and-balance process has worked to social advantage. News coverage spurred passage of various environmental protection measures (along with their excesses) and of the Toxic Substances Control Act of 1976. Fear of news coverage, biased or fair, also has something to do with prompt corporate attention to potential trouble areas.

By now, however, executives of responsible corporations are usually sophisticated about technological assessment of new processes, and they know that collection of data and the measurement of risk is a delicate and complex matter. A handful of newspeople understand this too. But business believes that most of the mass media still indulges the simplistic, and in its assumption of corporate guilt frequently relies, without critical evaluation, on special interest groups whose special interest is to bring industrial growth and development to a halt at any social cost. My Sloan School colleague, economist Lester Thurow, refers to the methods of such groups as "analysis paralysis."

Where is the public interest?

Not far beneath these feelings about media attitudes lies a pervading suspicion among those achievers, the businessmen, that the repetitive effect of mass media coverage is to denigrate achievement itself. This is another way of saying, in societal terms, that the mass media has somehow lost track of one of the basic drives of the country. James Ferguson, the chairman of General Foods, is one of the handful of corporate leaders who have wrestled seriously with the business–media problem—not only because his company has been burned by exaggerated alarms about food processing, but because he is concerned about the potentially dangerous emotions building up in the society against the media. He argues that "by their current pattern of behavior the news media in America are telling us that they are suffering from an identity crisis."

". . . As is true of other institutions, technology and economic trends have presented them with tools of enormous power," he writes. "Like most institutions they have not yet fully learned to cope with the new environment, nor to understand and control the new tools. In fact it could be argued that they are on something of a binge with the new tools."

(I never saw the invisible shield so clearly as when Ferguson's thoughtful statement was brought up for comment at a panel session of award-winning reporters in Manhattan in late 1976. With almost no discussion, the young prizewinners dismissed it as "just like Spiro Agnew," and that was the end of the subject.)

The media's "tools of enormous power," as far as business is concerned, begin with the constitutional guarantees of press freedom and build on the long-standing doctrine that all business is vested with the public interest, the latter continually broadened by the courts and augmented by regulatory pressure for disclosure. The justification for such power and privilege, of course, is that freedom of publication is essential to responsible public action in a democratic society, and the history books generously validate the premise. But businessmen (among others) are increasingly suspicious that the guarantee of press freedom is being used frivolously and carelessly at the expense of other constitutional guarantees. "The press is not an end to itself, but a means of securing higher values, particularly individual rights and the viability of popular government itself," writes Walter Berns, a University of Toronto political scientist. To this James Ferguson adds a corollary: "Freedom of enterprise and commerce is no less sacred, as are the trust and public confidence on which they rest." Donald MacNaughton, the chairman of Prudential Insurance, suggests that among the tools is the enormous power of amplification involved not only in the growth of a national press but in television network news. "Sixty seconds on the evening news tonight is all that is required to ruin a reputation, turn a politician out of office or impair a company's profitability," he writes. "The power of the press with today's methods of mass communication has become, in short, the power to destroy."

Statements of such bitterness should be offset by the fact that business executives, generally speaking, believe in the philosophy of the First Amendment almost as ardently as newspeople do. This was borne out in the results of a pilot survey conducted last spring among a sampling of working journalists and business executives by four graduate students of MIT's Sloan School of Management (Pamela Chin, Andrew Moehlenbrock, Assen Nicolov, Anne Wood). Though the

executives blamed the press and television for a bad public image of business (and the journalists tended to agree), the businessmen were only a shade behind the reporters and editors in endorsing the First Amendment principle. This finding is substantiated not only by hundreds of conversations I have had with business executives on this matter but by the marketplace fact that they strongly support a business press—e.g., the *Wall Street Journal, Fortune, Business Week, Barron's, Forbes,* etc.—that is often sharply and accurately critical of business practice. Perhaps a hint of the difference lies in a comment by Laurence O'Donnell, the *Journal*'s managing editor: "We view many issues in business as areas of controversy and not assumed bad practice. We don't pick good guys and bad guys in those areas. We say the jury is still out."

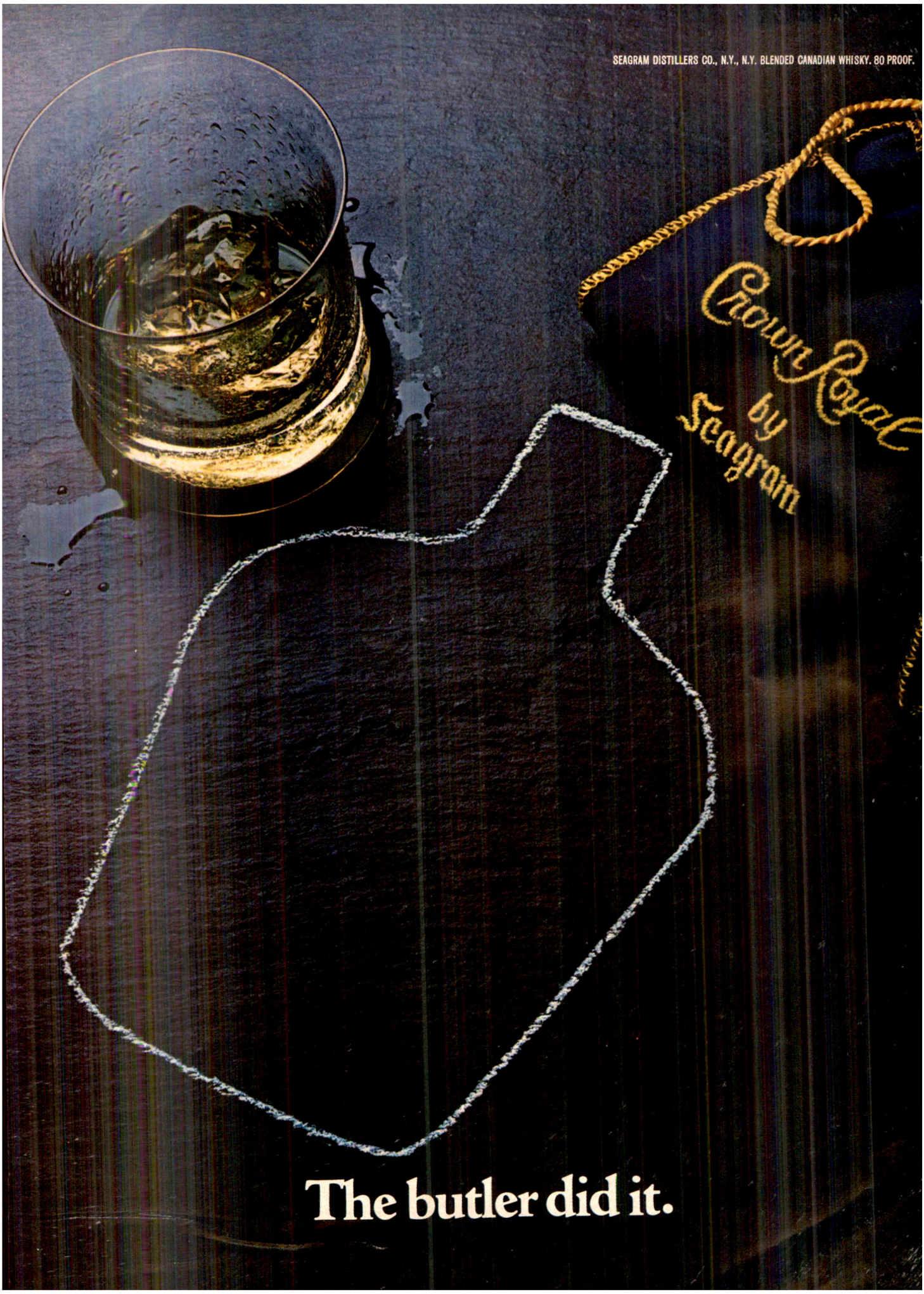
It goes without saying that corporate executives see the American business system as fundamental to national development. Yet they are all too aware that business functions in a capitalist democracy, and in the final analysis will rise or fall in accordance with public opinion and resultant political pressure. In their view the persistent drumbeat of media oversimplification, exaggerated fault-finding, and antagonistic news selection is providing a perverted picture of the nation's principal achievement. They see business being burdened, as a result, with an overload of indirect taxes, restrictions, and social obligations to the point of net loss in its ability to function economically in the development of new resources, new markets, and new "breakthrough" research. When this state of affairs becomes evident it will probably be documented, with Walter Cronkite severity, as a business failure "to meet our needs," and will be viewed politically as evidence that only additional governmental intervention can put things right. In these terms it will be very difficult indeed to keep alive the yeast of corporate enterprise and the rate of growth and creation of wealth to which society has become accustomed. And when those are gone, according to this worst possible scenario, we will be in for a period of social upheaval that could even involve damage to the First Amendment.

In reply the media could argue that such "worst possible scenarios" have been the standard prediction of businessmen since the advent of the progressive income tax or the reform legislation of the New Deal; yet for all of those imagined horrors, the United States today offers the most hospitable business climate in the world. A give-and-take between the demands of business enterprise and the community's changing social standards—which the media reflects—has been with us since the founding of the Republic. All this can be argued without putting so much as a dent in the invisible shield.

Yet what is involved in the basic business–media antagonism today is the serious question of whether the press itself should adjust to new social responsibilities. In its ferocious drive to maintain audience ratings, to cater to populist fears and prejudices, to entertain instead of enlighten, is the mass media perhaps sacrificing editorial leadership? Is it ducking the complex explanations for terse simplistic bulletins that provide villains and heroes and feed a public hunger for high drama?

The message we have to get through the shield is that business and other social sectors have a legitimate right to ask such questions. There is nothing in the First Amendment that makes the media immune to the same kind of critical examination it administers to the rest of society. A first step toward answers might involve a responsible collegial corporate group, such as the Committee for Economic Development, the Conference Board, or the Business Roundtable, in just such an audit, at the three levels of criticism and frustration. To this a group of responsible editors could draft a considered reply, only this time on someone else's territory. Somewhere in the process the media people might discover that a significant part of the seething anger out there reflects a yearning for constructive collaboration in finding a way through the multiple variables of uncertainty that seem destined to afflict the decades ahead.

There is no question that even when the system is working well there will be tension between business and the media. The corporate executive, by definition, deals primarily with specific decisions under the risk–reward mechanism of the marketplace. Responsible editors have the function, as Henry Fairlie reminds us by way of Matthew Arnold, "to see life steady and see it whole." They will, and should, sit in judgment on the causes and effects of important corporate decisions in terms of the whole. But the question that business criticism has provoked—and which is reflected by others who themselves claim a share of responsibility for American life—is whether the mass media is in danger of abrogating that very function by its current behavior. □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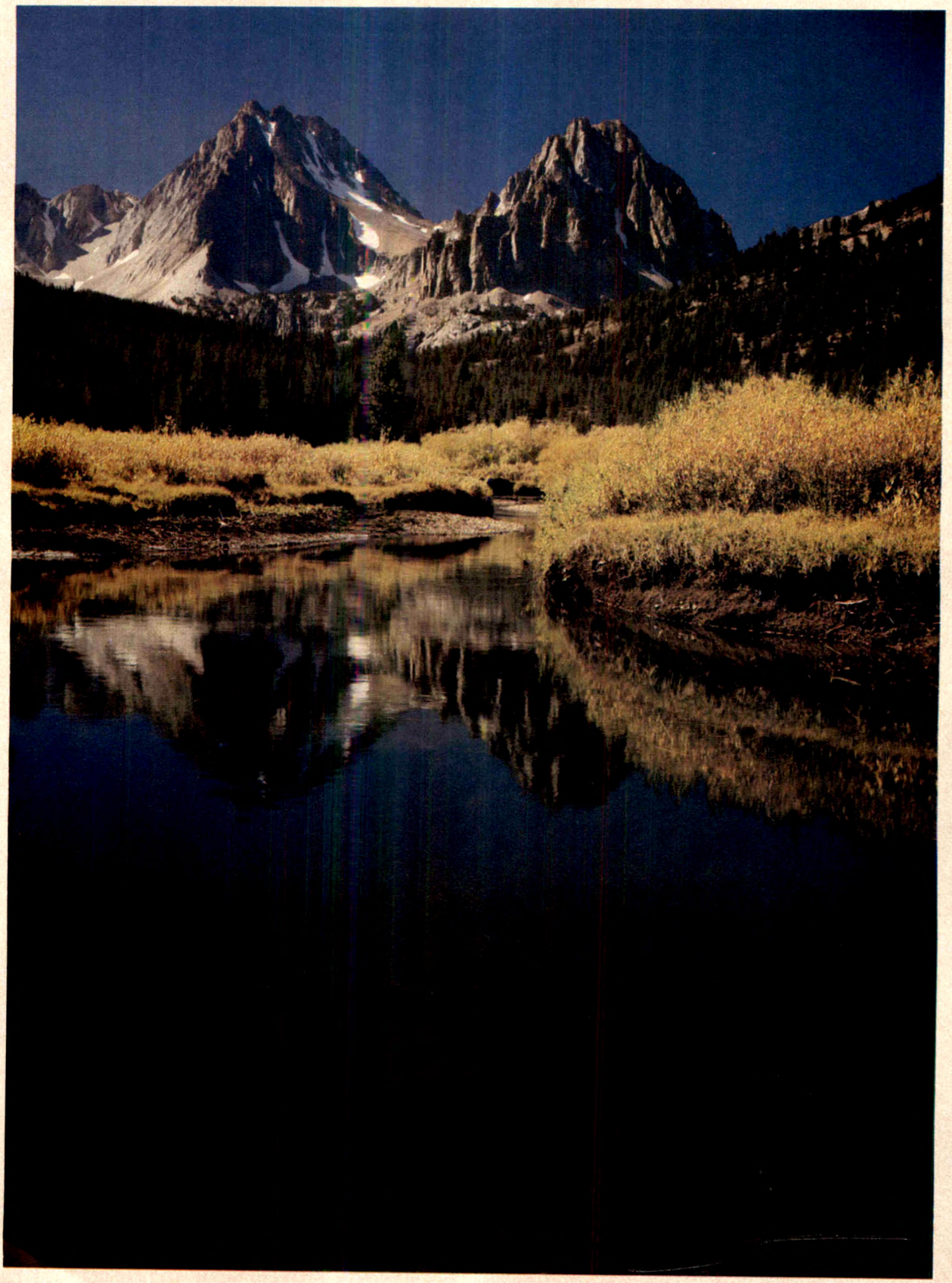

Castle Peak and Little Boulder Creek, in the White Cloud Range, Idaho

COUNTRY

by Wallace Stegner and Page Stegner

with an Ansel Adams portfolio

For refugees from industrial America, the Rocky Mountain states are the suburbs of Eden. Open spaces. Peaceful valleys. Clear, clean water. But the region also commands a huge share of the nation's remaining mineral wealth. Coal: billions of tons lying just beneath the ground. Uranium: 95 percent of our known reserves. Oil: more of it—trapped in shale—than exists in all the Middle East. The people who live here are divided in their own minds about whether to fight for the magnificent spaciousness they still have, or to collaborate in dirtying it, mining it, and filling it up. What they decide about their future will profoundly affect the future of the whole country.

1.
Living Under the Big Sky

Bright water braids through the yard between the log ranch buildings. The wind shakes down an aftershower of drops from a big old ponderosa pine obviously left over from the time when the Bitterroot Valley was prime timber country. Red Angus cattle with wet gleaming hides graze in the field across the road. In a corral a boy of twelve or so has kicked himself up onto the back of a 2000-pound bull and is riding him around like a pony.

Echoes of old, pastoral Montana, of the good natural outdoor life. A yard dog wags us up to the gate, where a St. Bernard with the eyes of a repentant roué takes over to escort us inside. In the kitchen he leaves muddy tracks the size of dessert plates, but Ross and Joan Toole, coming with their hands out, pay no attention. Ross has a boyish face netted with fine wrinkles that somehow make him appear younger than his fifty-seven years. Joan, slim and smiling in Levis and a checkered shirt with the tails out, her pants legs wet, looks as if she has just come in from irrigating, which it turns out she has. They lead us into the book-filled living room by the fire; the talk starts before we have eased down into the upholstery. Though we know the Tooles only from correspondence and from Ross's books (*Montana: An Uncommon Land; Twentieth-Century Montana: A State of Extremes; The Rape of the Great Plains*), we are friends in thirty seconds. The St. Bernard lies down with a groan and drops his jowls on his forepaws and turns up his pouched eyes, resigned to another session on the Rocky Mountains, past, present, and future, problem, solution, and hope.

What we talk of, Ross knows as well as anyone alive. Now Hammond Professor of Western History at the University of Montana in Missoula, he has been state historian and curator of the State Historical Museum, as well as president of a cattle company over in the Red Lodge country, east of the Absarokas. His family has lived in Montana since 1859, he knows everybody in the state. A lecturer whose classes draw anywhere from 700 to 1000 students, he is the best talker in Montana, and his head is packed like a honeycomb with facts about Montana's resources, the past raids on them, and the present threats against them.

We talk about growth, old and new populations, mined and husbanded resources, pressures on towns and backcountry, the transformation of little cities into bigger ones, cow towns into boomtowns, grasslands into pits and spoil piles, mountain valleys into suburbs, condominium slums, and tourist traps. We speak of local loggers and Forest Service officials in

conflict or in cahoots, of wilderness preserved and wilderness lost, of Indians and Indian lands, of federal agencies and state politics, of water, strip mines, and power plants, of the slow accretion of environmental law, the difficult spiral of social change.

What we talk about is what we have been driving through for a week, ever since Boise. Not too long ago a pleasant little provincial capital nestled between the foothills of the Sawtooths and the Snake River plain, Boise is now, at three times its 1960 population, enjoying new opportunities and enduring new strains as it bucks for major-city status. Up along the Snake on the way to Twin Falls we have found the towns not much changed, only a little larger than we knew them. But the future is being written in the jets of water that curve from sprinkler irrigation pipes onto thousands of acres of raw benchland. Every new pump that sucks water from the Snake not only reclaims a patch of desert, it appropriates water in demand elsewhere; not only increases the need for power but decreases the power head at all the Snake River hydro plants, thus bringing closer the day of coal-fired plants with their construction booms, their environmental pollution, and their trebled or quadrupled cost.

The gray sage plains out from the river have not changed. Mountains still haunt the horizons, brown welded seamlessly to blue. The license plates of the cars we meet along what was once a weary stretch of the Oregon Trail say with bucolic pride, "Idaho—Famous Potatoes." The air and light along the river are softened by man-made humidity, but as we turn north at Twin Falls, across the lava plains, the distance regains its old hard brilliance. A cluster of peaks far northward, fifty miles or more, up somewhere around Stanley, is as pure and clean and miniature as something seen through reversed binoculars. A car hurrying down from that direction wears a license plate like a promise: "Montana—Big Sky Country."

Famous Potatoes, Big Sky Country. There are the prose and the poetry of the mountain states, the practicality and the romance, reclaimed desert and untamed wilderness. A lot of people in Idaho are discontented with their potato slogan, envious of Montana and indeed of anywhere distant and romantic. In Pocatello they speak disparagingly of Idaho State University's fieldhouse as the Half Astrodome.

They needn't be envious. Montana's sky is no bigger than Idaho's, and it is every bit as endangered. In both Montana and Idaho, as in Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado, the people who live under that sky are divided in their minds about whether to fight for the magnificent spaciousness that they all still have, or to collaborate in dirtying it, mining it, and filling it up, in return for jobs for themselves and their children and profits for big-money corporations, most of them based outside.

One version of the future we have passed through in Ketchum–Sun Valley, overbuilt but still building, a town of raw wood almost as new, though not so ugly, as Ketchum was when it was a mushroom mining camp. Of places like Sun Valley in Idaho, Aspen and Vail in Colorado, ski resorts being metamorphosed into all-season recreation and convention centers, many pleasant things may be said, but it must also be said that the entrepreneurs and pleasure-circuit people who are building them up unite in destroying the sanctuary they seek or sell. All are outside-owned. Sun Valley represents Utah-Wyoming money, Vail belongs to Texas, Aspen is being bought up by Twentieth Century-Fox. As corollary or antidote or penance for commercial development of gorgeous country, they also unite in promoting culture, in the same spirit that built opera houses in Leadville, Central City, and Butte a hundred years ago. They bring the city to the backwoods, sophistication to the sticks; and though there is a growing core of permanent residents trying to create a community, most of the population is as migrant, and shows the same steep gradient from nabob to drifter, as the population of the old mining camps.

Another variant of the future, related but less explicit and more ominous, looms at Stanley, fifty miles north of Boise, in a lovely, remote basin on the Salmon. It is overlooked by four mountain ranges and is being systematically bought up, for undisclosed purposes, by William Harrah of Harrah's Club, Reno. Harrah has also bought land in McCall, Challis, and the Bogus Basin, some say in the hope that Idaho will legalize gambling so that he can build a string of New Renos (or more likely, New Jackpots), some say only because he understands the speculative value of outdoor recreation land. Our host at Stanley is an ex-sheepman, once neighbor to the Harrimans over on the Old Railroad Ranch near Island Park. He is holding off on

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Wallace Stegner won the Pulitzer Prize for his 1971 novel, *Angle of Repose*. Page Stegner, his son, is the author of a critical study of Vladimir Nabokov and, most recently, of a novel, *Sports Car Menopause*.

Harrah's offer for his six acres and 700 feet of Salmon River frontage with the best view in the valley. He hopes that a Morrison-Knudsen vice president will buy it as a summer place. Either way, his Ma-and-Pa motel is due for a face-lifting.

Still another variant of the future has surfaced at Salmon, a lumber and ranching town that is headquarters for float trips down the "River of No Return." Here the river runs very muddy in the rain as the cutover mountainsides wash down into it, and talk runs turbid too: some support the preservation of the Salmon River backcountry as wilderness, accessible only by boat and raft (it is now being inventoried in the RARE II study, along with other potential wilderness areas). Some, on the contrary, want to run up and down it in off-road vehicles, hunt and fish in it, and even log off its second-rate timber. The rangers in the local Forest Service office are cautious and discreet: they will have to carry out whatever policies Washington decides on, and they also have to go on living in Salmon.

It is not only the cloudy future we have been running through. We have touched heroic history all the way: along the Snake, the Astorians, the Whitmans and Spaldings, the Oregon-bound wagons; along the Salmon, Captain Bonneville, Alexander Ross, and other partisans of the fur brigades; at Hailey and Ketchum, the mountain gold rush. For an hour, too, we have sat in a wet cloud on the summit of Lemhi Pass, where Lewis and Clark first crossed the Continental Divide and started down what they thought would be an easy descent to the Pacific. They found themselves instead turned back by the impenetrable canyons of the Salmon.

We have followed them over Lost Trail Pass into the Bitterroot Valley, but it is not the same Bitterroot Valley that Lewis and Clark called in gratitude Traveler's Rest. The big ponderosas have been cut and have not renewed themselves: here the growth cycle is not forty years, as in Oregon, but more like 120. Logging jobs, vanishing, are clung to. And subdividers have gone a long way toward cutting up the ranches into house lots and junior estates of a few acres, for this is the Banana Belt of Montana.

The Tooles have reversed the process. Beginning as a simple country place, their few acres have become a ranch—because they are ranching people, because animals gather around them, because somebody gave their youngest son a Red Angus calf and it multiplied, because they could not resist buying the land across the road to save it from subdivision.

Ross, whom some people in Montana consider a fiery radical, describes himself as a true conservative. In 1969 he wrote an angry letter to his brother, blowing off steam about the excesses of campus violence, which made its way into 500 newspapers and was read by millions, more than 20,000 of whom flooded the Toole ranch house with their letters, mostly grateful. He thinks of himself as a member of the establishment. By his present and by a previous marriage, he has seven children, "all of whom," he says, "are grimly determined to live in Montana and die here. What I want for them, above all, is jobs and lunch buckets. I believe that their

Westward on the Plains, circa 1870

Top: Cattle on the Absaroka Range, Yellowstone River Valley, Montana; below: Aqua Canyon, Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah

best and perhaps their only chance lies in the *real* future of Montana. That future (and the jobs necessary to it) does not lie in converting Billings into Bayonne, New Jersey. . . . Americans are seeking as they have never sought before what Montana has in greater abundance than almost any state in the Union—open space, clear, cool waters, a big, clean sky. Once, distance, space, and remoteness were our economic curse. Now they are our economic blessing. What awesome irony and tragedy it would be if we were to turn our curse into a blessing only to turn it again into a curse."

He speaks of Montana. He might just as well be speaking of all the Rocky Mountain states.

They have been less a region than a montage of romantic legend, Bierstadt images, economic dependency, and cultural backwardness. Last to be settled, they have been easily disregarded except by exploiters and vacationers—in brief summer when America comes streaming to their nine national parks to crowd the campgrounds and spoil the dispositions of rangers and bears, and in winter when their multiplying ski resorts attract another kind of transient. Vacation country, to be visited but not settled in. The boondocks, economically a colonial dependency, culturally almost as retarded as the rural South. And, in the common view, not only retarded but *tame*, exciting in their history and legendry only, dull in their present; their towns raw and unenhanced, their explorers turned into surveyors, their mountain men dwindled into backcountry guides and packers, their cowboys become dude wranglers, their road agents graduated to real estate. Instead of luring the young and adventurous with beaver, gold, wild freedom, and the promise of New Jerusalem, they have provided raw materials for more go-getting parts of the country, and systematically exported their best and brightest young people to take advantage of the wider opportunities in California or the East.

But that, as Ross points out and as we have seen, is all changing.

The Rocky Mountain states are properly six, but New Mexico, the southernmost one, is culturally and historically so different from the others that it demands to be part of the Southwest, not part of the Rockies. Even with New Mexico snipped off, the others are only imperfectly a region. Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Colorado—not one of them is culturally or even topographically a unity as Iowa is a unity, and collectively they are nothing so consistent as, say, the Northwest.

Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado (and for that

matter, New Mexico) could as legitimately be called plains states as mountain states. Named for its mountains, Montana is three-fifths high plains, and the plains, with their grass, wheat, and coal, are a different country from mountain Montana with its metal mining, lumber, and tourism. They are politically more conservative, they are more mesmerized by the cowboy image, and they lean not toward Spokane and Seattle but toward Minneapolis.

Wyoming is at least half plains, and a lot of the rest is the sagebrush-covered Wyoming Basin that divides the American Rockies into a northern and a southern segment. Colorado is about equally plains, mountains, and plateaus. Utah is part of the Rocky Mountains only in the northeast, its southeastern half being plateaus and its western third Great Basin desert. Even Idaho, the most mountainous of the so-called mountain states, is all lava plains along its southern edge, and culturally it is three things: the Mormon southeast, the Boise–Caldwell area of Ada County, which is most "Idaho," and the Panhandle, which reaches up through the gorgeous Coeur d'Alene and Pend Oreille country to the Canadian line, and which is essentially part of the Northwest.

Conflicts emphasize and advertise diversity. In Colorado, squabbles over water between the Denver megalopolis and the western slope make the Continental Divide a boundary as significant as a state line. In Utah and southern Idaho, Mormons and gentiles polarize in an ancient opposition. Montana's Indians and whites are involved in intricate lawsuits over rights and resources. In all five states, a growing population of returnees and in-migrants, many of them well-educated, young, urbanized, liberal, and environment-minded, find themselves at odds with the more conservative values of older residents.

Political weakness and division often frustrate attempts at regional action. Though these states have an area one-sixth that of the whole Lower Forty-eight, they contain only about as many people as North Carolina, and elect fewer representatives to Congress than greater Los Angeles. Their ten senators, until Senator Lee Metcalf's recent death, split down the middle, five Democrats and five Republicans—and the region's necessities are not the same to Senator Frank Church of Idaho, to Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, and to Senator Jake Garn of Utah.

Not even within the states is there singing in chorus. Of the five governors, all Democrats, one (John V. Evans of Idaho, a protégé of Cecil Andrus's, the former governor, now Carter's secretary of the interior) has a legislature that is Republican in both houses; one (Richard D. Lamm of Colorado, elected by antidevelopment forces in 1974) has a Democratic house and a Republican senate; one (Ed Herschler of Wyoming, ill through a part of 1977) has a standoff in the senate and a slim Democratic majority in the house; one (Thomas L. Judge of Montana, who Ross Toole and Bud Guthrie wish were a little more environmentally militant than he is, and who is spoken of as a replacement for Metcalf) has a Democratic majority in both houses, but a majority that is hanging back and getting its wind after the bold and imaginative land-use legislation of the early 1970s; and one (Scott Matheson of Utah, tied politically to the lunch-bucket policies of former governor Calvin Rampton) enjoys a narrow Democratic majority in both houses, but these are Utah Democrats, who on payroll issues are easily confused with Republicans.

They are all big states, but none is nearly as big as it seems. All include large areas of public domain, which may seem to be Utah or Colorado but are actually United States, and their resources with them. The federal government owns 66 percent of Utah, 64 percent of Idaho, 48 percent of Wyoming, 36 percent of Colorado, and 30 percent of Montana. Nobody objects to "the feds" so long as the land they control seems worthless, or has been overgrazed or clear-cut and needs expensive rehabilitation, but the quarrel is bitter when, as states' rights people say, the feds have "locked up" grass, timber, coal, minerals, or something else that the state or its business interests want. So long as federal bureaus are custodial, they please environmentalists and frustrate entrepreneurs. When they start making timber sales and granting coal leases, the response is reversed.

From Doris and Kelsey Milner, neighbors of the Tooles' who drop in to dinner, we get a succinct and impassioned statement of the case against one federal bureau, the Forest Service. The Milners are not natives—Kelsey is one of a group of forty virologists happily stationed at a laboratory in the valley—but they have made Montana's problems their own. Doris, Ross has confided, intimidates him. "When she decides to show you what clear-cutting really means, you either have to climb through every clear-cutting in the valley, hanging onto her shirttails, or take to the air. In the latter case, she keeps shouting to the pilot, 'Lower, goddammit, lower!' Since I can already see the needles on the pines, this makes me nervous."

She might well make Forest Service officials nervous, too, for she is an informed and formidable partisan. The change from custodianship to overcutting she traces to the first Eisenhower Administra-

tion, when Ezra Taft Benson was secretary of agriculture. In Montana the best privately owned timber had already been cut. Loggers and logging companies were crying for a crack at the national forests. Doris understands the demand and profoundly disagrees with it, citing the Bolle Report (1970), which was prepared by the head of the University of Montana's Forestry School for the late Senator Metcalf and which bluntly accuses the Forest Service of timber mining. She sympathizes with local Forest Service people, many of whom do not agree with what they are doing, and she revered the late Guy M. Brandborg, for many years head of the Region One Forest Service office in Missoula, and the guru of every environmentalist in the area.

But she is bitter at what she sees as the Forest Service's alliance with developers (as at Big Sky, at the proposed Ski Yellowstone complex, and at Mineral King in the Sierra Nevada), and at its foot-dragging with regard to designation of wilderness areas. There are too many foresters in the Forest Service, she insists. There ought to be many more soil and water scientists, fish and game people, recreation people, people who do not think exclusively in board feet. Spawning waters of many streams have been damaged by the timber mining policy, the watersheds have been hurt, the mountains have been uglified, and at these latitudes wounds on the land do not readily heal.

We know what she means. A few days earlier, we stopped to watch a clear-cutting operation back on Lemhi Pass.

The Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management, which control the biggest part of the public domain, come under the severest criticism from one or the other element of the local population, but even the National Park Service, dedicated to preservation, raises hackles when it tries to control motorboats on Yellowstone Lake or restrict the use of snowmobiles and trail bikes. Local residents in the West have a tendency to think they own, and should control, what they so freely use.

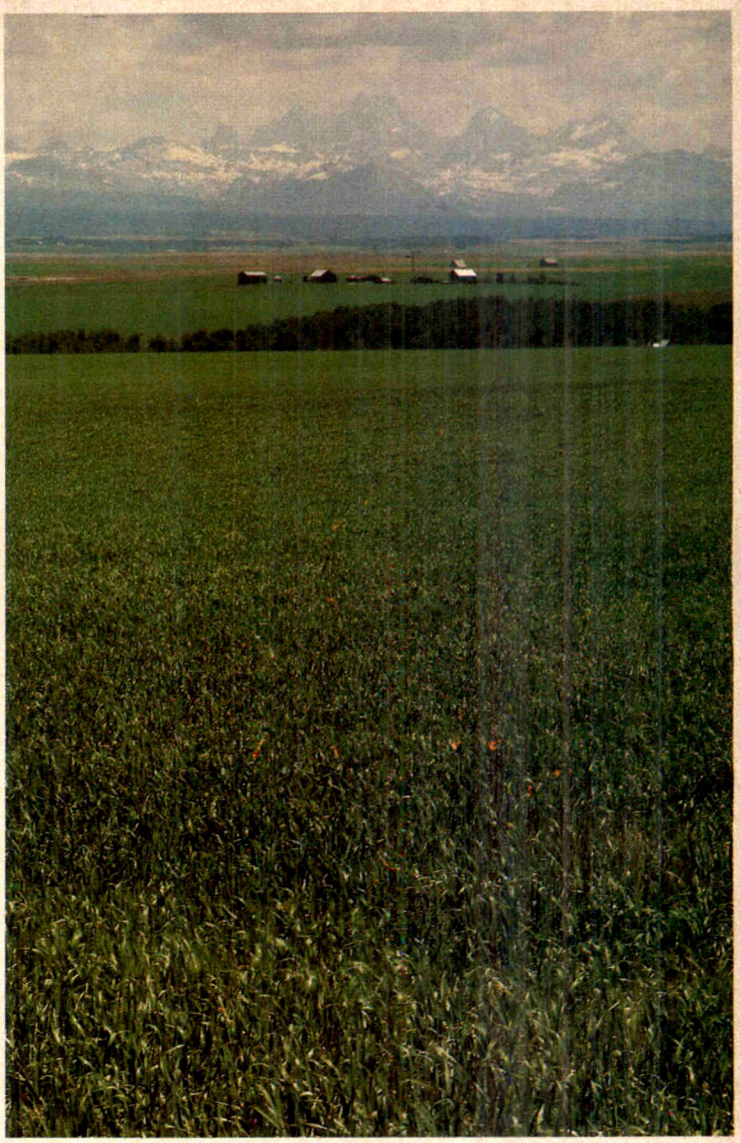
The fact is, the mountain states operate under two sovereignties—three, actually, for all of them contain Indian lands, and Indian lands are neither quite part of the state in which they lie nor quite part of the public domain.

Still, Balkanized and federalized as it is, this is more a region than it seems on first inspection. Its several states share a history of successive resource raids followed by stagnation, and a present in which both population and per capita income increase at much faster than the national rate. They share the mountains, those interlocking and overlapping ranges which rise out of the midst of the arid lands to catch the snow and generate the water for most of the West. They share rivers that carry Rocky Mountain water as far as Astoria, Oregon, Brownsville, Texas, and New Orleans, Louisiana. They share the new and dazzling possibilities opened up by the discovery that they are one great energy mine. They share an oasis civilization of irrigable basins and mountain valleys, around and between and behind and beyond which are hundreds of square miles of the grandest country on the continent, much of the most spectacular scenery and the most unspoiled wilderness, a vast savings account of stone, water, sky, trees, and clean air which, because it is federal land for the most part, and because the National Park Service (and until twenty years ago the Forest Service) is custodial and preservationist, we have so far failed to draw out and spend.

This region's isolated, limited towns and cities inspire a protective affection and loyalty in their children; the backcountry breeds a way of life. The cabin or cottage in the mountains is standard for anyone who can afford it, and a surprising number can. Ross Toole is building a place on Flathead Lake. Bud Guthrie, author of *The Big Sky* and the Pulitzer prizewinning *The Way West*, and the poet Richard Hugo, probably Montana's best-known writers, both have places on the Teton River, north of Choteau, under Elephant Ear Mountain. (Hunting Bud's place in the early dark, we get lost and run up the canyon of the South Fork of the Teton, which flows out of the Bob Marshall Wilderness. At the cabin where we stop to inquire, two men and a boy come out with rifles in their hands and suspicion in their voices. From the rafters of the low porch, so close that we can smell its dead odor, hangs a great elk head—and it is not elk season. The men—relatives of Boone Caudill's, maybe, or deserters from an Alexander Ross fur brigade—seem pleased to know that we only want to know where Bud lives. We are just as pleased to take their directions and depart.)

In every mountain state, every second mechanic, linoleum layer, laborer, or bureaucrat is a fisherman, it seems, and every third one is a hunter. There are class variations on the theme: academic people and the new environmental types are likely to be backpackers and perhaps fishermen; mechanics and workmen favor hunting, four-wheel-drive vehicles, trail bikes, and snowmobiles. But they make use of the same country.

A recent poll in New York showed that only 7 percent of New Yorkers like where they live. Here the figure would be more like 97 percent, and that



Above: Dunes and the Sierra Blanca peaks, Great Sand Dunes National Monument, Colorado; right: Idaho farm land below the Grand Teton range

goes for people born here and people who have newly arrived. In the past, many who had to emigrate would have stayed if they could have found something to do. These days, more are staying and more are coming back, and they are joined by the reverse brain-drain—people like the Milners, like the physicists in the nuclear testing center at Arco, in Idaho, like the faculties of the growing universities to which, in the past, only the rootbound or impoverished would go. And there are always the refugees, both rich and poor, who come staggering out of the noise and smog of industrial America and discover the mountain valleys to be suburbs of Eden.

It is as if the mountains had awakened to find themselves named in Howard Hughes's will. Opportunity not only knocks, it thunders, and people answer the door in different moods—some with go-getter cupidity, some with apprehension (and properly, for they are themselves part of the knocking they hear), and many with the wistful hope that jobs and better opportunities for their children can somehow be gained without consequences too disastrous to their towns, countryside, air, water, and wildlife, without total destruction of either public morals or the trout fishing.

Water bank, energy bank, open space bank, the region will profoundly affect the nation's future in deciding (or accepting) its own. Its decisions about encouragement or control of growth will be neither easy nor unanimous, and they will not be made by the states alone, singly or in concert. The feds are in the game, and so are the Indians, and so is the direct, brutal, big-money power of the energy companies. So is public opinion, of every shade from boosterism to no-growth intransigence.

In Montana, Colorado, and the Idaho adjacent to Oregon, the environmentalists are organized, vocal, and of considerable influence. In Wyoming they are lonely; in Utah they are a dirty word. In Idaho, in 1972, Governor Cecil Andrus could say, "If it takes pollution to make the economy go fast, we don't need that much speed"; and four years later environmental forces which he supported could kill Idaho Power's proposed Pioneer coal-fired plant near Orchard. In Utah, too, environmental opposition led to the aborting of the enormous Kaiparowits complex of coal mines and power plants. But in Utah much of that opposition came from outside the state, or at least outside the county where the plant was to be built. Mayor Ted Wilson of Salt Lake City, who opposed the Kaiparowits installation, and Robert Redford, who attacked it on the television show *60 Minutes*, were both hanged in effigy in the southern Utah town of Kanab.

The conflict between the environment and the lunch pail, universal throughout the mountains, will be viewed differently in different locations.

FIVE RIVERS OF LIFE

2.

Mighty Rivers, Dusty Ground

Ross Toole has just come back from testifying in Helena, where, after a three-year moratorium on withdrawals, the water of the Yellowstone is being allocated to agricultural, industrial, municipal, ecological (and, according to Ross, speculative) use. In our day and a half together, we talk more about water than about the Forest Service logging and recreational policies which Ross has been fighting for twenty years, and strip-mining and mine-mouth power plants, on which in 1976 he wrote his angry book *The Rape of the Great Plains*.

Watershed of the West or not, the mountain states are all arid. Even the Yellowstone plateau, which with 35 inches of annual precipitation is as wet a place as there is in the mountains, averages 6 inches less than New York City and a little more than half as much as Mobile. The Big Hole Basin gets only 6 inches, Salt Lake, Denver, and Cheyenne about 15 inches, Boise and Helena about 11.5 inches. Most of the precipitation falls as snow. Throughout the mountains water has always been short; there is a finite amount of it, and all the Bureau of Reclamation engineering has done no more than hold it back and move it around. Water—the dearth of it—sets limits upon growth in the West, lower limits than boosters and developers will accept. Agriculture, cities, industry, population, are all constrained by water, and every river in the West is either overdrawn or in danger of being overdrawn. We have had this water conversation in many places throughout the five states, and will have it again in many more. Invariably the conclusion is what Bruce Nelson, a young assistant to Governor Judge and a former student of Ross's, tells us in Helena: "The whole is less than the sum of its parts."

Of the ten rivers in the United States over 1000 miles long (including Alaska's Yukon), five rise in the Rockies. The Missouri begins where the Madison, Jefferson, and Gallatin join at Three Forks, Montana, and flows for 2464 miles through or along six states until it meets the Mississippi above St. Louis. The Snake meanders for 1038 miles through Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington to its meeting with the Columbia near Kennewick. The Rio Grande, the Arkansas, and the Colorado, all of which rise in Colorado, flow east, south, and west for a total of nearly 5000 miles. The North and South Plattes also originate in Colorado and represent a combined length of a little over 1000 miles before they meet in south-central Nebraska and flow together another 300 miles to the Missouri.

The major tributaries of these rivers are almost as impressive: the Green in Wyoming and Utah, the Bighorn and the Powder in Wyoming, the Gunnison, Dolores, and San Juan in Colorado, the Salmon in Idaho, the Milk and the Yellowstone in Montana. They add up to a lot of water. If the states where the rivers originate had no obligations to downstream states, there would be no water problem in the Rocky Mountains. But that is not the case. A single example, the Colorado, will illustrate.

It begins in Rocky Mountain National Park, flows west out of the mountains picking up the Gunnison at Grand Junction, then cuts south through Utah and Arizona where it is joined by the Dolores, the Green, the Dirty Devil, the Escalante, the San Juan, and finally the Little Colorado. From that conjunction it winds through the Grand Canyon into Lake Mead and south along the California border to the Gulf of Mexico. It is 1450 miles in length, with an average annual flow of 15 million acre feet. (An acre foot will cover one acre to a depth of a foot, and represents roughly 330,000 gallons.) Surely there ought to be water enough here to take care of western Colorado, which spawned most of it, forever.

Except that the Colorado River Compact, signed in 1922, gives first rights to the end of the line and last rights to the place of origin. Since the river runs its last ninety miles through Mexico before it peters out in salt flats and sand two miles from the Gulf, Mexico has first claim to 1.5 million acre feet annually. The Lower Basin states get the next 7.5 million (the compact is actually for 75 million acre feet every ten years), and the Upper Basin states, including Colorado, what is left. In dry years like 1976 and 1977, when the river has run at half its normal flow, it does not make Coloradoans happy to hear of people in Los Angeles hosing down their sidewalks and driveways and gamboling in their pools.

Allocation of Colorado River water is not simply an interstate issue, because there are two Colorados, the east slope and the west slope. Most of the state's population is concentrated along the Front Range, and its only major stream, the South Platte, is insufficient by itself for municipal, industrial, and agricultural needs. Denver Water Board figures project

a water-consumption increase in the Denver area from 345,000 acre feet in 1975 to 550,000 by 1990 to 849,000 by 2010. This water can come only from new storage facilities and from trans-mountain diversion lines like the Big Thompson and Roberts tunnels; 27 percent of the state's allocation from the Colorado is already being diverted to the east slope.

But two thirds of all the water in Colorado originates on the west slope, which also contains most of the state's fossil fuel resources. How much water will be needed to develop the coal and oil shale, to transform them into power or transport them out of the state, to service the anticipated population explosion in communities like Meeker and Rifle and Rangely? One slurry pipeline, if that method of transporting coal were to be used, would consume 15,000 acre feet a year. What are the priorities?

What are the priorities anywhere in the mountains? Should speculators and farmers be allowed to put more and more siphons into the Snake and pump water onto more and more desert benchland? Ken Robison, who first as editorial page editor of the *Idaho Statesman* and later as editor of the *Idaho Citizen* has been fighting Idaho Power's plans for coal-fired plants, did not think so when we talked with him in Boise. He thinks, on the contrary, that the Desert Land Act should be repealed or at least suspended, that the Snake is more valuable for recreation and for its clean, cheap power than for some additional acres of potatoes.

Should municipalities, mines, and power plants be awarded so much of the Yellowstone's water that their withdrawals will inhibit the agriculture of one of Montana's most fertile valleys, deplete a blue-ribbon trout stream, and threaten riparian wildlife, the last two of which are important to Montana's life-style and to its tourist business? Ross Toole does not think so. Neither does Jim Posewitz of the Montana Department of Fish and Game. Neither does Phil Tawney, who from the cluttered little rooms of the Environmental Information Center in Helena keeps his flashlight on the legislature and the governor's office. But the lawyers for energy companies, sitting day after day and week after week in the hearing room where the river's fate is being discussed, have other ideas.

Should the Intermountain Power Project, proposed by a consortium of southern California cities and scheduled for construction in southern Utah, the nation's second driest state, be allowed to pump from the Dirty Devil River and from wells the annual 50,000 acre feet it would require? Does Utah really want to sacrifice its precious water and pollute its air to light Burbank and Anaheim and to power Disneyland?

One thing is clear. There will not, under the best of circumstances, be enough water to maintain a significant agriculture *and* provide for municipal needs *and* mine fossil fuels *and* produce power from them *and* keep sufficient instream flows for healthy fishing *and* honor all the downstream commitments. A hundred years ago, John Wesley Powell was warning the West that there was not enough water to supply more than perhaps a fifth of its land, and he was not allowing for the demands of industry.

"Ninety-five percent of our water is from snowpack," points out Harris Sherman, director of Colorado's Department of Natural Resources, "and it disappears in sixty to ninety days during the spring runoff." That assumes a normal year. In 1976 and 1977 there *was* no significant snowpack, in Colorado or elsewhere in the mountains, and farmers and ranchers, including Indian ranchers, suffered severe losses. Not surprisingly, the region's politicians were extremely upset by Jimmy Carter's "hit list" of water resource projects in March 1977. Representatives from all the mountain states testified repeatedly before congressional committees that "water that is not stored is water lost," but eight of seventeen projects, including Fruitland Mesa, the Narrows, and Savery-Pothook in Colorado, were not funded.

Whether benefits from these rejected projects would have offset the costs in money, loss of agricultural land and wilderness, relocation of people, and risks implicit in dams built above populated areas is a question variously answered. Colorado's administration insists that the issue is not simply environmental preservation versus growth and development, but is much more complex. A commodity as precious as water, they say, is not likely to go unused. Sherman, one of a number of bright young environmentalists that Governor Richard Lamm has appointed to state office, is afraid that if the Bureau of Reclamation and the Colorado River Basin Fund can't build these projects, the energy companies may propose to build them out of their own corporate funds.

He admits that private development of water resources is only a possibility, and that there would be strong opposition from a number of interests, including the state. "But when you kill federal water projects intended for agriculture, you create a

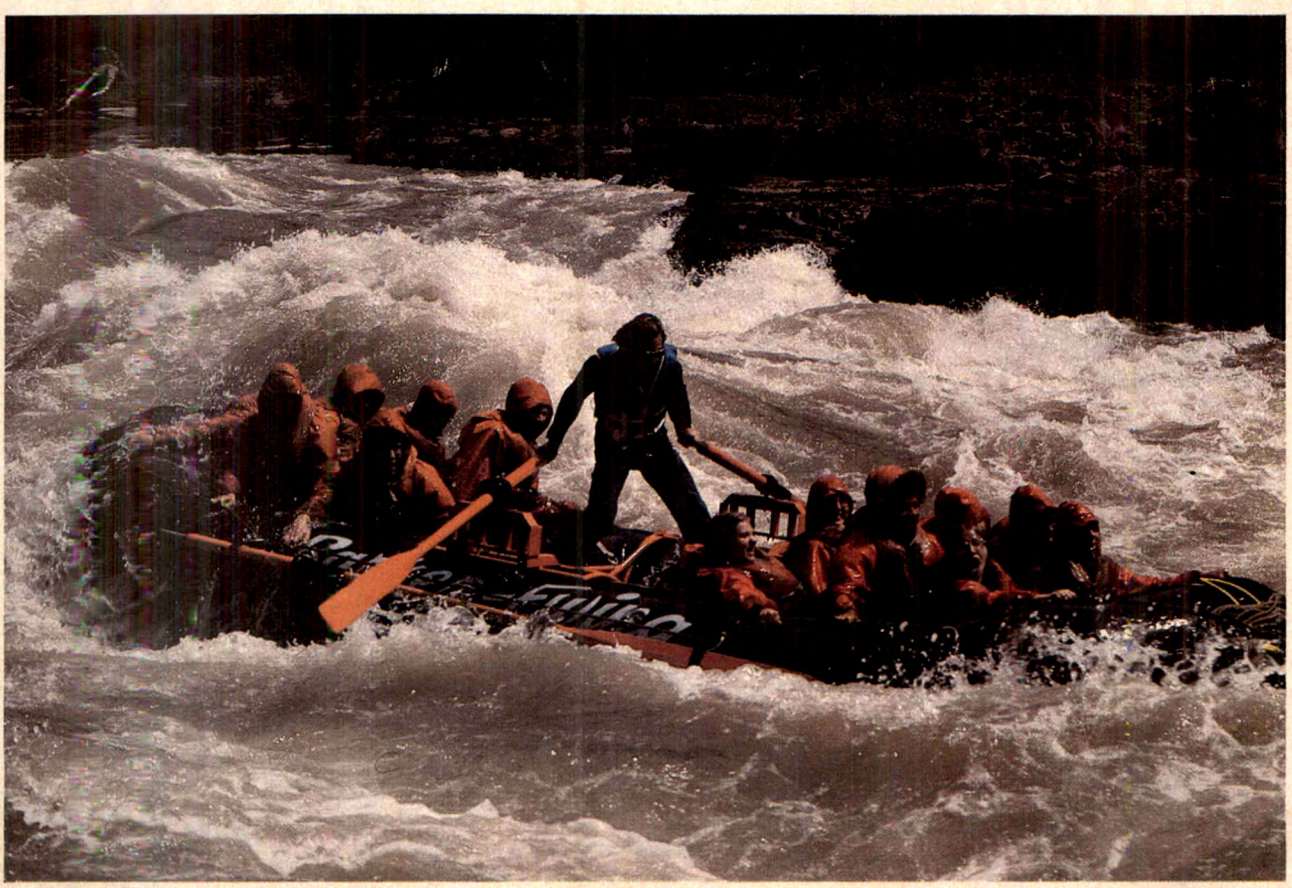
situation where energy or trans-mountain diversion can get it. Under our water laws, if you don't use the water you have a claim to, you lose it. And if you can't store it, you can't use it." So the Lamm administration, composed largely of environmental activists, finds itself in the curious position of supporting projects to be built by a Bureau of Reclamation that the Governor scornfully remarks is "like a beaver—it can't stand the sight of running water." The alternatives, as Lamm sees them, are the drying up of agriculture in favor of the energy industry, or trans-mountain diversion that will add to an already impacted Front Range population concentration.

Opponents reply that to build *any* dams is to create storage facilities that will feed the environmentally destructive energy industry, whether those facilities are designed for agricultural use or not. They point to the Boysen and Yellowtail projects built some years ago in Montana to provide irrigation water for Montana agriculture. Almost immediately, companies like Exxon, Peabody Coal, and Gulf began buying up options from the Bureau of Reclamation and soon owned 35,000 acre feet of Boysen's water and 623,000 acre feet of Yellowtail's. That amounts to speculating in public water at the public expense.

Governor Lamm does not believe that this kind of subversion can take place in Colorado. He has been able to write veto powers into Bureau of Reclamation contracts, and he has an agreement with Secretary of the Interior Andrus, himself no great lover of the Bureau, that the Governor has to "sign off" any diversion of water from new projects to any use other than agriculture. The recent Bureau of Land Management Organic Act, moreover, clearly states that federal agencies must take into consideration local and state planning organizations in decisions affecting the states, and that in case of conflict only the secretary of the interior or the secretary of agriculture can override local agencies.

But what, the environmentalists ask, if the feds negate a veto on grounds of national energy requirements? And what if you find yourself dealing not with a Cecil Andrus but with a Douglas McKay or an Earl Butz?

The question of water rights and who controls them is further complicated by President Carter's move to establish a national water policy. In July 1977 hearings were held in eight cities across the country to discuss a long list of options proposed by the Water Resources Council, copies of which arrived in the statehouses only a week to ten days before the meetings. President Carter proposed to



Sports rafting, Jackson Hole, Wyoming

announce his national policy on November 1, thereby providing only ninety days for discussion. The mountain states went wild. Senator Clifford Hansen of Wyoming charged that the hearings were only window dressing for a policy already decided on. Governor Herschler of Wyoming, along with Governor Lamm and others, testified at the meeting in Denver on July 28 that the options developed by the council would result in "complete strangulation of the western states," and promised that federal controls on water would be met with fierce resistance.

President Carter reconsidered, agreed to a longer period of public discussion, and at a meeting of western governors arranged for his benefit in October, assured them that there would be "no federal pre-emption of state or private prerogatives in the use or management of water." Policy planning was a cooperative matter: "We're not going to spring anything on you." But until the issues are finally resolved, says Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, one of the young liberal environmentalists elected along with Lamm in 1974, the western states will "keep our hands on our wallets and keep our powder dry."

Regardless of what policy emerges from this entangled situation, the key to energy resource development, as to everything else in the mountains, is water.

3.

Energy Futures: Can You Fight Progress?

What kinds of energy resources do the mountain states contain, and how much? Words will answer about as well as meaningless large numbers: every kind, and God's plenty, in all the states except Idaho, which has only hydro and geothermal possibilities.

Oil and gas? The August 1977 map supplementing the Petroleum Information Corporation's publication *Oil in the Rockies* is a Jackson Pollock composition of solid-green oil fields and dotted-green gas fields spattered northwestward along and between the ranges from the San Juan Basin in New Mexico's northwest corner to the Montana–Alberta border. Peppered among the green splotches are the red circles of wildcats, the crossed circles of dry holes, the red dots of discovery oil wells, and the asterisks of discovery gas wells. It is an area of intense activity, especially in the Overthrust Belt of northeastern Utah and southwestern Wyoming, where exceedingly deep drilling has made major strikes. Oil and gas are nothing new in the Rockies, for some of the fields on the map are more than fifty years old. But oil and gas are not played out, either, nor all discovered.

Uranium? The Colorado plateau of Colorado, Utah, and the Navajo reservation (which overlaps Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona) has 95 percent of all the uranium in the country.

Oil shale? There is more oil in the shale deposits of northwest Colorado, northeast Utah, and southwest Wyoming than in all the Middle East. Up to now, the history of oil shale has been a history of millions poured into leases and experimental plants without return, all against the opposition of environmentalists who very reasonably fear that oil shale exploitation would require overdrafts on the West's limited water and leave a lot of wreckage on western land. Recently the oil shale investors have seen hope in the in situ process, which cooks out the oil underground, leaves no surface spoils, and needs less water than other processes. Its reported cost of $14 a barrel begins to come close to the OPEC price of imported oil.

Coal? Here the numbers are bigger and more confusing than ever. God's plenty. Plenty in Colorado and Utah, even more in Montana and Wyoming. In one single field, the Fort Union coal region of eastern Montana, northeastern Wyoming, and western North Dakota, there are estimated *strippable* reserves of 97.7 billion tons, enough to provide the United States with fuel, at its present rate of consumption, for more than a century. The total amount of sub-bituminous and lignite coal in the region is more like 1.3 trillion tons.

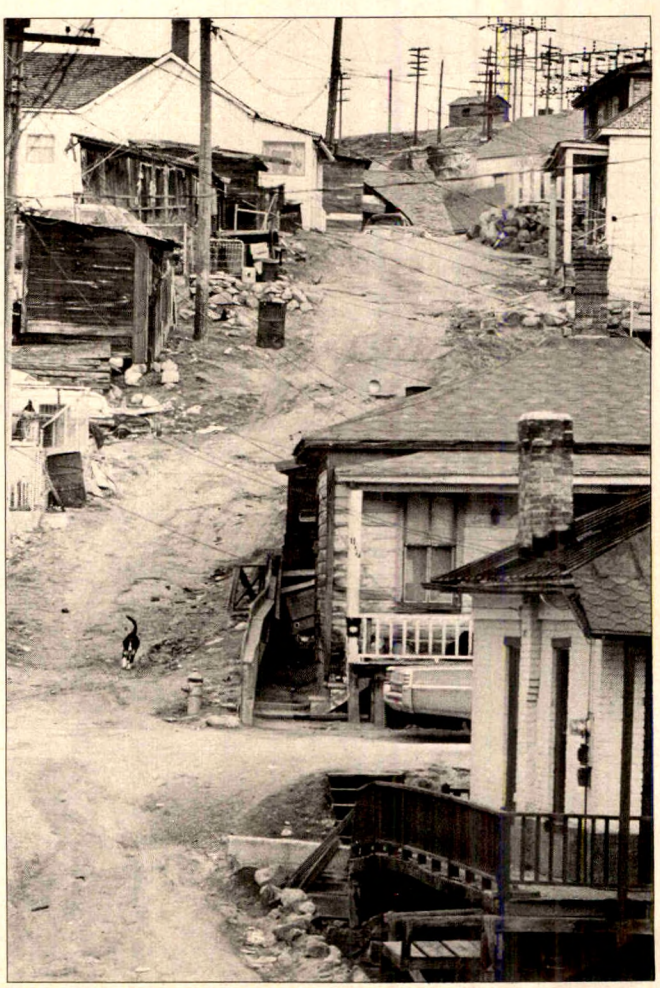
"It's good to be shifty in a new country," Captain Simon Suggs used to say. It's also tempting to think big in a developing country. Both industry and some federal bureaus have been led into doing it, as Ross Toole's *Rape of the Great Plains* makes clear. The North Central Power Study of 1971, prepared for the assistant secretary of the interior by a collection of utility companies and public power districts, scared Montana with its proposals for the strip-mining of wide areas of the best ranchland in the world, the construction of twenty-one mine-mouth power plants, some of them as big as 10,000 megawatts (this is megathinking with a vengeance: the entire Four Corners complex, whose pollution our

returning astronauts saw from space, rates only 2085), and the distribution of power to adjoining regions over 765 kv transmission lines—that's 765,000 volts. Even before these proposals were made public, energy companies were busy negotiating leases against the future; and not only energy companies but speculators whose intention was not to dig coal but to hold the leases until price rises gave them an inflated value. At the same time, both legitimate companies and speculators were buying up water rights to make their coal leases viable.

Other revelations of the think-big mentality, such as the so-called Harza Study, the Bonneville Power Authority's projections for five "power corridors" across Montana to the Northwest, and the Bureau of Reclamation's guess about developments to be based on the water from the Fort Peck Reservoir (ten coal gasification plants, three large strip mines, four 1000-megawatt coal-fired power plants, an ammonia plant, a coal slurry pipeline, and a population increase of 189,000 by the year 2000), did nothing to calm Montanans down. Some of them are seeing dollar signs in the Big Sky, many are convinced that they are being victimized by a combination of energy conglomerates and the feds, and started on the road to becoming another Appalachia.

In the foothill country around Billings where this activity focused, ranching is both a business (not presently very profitable) and a way of life—the most authentic and cherished way of life that has developed in the West. Much of the range is Bureau of Land Management (BLM) land, grazed under permit, in which the federal government retains mineral rights. It also retains mineral rights under a good deal of land whose surface is privately owned. Theoretically it has the right to tear up a rancher's grass as well as his way of life in order to mine the coal. Understandably, the first BLM leases aroused rancher resistance, which solidified as the Northern Plains Resources Council (NPRC). This group, based in Billings, includes among its leaders such leather-faced, old-style cattlemen as Boyd Charter, angry and profane, and the Marlboro Man, Wally McRae, whose "Montana face" conceals far more subtlety and complexity than the cigarette ads suggest. These are mainly prosperous ranchers, the people who have made it. Twenty-five years ago they were the prime target of Bernard DeVoto's fire when he was defending the public domain and the federal bureaus against the "landgrabbers." Now they find themselves in an unlikely alliance with environmental groups to save the land, the water, and the water table from both the BLM and the energy companies.

The once overwhelming power of Anaconda Copper in Montana has waned, and along with it (this could be vigorously debated) some of the related influence of Montana Power and the Burlington Northern. Once, Anaconda owned every significant newspaper in the state except the Great Falls *Tribune*. Now most of the former Anaconda papers are owned by the Lee chain, and the press is essentially free; in the case of the *Missoulian*, it is even downright environmentalist. As a result, ever since 1959, when Montana Power's wholly owned subsidiary Western Energy took over the Burlington Northern's Colstrip mine and began mining coal for Montana Power's Billings plant and preparing for the four-unit plant scheduled for Colstrip, all of Montana has had a clear look at what such development means. Also, Montana is a state where people know one another, and where everybody gets around. A lot of Montanans have visited Colstrip and looked over its first thundering plants, and canted an eye at its trailing plumes of smoke, and watched the enormous draglines rip up the overburden, and have walked around with the



A scene in Butte, Montana

company PR people inspecting the demonstration plots of reclaimed earth (forced with heavy doses of fertilizer and producing mainly not the old nutritious native grasses but exotic and less fattening varieties). They have listened to company scientists make rosy claims about reclamation, and have read the far less rosy studies that estimate it might well take fifty years for complete restoration of strip-mined range, if it is possible at all.

A big coal-fired power plant is not an attractive neighbor; a strip mine and its spoil piles are as ugly a scene as there is in nature. Ross Toole reports seeing, just at the departing edge of Colstrip on the way to the Northern Cheyenne reservation, a piece of cardboard tacked to a post, with a scrawled legend on it: "You have just seen the future, and it doesn't work."

We will see Colstrip in a few days, put on our hard hats and take it all in. Curiously, we will come away not with impressions of the future but with a memory of the past, of an evening in Butte, just after sunset. The light is melancholy, almost tender, across "the richest hill on earth." Up where we are parked, high on the western hill toward Big Butte, a few children are playing in streets like goat paths. There are smells of supper in the air, lights are going on in some houses. But up and down Montana Street few cars are moving, and whole blocks of wooden houses hanging to their hillsides are dark. Cars speeding along the valley highway toward Billings or Missoula or Helena do not turn up toward town. East of us there is a vast dark core, an emptiness that we know is made up of the unseen abyss of the Berkeley Pit, and beyond that of the abandoned neighborhoods of the McQueen Addition and Meaderville, waiting for the bulldozers. Back of us, skeleton headworks and mine machinery loom against the darkening sky like the machines of siege.

Butte was once the greatest city in Montana, the richest, largest, liveliest. In it the piratical games of capitalism unrestrained by ethics or law were played out among Marcus Daly, William Clark, and Frederick Augustus Heinze. In it was also born one of the most violent labor movements the country has seen. But it is a dying city, for the ground it is built on is too rich for holding houses, and the houses cover most of the hill that is left. And Anaconda Copper, perhaps alone among corporations, possesses by gift of the legislature the power of eminent domain.

A dying city. The last convulsion of its violent womb produced Evel Knievel. The next and final act will see it swallowed by its own pit, consumed by its own extractive frenzy. Out in the valley another town, smaller and less brutish, built on renewable grass and soil instead of on a finite hill of ore, may take its place. But as we leave Colstrip, which is just another company town, and escape between the draglines that look like gigantic mantises, through blasted country, until we reach the sane grass and scattered pines of the reservation, the image of Butte rides with us, darkening as if under its last sunset. Too much of the history of Montana is subsumed in that image. Montana has been mined of too many things—ores, timber, soil fertility—and has made imperfect progress toward a way of life that can perpetuate itself.

It is that way of life that Ross Toole and the ranchers of the NPRC are fighting for. They are fighting, specifically, the BLM's leasing power, with its potential destruction of great stretches of range. They are fighting the conversion plants, whose emissions Clarence Gordon of the University of Montana's botany department has demonstrated are harmful to grasses and even more harmful to ponderosa pine; and they are fighting the idea of the slurry pipelines that would appropriate too much of Montana's limited water. In the last item they have unexpected allies: Ross shows us, with amusement, a letter from a Burlington Northern official explicitly involving the railroad in the fight against slurry pipelines, which would cut the railroad out of its freight business.

Colstrip 1 and 2, at 300 megawatts each, are now operating—they slipped in ahead of the opposition. The other two units, planned for twice the capacity of the first two, may have been permanently stopped, though Montana Power by no means admits that. Resistance coalesced first in the revised state constitution which was ratified in 1972, and which contained a strong environmental article. Within the next three years the liberal legislature that came in with the constitution enacted a remarkable body of environmental law: a Clean Air Act, the Montana Strip Mining and Reclamation Act, the Coal Conservation Act, the Montana Utility Siting Act, the Montana Water Use Act, and the Montana Severance Coal Tax Law. This last soaks the coal companies a stiff 30 percent to pay for the social costs of their operations (something Montana never got out of Anaconda), and to provide a fund for the future when they have dug their coal and cleared out. In addition, in 1974 Governor Judge asked for, and got, the three-year moratorium on allocations of water from the Yellowstone which is now coming to an end. Without water you cannot build conversion plants and may even have trouble

A large coal strip mine adjacent to a wheat field in Sarpy Creek, Montana

operating mines and servicing the company towns they generate. The first boom was quickly slowed. BLM had already, in 1971, announced a moratorium on further federal coal leases.

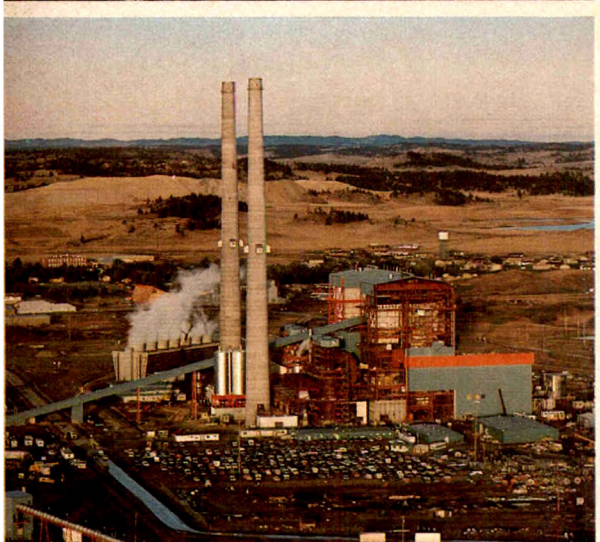
Neither the environmentalists nor those who are in the Judge administration claim that Montana has put itself entirely in control of its development. But it is by no means helpless before events, either, and even intransigent conservationists such as Clarence Gordon, who thinks the passionate Ross Toole is too moderate, have some confidence that with strenuous effort it can direct its own destiny, and capitalize on the energy boom without destroying itself.

It is different in other states. Wyoming, prospering at its own expense, has made headlines all through the 1970s as a social disaster area; and though 12.5 percent of the state's receipts from federal coal leases is now "up front" as impact aid, Rock Springs and Gillette remain as daunting demonstrations of what an unplanned-for boom can do to a place.

Rock Springs, once a shabby little spider of a town crouched on the trip thread of Interstate 80, is now an appalling sprawl of shacks, trailers, mobile homes, rutted dirt streets, dust, trash, and beer parlors, a polluted non-community of 26,000 people. Its coal mines (which used to fuel Union Pacific trains before the diesel engines came) and its Jim Bridger Power Plant (Pacific Light and Power and Idaho Power, jointly making electricity for export) have drawn miners and machine operators who are at least semi-permanent, and construction workers who are almost as transient as the papers that blow through the streets, but who need (and mostly don't get) water, sewers, schools, medical care, and other public services, and who want (and do get) entertainment of the kind to which they are accustomed.

In October 1977, both a team of *Deseret News* reporters and Dan Rather of the *60 Minutes* show reported on Rock Springs. Both found that it has so swiftly built itself into the prostitution and narcotics circuit (with the help, it is charged, of municipal and possibly state corruption) that it is exporting vice as well as electricity to much larger places. Municipally it is a shambles; visually it sickens the soul. A Wyoming joke has it that one of the two most beautiful sights in the world is the Grand Tetons, and the other is Rock Springs in a rearview mirror.

When we were in Boise we spoke to Logan Lanham, vice president of Idaho Power, asking him among other things if the company could justify in anything but profit terms what the Bridger plant has helped do to the Rock Springs–Green River area. Mr. Lanham is Idaho Power's public relations man, a formidable testifier before hearings and commissions, and he is impatient with such objectors to progress as Ross Toole and Clarence Gordon. He categorically denies Gordon's studies of air pollution from coal-fired power plants, and refers us to Idaho Power's engineering consultants in Denver. He also hands us a clipping from a Rock

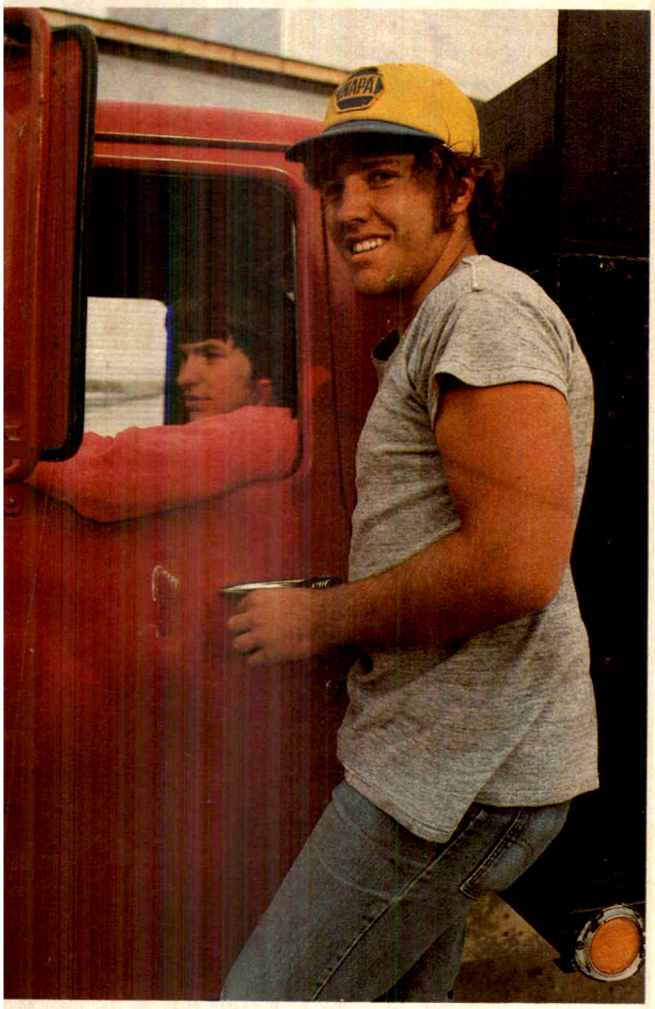


Springs paper, a letter to the press in which a citizen praises the boom for having improved the town's schools and other services. Asked if he would like to live in Rock Springs, Mr. Lanham snorts incredulously, indicating that Rock Springs has always been such a hole that nobody in his right mind would ever have lived there.

We reserve judgment. We have known Rock Springs and Green River since the early 1920s. They were never Eden, but they were a whole lot more palatable then than they are now. As for Gillette, now Rock Springs's twin, it was once a pleasant little cow town.

John Nyland, a third-generation Carbon County, Wyoming, rancher, and now director of economic development and planning for the state, regretfully writes off the casualty towns. "Rock Springs and Gillette are like the country girl who went to the fair," he says. "She was had before she knew it." He believes that some of the damage can be repaired, with time, and he implies that a Rock Springs could not happen again. That would seem optimistic, for even some girls who have gone to the fair forewarned and programmed for self-protection are still being had.

Eight years ago, Craig, in Colorado's northwest corner, was a cattle, sheep, and lumber town of 4000, a quiet, remote place where people all knew one another, where the schools and barstools were uncrowded, where there was little crime and no policeman. But Craig is in Moffat County, and Moffat County, along with adjoining Rio Blanco, Garfield, and Mesa counties, has rich reserves of natural gas and uranium, 29



Above: farmhands for the wheat harvest, Montana. Opposite, clockwise from the top left: lumber forest at Lewis River, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming; wheat fields in Montana; construction steelworker and daughter, Colstrip, Montana; Colstrip power generating plant.

billion tons of strippable coal, and enough oil shale to meet the nation's needs for the next eighty years if it can be economically extracted. Being in Colorado, Craig has had the benefit of an environmentally responsible administration. Nevertheless, it has the potential for becoming another Rock Springs.

Governor Lamm has been the environmental spokesman among western governors. He has repeatedly said that Colorado should generate its own power and nobody else's. His coal policy has been "Dig it here, burn it elsewhere." But despite his best efforts and much public support, he has been unable to get a utilities siting bill past the legislature, and Colorado's coal severance tax law is so far from Montana's model that it might as well have been written by the energy industry. So at Craig they are both digging it and building a 760-megawatt power plant to burn it in. The town overflows with 10,000 people and shows most of the cancerous symptoms associated with boom: doctor shortage, teacher shortage, classroom shortage, housing shortage, dreary trailer parks, inadequate services. It now has a sixteen-man police force, in spite of which crime went up 43 percent in 1977. Vice, though not yet on the Rock Springs scale, has come in. Ironically, the unemployment rate, which is 7 percent in the state as a whole, is 9 percent in Craig.

In *Colorado Business* for May 1977, writer Bill Sonn, in an excellent article entitled "What's Going On Here?" quotes one analyst of the four-county area: "We used to plan for the future. Now things are happening so fast, we don't have reliable data on what happened last week, and we won't have for a couple of years. . . . In many respects, Mesa County doesn't have the luxury of deciding what it wants anymore. It gets, and then all we do is try to make the best of it."

Sometimes, too, a country girl can want and not get, through no lack of trying. Southern Utah has made a couple of efforts: one, the Kaiparowits, came to nothing, and the other, the Intermountain Power Project, has been at least temporarily stalled. It is instructive to note how, and by whom.

Utah does not have, except in a limited way in Salt Lake City, a highly organized environmental movement. Neither does it have the sort of concern that in Idaho killed the Pioneer plant and in Montana has so delayed Colstrip 3 and 4 that Lieutenant Governor Schwinden can call it a toss-up whether the plants will ever be built. Utah invites industry as eagerly as Wyoming does, and its prevailing attitude is indicated by the fact that when the legislature passed a land use act in 1976, the citizenry promptly wiped it out in a referendum. The Energy Commission that has replaced it has only advisory powers.

It is understandable why there is a willingness in Utah to build plants that will make electricity mainly for export, and to accept Class 2 and even Class 3 air. For one thing, mine-mouth plants are the most economic way to promote the use of Utah coal, which, though low in sulfur and with a high BTU rating, is mainly dug from underground mines, and costs more. State planning has consistently gone in this direction, both under Governor Scott Matheson and under his predecessor, Calvin Rampton. A 1975 publication of the Department of Community Affairs, entitled "Energy-Rich Utah: Natural Resources and Proposed Developments," shows eight actual and projected power plants in

Emery, Wayne, Garfield, and Kane counties, all based on local coal resources. Long established coal towns such as Helper are on the boom, and other mines are opening. Dr. Hellmut Doelling, chief of economic geology for the Utah Geological and Mineral Survey, has estimated that "by 1985 there could be 8000 megawatts of new generating capacity in Utah to serve both Utah and the entire southwest market. This would involve mining of some 35 million tons of coal annually, providing employment for 10,000 miners, 4000 power plant workers, and nearly 20,000 employees for indirect facilities and service industries."

That is heady prophecy in counties which, like Carbon and Emery, lost population between 1960 and 1970 and have exported their young people for generations. In the cohesive Mormon society, the lunch-bucket argument that plants mean jobs and that jobs will keep the children at home has more force than elsewhere. And if such plants do what the Geneva plant of U.S. Steel has done to Utah Valley—dirty the air, blight the countryside, disrupt established communities, and even hurt the tourist business, why that is the price one pays.

So it was outsiders, not locals, who killed the Kaiparowits Project in 1976, and it is outsiders, not locals, who have been the strongest opponents of the Intermountain Power Project (IPP) which took its place. The outsiders were backed by the feds, and they acted under a federal law, the Clean Air Act. When Secretary of the Interior Andrus, in June 1977, declared the air of the Capitol Reef National Park, only eight miles from the proposed IPP site, to be Class 1 air, which should not become subject to deterioration, he may have killed the IPP. For though he has said he does not intend to kill it, only to move it away from the park; and though Governor Matheson at once put his Energy Commission to conferring with the BLM about alternative sites, Daniel Lawrence, director of Utah's Division of Water Resources, guesses glumly that environmental considerations related to a new site may delay things as much as two years, by which time rising prices may have made the project unfeasible.

When he was governor of Idaho, Mr. Andrus conducted a poll of the state's citizens to find out what kind of Idaho they wanted in their future. Dreaming, more in the spirit of Oregon than in the spirit of the Rocky Mountains, they asked for *some* growth—not too much—and *no* environmental damage. Utahans seem to care less about such damage. If IPP is killed, it would not be surprising to find Secretary Andrus hauled up on a pole in effigy, to join Mayor Wilson and Robert Redford, while in California, which knows about Californication, the Sierra Club and the Friends of the Earth dance in the streets.

Whatever the results, the federal presence is going to be strong, and could be absolutely dominant. "The white man is coming," says Governor Lamm, a longtime conservationist who also likes to think of himself as a political realist, and whose realism sometimes angers old colleagues lucky enough not to have to run a mountain state. "To refuse to cooperate with him might be morally satisfying, but it's a satisfaction one would enjoy on a train to somewhere else. Against the development of federal lands by the federal government, opposition would be the mouse that roared. What am I supposed to do? Organize the ski patrol?"

It would be naive to expect the federal bureaus to act with total consistency, or to think that any one of them, such as BLM or the Forest Service, will in future be either consistently custodial and preservationist or consistently bent on development. Policies change with circumstances, administrations, and public pressures. Constant cooperation between the federal and the state sovereignties is the obvious compromise course, and the compromises, whether made under the new leniency of the BLM Organic Act, or by understandings between governors and the secretary of the interior, or by some other means, will be neither easy nor fully satisfactory to either side. But political realists of both sides agree that each sovereignty must give a little.

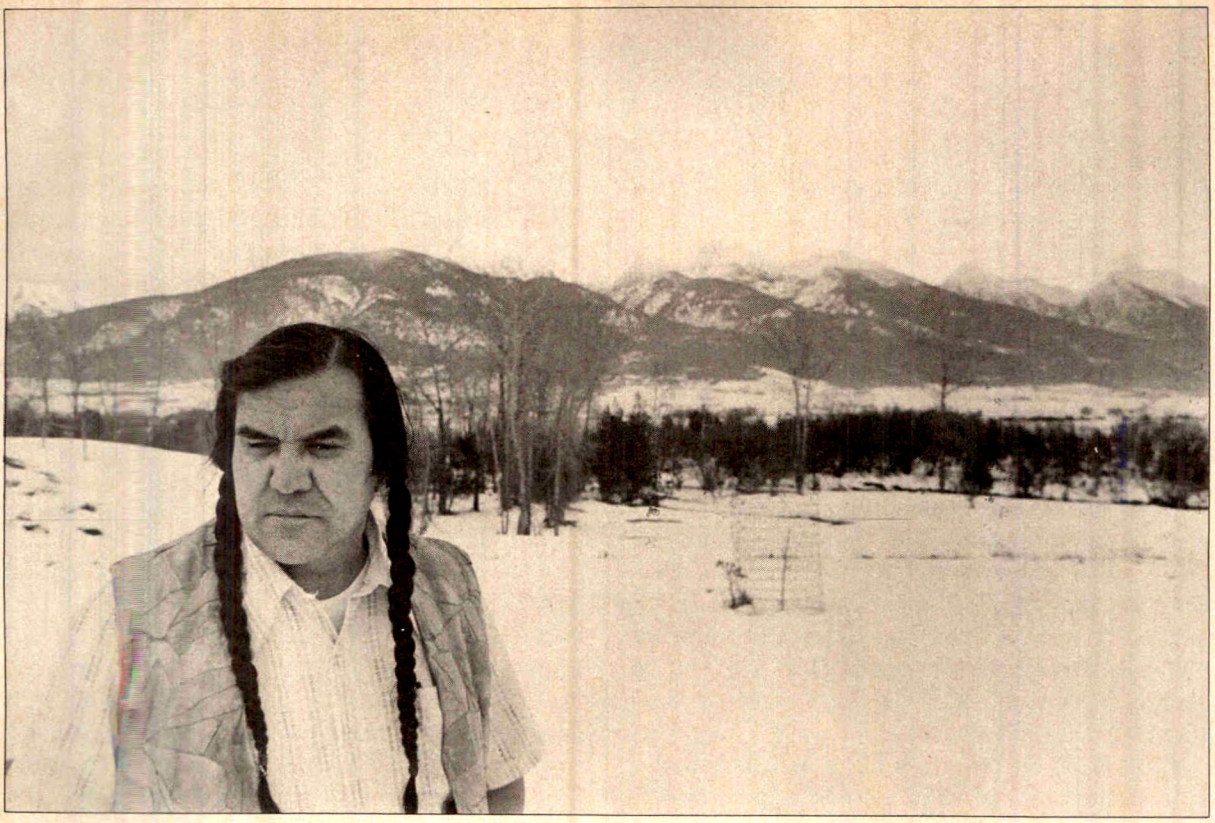
And when we are speaking of sovereignties, it will not do, though we do it all the time, to forget the Indians.

4.
Arabs of the Plains

"Indian land is not a deviant sort of public domain, as the feds have a tendency to think. It is a separate tribal property."

—Clayton Old Elk of the Native North American Natural Resources Development Federation.

The conference room in the Holiday Inn on the outskirts of Billings, Montana, is packed. The time is late September 1977. The occasion is a conference on Energy Resource Development and Indian Lands, sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of



Tom (Bearhead) Swaney, tribal chairman of the Flathead, Salish, and Kootenai tribes on the Flathead Reservation, Montana.

Science, the Montana Intertribal Policy Board, and Montana State University. Panelists include state and federal officials, professors and experts and representatives of industry, and many Indians. There are big delegations, led by the tribal chairmen, from the Crow and Northern Cheyenne reservations east of town, plus the tribal chairmen of the Fort Belknap, Fort Peck, Flathead, Rocky Boy, and Blackfoot reservations, all in Montana, plus a scattering of Indians from outside the state—Sioux from North Dakota, Navajos from Arizona, a Tlingit from Alaska. Rayna Green, the conference coordinator, is an Oklahoma Cherokee woman, well-educated and adroit at large group management, who looks like a college professor of English.

It is not quite a pan-Indian meeting, but many western tribes and many of their problems are here. From the rear, where we sit with Jim Canan, area director of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Montana and Wyoming, we are aware of a strong Indian ambience—the clothing of the men which fuses Indian and cowboy, the touch of silk and silver, the black braids, a big-shouldered, narrow-hipped look in most of the men, as if the purely masculine activities of hunting and war for which they were bred produced a physical type that maintains itself long after the activities have passed.

Few of the delegates are militants, and their tone is not hostile. But it is challenging and sardonic. When Lieutenant Governor Ted Schwinden declares that Montana's problems and the Indians' problems are the same, and should be approached in the spirit of cooperation, there are snickers: Indians are suing the state over water, taxes, jurisdiction, and much else. When the vice president of Montana Power, William Coldiron, whose name sounds more Indian than Rayna Green's, but isn't, defends the fairness of his company's contracts with Indians, a couple of Flatheads hold their noses: the Flatheads lease the Kerr damsite to Montana Power for $1 million a year, which they think is not enough, and they are being difficult about the hundred-yard-wide corridor that Montana Power wants for a transmission line across the reservation.

Speakers are as critical of the state and federal governments as of industry. The state, they say, has no right to impose its severance tax on coal mined within the reservations; it should have no control over the water in reservation rivers; its civil code should not apply either to Indians or to whites living on the reservations. The Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), which is supposed to act only as trustee over Indian property, interferes too much in matters that do not concern it; the letters BIA really mean "Bosses Indians Around." Even "helpful" white organizations such as those sponsoring this conference strike some Indians as part of the smoke screen that conceals another rip-off. And the bitterness is universal against the white group that calls itself MOD (Montanans Against Discrimination), which resists the enforcement of tribal laws upon white residents of the reservations. What all these Indians want is acknowledgment of their jurisdiction over themselves and their lands, their sover-

eignty as separate enclaves, almost separate nations.

They intend to make no more mistakes, for Indian lands once thought virtually valueless are now known to contain resources of immense value, and the times no longer permit the sort of ruthless white take-over that flooded the Black Hills with gold-hunters a hundred years ago. Even old chiefs sound like young warriors. Tom Swaney, a Flathead, is on his feet so often, protesting and arguing, that from the speakers' stand Barney Old Coyote, a Crow, kids him, saying that the Flatheads are like Coors cans, you see them everywhere. But when Swaney takes the floor microphone by the throat and tells his hearers that "the Rocky Mountains are one great energy belt, and half of it is owned by Indians," the room sighs with agreement, satisfaction, and determination.

Jim Canan leans over toward us with a smile. He is a square, red-haired man, minutely informed, sympathetic to Indians, struggling to maintain an objective stance between forces both of which are likely to attack him. ("A good man," Ross Toole says, "full of arrows," and the best type of fed.) "They really are beginning to think like Arabs," he says.

Exactly. And like Arabs, they hold good cards. Specifically, gas, oil, uranium, and coal, four aces; and water, a wild deuce.

The Southern Utes in Colorado, the Uinta-Ouray Utes in Utah, and the Blackfeet in Montana all have both gas and oil. The Shoshones and Arapahos on the Wind River reservation in Wyoming have so much that already every man, woman, and child in the tribe is receiving about $100 a month in royalties. The Flatheads have valuable timber, plus half of the very desirable Flathead Lake, plus half-a-dozen damsites in addition to the one already leased to Montana Power. Several reservations contain geothermal resources. The Bannocks and Shoshones at Fort Hall, in Idaho, own one of the richest phosphate deposits in the West. Down in the Southwest, outside the Rocky Mountains that are our present concern, the Navajo and Hopi reservations possess great oil and gas fields, plus uranium, plus so much coal that Navajo Tribal Chairman Peter MacDonald has been heard to claim for Indians half the strippable coal in the United States.

Clearly he exaggerates. Clearly Tom Swaney exaggerates when he says that Indians own half the energy resources in the Rocky Mountains. But in coal alone, and in Montana alone, the potential is enough to dazzle and perhaps frighten Indians who grew up thinking of their reservation as a kind of poor farm.

Estimates of coal reserves vary wildly according to who is making the guess and whether he is guessing about total reserves, recoverable reserves, or strippable reserves. Some coal has a low BTU rating, some is less valuable because of a higher sulfur content, some beds are too thin or too deeply buried to be economically mined. What matters is that 6 to 7 billion tons of the best and most strippable coal lie within the Northern Cheyenne reservation, and that another 5 to 7 billion tons in the same thick Fort Union deposits lie in the Crow reservation next door.

According to Jim Canan, these beds will yield 50,000 tons to the acre. Three or four active mines would dig perhaps 600 acres a year, for a total of 30 million tons. The going royalty on federal leases (a royalty that Indians are increasingly unwilling to accept) is 12.5 percent on a price of $8—a dollar a ton. Divide $30 million a year among the 3500 Northern Cheyennes (anyone with half Cheyenne blood is automatically enrolled in the tribe, and there are formulas for adopting others who are not half bloods. Tribal members share in tribal income whether they live on the reservation or not), and each Cheyenne receives $8571 annually. Divide a similar royalty among the 6100 Crows and the per capita income is $4918. And each tribe could keep that up for a hundred years without exhausting more than half of a 6-billion-ton resource.

In the first flurry of the energy crisis, both the Crows and the Northern Cheyennes signed leases with Johnny-on-the-spot energy companies, the Cheyennes with Peabody Coal and others totaling 16,000 acres, the Crows with Shell Oil on reservation lands, and with AMAX and Westmoreland Coal on ceded lands north of the reservation boundary, to which the Crows still hold the mineral rights. But second thoughts—Arab thoughts or Indian thoughts—led them to reconsider, and demand that these leases be canceled. Westmoreland's Absaloka Mine on Sarpy Creek, in the ceded lands, is the only mine that has dug any Indian coal. The Cheyenne leases were suspended by Secretary of the Interior Rogers Morton in 1974, the Crow leases by Secretary Thomas Kleppe in 1977. Reinstatement of these, or the negotiation of new ones, appears to depend on what answers the Indians get to some hard questions.

1) Can the State of Montana be prevented from collecting its stiff severance tax and its gross proceeds tax on coal mined within the reservations? It tears the Crows up to see the state getting 27 percent on the gross price of that coal, while they, the owners, get only 8 percent as royalty. They have considered imposing a severance tax of their own,

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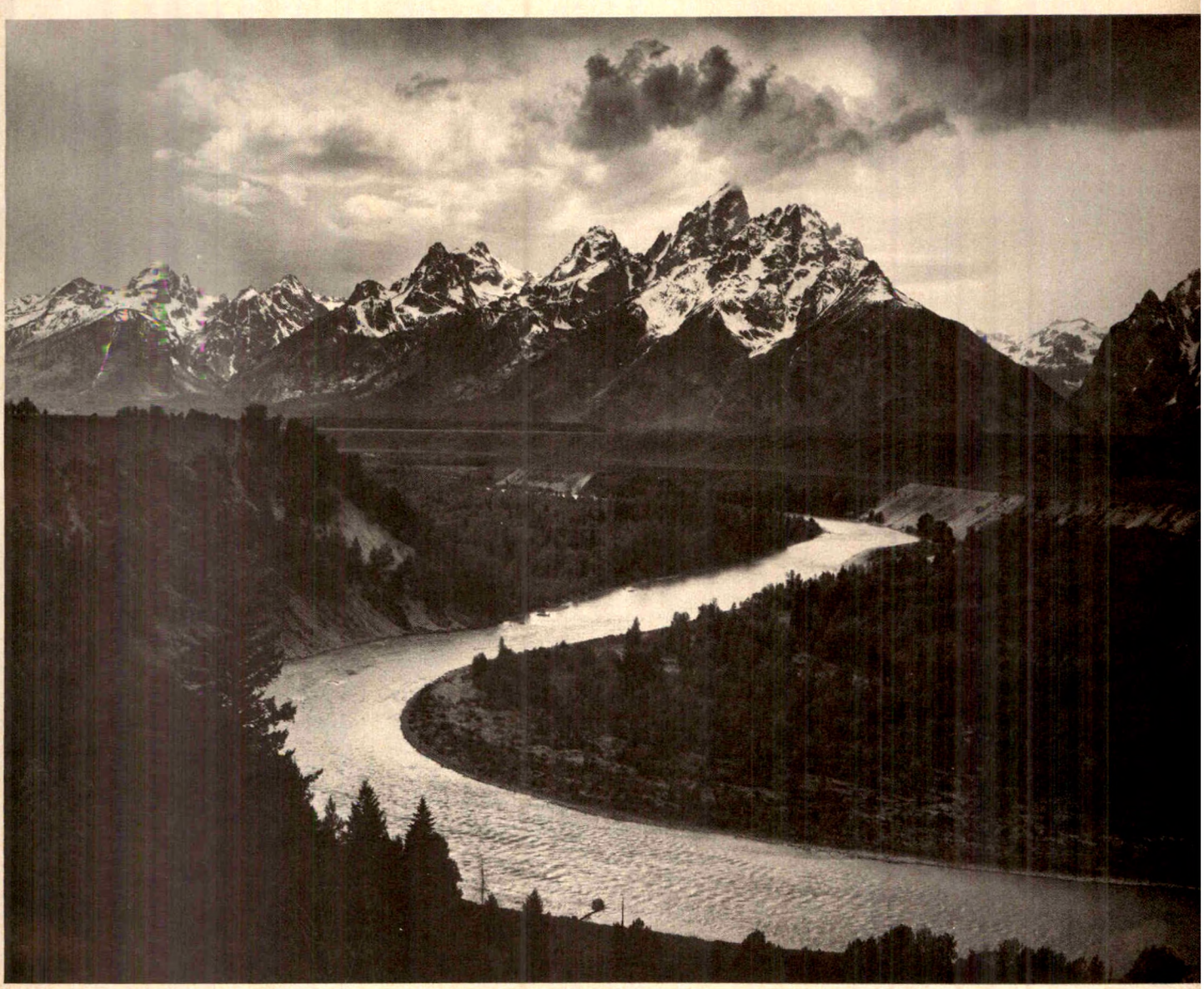
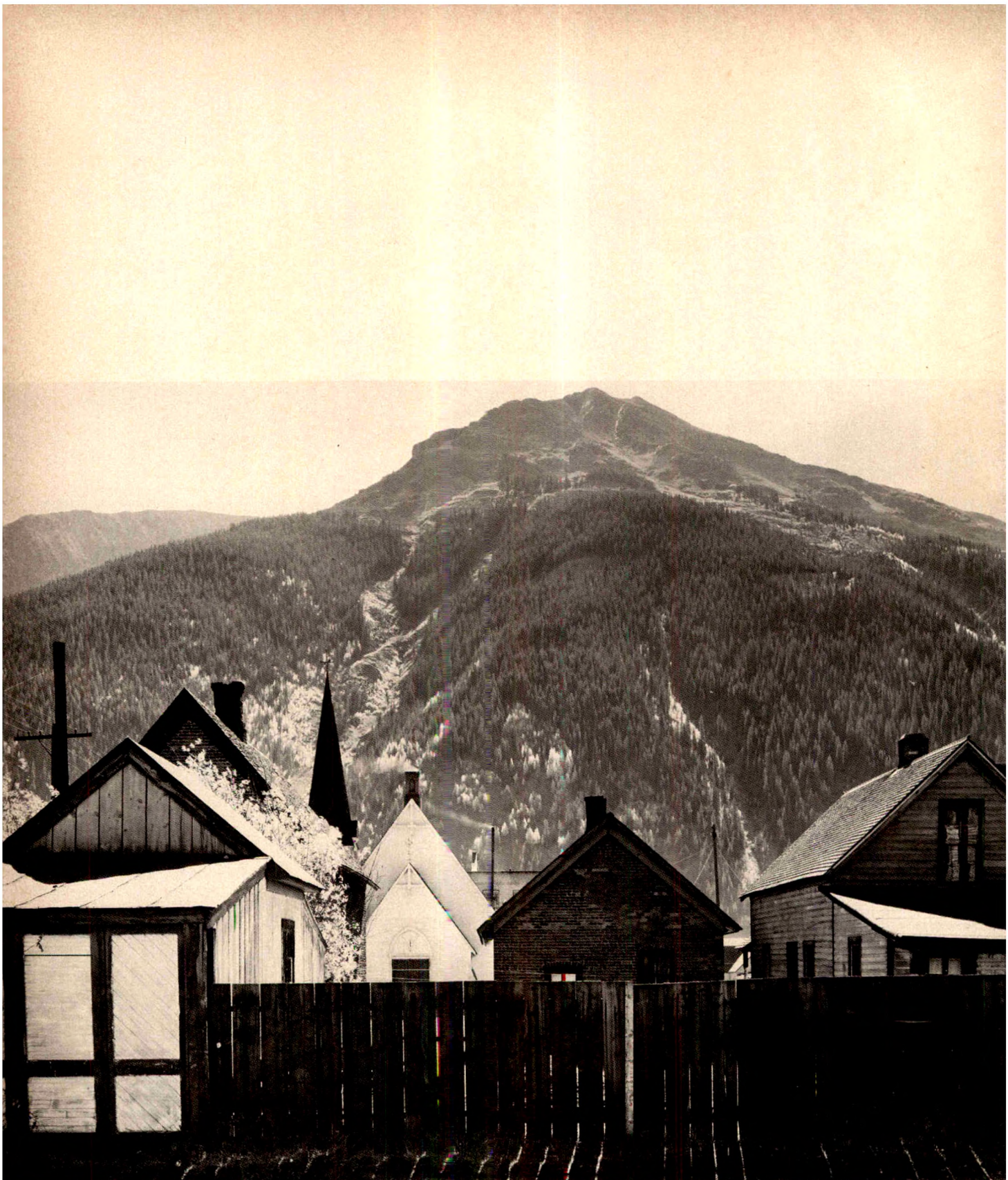
A PORTFOLIO by Ansel Adams

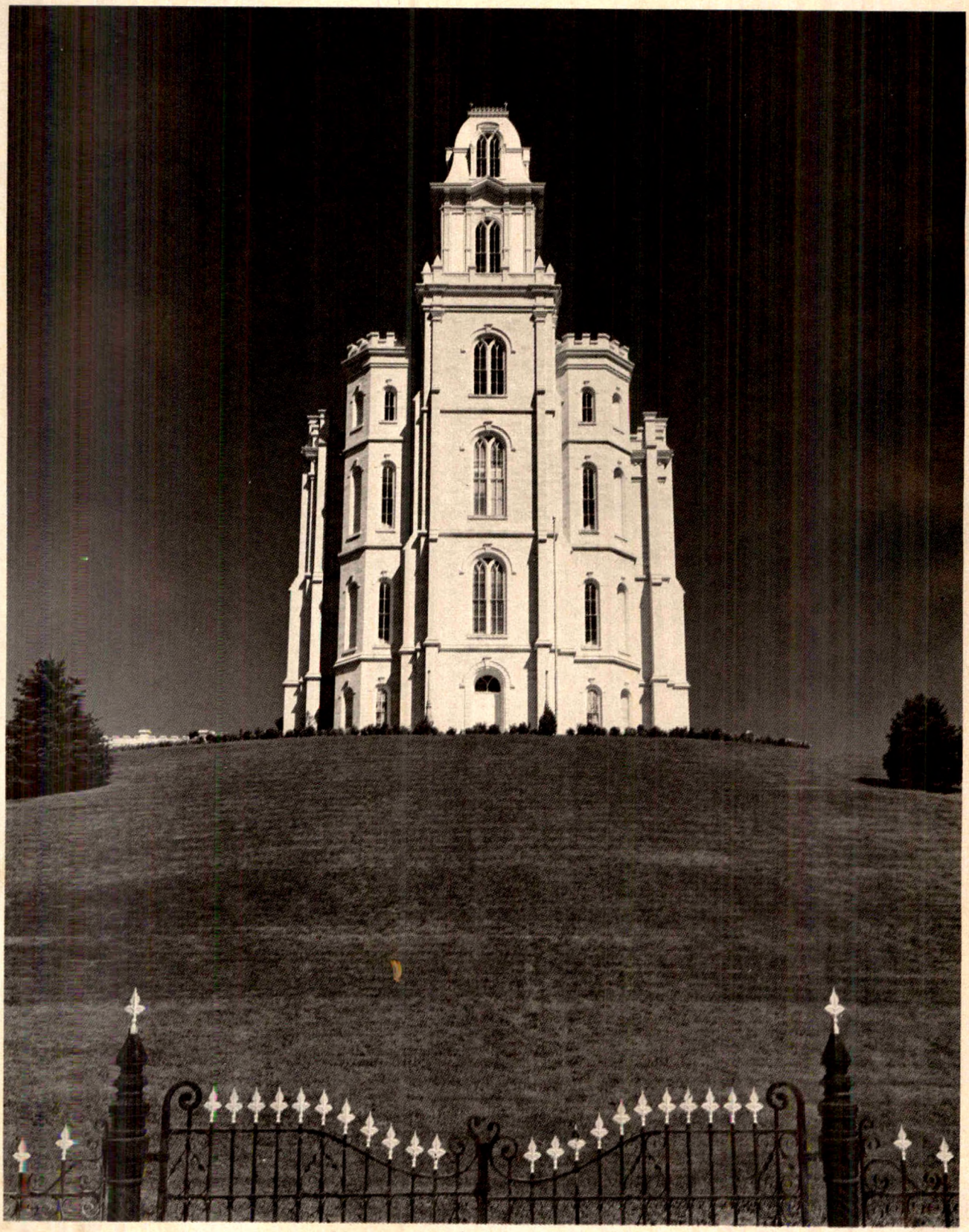


The Tetons and the Snake River, Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, 1942

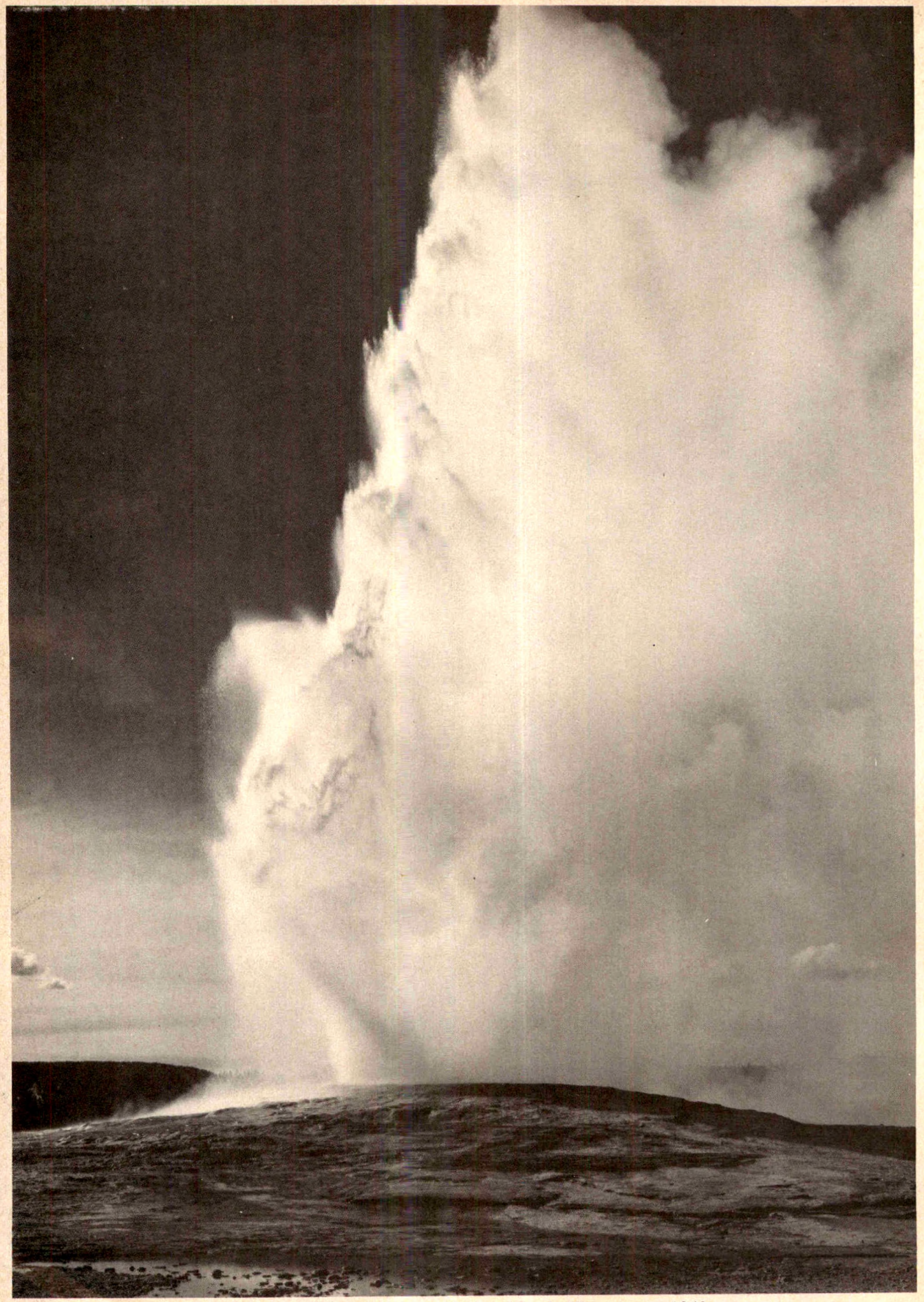


Silverton, Colorado, 1951

Ansel Adams, who now lives in Carmel, California, has photographed the landscapes of the western United States for more than sixty years. The most recent collection of his work is *The Portfolios of Ansel Adams* (1977), from which some of these photos were taken.



Mormon Temple, Manti, Utah, 1948



Old Faithful, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, c. 1940

Monument Valley, Utah, 1958

Mount Moran, autumn, Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming

but that added to the state's bite would make Crow coal noncompetitive.

What makes this imposition all the more intolerable to Indians is that the severance tax is the *only* tax, state or federal, that is levied on the reservation. Everywhere Indians set up "smoke shops" to sell tax-free cigarettes. If tax-free cigarettes are legitimate, why not tax-free coal, especially since the Montana attorney general has ruled that the state strip-mining law does not apply on the reservations, and since the new federal strip-mining law, which does apply, specifically gives the Indians control over all coal mining on Indian lands?

2) Can the Indians develop their own coal with energy companies as agents, and if they do, what effect will that have on the severance tax? A tribe that develops its own resources (the Flatheads want to do it with their hydro sites, too) retains powers that as a lessor it could be held to have relinquished. Even if it should be held that a lessee such as Westmoreland is properly subject to state taxation, the Indians argue that a sovereign tribe should not be. A secondary but by no means unimportant aspect of the joint-venture possibility is that it would give Indians a greater share of the proceeds from their resources, even if they did not (as they surely would) impose an Indian severance tax to replace the Montana one.

3) *Are* the reservations little sovereign nations embedded in the United States? The answer to this question is entangled with the answers to the first two. Even tribes with modest resources have been pressing so hard for recognition of their sovereignty that to people of the MOD persuasion it looks like a conspiracy.

Here are the Flatheads with their demand that white cottagers on Flathead Lake pay an annual ground rent. Here are the Mescalero Apaches developing a resort in southern New Mexico and refusing to apply for a state liquor license, insisting that the reservation is not bound by state laws. Here is Laguna Pueblo installing a racetrack on its land and proposing to allow gambling, which is against the law in New Mexico. Here are the Crows banning white fishermen from the Big Horn River without an Indian permit. (The Supreme Court ruled that the fishermen had been placed in double jeopardy, and left undecided the question of stream ownership.) Here is a white trucker who hits and kills a Cheyenne's horse near Lame Deer, and who, with the support of his employers, resists being tried by the tribal court, which insists on dealing with his case. Here are Washington Indians who, sustained in their traditional tribal fishing rights by Judge George Boldt, go into the fish packing business and outrage every white fisherman in the Northwest. Here, finally, is a Crow couple, living on the reservation, who fail to repay a bank loan. The bank attempts to garnishee their wages, and serves a writ on them. The couple obtains an injunction against the action, on the ground that though the state court was admittedly competent to issue the writ, it had no authority to serve it on reservation land. But the court did serve the writ, the Montana Supreme Court sustained it, and the U.S. Supreme Court refused to take the case.

The jurisdictional challenges proliferate, the court suits multiply. Issues are confused by the fact that reservations are not simple areas with simple boundaries. The allotment system which earlier in the century gave individual Indians title to family acreages resulted in many sales to non-Indians. Now the reservations are checkerboarded with white holdings, and the leasing of land to white ranchers has increased the number of "alien" residents. The Northern Cheyennes have been trying to correct this situation, and have been steadily buying back their reservation, but the Crow reservation is used 80 percent by whites, and a third of it has passed out of Crow ownership.

Attempts to enforce Indian law and order infuriate white ranchers who insist that they live in the United States and in the state of Montana, and are bound by the laws of no other governments, especially governments in which they have no voice. They say that they bought their land for a fair price and have a clear title and have in no way relinquished their constitutional rights. Under pressure from MOD, the legislature in 1977 passed a resolution asking Congress to prohibit tribes from exercising control over non-Indians on the reservations. Indians retort that Congress has no legal power to pass such a law, in view of the unique status of Indians and their unique relationship with both the federal and state governments. As Earl Oldperson, the Blackfoot chairman, says, Indians are only trying to hold onto the last vestiges of their heritage, and must have the right to govern them.

The "homeland" argument is significant, and reflects changing attitudes. For generations, life on the reservations has been impoverished, demoralized, and hopeless. A few young people got away to school, or were taken away. Young men went to pick potatoes in Idaho, or become smoke jumpers in the national forests, or

pursue Morrison-Knudsen construction projects from the Persian Gulf to Prudhoe Bay. But their options were few and their end too often predictable: drunken culture shock in some city Skid Road (as in Scott Momaday's novel *House Made of Dawn*), or drunken, unemployed refuge back on the reservation (as in James Welch's novel *Winter in the Blood*). Those inevitabilities seem to be changing. Outside the Billings Holiday Inn the pickups wear bumper stickers that read INDIAN PRIDE ON THE MARCH, and I'M CHEYENNE INDIAN AND PROUD OF IT. The vision that Indians are beginning to see is a reservation homeland with both economic and cultural security, with jobs, with dignity, with hope, with a future.

And yet they are by no means sure of what they want to do. Few Indians are insensitive to the traditional reverence for the earth, and some angrily reject the notion of mining and industry, no matter how many jobs or how much money those may mean. "God put the coal there," says one speaker at Billings. "That's a good place for it." Phil Beaumont, a young Crow, speaks wistfully of the old ways and the old values, and confesses that he feels caught between two worlds, without clear guidance. Barney Old Coyote, a polished and successful man of the world, once a high Interior Department official, later an officer of the American Indian National Bank, and now a member of the Crow Coal Authority, cautions the audience three times that when you destroy an Indian's environment you destroy his whole way of life, for his spiritual well-being is linked with that of the earth through traditions, rituals, and mystical belief. The Crow lawyer Urban Bear Don't Walk, whose attractive and well-educated wife has chaired one of the sessions, makes a rather surprising statement: that it is more often than not the young and "Americanized" Indians—those contemptuously referred to as "breeds"—who are strongest for traditional values and against development. Perhaps, having taught the whites something about how to care for the earth, Indians are now catching it back from white environmentalists.

In Billings we hear no Indian voice for hasty or headlong development. We hear many voices of caution, and some of repudiation. But some tribal actions in recent months may be symptomatic. In all the Crow leases presently under discussion, and in the only one which has been renegotiated (Westmoreland), there is, according to Jim Carran, a provision that prohibits the building of any conversion plant within fifty miles of any reservation boundary; and the Cheyennes, angry at what blows their way from the Colstrip 1 and 2 plants of Montana Power, have declared the air of their reservation Class 1 air, and got the EPA to approve that designation. Since Class 1 air cannot be subjected to any deterioration whatever, doubt is thrown on the building of Colstrip 3 and 4. There is no way those plants can go on stream without polluting the Cheyennes' air to some measurable degree, for their proposed site is practically on the reservation line.

On the conversion of coal into energy, these Indians would agree with Colorado's Governor Lamm: Dig it here, burn it elsewhere. And if they choose to dig it, they are determined to be paid for it. The most applauded words spoken at the Billings meeting are spoken in a dinner speech by Charles Lipton, a New York lawyer, who bluntly advises the tribes to learn from the Arabs. (Twenty-three tribes have since gone to OPEC for advice.) Lipton is critical of the agreement that the Blackfeet have just signed with Damson Oil, an agreement that company President Barry Damson insists is the best deal the Indians ever got. The point is that the best deal the Indians ever got may not be good enough. Lipton's advice is for Indians to model their contracts not on soft federal leases but on the hard agreements that oil companies are now forced to sign with developing nations overseas. This is what happens when you hold good cards and are learning to play the game.

One other card the Indians possess, a wild card that in the West takes all others: water. Nobody will know for a long time how much the card is worth, but nobody values it lightly.

Only a few days before the Billings meeting, we listened outside the hearing room in the state capitol in Helena where wary, weary politicians, bureaucrats, industry lawyers, ranchers, and city officials from several places have for weeks been trying to get more water out of the Yellowstone River than flows in it. Everybody wants as big an allocation as he can get. Burlington Northern wants water, ranchers want water, energy companies want water, Montana Power wants water, lease speculators want water. The City of Billings, apparently under the impression that it will be as big as Denver by the year 2000, has put in for 317,456 acre feet a year. The Montana Fish and Game Department, hoping to protect the fishing and the riparian ecosystems of this magnificent, free-flowing, undammed, 600-mile stream, wants left as instream flow 8 million acre feet a year, which is just about the annual average flow of the Yellowstone where it empties into the Missouri.

Left: Indian woman and child on the Crow Agency, Montana; below: prehistoric Indian ruins, Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

They must all await the settlement of Indian claims.

In 1908 the Supreme Court of the United States enunciated the so-called "Winters Doctrine," which guarantees to the Indians the beneficial use of water that is adjacent to, or rises on, or flows through the reservations. But the Court did not define the nature or extent of beneficial use. If it meant the limited agricultural and domestic uses common in 1908, did it mean to restrict Indians to that rural standard, or did it allow for the fact that Indians might grow and change as the country and the times changed, that future beneficial uses might include industry, new towns, and other developments?

The Indians insist that their beneficial uses ought to have the same potential for growth as anyone else's. If they are right, then there is going to be less water in the Yellowstone for white interests to divide, for several Yellowstone tributaries run through or past reservations: the Big Horn and Little Big Horn through the Crows', the Rosebud and Tongue through the Northern Cheyennes'. Just to indicate what the Winters Doctrine might mean, the Fort Peck Indians, through whose reservation the Missouri flows, have a claim in for all the water of the Missouri they can put to beneficial use.

Anywhere from 3500 to 5000 white Montanans are presently involved in lawsuits because their use of the water of various streams is in conflict with Indian claims. No wonder Lieutenant Governor Schwinden made a plea for the cooperative solution of problems. Montana itself, like every Indian reservation within its boundaries, is a colonial dependency struggling to gain control of its own economy. The economy depends ultimately on water, even in Montana, which by comparison with some other mountain states is well watered. And for water, as for some other things, Indians are in direct competition. Until their claims are settled, says John Orth, Director of the Department of Natural Resources and Conservation, all other allocations of water in the state will be uncertain.

Nor is the Winters Doctrine limited to Montana; it goes wherever Indians are and rivers run. In Utah, for example, the state is entitled, by the Colorado River Compact, to 23 percent of the water allocated to the Upper Basin states. But some undetermined part of that 23 percent belongs to the Utes of the Uinta-Ouray reservation, who have rights to beneficial use of water from the Green as well as the White, the Duchesne, and other tributaries.

According to a Department of Commerce census of 1972, there are only 37,526 Indians in all five Rocky Mountain states. In Montana, where they are most numerous, Indians make up only 5 percent of the population. But they are certain to have more than a 5 percent effect on the future of the state and the region. Poor as they still are, they have the resources in energy, as well as in water rights guaranteed by the highest white court, for the making of a better life.

The Billings meeting decided nothing, but it aired a good many things: Indian determination not

to get cheated out of what is left of a heritage; Indian insistence that both their environment and their cultural integrity must be protected; that agreements must bring not only royalties but jobs, and more than menial jobs; that research and reclamation and impact money must be built into any contracts; that tribal jurisdiction over tribal lands must be assured.

Jim Canan, though he sometimes catches missiles meant for the bureau he represents, and just as often is attacked by whites who think him too indulgent of Indian intransigence, believes that all this agitation, coupled with some sort of development of Indian resources, will end in a separate Indian political and economic identity—not complete sovereignty but something like the relation a municipality has to the state in which it lies. He has a lot of confidence in the Indians' growing ability to manage their affairs in a world whose rules are made by whites, and yet to retain much of what is most precious to them. Even limited sovereignty with modified cultural integrity would be much. If Indians achieve it, the National Monument on the hill above the Little Big Horn, where Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull wiped out Custer's cavalry, will become a monument to more than a white defeat.

5.
The New Jerusalem

There was a time when no visit to the Rocky Mountains was complete without a report on Salt Lake City and the Mormons, including an interview with Brigham Young and a discourse on polygamy. An interview with Brother Brigham is no longer feasible, and polygamy is now practiced only by rebel fundamentalist groups who are an acute embarrassment to the church. But the Mormons are as much a force in their region as they were when Horace Greeley came through, and their city is as worthy of a traveler's time.

The oldest, the handsomest, and probably the most prosperous city in the mountains, it is both special and typical—special because of its dominant Mormon culture, typical because it is a western oasis with growth problems.

Because I grew up there, other western cities often remind me of it. Walking out into a summer morning in Boise or Missoula, some morning when the air has been blown clean and the light is so pure that it magnifies what is seen through it, when the horizons have been cut with a diamond and the brown mountain slopes are folded close around the city, and down along leafy streets lawn sprinklers are spraying off into the dry air diamonds and rainbows and the smells of grass and wetness, then I am likely to think, this is how a town should look and smell!

A town should lie like this in a valley, protected by such noble mountains as the Wasatch along the east and north and the Oquirrhs to the southwest. It does no harm to have a dead sea to westward, to make a dark blue line in the morning and a glitter in late afternoon, or to have a vast desert beyond the lake to breed sunsets. No town should be without canyons that cut up into the mountains close behind town, for boys to hike in and couples to court in and families to picnic in beside mountain streams. The forests up there are not to be measured in board feet, and won't be; they are watershed, recreation area, and air-conditioner, and being conveniently managed by the Forest Service, they cost the locals nothing. On summer evenings a lovely cool breath flows down the canyons into the valley. In winter the mountains are ten feet deep in the powder that makes the skiing at Alta, Park City, Brighton, Snowbird, and Sundance as good as any on the continent, and that when it melts and runs off means no less than life.

Cities should be laid out according to a rational plan, my upbringing tells me. The Plat of the City of Zion, designed for New Jerusalem by Joseph Smith with assists from Isaiah, Ezekiel, and the Book of Revelations, and imposed on the Salt Lake Valley by Brigham Young, turns out to have been as good a city plan as most, and better than many. If it was a little foursquare and angular, time and the slopes of the valley have softened that defect. The always visible mountains are an instant direction-finder; the town's layout is so orderly that from a street and house number you know exactly how far to the east, south, or west of Temple Square you are.

The Salt Lake City that I remember was not much bigger than Boise is now. It was a city of homes, schools, and churches, a city with richer and poorer neighborhoods but no real slums, a city of monuments where people valued and even mythologized their history. Not a crimeless city by any means, but one with minimal juvenile delinquency: every Mormon child had a participating and responsible place in family and community life, and every

Mormon ward had an amusement hall which promoted athletics, dances, and all sorts of youth activities, and even welcomed non-Mormon outsiders like me. The high school I attended gave me a better training in fundamentals than I see my grandchildren getting now in much more sophisticated places; and if the University of Utah, when I went there, was a streetcar college of 3000 or 4000 students, it was also, like everything else in Salt Lake City, safe, friendly, and comfortable, and even then it was plugged into at least some of the circuits of world mind.

It was a good hometown, a secure place to grow up in, and I am grateful to it and to the close-knit, mutually supportive Mormon society that gave it much of its tone. It is a bigger and busier town now, and the streetcar college has grown into a multiversity of considerable distinction, and the intellectual and social life are altogether livelier than in the years when Hemingway's Mr. Frazer, listening to a Salt Lake radio station from his Montana hospital bed, got the impression that the City of the Saints was "clean but dull." I am sure that for the inmigrants and returnees who since World War II have flocked to this as to other Rocky Mountain cities it is neither as clean nor as dull as Mr. Frazer labeled it; but that it still has some of the complex feel of freedom, health, and sanctuary that mark my own memories of it.

Nevertheless, when I come back to it after forty years, the first thing I do is get lost, deflected from my programmed routes by new limited-access freeways that threaten to sweep me clear out of town and up Parley's Canyon before I can turn off. Then I go downtown and am confused and disoriented by growth and change.

The whole upper part of the business district has been transformed by urban renewal, its sidewalks widened far out into the street, patterned in exposed aggregate and impeded by flower urns, fountains, and stelae of artificial granite. The Lord, it appears, has kept His promise: "I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of precious stones." It is new, slick, and vaguely disquieting to one nostalgic for the comfortable, shabby little city of the 1920s. Why is it trying to look like San Francisco?

When an oasis civilization is on the boom, the results are more dramatic than when growth is evenly spread over a large area. Much of Utah is almost as empty as it ever was. Growth takes place primarily along the "Wasatch Front"—the western face of the Wasatch between Brigham City and Nephi, a stretch which is the mirror image of the concentration along Colorado's Front Range on the other side of the Rockies.

Seventy-seven percent of Utah's 1,235,000 people live in a four-county area along the Wasatch Front within forty-five miles of Temple Square. Growth outruns statistics, but the figures for 1972 will make a point as well as later ones would. Between 1960 and 1972, the population of Salt Lake County increased from 383,000 to more than half a million; the number of telephones went from 180,000 to 329,000; new dwelling units jumped from 3000 to 9000 a year; the annual valuation of authorized construction rose from $50 million to $200 million. And the curve goes steeply on and up.

U.S. News & World Report has projected Utah's growth between 1970 and 1980 as the sixth fastest in the nation, just behind Idaho, which is fifth, and ahead of Wyoming, Colorado, and Montana, which are ninth, tenth, and sixteenth in that order. The base is so small that in actual numbers the growth may not seem like much. But parked up on Wasatch Boulevard, overlooking what has happened to his hometown, a returning native feels both exhilarated and apprehensive.

It is as superb a view as it ever was when we used to park with our girls to look at the lights. The Wasatch, which here behind the city goes up to 11,000-foot peaks, is a spectacular backdrop. The Oquirrhs across the valley, with Kennecott Copper's smelter stack trailing its significant plume from their northern end, are a typical worn Great Basin range: I remember how smoothly they take the snow. The city that now seems to fill the entire valley clear up onto the highest beach terraces of ancient Lake Bonneville looks *big*. The flats out along the Jordan River are patterned with industries, warehousing facilities, airport extensions, and the highways that feed them. The skyline lifting in a tight cluster below the capitol is surprisingly metropolitan, and all down the long valley clear to the Jordan Narrows the residential streets are channels through the green of trees. But the new freeways curve arrogantly across the rectilinear patterns of Brigham Young's city, and the traffic on them looks like that on the Bayshore or the Jersey Turnpike. Also, ominously, the whole city lies under an oily brown haze, and even up here on Wasatch Boulevard the air smells like San Jose.

Like most mountain valleys with low average wind velocity, like the valleys in which lie Boise, Helena, Missoula, and many other western cities, the valley of the Great Salt Lake hoards whatever pollution is emptied into it. It always did. When the

old smelters at Murray, Sandy, Magna, Garfield, and Arthur were active and the whole city was heated with coal, you could practically walk from the Wasatch benches to the Oquirrhs on the smoke during a winter inversion. That basic susceptibility to smog will not change. Though Kennecott's smelter is installing a chemical scrubber which early in 1978 will begin turning the sulfur dioxide of its emissions into sulfuric acid, thus reducing one source of air pollution, there is still the mile of oil refineries just north of town, there is still the concentration of industries out on the flats. Every "clean" industry lured into the area by an eager Chamber of Commerce, including the International Trade Fair recently built by Saudi Arabian petrodollars, inevitably increases the fleets of trucks and swarms of cars that are the principal polluting agency. Every tourist in search of scenery or rubbernecking Temple Square, every skier hunting deep powder, helps deface what draws him here.

Governor Scott Matheson, sitting uneasily in the driver's seat, and dedicated like all the western governors to controlled development, may have trouble handling his fractious horses. A Democrat and a liberal, a graduate of Stanford Law School, he is experienced in how Californication works, and is philosophically on the side of protecting the environment. But he is the political protégé of Utah's previous governor, Calvin Rampton, an immensely popular politician, an advocate of lunch buckets and payrolls. Moreover, Matheson's career experience has been entirely as a lawyer with Union Pacific and Anaconda; and though he has pledged himself to be responsive to the people's will, the people's will in Utah is generally pro-growth, and doesn't give a damn whether the air is clean or not.

Tall, amiable, intellectual, Governor Matheson even more than his fellow governors in the West is caught between conflicting pressures. Looking down from his capitol offices on the yellow-brown air that blankets the city even on a good day, he tells me that the whole Wasatch Front is a "non-attainment area" under the standards of the Clean Air Act, and must be cleaned up within a short time. In the same rueful breath he gives me the reason for the narrowing-down of Main Street during urban renewal—to satisfy the EPA by squeezing some cars off the street and turning the business district into a kind of mall—and notes that automobile registrations have gone up 8 percent in 1977.

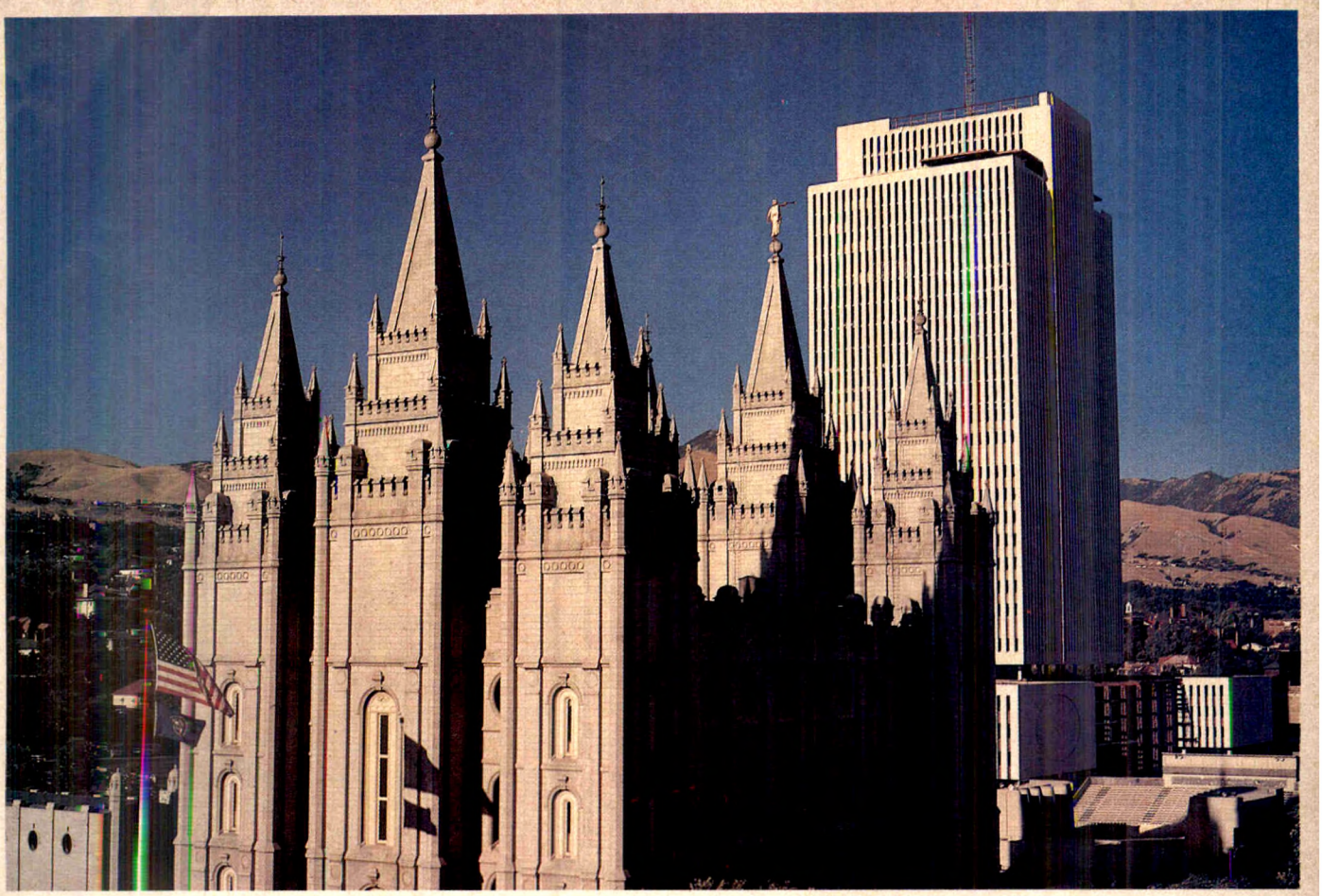
Squeezing a few cars off Main Street is unlikely to do Salt Lake any good—not while church, state, and business cooperate to promote growth. In Utah we see no bumper stickers reading DON'T CALIFORNICATE UTAH. Utah is busy Californicating itself.

Even if the boosters tried to back up, they couldn't. Geography has become fate. For Salt Lake is the capital not only of the state but of an enormous regional hinterland. It is "the only metropolitan area between Denver and the West Coast, and between the Canadian border and Phoenix." The tourist brochures that call it "the center of scenic America" and the Tabernacle broadcasts that label themselves as coming from "the crossroads of the West" are both accurate. Itself a major tourist attraction and ski center, Salt Lake lies approximately midway between the national parks of the Northern Rockies—Glacier, Yellowstone, and Grand Teton—and those of the Southern Utah and Arizona plateaus—Grand Canyon, Zion, Bryce, Canyonlands, and Capitol Reef. It is the natural stopping place between the Colorado Rockies and the Sierra Nevada. In hunting season, Utah is jammed with the RVs and pickups of elk and deer hunters from all over the West. The hub of rail, highway, and air transportation, it is a warehousing headquarters for markets east, north, west, and south, just as in the 1860s and 1870s it was the supply point for the Idaho, Montana, and eastern Nevada mines. The state enhances its warehousing importance by assessing no inventory taxes, and the Chamber of Commerce seduces outside industry by advertising a labor force that is the best educated in the United States, very little unionized, and brought up in a system that encourages discipline and dutifulness.

Salt Lake's television and radio stations, as well as its two daily newspapers, the *Tribune* and the church-owned *Deseret News*, influence a whole cultureshed (Montana, for example, has no PBS station and depends on Salt Lake or northwest stations for its educational programs), and Utah's cultural and educational institutions exert a gravitational pull on every city, town, and ranch within hundreds of miles.

Colorado's population includes only 1.7 percent Mormons, Montana's only 3 percent, so that Utah's pull on those states is not significantly church-related. Wyoming contains only 8.9 percent Mormons, but they are concentrated in the southwestern corner, and that corner leans strongly toward Salt Lake. Idaho's 25 percent, too, is more significant than it seems, for it is packed into the southeastern corner and along the Snake River from St. Anthony to Twin Falls, and that part of Idaho thinks and feels like Utah.

The bond is close, warm, and mutual. When, in June 1976, the Teton Dam burst and sent a thirty-



Clockwise from the top: Statue of Moroni atop the Salt Lake Temple with the Church Office Building in the background; a Mormon farm family; Mormon emigrants, circa 1860; the Granite Mountain Records Vault in Little Cottonwood Canyon, housing the church's genealogical records.

foot wall of water down across the towns and farmlands of the upper Snake River valley, those were Mormons who were washed away, and it was the Mormon relief machinery that most quickly and efficiently responded. Within hours, every Idaho ward was on a disaster alert and trailer rigs had begun heading out from Salt Lake carrying tents, mattresses, blankets, diapers, halazone tablets, and other necessities. By evening, the church's Ricks College in Rexburg was organized as a relief center, and its kitchens and dining halls were serving the first of nearly 400,000 meals they would put on the table in the next few weeks. For days and weeks church trucks rolled out of Welfare Square in Salt Lake, the nerve center of the extraordinary, continuing, cooperative Latter-Day Saints relief program that grinds, bakes, packages, cans, processes, and distributes emergency food and clothing—but only on a bishop's order, and to people who have shown themselves willing to help themselves. It was Deseret Brand foods—"the brand that money can't buy," nor food stamps either—that flood victims ate while volunteer crews, largely Mormon, bulldozed away wreckage, burned or blew up ruined buildings, and cleared ditches for a new start.

The State of Idaho, Utah Power and Light, Idaho Power, and other agencies worked very hard in the disaster area, but they would have had a long hard time of it without the prompt, efficient, beautifully organized and coordinated church effort. When I am in a disaster, I want it to be in some place that the Mormons take an interest in.

In Pocatello, in early October 1977, every radio station on the air seemed to be carrying the sermon of President Spencer W. Kimball as he opened the fall general conference of the church in Salt Lake. His talk was all of sins—stealing, alcohol, drugs, homosexuality, living together without marriage, pornography, abortion, "population control," permissiveness, and many more. Some of his Mormon listeners would be more indulgent than he was, but his list of anathemas defined the moral standards of Mormon communities, especially rural Mormon communities, throughout the region. Any listener would have understood why Mormon women flooded the Salt Lake meeting of the International Women's Year in June, shouted down the NOW speakers, routed the organizers, and passed their own resolutions *against* abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment. The church denies that it incited the women to that action, and to similar action in Montana, and it insists that it does not take political stands except where moral issues are involved. But it does not deny that it believes abortion, which threatens the family as the social and theological foundation of the church, to be such an issue; and it is perfectly content that the ERA, which would weaken the motherhood role, has not been ratified in Utah and is not likely to be.

Like all priestly civilizations, Mormonism is a monument-builder, and nearly all its monuments are to the family. In Mormon belief, marriage and family relationships are not for this earthly life only but "for all time and eternity." Husband is therefore "sealed" to wife, and both to their children; and in order to release the dead from their soul's prison, pious Mormons, most of them women, search out their ancestors and are baptized for them vicariously, thus giving them their chance to join the Saints in the hereafter. The Mormon Temple is a temple of family rites. The Genealogical Library in the Church Office Building, housing the archives of what the church correctly describes as "the most active and comprehensive genealogical program ever known in the world," is a tunnel that leads straight back to Adam and Eve.

In its rows upon rows of steel cabinets are more than 812,000 rolls of microfilm containing genealogical data from parish registers, cemetery and probate records, every sort of document from all over the world and as far back as records go. Several thousand new rolls are processed every month, and the library is moving toward the even more intense miniaturization of microfiche, which can put the contents of an entire book on a surface the size of a playing card. There are 250 microfilm readers in these reading rooms, and on most days every one of them is in use. The atmosphere is quiet, concentrated, rapt.

This is spiritual scholarship, and it is served with every modern aid to efficiency and speed. Visitors are welcome, and non-Mormon scholars—geneticists, anthropologists, historians, and others—increasingly find the library an incomparable resource. It is unique.

But what they see and use is only the shadow on the cave wall. These sleek floors contain only the books and the positive microfilm prints. The negatives are out in Little Cottonwood Canyon in rooms cut out of solid granite—damp-proof, bomb-proof, disasterproof, stored there for time and eternity, until the dead searched out and baptized for and sealed to the living are all gathered together in the Last Days. Of all the monuments Mormonism has created, from the Hill Cumorah to the farthest corner of church penetration, these granite vaults are the most extraordinary, as remarkable in their

reflection of social and religious purpose, if not in their art, as the caves at Ajanta.

Other aspects of Mormon belief and behavior amaze the curious gentile. The so-called "Word of Wisdom," a set of health and diet rules promulgated by Joseph Smith, has become a shibboleth that separates "good" Mormons from "jack" Mormons. Jack Mormons often drink and smoke, good Mormons do not. There are no bars, but some wish there were. Liquor by the drink, pronounced as a single word in Utah, is a perennial source of acrimonious argument. In Utah you may buy a bottle at a state liquor store, and you may get a drink with a meal, though the restaurateur provides it only as a service, and makes nothing out of his airline minibottles—the state liquor commission gets the profit. Also, people have developed the habit of dropping into a restaurant, having two or three drinks while waiting for a table, and then going out without bothering to eat. With a growing worldliness, good restaurants and an enlarged nightlife have come to Salt Lake City, but the restrictive liquor laws act as a ball and chain to them. Gentiles and jack Mormons scream for an end to blue laws. The Mormon majority sits tight. Bottle clubs, where you can bring your own liquor and be served setups, proliferate, and the membership requirements are not extensive.

On alcohol, the Mormons feel they have been right all along, and they are a little smug that the rest of the country seems to be coming their way on tobacco. On tea and coffee, good Mormons are by themselves. Only in Salt Lake, or at least in Mormon country, would you find a wealthy and worldly businessman, graduate of the Harvard Business School, who eats his breakfast downtown at Lamb's Cafe every morning because, as he confides with some amusement, his wife won't allow coffee in the house.

Even if Mormonism did not exist, Salt Lake would be a regional capital. But Mormonism does exist, and Salt Lake is its Zion, and so it becomes a world city. The church that Joseph Smith established with six members in 1830 numbered 4 million worldwide at the end of 1977, and it grows at the rate of 200,000 a year. It grows both at the periphery and at the core. When I lived there, the Mormon population of Salt Lake County was less than 50 percent. It is now 67 percent. In Utah as a whole, Mormons totaled 65 percent in 1940. They total 71 percent now. Next to Mexico, the newly established Utah mission baptizes more converts than any Mormon mission in the world. And according to Wendell Ashton, who heads the church's public communications department,[1] they are better Mormons: more of them attend sacrament meetings, tithe, and obey the Word of Wisdom.

So when President Kimball addresses his people from the Tabernacle podium, he speaks, as surely as the Pope from his balcony, *urbis et orbis*.

Mormons have always been aggressive proselytizers. Even during the winter of 1846, in desolate flight from Nauvoo, Brigham Young pulled men away from their starving and freezing families and sent them to preach in England. In 1855, a third of all British emigrants to the United States were Mormon converts. But the recent success of the missionary effort makes that early performance look tame.

In 1978, a quarter of a million Mormons, most of them young, are out fulfilling their missionary obligation of thirty months. The overseas membership, which in 1960 was only 155,672, has swelled to 843,476. Units of the tight church organization—stakes, wards, branches, missions—are scattered through nearly a hundred countries. Of sixteen temples now in use, four are outside the United States (in England, Switzerland, New Zealand, and Canada). A new one is being built in Saõ Paolo, Brazil, and others are planned for Tokyo and Mexico City. Mexico, the richest of the mission fields in these days, contains 175,000 Mormons, and the congregations grow fast throughout Central and South America. Even Italy has 7000 converts, a fact which inspires papal jokes: "Your Holiness, good news and bad news. The good news is that Christ has come again, and is on the telephone. The bad news is that He's calling from Salt Lake City."

Once, conversion was linked to immigration. For establishing the Mormon commonwealth in the West, Brigham Young needed bodies as well as souls. Building the Kingdom was a holy cause; "Be fruitful and multiply" a more-than-biblical injunction; and the gathering-up of Zion a major church effort. Now, I am assured by President Kimball, the church would discourage a new gathering-up of Zion even if immigration quotas would permit it. "Zion is where the pure in heart are," he says. "The sacraments, the patriarchs, and the temples will be taken to them."

President Kimball, a small gray man of eighty-two with a whispering voice (he lost his voice to cancer twenty years ago) and the careful movements of one who has twice undergone heart surgery, is known as an indefatigable spiritual

[1]Since I talked with him in October 1977, he has become publisher of the *Deseret News*.

leader, but he is relatively indifferent to practical and financial matters. He leaves these concerns to others, notably N. Eldon Tanner, one of the First Presidency, and second in line for the top job after Ezra Taft Benson. But on the issue of a new gathering-up of Zion, the spiritual and practical views coincide. Zion doesn't want a new horde of the poor and unskilled. Frontier times are over. What Zion wants is new industries, businesses, skilled jobs. It is further along the road to industrialization than any part of the mountains except the Denver area, and it wants to go further yet.

At the turn of the century the Mormon Church was nearly broke, selling its securities to pay its debts. At that point, according to church historian Leonard Arrington, it reorganized itself along capitalist lines in order to survive. If that is what it did, it succeeded. In 1962 Mayor Bracken Lee, a non-Mormon, created a stir by guessing the church's income at about $1 million a day. Church authorities, who do not publicize their finances, neither confirmed nor denied Lee's guess, though he later said he got the figure from a member of the First Presidency. Neither did they confirm or deny the estimate made in 1976 by a pair of Associated Press reporters, David Briscoe and Bill Beacham. Their series of articles (not carried by any Utah newspaper) listed church holdings that ranked the church among the fifty largest corporations in the country, those with assets of more than $2 billion, and concluded that its combined income from tithes, contributions, investments, and business operations was probably $1 billion annually, or nearly three times what Mayor Lee had guessed only fourteen years before.

Whatever the figure, President Kimball can look down from his quietly opulent offices high in the new twenty-eight-story Church Office Building at 50 East North Temple and see impressive evidence of wealth. He overlooks the "Mormon skyline," almost entirely church-owned. The south side of South Temple between Main and State is taken up by the slick new church-owned ZCMI Center—Eldon Tanner's realized dream—out of whose malls and shops rises the twenty-story tower of the church-owned Beneficial Life. The north side of South Temple is all historical Mormon buildings from the Eagle Gate through Beehive House, Lion House, and the old Church Administration Building to the Utah Hotel. Across Main from the hotel, Temple Square fills an entire walled block. Along its patterned garden paths, queues of tourists move past the Seagull Monument, the statues of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, the turtle-backed Tabernacle, and the gray, spiky Temple from whose easternmost spire a golden Angel Moroni lifts up a golden horn.

Lifts it up, some people point out, only about half as high as the Church Office Building. Being a spiritual leader, President Kimball may read the financial success of the church as a sign of God's approval, practical power as an emblem of spiritual health. But some church spokesmen concede, a little regretfully, that in consolidating its wealth and power in structures close to Temple Square, the church has left its holiest building, Mormonism's St. Peter's, sunk and diminished among business high-rises.

Critics of the church think it took no twentieth-century reorganization of policy to bring Mormonism and capitalism together. They say that the Mormons have always been a practical people, at least as attentive to business as to the shaky equilibriums of the spirit, and that their antlike industry created wealth wherever they settled. A hundred years ago, gentiles were referring to Brigham Young as "the Profit," and there seems never to have been a time when his statue at the intersection of South Temple and Main was not described as standing "with his back to the Temple and his hand to the bank." Recent urban renewal has moved the statue a few yards northward, but has not altered its stance. As for the bank, it has fulfilled gentile prophecy by springing up to nineteen stories, several stories higher than the Angel Moroni.

Even when it makes a splendid gesture, as when it donated two entire downtown blocks as the site for a civic auditorium–sports arena (the Salt Palace) and a Performing Arts Center (still under construction), the church does not entirely escape its reputation for knowing which side its bread is buttered on. Some said it gave that land so that crowds would not be lost to the gentile Third South merchants, or dispersed out in the county somewhere, but consolidated close to the new ZCMI Center. Whether or not that was the intention, that has been the effect. The ZCMI Center is the hummingest retail area in town, busier even than Trolley Square, created out of the old carbarns in imitation of San Francisco's Ghirardelli Square and The Cannery.

There are signs of wear and tear as Salt Lake hustles to become Bayonne, New Jersey. Mayor Ted Wilson discusses them, pacing up and down his offices in the old City and County Building, itself a relic of an outgrown period. (I remember getting maps of the city from this office, for some school purpose, back near the beginning of the twenties, and I remember the night-heavy scent

of lilacs in the City and County Building park when one walked through on the way home from a movie. The loafers and old people sunning themselves just beyond the windows on the park benches might have been there since I left the building last.) Mayor Wilson is young (thirty-eight), shirt-sleeved, vigorous, a Mormon native son. Being hanged in effigy in Kanab has not slowed him down: this year he entered—and finished—a marathon. Nor has it reduced his concern for maintaining the quality of life in the City of Zion. But like Governor Matheson, with whom he is personally and politically close, he is under pressure from opposing sides.

He notes that the old central city has been losing population as the suburbs expand, that while bedroom communities spread from Bountiful to Sandy, hidden slums develop along the midblock close-in streets. Traffic, smog, and crowding increase, historic monuments go down before bulldozers (sometimes in the dead of night to forestall the resistance of another new phenomenon, the organized historical-and-environment-minded).

Yet I cannot get Mayor Wilson to be alarmed at such facts as the 15 percent increase in airport traffic in the past year. In his role as promoter of Salt Lake's progress he has to think of that as a good. He is pleased that the building of the Alcan gas pipeline will be directed from Salt Lake, with an accrual of 500 white-collar jobs to the area. But I sense an easing of conflict in him when we get on the subject of water. Water, he agrees, is the ultimate constraint on the growth of the Salt Lake Valley and of Utah at large. Wilson guesses that the city could grow to about 800,000, the state to 1.7 or 1.8 million, without serious consequences, and he is willing to help the process along that far. After that, the great god Aridity will assign limits.

According to Daniel Lawrence of the Division of Water Resources, the water picture in Utah as a whole is bad. In 1970, projections on water use were made to the year 2020, by which time, even with the reclaiming of sewage and the reconditioning of Jordan River water, the state will be up to its absolute limit. Its entitlement from the Colorado River and its tributaries—most of it to come from the Bonneville Project, which escaped President Carter's ax—will be fully utilized. The state engineer has already approved applications for the lion's share of that still unstored water, and has applications for three or four times as much. Before too long the entrepreneurs and promoters and developers will have to be contained and restrained. Growth will have to stop.

But in a new country such as the Rocky Mountain states, belief in the unlimited future dies hard.

Mormon President Spencer W. Kimball

Consequences have no reality until they happen. And if you live in Utah, they can't happen to you. Consequences are for California, not Utah.

While I am writing this, I have a telephone call from Salt Lake City asking me to participate in a symposium, sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, to discuss the need for diversity in Utah life. "Diversity," translated, means greater intellectual, moral, and artistic freedom, more variety of belief and living patterns, more reach, more imagination in other than business enterprises, more welcome to the contributions of the Irish, Greeks, southern Slavs, Mexicans, Japanese, and other kinds of (non-Mormon) people who have been a presence in Utah from very early times without ever making much of an impression on the life or the history books. Without its being quite spelled out, a desire for diversity means reaction against the smugness of a dominant revealed religion, which is so easily converted into the kind of right-wing raid that Mormon women made on the International Women's Year meeting in June. It means that gentiles, jack Mormons, and an unknown number of faithful but troubled church people are feeling restive.

Some signs say that the church is less dominant and restrictive than it was a generation ago. It is less

a closed society. Once, to use the historical archives of the Church Library you all but needed a bishop's recommend. Now, under Leonard Arrington, in the benign reign of Spencer Kimball, the archives are open to anybody. Once the church tried to scratch dead leaves over the darker pages of its history. Now, at the very hour when Wendell Ashton and Jerry Cahill of the church's public communications department are cheerfully helping me gather material, others are just as cheerfully helping Lamont Johnson to plan a TV series on, of all once unthinkable subjects, the Mountain Meadows Massacre, which raises the never satisfactorily settled possibility that Brigham Young was an accessory to mass murder.

On the other hand, there is the right wing which, if President Kimball's repaired heart should stop, would have support from his successor, Ezra Taft Benson. Benson's being next in line scares many Mormons badly. There is also the inevitably conservative weight of the church's wealth, which leads it into regular alliances with the business community but does not endear it to the advocates of free thought, free criticism, and "emancipated" lifestyles. There is the traditional, patriarchal view of women and women's role which the church espouses, a view that is built into its scriptures as surely and as awkwardly as its rule that blacks may not hold the priesthood. There is, finally, the fact that the Salt Lake *Tribune*, gentile-owned and for generations the opposition paper, has fused its business operations with those of the *Deseret News* in the Newspaper Agency Corporation. The two old rivals now publish a joint Sunday edition, and newspapermen complain that investigative reporting has all but disappeared, and that no reporter ever has much encouragement to question press releases from high places. Some of the most vigorous journalism in the city is being practiced by the magazine *Utah Holiday*, whose editor, Paul Swenson (a Mormon), manages to work it in while ostensibly covering restaurants, night spots, and ski resorts.

When Brigham Young led his people out of Nauvoo in 1846 he aimed to get clear out of the United States. The Mexican War made Utah American territory before the Mormons ever reached it, and Mormon society has been in a mixed state of alliance and opposition ever since, now joining the United States, now pulling back and asserting its "peculiar" institutions; now coveting the outside's good opinion, now telling it to go to hell; now throttling opposed opinions, and now opening up a gingerly dialogue. As it heads toward the twenty-first century and nears its own 150th birthday, nothing has substantially changed.

—*W. S.*

6.
No Mean Cow Town

It is 600 miles from Kansas City to Denver, 500 from Salt Lake, 400 from Albuquerque, and it doesn't make much difference if you come pushing a handcart or towing a donkey or driving in an air-conditioned Cadillac, you will be recorded by history and the Holiday Inn as a weary traveler. And whether you have come down from the Oregon Trail, or up from the Sante Fe Trail, or across the plains of western Kansas and eastern Colorado, Denver will look like a good place to stop. A million and a half people found it such a good place that they decided to stay. And there are more coming.

Denver sits on the 105th meridian and the 40th parallel, a mile high at the base of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, forty crow-flight miles from the Continental Divide. It sprawls north and south for twenty-six miles; east and west about twenty-four; and includes the municipalities of Aurora, Arvada, Englewood, Littleton, Lakewood, Wheat Ridge, and Westminster in what is known as its "greater area." It has an annual precipitation of 15.51 inches, and an average temperature in July of 85 degrees . . . not much in these statistics to indicate why (in that "greater area") the population has increased 65 percent since 1970, 250 percent since I was a college student at Boulder in the mid-1950s. Indeed, the municipality of Aurora is the fastest growing mid-sized city (those with populations from 100,000 to 200,000) in the entire United States. Lakewood, which didn't even exist back when I knew something about the city, is third.

For reasons that are largely circumstantial I have not been in Denver for almost twenty years, and my memories of it have largely to do with Phi Delt Christmas proms at the Brown Palace Hotel (the only class joint in town, circa 1956), and an Elvis Presley concert at the fairgrounds which was the only other event during the years I spent there that drew anybody off the Boulder campus. There was *nothing* ever happening in Denver. You could see all you wanted of it as you bypassed it on Highway 6 heading west toward Aspen.

And so I am somewhat dumbfounded, as I travel east on that same Highway 6 (now Interstate 70, multi-laned, divided, banked, graded, utterly amazing) and descend through the notch a few miles past Idaho Springs where the Front Range bumps to an abrupt halt in layered hogbacks of red sandstone and shale that rise like dominoes out of the scrub vegetation . . . I am somewhat dumbfounded to discover that the vast, flat plain that used to stretch out before us farther than our eyes could see has been filled in . . . farther than our eyes can see. Because now our eyes can't see very far. Not only has Denver oozed off in every direction like molten lava, it has a smog problem. Air quality measurements indicate that at times it is the worst in the nation.

I stay at the house of some old friends from Peace Corps days in South America. Dan and Nancy Morgan, like many returning volunteers with no specific occupational roots, had a wide open choice of where to settle and raise a family. They picked Denver, they tell me, because it seemed to have more to offer than any other place they could think of—job opportunities, affordable housing, good climate, recreation. They are, I am to discover, typical of the kind of people who are migrating to Colorado and who account for a considerable percentage of that population explosion. They are young (early thirties), well educated (Dan has an MBA from Stanford; Nancy an MA in Spanish), and concerned with the quality of the environment in which they live. They have two children under six.

We sit out in the yard until nearly midnight, while the sprinkler runs on the grass and the bricks of the house go on radiating the heat of the day. The neighbor's air-conditioning rattles in a downstairs window. Nancy turns a fan on in the house to blow some air through the baby's room, but the heat doesn't seem oppressive in any way—on the contrary, to a northern Californian who *never* gets to sit outside after the sun goes down, it is very pleasant. Overhead the sky is streaked with high clouds that seem to reflect the lights of the city back upon itself, and away to the west, over the mountains, a storm is gathering. I've been listening to its grumbles for almost an hour, and now lightning is beginning to flicker up around Longs Peak. Before we finish up that last six-pack of Orange Crush it'll be along to cool things off for bed. Nice here in Denver. I approve their choice. Might think of moving myself one of these days . . .

"The town is filling up with young people looking for an alternative to the rat race on the east and west coasts," Joe Farber tells me. Farber, the owner of one of the largest real estate appraisal and consultant companies in Colorado, is himself a transplant. He is bearded, vigorously talkative, and extremely amiable, and his enthusiasm for his town is so infectious that I miss two appointments while he steers me up and down 17th Street showing me new construction, *re*construction, restoration. He introduces me to a local art dealer, the owner of a men's wear store, a bank president—various "men on the street" involved in the business life of a booming Denver. "Tell him why you came here," Farber prompts each one. "Quality of life," they intone.

Later, back in his glass and wood and thickly carpeted office high above the city, Farber chuckles at me and underscores his point. "You see what I mean? These people are highly educated and highly qualified, and they could go anywhere, but they chose Denver because it's a great place to live and work. They're not nearly as concerned with salary and opportunity as they are with a life-style."

His words are echoed by corporate executives at a number of businesses recently moved into the state—firms like IBM, Hewlett-Packard, Eastman Kodak, Sunbeam, Frito-Lay, Johns-Manville. When Johns-Manville decided to relocate from the east coast it considered a number of cities and picked Denver, partly because of its central location in the country, but mainly because of the life-style it offered. "You tell some guy he's being moved to Newark," says one personnel director, "and you may have a vacancy to fill." But it is easy to get people to transfer to the gateway to the Rockies.

That "quality of life," it seems to me, derives less from the city itself than from things the city is in proximity to—fishing, skiing, hiking, magnificent scenery, the great outdoors. Denver, in fact, is rather without character, flat and sprawling, predominantly brick and single-storied, with a downtown that is now more "in progress" than established. When I drive through various residential districts it occurs to me that I could as easily be in Columbus, Ohio, or Topeka, Kansas. That many of the young and "with it" are returning to the inner city, buying heretofore undesirable old Victorian houses and restoring them, hasn't changed the essentially single-family dwelling, backyard-barbecue, summer-evenings-watering-the-grass-in-your-shirt-sleeves flavor of the place, and while it is pleasant and green and faintly redolent of charcoal and corn-fed beef, it isn't very distinct from anywhere else in mid-America. Only the sun setting behind the wall of the Front Range, the lightning forking down through the purple thunderheads that pile up behind the peaks, remind me that I am a long way from the Midwest.

Nor is character much established by Denver's

nonresidential area. When I drive down to the center of the business and financial district, down around 17th and 18th streets at Champa and Stout, the impression is one of simultaneous demolition and construction. New skyscrapers going up, old buildings coming down—or already down and their vacancies filled by parking lots, ten square blocks of parking lots, all awaiting the time when prime land in the center of the center will be used up and "urban renewal" will begin to let out its belt.

There are at least fifty-four structures of ten stories or more currently on the drawing boards for that 734-acre downtown area (eight of them planned for from thirty to forty stories), and in the next decade all that vacant space will undoubtedly be filled in. For the moment construction seems concentrated along 17th Street, where the Mountain Bell Service Center has recently been completed and work is under way on the $40 million Urban Center One, the $25 million Cadillac-Fairview office building, and the forty-story Araconda Tower. With luck, decent planning, and some good design, the downtown may develop a distinct personality when all this renewal is completed. Walking around there now one distinctly feels that this is a place still on the come.

Unless one takes that walk after five o'clock. Then one distinctly feels that it's a place on the went. There are 72,000 people who work downtown during the day, and an additional 80,000, give or take, who go in to shop. Only 2000 actually live there, and the local joke is that if you fired a cannon down 17th Street after working hours you would inflict no casualties.

Not all of the urban renewal going on in Denver is quite so obviously dramatic as the Anaconda Tower or the Cadillac-Fairview building. My old Peace Corps friends suggest that if I'm interested in minority problems in Denver, low-income housing, ethnic neighborhoods, and so forth, I should get in touch with an organization called Brother's Redevelopment, Incorporated, because they are involved in a different, and in many ways more interesting, form of building enterprise. And indeed they are. Brother's Redevelopment, I'm told by one of its founders, Joe Giron, is a non-profit organization that focuses its attention on remodeling, restoring, and retrofitting the older homes of Denver's low-income families, and on attempting to restore the quality of neighborhoods that have, over the years, deteriorated. Funded from a variety of sources, uncommitted to any specific area or ethnic group, theirs is still a young organization, dedicated to a refreshing kind of social activism that believes the solutions to problems of the inner city (those suffered mainly by Chicanos, blacks, and the poor) can be better addressed by making it beautiful than by burning it down—or tearing it down and replacing it with the usual kind of "low-income" housing projects that the old tenants can't afford.

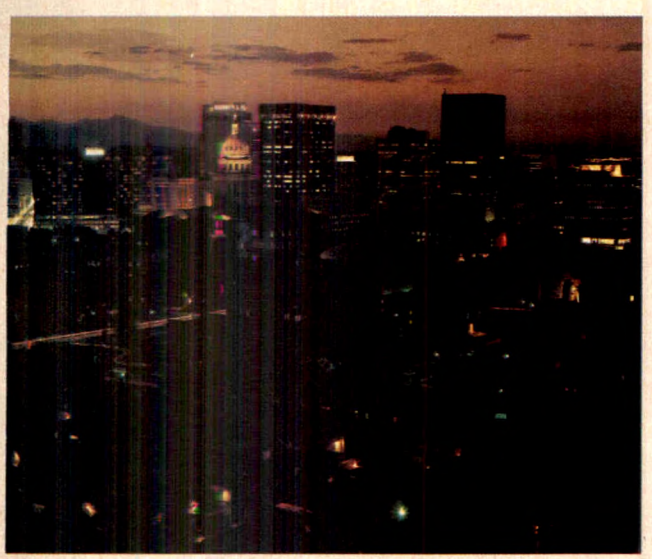
Brother's Redevelopment operates on a unit basis, anything from a complete overhaul to a plumbing repair, and because it has foundation support and a lot of volunteer labor it can do its work far more cheaply than a conventional contractor could. But it is also moving toward a block-by-block concept, concerning itself with all aspects of a neighborhood environment from open space back yards to community vegetable gardens to resident associations. Face-lifting as a vehicle for social change may not be a new idea, but because Brother's has resisted pressure to grow too big too fast; because it has managed to keep from miring down in bureaucratic red tape, and because its people are dedicated, it seems to be a program that works.

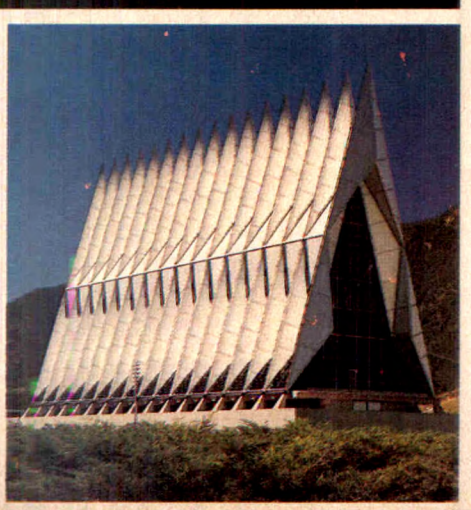
Above: Colorado governor Richard Lamm. Opposite, clockwise from the top left: Denver at night; skiers and tram cars at Vail; the chapel of USAF Academy, Colorado Springs

A good many Denverites are still entertained by the notion that their city is some kind of cow town on a bend of the Platte, unsophisticated Old West. This is largely nostalgia. It hasn't really been anything like that (if it ever was) since the beginning of World War II, when Colorado became especially attractive to the federal government as the perfect inland site for locating a number of its operations. Camp Hale, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, the Denver Ordnance, and the Pueblo Ordnance Depot were added to the existing Camp Carson. Later the Air Force brought in thousands of civilian and military personnel to staff the Fitzsimmons and Lowry bases, NORAD, and (it hates to be called the West Point of aviation) the Air Force Academy. By the mid-60s nearly 20 percent of the state's manufacturing employees were involved in defense-related industry (the national average is about 7.5 percent). While federal residence was at first largely military, there are now over 200 nonmilitary bureaus, commissions, and offices in greater Denver—more than in any single spot outside Washington, and providing over 2 percent of *all* civilian-held federal jobs. Almost an annex to the District of Columbia.

And there are more coming, government and nongovernment. Giant corporations such as Anaconda Company, whose world headquarters will be located in that new forty-story tower on 17th Street. Westmoreland Coal, Peabody Coal, W. R. Grace, Arco, Gulf, Amoco, all companies whose arrival or expansion has been dictated by the rush for new sources of energy. Dozens of ancillary businesses and manufacturing firms related to the energy industry. Insurance heavyweights such as Great-West Life of Canada, whose $40 million twin-tower office building, about to be constructed in the heart of the downtown area, will provide some 800,000 square feet of office space for new workers. Still more federal agencies, such as the Solar Research Institute on South Table Mountain above Golden, which will become the center for the nation's solar research and development activities. Some cow town.

Perhaps they mean cow town in reference to entertainment and the arts. It's true that Denver





does not rate many column inches in *Gourmet* magazine's guide to haute cuisine, but it deserves more than it gets. There are several excellent French restaurants. If one's taste is for Basque or Szechwan or Mexican or Italian, it's all available, and at prices which the bootless and unhorsed can still afford. One does not have to settle for the chicken-fried steak in Denver. And if your taste in an evening on the town runs to fern bars and swinging singles, you'll feel just as much at home in this cow town as you would in San Francisco. There are a number of ways in which Colorado resembles California, though this is one of the least interesting.

It is also true that while Denver has its symphony and ballet and theater, these arts have suffered for years from a lack of major facilities in which to play. All this is about to change. The Denver Center for the Performing Arts is scheduled for completion in 1980, and will include in its complex a $13 million concert hall and a $12 million parking facility that will accommodate 1800 cars. None of this will immediately alter the fact that in the centers of the art world Denver is a place few people ever heard of. Perhaps that's not a problem that really concerns anybody in Colorado, but the performing arts center will, at the very least, provide an impressive facility for what has become under conductor Brian Priestman's direction a thoroughly professional orchestra (ironically, Priestman is leaving), and a home for an anticipated professional repertory theater company. The arts, like everything else in Denver, are on the come.

But what about that future? If the energy boom makes business happy, and a performing arts center makes the art lovers happy, and Red Miller and Craig Morton make the sports fans happy, all should be well in this best of all possible worlds. But the weary traveler wonders. If he happens to come from a part of the country that has already undergone the kind of expansion that Denver currently enjoys—if he comes, say, from Los Angeles or the San Francisco Bay Area or almost anywhere on the eastern seaboard—he may find some of the signs and symbols he encounters a little disturbing. He may begin to fidget when he hears once again the kind of boosterism he has heard before; the kind that equates growth with progress, and finds in the concept of expansion the first principle of the American Dream. If he goes into the foothills and stands looking east over the city, and north over the city, and south over the city, he may well wonder to himself how long it will be before "greater Denver" extends itself from Fort Collins up near the Wyoming border all the way to Pueblo, a hundred miles from the New Mexico border; how long it will be before the few buildings he is still able to see are completely erased in the smog; how long it will be before "progress" has turned Denver into another Los Angeles, San Jose, Newark. Here, as elsewhere in the mountain states, Californication is well along.

Just take a drive up to Boulder, thirty miles or so northwest, through what was, back when I was a student, some of the most beautiful farm and ranch country anywhere in the state. In 1960 Boulder County was 60 percent in agricultural use. Today it is less than 25 percent. Housing tracts pop up like spring mushrooms in a cow pasture, treeless, ugly, squatting on the plain with their plastic banners and come-all-ye's flapping in the dusty breeze. As the developers move in and the land values escalate and the taxes go up, the remaining farms go down like ninepins. Give it a few more years and Boulder will be just another municipality in the "greater" Denver area. It's a woefully familiar pattern.

Or pick up the real estate section of the Denver *Post* some Sunday and look through the full-page ads for new developments. "Summer Valley Ranch" (ranch?) offers three new styles: the "Deer Trail," suggested as a starter home for the young family; the "Valley Station," for the family on the increase; and the "Carriage Place," for that executive family on the way up. You can start on the access street and, as your salary and position improve, work your way toward the cul-de-sac of your dreams. If you don't care for the selection at Summer Valley you can drive a few blocks to "Nu-West" on Cherry Creek and check it out. If Nu-West doesn't make it, "Pier Point," just down the road, will put you in a "Spinnaker" or a "Yachtsman" for under $65,000. And so on and so on, page after page after page. That there are severe limitations of natural gas allocations, and an even more critical limitation on water hookups imposed by the Denver Water Board, doesn't seem to matter. The housing industry for the first six months of 1977 was 74.8 percent ahead of its 1976 figures, according to the Home Builders Association of Metropolitan Denver. The area's largest builder, Witkin Homes, sold 1200 units in 1976–1977, $45 million worth, and had the best year in its history. For 1977–1978, according to Dave Olson, vice president of marketing, the company is 33 percent ahead of last year. "I would imagine we will be close to 1500 units by year's end. That all depends on how fast we can build them."

All of which is a little surprising when you

consider that Coloradoans are perfectly aware of the implications of a critical mass population density and even earned themselves a national reputation by defeating the Chamber of Commerce boosters and turning down the opportunity to host the 1976 Winter Olympics. Colorado, which has sometimes thought itself the most environmentally conscious state in the union, demonstrates both the awareness and the apparent helplessness of the mountain states. Governor Lamm, as far back as 1969 when he was a member of the state legislature, began attacking the "sell Colorado, growth is progress, bigger is better" approach to social organization, pointing out in article after article, speech after speech, that *more* is in fact *less*—less clean air, less water, less open space, less quiet, less of all those things that make up the quality of life that so attracted people to the region in the first place.

The point is made for me on the day before I leave Denver, when I stop by the governor's mansion (on invitation) for breakfast. Dick Lamm greets me in blue gym shorts and a T-shirt, and a pair of something that look like Jackie Stewart water-buffalo-skin driving shoes with a couple of nippled, nonskid, rubber bath mats glued on the bottoms. He has been jogging, and from the excellent shape he's in I'm forced to conclude that the outdoors, the environment, means a great deal more to the Governor than just a subject for political rhetoric. Indeed, the first time I met him he had just come down from climbing a mountain with a watermelon in his backpack.

We go upstairs to the living quarters where the kids have the funny papers spread around on the floor and Dottie Lamm is making coffee, and there is some general bustling behind the scenes to get everybody ready for an imminent trip to Gothic, down in the middle of the state, where the Rocky Mountain Biological Institute is located. But the Governor settles on the couch with his orange juice and talks more or less nonstop for an hour and a half without the slightest indication that he has anything better to do with his Sunday morning than chat with me. We discuss a great many things—things that have been reported elsewhere in this article—but eventually we come back to questions of the future of the "greater Denver area."

"Nobody looks at the big picture," Lamm remarks. "The problems sneak up on you, and when it's too late you suddenly look up and say, 'Oh man, look what happened.' We need planning. We need to learn from the examples of others and try to avoid making the same damn mistakes. I've seen San Jose. I saw it when there were still orchards there. And I've watched what happened to it within my lifetime, within my *professional* lifetime. We have to get it through our skulls that growth is not progress."

His argument is, and has been, that Colorado should seek balance, not growth, that population maldistribution threatens to destroy the quality of life along the Front Range, that failure to pass plant siting laws and to develop systems of rapid transit that would allow people quick access to the Denver area without having to live in it will result only in more sprawl and greater pollution. "It's criminal," he says, "to create an endless city of the Front Range."

One does not even need to share a political philosophy with the Governor to believe he is right. One needs only to be heading back to a place where it has already happened and to reflect for a moment (while waiting for the traffic snarl to clear at the access ramp to I-70) on how and why. That reflection is, of course, the easy part. How to achieve balance, how to force people to look at the "big picture," is a far more complicated matter. But unless Coloradoans get serious about alternatives to Front Range urban sprawl, a critical-mass population density may well occur before they know it. And that old American dreamer out in his split-level "Yachtsman" on the cul-de-sac of his dreams at Pier Point may well find himself choking on his own pollutants in a dusty town where the water in his highball is more precious and costly than the whiskey, and where the view from his plate-glass window facing the mountains is Vandyke brown. It hasn't happened yet. But it could. —*P.S.*

7.

Newcomers to the Suburbs of Eden

From 1940 to 1970, according to a study made by W. LaMar Bollinger of the College of Idaho, Idaho annually lost 4000 people, characteristically the young, energetic, and well-educated, by emigration. Since 1970 the flow has been reversed; transfusion has replaced hemorrhage, and the blood type, properly, is the same. Of the newcomers questioned by Professor Bollinger, nearly half were under thirty; of the returnees, two thirds were under thirty-five. A third had college

degrees, against a state average, among people over twenty-five, of 10 percent. Almost half identified sparse population, low pollution, and outdoor recreation as important reasons for their coming. One third came from California—people who had seen the elephant and decided they didn't like his looks.

The pattern is uniform throughout the mountain states, and the effect is cross-fertilization, challenge and response, universal stir and excitement. Newcomers bring their tastes with them, and demand creates supply. In only a few years, for better or worse, in-migrants have changed the tone and style of some communities almost beyond recognition. In some matters, such as housing, the demand is recognized and often anticipated by speculators, so that whole areas of the future are prefabricated according to stereotypes that the future will regret. But in matters not subject to subdivision, cultural matters, the results have been less predictable.

The physicists at the Arco atomic testing center have not only shaken up the conservative Mormon politics of Idaho Falls, where most of them live, but have created a splendid science museum there, and are busy revolutionizing the domestic architecture of the town. Boise's platoons of young executives, drawn from the Stanford and Harvard business schools by Boise Cascade, Morrison-Knudsen, and Hewlett-Packard, are probably responsible for the fact that Antoine's restaurant, which failed in Twin Falls, is making it in Boise—with a $25 minimum. Those same people are literally creating art and music in Boise by being an audience, and hungry.

It is not the old Utah when Park City stages topless and bottomless nightclub acts, nor was it the old Salt Lake that in the summer of 1977 roped off Main Street for a weekend art fair. Livingston, Montana, is not the same old cow town since novelist and screenwriter Tom McGuane bought a ranch on the East River Road, between the Yellowstone and the abrupt surge of the Absarokas, and gradually accumulated around him a wild bunch as newsworthy as Butch Cassidy's. Up the creek or across the pasture live actor Peter Fonda, artist Roger Chatham, writers Richard Brautigan and William Hjortsberg. Around and about, working or just visiting, there is always a crowd: a champion surfer named Jim, assorted stars, starlets, and asteroids from Hollywood, the son of Hemingway's old Key West majordomo, trout fishermen who drop in to tie one on. Out in a corral is a huddle of Mexican steers with their horns in splints from the enthusiastic Sunday morning roping. The party never stops at McGuane's. When we drive in to Livingston to pick up some buckets of Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken to feed the multitudes, and Tom names his name, the waitress's eyes jump, startled, to his face. "What's the matter?" Tom says. "Heard of you," she whispers, looking down.

Tom is aggrieved when we kid him about being a Gifted Dude. He says that sounds rather like Charming Pimp, and he shows us the check for first-prize money that he won roping in the Gardiner rodeo. Roping is his passion and training roping horses his specialty, and he takes enormous pleasure out of his ranch and the mountains behind it. Nevertheless, there is nothing very native about his writing, his life-style, or his associates. If we are looking for writers with the feel of the country in them we should go up on the Teton, north of Choteau, where Bud Guthrie, who wrote perhaps the best novel ever to come out of the mountains, and gave Montana its Big Sky image, lives with his wife, Carol, on a jack-pine alluvial slope in a house they call The Barn, and spends his spare time fighting for the preservation of the land and suing a subdivider who threatens them with a hundred unwanted neighbors.

Or we can visit Missoula, and drop in on Jim Welch at his suburban house on Rattlesnake Creek. No one could be more native than Jim Welch—half Blackfoot, half Assiniboine, born on the Fort Belknap reservation. He is gentle, soft-voiced, almost girlish. He smiles constantly and is amused by many things, including the tourist woman who, trying to be with it, pronounced the town of Ninepipe as Ninnypippy. It is hard to imagine his great-grandfathers hunting buffalo and taking scalps, or Jim himself becoming a professional Indian. But then you read his poems, and his poems do not smile; you read his novel *Winter in the Blood*, and you feel the iron.

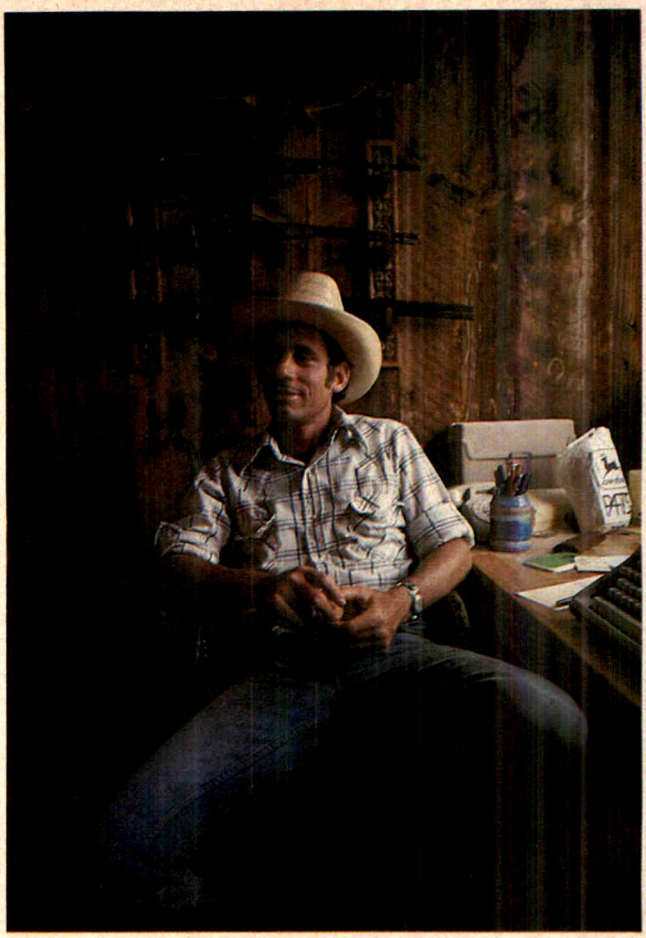
Missoula is as literary a town as there is in the mountains, partly because the University of Montana has supplied jobs for writers of several kinds, from Guthrie, Joseph Kinsey Howard, Walter van Tilburg Clark, and Ross Toole to Leslie Fiedler. Fiedler's influence lingers like a faint odor of brimstone or ozone, but despite his antagonism to things Montanan he was probably good for the place. He made Montana writers think about who they were and who they wanted to be; and if he only confirmed them, ultimately, in their nativism, that itself is a service to a forming culture. In any event, the writers you will meet at Jim Welch's are as native as sagebrush: Richard Hugo and Bill Kittredge, both from the Northwest but closely enough related to qualify as cousins; and Dorothy Johnson, author of

The Hanging Tree, A Man Called Horse, and other books, many of which have been made into films, and of *The Bedside Book of Bastards,* which ought to be required reading for anyone wanting the authentic taste of Montana.

What we find in Missoula we find at some degree of intensity in all the major mountain cities. Generally it is associated with a university, as at the Universities of Utah and Colorado and at Boise State. Sometimes the local literary life finds its center in some individual writer, as with Brewster Ghiselin in Salt Lake City and Thomas Hornsby Ferril in Denver. Often the literary, the academic, and the environmental fuse in the same group, in which case newcomer and native are likely to come closer together.

In the 1920s it was possible for a literary young person to grow to voting age in Salt Lake City without ever having exchanged a word with a living writer of more than the most local reputation. The ground is not exactly crawling with poets and novelists yet, and Charles David Wright (an in-migrant from North Carolina) describes himself wryly as "exactly half the poets listed under Idaho in the *Directory of American Poets.*" Nevertheless, sitting on his back porch in Boise, overlooking a back yard full of chickens, goats, ponies, and other country fauna, we encountered a good many men and women of words: Opal Fisher (in-migrant of long standing), devotedly putting all the forty books of her late husband, Vardis, back into print; Dwight Jensen (returnee), once a newspaperman, now a historian and novelist; Alan Minskoff (in-migrant from White Plains), editor of the magazine *Idaho Heritage*; Ken Robison (native), crusading editor of the environmental magazine *Idaho Citizen*; Julie Monroe (in-migrant), feature editor of the *Idaho Statesman*; Judy Austin (in-migrant), of the State Historical Museum and Library; American studies professors Louie Attebery from the College of Idaho and Dick Etulain from Idaho State. Plus assorted painters and sculptors, journalists, editors of the Ahsahta Press, which publishes poetry chapbooks, plus people from the cultural vaults of the state capitol. They are lively, informed, and eager, not at all cut off, and not like what we used to be, provincials yearning for print as an unthinkable consummation, and reading our own stuff in our drink.

There was a time when much of the artistic aspiration of the mountains was literary, perhaps because literature, of all the arts, is most easily practiced and enjoyed in isolation. By all the evidence, that is changing. The public arts of music, theater, dance, and painting have invaded the mountain states and are finding a home there.



Author Tom McGuane

The museums of the mountain states collect mainly pioneer relics. You can see them in Salmon and Cody, Denver and Boise, and in the Temple grounds in Salt Lake City. Art collections, even in the places such as Salt Lake, Denver, Boise, Missoula, and Park City, where museums exist, are meager. One of the best is the Charles M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, a loving monument to the cowboy artist and a favorite son. Another is in the little town of Springville, Utah, south of Provo, which has been an "art town" for more than half a century, with an annual art festival and a local museum whose greatest treasures are productions of the sculptor Cyrus Dallin, again a native son. But there is nothing in the mountains to match such museums as, say, the Gilcrease in Tulsa, or the Joslyn in Omaha.

Denver and Salt Lake have the only symphony orchestras of any distinction, though Boise's is gaining. The only real opera company is Denver's, though again Boise is in the game. For reasons that sociologists might inquire into (because the Mormons have always been a singing and dancing people?), Salt Lake is the base not only for the Tabernacle Choir, which the world hears every Sunday morning, but for two dance companies, Ballet West and the Repertory Dance Theater, which perform before packed houses through sold-out seasons. Once, too, Salt Lake possessed the first

Cyclists on Trail Ridge Road, Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado

theater built between the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast—and one of the best acoustically anywhere. With the razing of that old Salt Lake Theater in the 1920s, theater died for a generation. Lately, it seems to have returned to life, with eight theaters operating in the metropolitan area.

But the new developments in mountain art and theater are to be found in such little aggregates of artists as Sandpoint, Idaho, where artists seem to survive by taking in each other's wash, and in the ski resorts which are busily being remade into all-season convention and cultural centers.

In its way a folk movement, the flight of artists to the mountains has been assisted by both the states and the feds, and so has the development of audiences in the hinterlands. In 1974 the Western States Art Foundation was formed by the art agencies of ten western states (all except California) to serve as a support system with a regional overview. The WSAF adopted a touring approach for dance troupes, theater companies, chamber groups, art exhibits, writers' workshops, and artists-in-schools programs. Absarokee, Montana, could never afford to sponsor the Tyrone Guthrie Theater of Minneapolis, or the Bert Houle and Sophie Wibaux Mime Theater, or the Martha Graham Dance Company. But in company with Lamar, Colorado, and Sandpoint, Idaho, and Page, Arizona, it can. The Guthrie Theater in 1975 traveled 3500 miles through eight western states and performed thirty-seven times, in towns as small as Sinclair, Wyoming, pop. 500. The next year, the Seattle Repertory Theater gave thirty-nine performances in eleven cities before a total audience of 53,740. Look very deep into the financing of that highbrow Chautauqua and you find the benevolent hand of the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities. As with Mormonism, Zion is where the pure in heart are: the sacraments can be taken to them.

That kind of cultural missionary work in a developing country is not especially new. But the ski resorts as cultural centers are. There is a whole forming circuit of them, from Telluride through Aspen, Vail, and Crested Butte, across to Park City and Snowbird, where the University of Utah conducts the cultural show, and on north to Jackson and Big Sky and Sun Valley, and still on to the Banff School of Fine Arts in the Canadian Rockies. Their programs of music, dance, theater, art; their writing and photography workshops; and their intellectual conferences are much the same, with only local variations. Aspen is of course the model, with its Aspen Institute and its summer music festival, and in some ways it is still the best. But the town of Aspen itself has been commercialized and corrupted, made over for the pleasure-circuit people, barefoot and otherwise. Each time we visit it, in spite of its gorgeous setting and its stimulating intellectual climate, we like it less. Let us visit Sun Valley instead, new as a cultural center but the oldest and most regal ski resort in the Rockies.

We hit it in mid-September, between seasons, when the crowds are small and everybody is cleaning up after the summer activities and preparing for the winter. In Ketchum, which is like a second-class

carriage attached to the first-class Sun Valley car, there is a lot of building going on, but the atmosphere is relaxed and comfortable and unpressured. The Big Wood River runs low and clear, the air is sweet with woodsmoke, there are many roaming dogs with friendly dispositions. The bowl of bare mountains gathers around protectively, and the sun is mild.

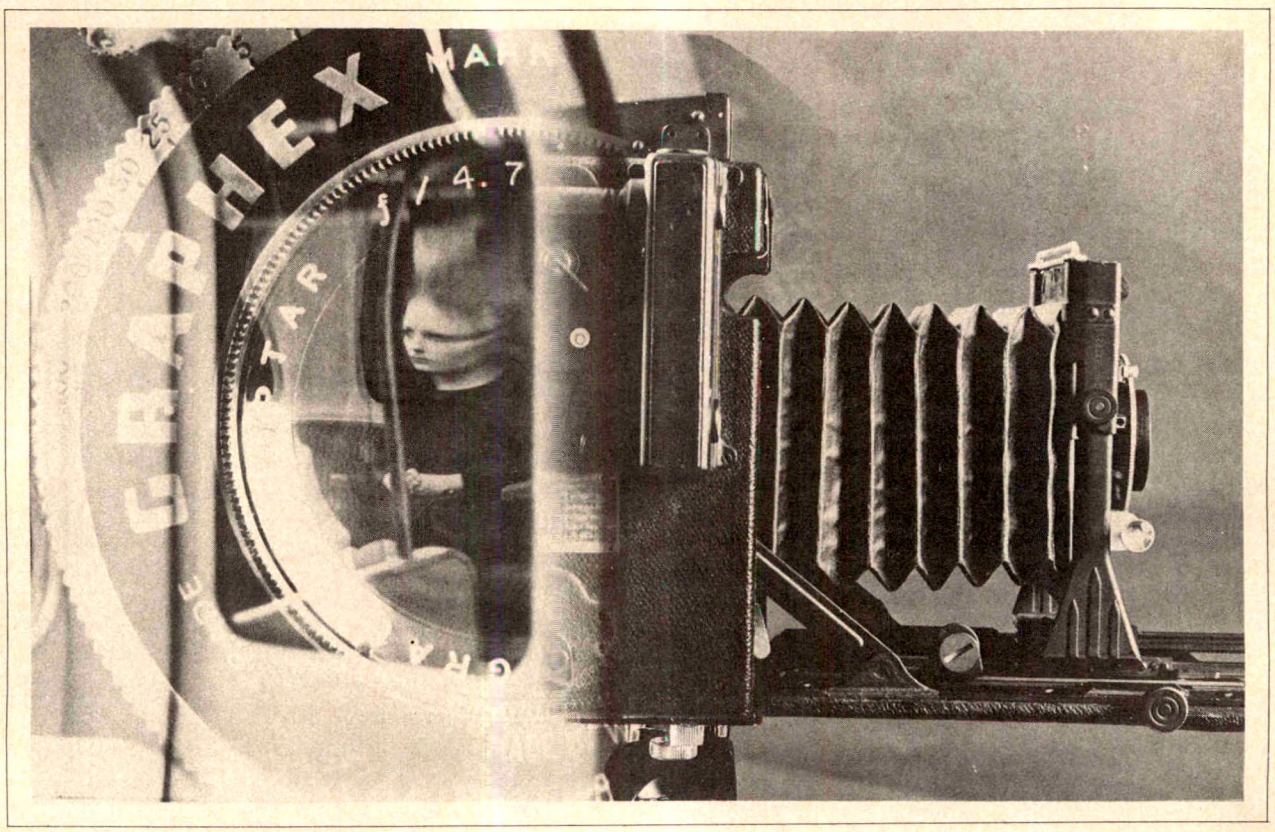
In their office behind the Potato Gallery, in the Sun Valley Mall, we find Jim Belson and Dave Griffith, director and administrative director, respectively, of the Sun Valley Center for the Arts and Humanities. They are both in their thirties, Belson a native Idahoan who took a Ph.D. in English at UCLA, Griffith an in-migrant, recruited for this job from a teaching position somewhere down on the Snake River. In Levis and sports shirts, they look more like the ski patrol off duty than like cultural ambassadors. But they take their operation very seriously. Since it was created only in 1971, it is still malleable. They are busy shaping it with their minds and hands, considering alternatives, projecting possibilities, assessing performances, as we talk.

They show us the facilities—the Potato Gallery with its displays of art and ceramics from the center's workshops, the Opera House, part of the original Sun Valley complex, where their theatricals and their music and dance programs are performed. They have hopes of a new outdoor theater at Elkhorn, the condominium-golf-course-tennis-ranch complex building in the next valley. We walk down Trail Creek to the center's 6.9-acre grounds, a donation from the Sun Valley Company, and visit the well-equipped ceramics building, the photography building, the humanities building, the fiber-arts building with its student lounge. We look in on the Ketchum-Sun Valley Community School, a private school built on the center's property, and talk to Sam Hazard, the principal, an in-migrant, once a master at the Athenian School in California, who is outspoken about his family's reasons for moving up here. We talk to one of the teachers, Jimmy Woods, who moonlights as a bartender in a Ketchum wateringhole, and who invites us over after school. Students lie around on the carpeted floor, eyeing us now and then, but going on with their studying. It is a relaxed but not an indulgent place. The book room is full of books, good books. Hazard tells us that he knows several families who have moved to the Hailey–Ketchum area only because of the center and the school.

Asked if they have designs on Idaho's cultural future, Belson and Griffith aver that they certainly do. Asked if they have yet had any effect, they consider, seriously, and decide that they have. When we quote them a remark we heard in Boise or Twin Falls, that their cultural programs are made by outsiders for outsiders, the sort of thing a well-run cruise ship provides as "enrichment," they wince a little, admitting that 80 percent of the people involved in their art workshops and many in the writing workshops come from outside. Some of the audience for music, dance, and theatricals is certainly drawn from tourists at the lodge and from residents of the condominiums that surround it. But approximately 50 percent of those attending their three successive Institute of the American West summer conferences have been from Idaho, all over Idaho, and carried back to their schools and colleges what they heard. Also, Belson tells us, the center has its art program geared into every primary and secondary school in Blaine County, the children being bused in periodically. Later, he expects to take the program to the schools themselves.

Their hands shape the future, applying torque. They do not know the intentions of the new owner of the Sun Valley Company. He may turn out to be far less supportive than William and Glenn Janss, who more or less got the center started and have worked hard to build it up. The new owner is Earl Holding, a Mormon go-getter who in a very few years built a single gas station into many millions, and who owns, in addition to Sun Valley, the motel chain called Little America and the Sinclair Oil Company. Holding gives every sign of wanting to maintain Sun Valley's serene and opulent style. He has built new ski lifts in expectation of a winter, for a change, with snow. He has said that he has no intention of imposing his Mormon scruples on his hotel business or substituting Postum for the breakfast coffee. Belson and Griffith, without actually knowing what to expect, anticipate that the center will develop and grow. They think they can demonstrate that they have enlarged and enlivened the community as well as provided diversions for lodge guests. They think they can be a little temple of the arts, and that from their 6.9 acres of dedication they can reach the whole state and even the whole region.

This is the note we hear everywhere in the mountains. The future is full of possibility, and consequently people of many kinds are inflamed with the ambition to build it according to the heart's desire. Among the forces bent on resource exploitation, the forces bent on preservation of the wilderness and a way of life, the forces panting for escape from industrial cities, and the forces determined to bring art and ideas into the isolated and half-educated hinterlands, the future will be hammered out. The noise is going to be something to hear. ■



GREENE

A story by Paul Theroux

The Ritz bar was empty, quiet, but crazed with decoration. I tried to get a fix on it. It was white, with a Bischof gleam, gold-trimmed mirrors that repeated its Edwardian flourishes of filigree and cigar wrappers, frosty statuettes, velvet and the illusion of crystal in etched glass. The chocolate box of a whore's boudoir. I guessed I would have to lie on my belly to get the shot I wanted, but then I noticed in all that tedious gilt a man behind the bar polishing a goblet. He wore a white dinner jacket and was bald; his head shone. I saw at once how the crown of his skull gathered the whole room and miniaturized it, and he wore it like a map pasted to his dome. Shoot him nodding and you've got a vintage Weegee.

"A very good evening to you, Madam."

"Same here," I said. "A large gin and tonic."

"Kew," he said, and handed it over.

"You're welcome," I said. I expected him to take a swing at me, but he only picked up another goblet and continued his polishing. What a head! It made the wide-angle lens obsolete. But I didn't have the heart to do him. In fact, since arriving in London I had begun to feel winded and wheezy, a shortness of breath and a sort of tingling in my fingers and toes I put down to heartburn and jet lag.

Greene entered the bar at six sharp, a tall man in a dark blue suit, slightly crumpled, with an impressive head and a rather large brooding jaw. I almost fainted: it was my brother Orlando, a dead ringer. Ollie had grown old in my mind like this. Greene's face, made handsome by fatigue, had a sagging summer redness. He could have passed for a clergyman—he had that same assured carriage, the bored, pitying lips, the gentle look of someone who has just stopped praying. And yet there was about his look of piety an aspect of raffishness; about his distinguished bearing an air of anonymity; and whether it was caution or breeding, a slight unease in his hands. Like someone out of uniform, I thought, a general without his medals, a bishop who has left his robes upstairs, a happy man not quite succeeding at a scowling disguise. His hair was white, suggesting baldness at a distance, and while

none of his features was remarkable, together they created an extraordinary effect of unshakable dignity, the courtly ferocity you see in very old lions.

And something else, the metaphysical doohickey fame had printed lightly on his face—a mastery of form. One look told me he had no boss, no rivals, no enemies, no deadlines, no hates; not a grumbler, not a taker of orders. He was free: murder to photograph.

He said, "Miss Pratt?"

A neutral accent, hardly English, with a slight gargle, a glottal stop that turned my name into *Pgatt*.

"Mister Greene," I said.

"So glad you could make it."

We went to a corner table and talked inconsequentially, and it was there, while I was yattering, that I noticed his eyes. They were pale blue and depthless, with a curious icy light that made me think of a creature who can see in the dark—the more so because they were also the intimidating eyes of a blind man, with a hypnotist's unblinking blue. His magic was in his eyes, but coldly blazing they gave away only this warning of indestructible certainty. When he stared at me I felt as if it was no use confessing—he knew my secrets. This inspired in me a sense of overwhelming hopelessness. Nothing I could tell him would be of the slightest interest to him: he'd heard it before, he'd been there, he'd done it, he'd known. I was extremely frightened: I had never expected to see Orlando again or to feel so naked.

I said, "How did you happen to get my name?"

"I knew it," said Greene. Of course. Then he added, "I've followed your work with enormous interest."

"The feeling's mutual."

"I particularly like your portrait of Evelyn Waugh."

"That's a story," I said. "I was in London. Joe Ackerly said Waugh was at the Dorchester, so I wrote him a note saying how much I enjoyed his books and that I wanted to do him. A reply comes, but it's not addressed to me. It's to *Mister* Pratt and it says something like, 'We have laws in this country restraining women from writing importuning letters to strange men. You should have a word with your wife'—that kind of thing. Pretty funny all the same."

Greene nodded. "I imagine your husband was rather annoyed."

"There was no Mister Pratt," I said. "There still isn't."

Greene looked at me closely, perhaps wondering if I was going to bare my soul.

I said, "But I kept after Waugh and later on he agreed. He liked the picture, too, asked for more prints. It made him look baronial, lord of the manor—it's full of sunshine and cigar smoke. And, God, that suit! I think it was made out of a horse blanket."

"One of the best writers we've ever had," said Greene. "I saw him from time to time, mostly in the fifties." He thought a moment, and moved his glass of sherry to his lips but didn't drink. "I was in and out of Vietnam then. You've been there, of course. I found your pictures of those refugees very moving."

"The refugees were me," I said. "Just more raggedy, that's all. I couldn't find the pictures I wanted, so I went up to Hué, but they gave me a lot of flak and wouldn't let me leave town. The military started leaning on me. They didn't care about winning the war—they wanted to keep it going. I felt like a refugee myself, with my bum hanging out and getting kicked around. That's why the pictures were good. I could identify with those people. Oh, I know what they say—'How can she do it to those poor so-and-so's!' But, really, they were all versions of me. Unfortunately."

"Did you have a pipe?"

"Pardon?"

"Opium," said Greene.

"Lord, no."

"They ought to legalize it for people our age," he said. "Once, in Hanoi, I was in an opium place. They didn't know me. They put me in a corner and made a few pipes for me, and just as I was dropping off to sleep I looked up and saw a shelf with several of my books on it. French translations. When I woke up I was alone. I took them down and signed them."

"Then what did you do?"

"I put them back on the shelf and went away. No one saw me, and I never went back. It's a very pleasant memory."

"A photographer doesn't have those satisfactions."

"What about your picture of Ché Guevara?"

"Oh, that," I said. "I've seen it so many times I've forgotten I took it. I never get a by-line on it. It's become part of the folklore."

"Some of us remember."

It is the photograph of Ché that was on the posters, with the Prince Valiant hair and the beret, his face upturned like a saint on an icon. I regretted it almost as soon as I saw it swimming into focus under the enlarger. It flattered him and simplified his face into an expression of suffering idealism. I had made him seem better than he was. It was the beginning of his myth, a deception people took for truth because it was a photograph. But I knew how photography lied and mistook light for fact. I got Ché on a good day. Luck, nothing more.

"Pagan saints," I said. "That's what I used to

Paul Theroux is the author of *The Great Railway Bazaar*, *The Consul's File*, and the forthcoming *Picture Palace*, of which this excerpt forms a chapter.

specialize in. They seemed right for the age, the best kind of hero, the embattled loser. The angel with the human smell, the innocent, the do-gooder, the outsider, the perfect stranger. I was a great underdogger. They saw things no one else did, or at least I thought so then."

Greene said, "Only the outsider sees. You have to be a stranger to write about any situation."

"Debs," I said.

"Debs?" He frowned. "I didn't think that was your line at all."

"Eugene V. Debs, the reformer," I said. "I did him."

"That's right," said Greene, but he had begun to smile.

"Ernesto wasn't a grumbler," I said. "That's what I liked about him. Raúl was something else."

"When were you in Cuba?"

"Was it fifty-nine? I forget. I know it was August. I had wanted to go ever since Walker Evans took his sleazy pictures of those rotting houses. I mentioned this in an interview and the next thing I know I'm awarded the José Martí scholarship to study God-knows-what at Havana U. Naturally I turned it down."

"But you went."

"With bells on. I had a grand time. I did Ernesto and I don't know how many tractors, and the Joe Palooka of American literature, Mister Hemingway."

"I hear from Fidel from time to time," said Greene. There was just a hint of boasting in it.

I said, "I owe him a letter."

"Interesting chap."

"I did him, too, but he wasn't terribly pleased with it. He wanted me to do him with his arms outstretched, like Christ of the Andes, puffing a two-dollar cigar. No thank you. The one I did of him at Harvard is the best of the bunch—the hairy messiah bellowing at all those fresh-faced kids. Available light, lots of Old Testament drama."

Greene started to laugh. He had a splendid shoulder-shaking laugh, very infectious. It made his face redder, and he touched the back of his hand to his lips when he did it, like a small boy sneaking a giggle. Then he signaled to the waiter and said, "The same again."

"Isn't that Cuban jungle something?" I said.

"Yes, I liked traveling in Cuba," he said. "It could be rough, but not as rough as Africa." He put his hand to his lips again and laughed. "Do you know Jacqueline Bisset?"

"I don't think I've done her, no."

"An actress, very pretty. François Truffaut brought her down to Antibes last year. I gave them dinner and afterward I began talking about Africa. She was interested that I'd been all over Liberia. 'But you stayed in good hotels?' she said. I explained that there weren't any hotels in the Liberian jungle. 'But you found restaurants?' she said. 'No,' I said, 'no restaurants at all.' This threw her a bit, but then she pressed me quite hard on everything else—the drinking water, the people, the weather, the wild animals, and whatnot. Finally, she asked me about my car. I told her I didn't have a car. A bus, maybe? No, I said, no bus. She looked at me, then said, 'Ah, I see how you are traveling—auto-stop!' "

"Pardon?"

"Hitchhiking."

"Bumming rides?"

"That's it—she thought I was hitchhiking through the Liberian jungle in 1935!" He laughed again. "I had to tell her there weren't any roads. She was astonished."

"Say no more. I know the type."

"But very pretty. You ought really to do her sometime."

"I did a series of pretty faces," I said. "My idea was to go to out-of-the-way places and get shots of raving beauties, who didn't know they were pretty. I did hundreds—farm girls, cashiers, housewives, girls lugging firewood, scullions, schoolgirls. A girl at a gas station, another one at a cosmetics counter in Filene's Basement."

"One sees them in the most unlikely places."

"These were heartbreaking. Afterward, everyone said I'd posed them. But that was just it—the girls didn't have the slightest idea of why I was taking their pictures. Most of them were too poor to own mirrors. One was a knockout—a Spanish girl squatting with her skirt hiked up to her waist, sort of pouting, her bare bottom near her ankles. What a peach—there was a beautiful line cupping her bum and curving up her thigh to her knee. She didn't see me. And another one, a Chinese girl in Hong Kong I did after that Vietnam jaunt—long black hair, skin like porcelain, one of these willowy Oriental bodies. She was plucking a chicken in a back alley in Kowloon, a tragic beauty with that half-starved holiness that fashion models make a mockery of. I weep when I think of it. That's partly because"—I leaned forward and whispered—"I've never told anyone this before—she was blind."

"You've done other blind people," said Greene. "I've seen them exhibited."

"When I was very young," I said slowly, trying to evade what was a fact. "I'm ashamed of it now. But the faces of the blind are never false—they are utterly naked. It was the only way I could practice my close-ups. They had no idea of what I was doing—that was

the worst of it. But they had this amazing light, the whole face illuminated in beautiful repose. They're such strange pictures. I can't bear to look at them these days. I was blind myself. However, let's not go into that."

But as I described the pictures to Greene I saw that he had this same look on his own face, a blind man's luminous stare and that scarifying scrutiny in his features, his head cocked slightly to one side like a sightless witness listening for mistakes.

"I understand," he said.

"I'd be glad to show you the others," I said. "The pretty faces. You'll cry your eyes out."

"There were some lovely girls in Haiti," he said. "Many were prostitutes. Oh, I remember one night. I was with that couple I called the Smiths in my book. I said they were vegetarians. They weren't, but they were Americans. He was a fairly good artist. He could sketch pictures on the spot. We were at that bar I described in my book—the brothel. He picked one out and drew her picture, a terribly good likeness. All the girls came over to admire it." Greene paused to sip at his sherry, then he said, "She was a very attractive girl. If the Smiths hadn't been there I would have dated her myself."

It seemed a rather old-fashioned way of putting it—"dating" a hooker; but there was a lot of respectful admiration in his tone, none of the contempt one usually associates with the whore-hopper.

"Dated her," I said. "You mean a little boom-boom?"

"Jig-jig," he said. "But it comes to the same thing."

I laughed and said, "I really must be going."

"Have another drink," said Greene.

"Next time," I said. I had lost count of my gins, but I knew that as soon as I remembered how many I'd had I'd be drunk.

"Will you join me for dinner? I thought I might go across the street to Bentley's. That is, if you like fish."

I was tired, my bones ached, I felt woozy and I knew I was half pickled. I attributed all of this to my sudden transfer from Grand Island to London. But I also had a creeping sense of inertia, the slow alarm of sickness turning me into a piece of meat. I knew I should go to bed, but I wanted to have dinner with Greene for my picture's sake. I recognized his invitation as sincere. It was an English sequence: they invite you for a drink; if you're a dead loss they have a previous engagement; if not, you're invited to dinner. I was pleased that he hadn't flunked me.

I said, "Lead the way."

Greene went to settle the bill and ring the restaurant while I tapped a kidney in the ladies' room. I met him outside the bar and said, "Bentley's—isn't that where your short story takes place?"

"Which one is that?"

" 'The Invisible Japanese Gentlemen.' "

He looked a bit blank, as if he'd forgotten the story, then put on a remembering squint and said, "Oh, yes."

"One of my favorites," I said. We left the Ritz and crossed Piccadilly in the dusty mellow light that hung like lace curtains in the evening sky. Greene towered over me and I had that secure sense of protection that short people feel in the presence of much taller ones. He held my arm and steered me gallantly to Swallow Street. I knew the story well. The couple dining at Bentley's are discussing their plans: their marriage, her book. She's a bright young thing and believes her publisher's flattery—believes that she has remarkable powers of observation. Her fiancé is hopelessly in love with her, but after the meal, when he comments on the eight Japanese that have just left the restaurant, she says, "What Japanese?" and claims he doesn't love her.

I heard the waiters muttering "Mister Greene" as we were shown to our table. Greene said, "I know what I'm having." He passed me the menu.

He began talking about trips he intended to take: Portugal, Hungary, Panama; and I wondered whether he had people joshing him and trying to persuade him to stay home. Did he have to listen to the sort of guff I had to endure? I guessed he did. I had the feeling of being with a kindred spirit, a fellow sufferer, who was completely alone, who had only his work, and who, after seventy years, woke up each morning to start afresh, regarding everything he had done as more or less a failure, an inaccurate rendering of his vision, a betrayal. But I also saw how different we were: he was in his work—I wasn't in mine. And perhaps he was thinking, "This boring little old lady only believes in right and wrong—I believe in Good and Evil." We were of different countries, and so our ages could never be the same. In the two hours that had passed since I had first seen Orlando in him, Greene had become more and more himself, more the complicated stranger in the fourth dimension that confounds the photograph.

"London's not what it was," he said. "Just around the corner one used to see tarts walking up and down. It was better then—they were all over Bayswater."

"I did some of them."

"So did I," said Greene, and passed his hand across his face as if stopping a blush. "When I was at university I used to go down to Soho, have a meal in a nice

little French restaurant, a half-bottle of wine, then get myself a tart. That was very pleasant."

I didn't feel I could add anything to this.

He said, "Soho's all porno shops now. It's not erotic art. I find it brutal—there's no tenderness in it."

"It's garbage," I said. "But there's an argument in its favor."

"What's that?"

"It works," I said.

"I wouldn't know," said Greene. "I haven't seen any pornography since they legalized it."

I laughed: it was so like him. And I was annoyed that I couldn't catch that contradiction on his face. He was surprising, funny, alert, alive, a real comedian, wise and droll. Knowing that I was going to meet him for a portrait I had been faced with the dilemma that plagued me every time I set out to do someone. Against my will, I created a picture in my head beforehand and tried to imagine the shot I wanted. I had seen Greene in a bar, seedier than the one in the Ritz, a slightly angled shot with only his face in focus, and the rest—his long body, his reflective posture—dim and slightly blurred: the novelist more real than his surroundings, special and yet part of that world.

Then I saw him in the flesh, his sad, heavy face, his severe mouth, his blind man's eyes, and I thought: No, a close-up with a hand on his chin—he had a watchmaker's fine hands. But his laugh changed my mind, and it struck me that it was impossible. I couldn't do him. Any portrait would freeze him, fix him, give him an eternal image, like Ché looking skyward, or that tubby talk-show bore everyone forgives because he was once Truman Capote, brooding under a shock of scraped-down hair.

Once, I might have taken my picture and gone, and in the printing seen his whole history in his face, past and future. Tonight, I knew despair. Photography wasn't an art, it was a craft, like making baskets. Error, the essential wrinkle in the fiber of art, was inexcusable in a craft. I had seen too much in Greene for me to be satisfied with a picture.

I said, "I think I ought to tell you that this is my last picture. I'm going to wind it up. Call it a day."

"Whatever for?"

"I'm too old to travel, for one thing."

"Which Frenchman said, 'Travel is the saddest of the pleasures'?"

"It gave me eyes."

"I understand that well enough," said Greene. "Not long ago I saw an item in a newspaper about Kim Philby."

"Always wanted to do him," I said.

"I worked for him during the war in British Intelligence. Anyway, in this item Kim said what he wanted to do more than anything else was split a bottle of wine with Graham Greene and talk over old times. I fired off a cable saying that I would meet him anywhere he named if he supplied the wine. I felt like traveling—it's as you say, an awakening. Kim cabled back, very nicely, he was busy. Some other time. I was sorry. I was quite looking forward to the trip."

"As soon as I leave home my eyes start working. I can see! It's like music—I don't really listen to it, but I can think straight while it's playing. It starts things going in my head."

Greene was listening carefully, with his fingers poised like a pianist's on the edge of the table.

"But there's something else," I said. "They're thinking of getting up a retrospective—fifty years' accumulation of pictures! I have a fella digging them out. It was his idea. I don't dare look at them—I know what they'll add up to."

"Oh?" he said, and he started to smile, as if he knew what I was going to say next.

"Nothing," I said in a whisper, "nothing. They're failures, every last one of them."

"The long defeat of doing nothing well," he said, and sounded as if he was quoting. But he was still smiling. "Does that surprise you?"

"Goddammit, yes!" I said. "I don't want to be famous for something I've failed at."

"It's all failure," he said, speaking a bit too easily for my liking, as if he'd said it before and was getting so bored with it he suspected it of being untrue. Perhaps he saw my skepticism. He added, "Why else would you have started again so many times?"

I said I saw his point, but that I expected more than that from all those years of work. It was a bit late in the day to talk so easily about failure, I said, and it was obnoxious to me to realize that while I thought I had been truthful I had only been deceiving myself. I said I felt like an old fool and the worst of it was that no one else knew, and that was a sadness.

While I had been talking the food arrived. Novelists, I knew, ate what they wrote about; Greene had lemon sole and a cold bottle of Muscadet. Before he started he leaned over and took my hand gently in his. He had long, fragile hands, like beautiful gloves, and a pale green ring. He held on and said, "May I ask why you're taking my picture?"

"I wanted to, and you agreed," I said nervously. "It will complete the exhibition."

"What makes you think that?"

I wanted to say a hundred things. Because we're both as old as the hills. Because you've lived a charmed life, as I have. Because no one wanted me to come to London. Because you've known what it is to be rich,

famous, and misunderstood. Because anyone but me would violate you. Because you're alone, blind, betrayed, vain. Because you're happy. Because we're equals. Because you look like my poor dead brother.

"Because," I said—*because people will see my face on yours*—"it's the next best thing to taking my own picture."

I was grateful to him for not laughing at this. He said, "I'm afraid you're wrong. Deceived again, Miss Pratt. You're an original."

I said that was all very well but that I still couldn't do a self-portrait.

"Of course you can—you have," he said. "Your self-portrait will be this retrospective, not one picture, but thousands, all those photographs."

"That's what they say. I know all old people are Monday-morning quarterbacks, but I also know the life I've had, and it ain't them pictures."

"No?"

"No, sir. It's all the pictures I never took. It's the circumstances."

He put his fingertips together thoughtfully, like a man preparing to pray.

"When I did Cocteau, know what he said to me? He said, *'Je swee san doo le poet le plew incanoe et le plew celebra.'* And I know goddamned well what he meant, pardon my French." I took a few mouthfuls of fish. "When I take your picture, I'm sorry, but it's not going to be you. All I can shoot is your face. If I took my own picture that's all mine would be, an old lady, looking for a house to haunt."

"With a camera," he said.

"Pardon?"

"I said, if you did your self-portrait with a camera."

"What else would I use—a monkey wrench?"

"You could do a book," he said, and dipped his prayerful hands at me as if pronouncing a blessing.

I said, "What do I know about that?"

"The less you know, the better," he said. "You have forgotten memories. What you forget becomes the compost of the imagination."

"My mulch-pile of memories."

He smiled.

"Renounce photography, the gentleman says."

"Exactly." He said it with perfect, priestlike certainty.

He made it seem so simple. It was as if he had led me through a cluttered palace of regrets, from room to shadowy room, climbing stairs and kicking carpets, and when we reached the end of the darkened corridor I'd feared most he had thrown open a door I hadn't seen and shown me air and light and empty space: hope.

"All you have to do," he said, and now he turned, "is open your eyes."

He was staring in the direction of the door.

I saw eight Japanese gentlemen gliding noiselessly in. They wore dark suits, they were small and had that deft, precisely tuned, transistorized movement. They took their places around the large table in the center of the room and sat down.

Greene said, "There's my Japanese!"

"I see them! I see them!" I said. They were angels embodying the urgent proof that I write and remember. They were Greene's own magic trick, eight creaseless Japanese conjured from thin air and seated, muttering their gum-chewing language. So the evening had gone from salutation to reminiscence, subtle, solemn, funny, coincidental, and here it paused at valediction, to show my Speed Graphic as more futile than an eyeball, a box of peepstones that could only falsify this two hours. Any picture I took of Greene would be flat as a pancake. I knew that now; but I could begin again.

Greene was reddening and laughing that rich laugh, as if he was amazed by his own success, by how perfectly his trick had worked.

I said, "No one will believe this."

And, by a professional reflex, saw my angle: Greene in Bentley's; his other half on the wall mirror; the sacrificial fish staring up at him; the half-drunk bottle of wine; Greene's face animated by laughter, all his features working at once, creating light; and in the background, just visible, his triumph, the circle of Japanese, their tiny heads and neatly plastered hair. The perfect photograph pausing in a gong of light, the artist at the foreground of his own creation: Greene by Pratt.

There were tears in my eyes as I found the right f-stop and raised my Speed Graphic. I was humbled, just another crafty witness giving permanence to her piece of luck.

Greene reached over—he had very long arms—and touched the instrument. It went cold in my hands. I lowered it.

"No," he said. "Don't spoil it."

"Please."

He said, "Let this be your first memory."

"I want to do you," I said. There were tears rolling down my cheeks, but I didn't care.

"Don't you see? You've already done me."

I still held the camera in my hand. I had looped the strap over my neck. I weighed the camera, wondering what to do with it. I could barely get my breath.

"Do put it away," said Greene.

I let it drop. It jerked my head forward. So I did not get the picture. But what did that insane Dutch painter say? "One seeks after a deeper resemblance than the photographer's." I had his portrait. □

THE WORLD OF EPICTETUS

Reflections on survival and leadership

by Vice Admiral James Bond Stockdale, USN

A man could hardly feel more cock-of-the-walk than this Navy flier felt one day in 1965 when he led a "milk run" bombing raid into North Vietnam. Some eight years later, after resisting harassment, humiliation, and torture, he knew a lot more about himself, his fellow men, and the possibilities of grace and growth under pressure.

In 1965 I was a forty-one-year-old commander, the senior pilot of Air Wing 16, flying combat missions in the area just south of Hanoi from the aircraft carrier *Oriskany*. By September of that year I had grown quite accustomed to briefing dozens of pilots and leading them on daily air strikes; I had flown nearly 200 missions myself and knew the countryside of North Vietnam like the back of my hand. On the ninth of that month I led about thirty-five airplanes to the Thanh Hoa Bridge, just west of that city. That bridge was tough; we had been bouncing 500-pounders off it for weeks.

The September 9 raid held special meaning for *Oriskany* pilots because of a special bomb load we had improvised; we were going in with our biggest, the 2000-pounders, hung not only on our attack planes but on our F-8 fighter-bombers as well. This increase in bridge-busting capability came from the innovative brain of a major flying with my Marine fighter squadron. He had figured out how we could jury-rig some switches, hang the big bombs, pump out some of the fuel to stay within takeoff weight limits, and then top off our tanks from our airborne refuelers while en route to the target. Although the pilot had to throw several switches in sequence to get rid of his bombs, a procedure requiring above-average cockpit agility, we routinely operated on the premise that all pilots of Air Wing 16 were above average. I test-flew the new load on a mission, thought it over, and approved it; that's the way we did business.

Our spirit was up. That morning, the *Oriskany* Air Wing was finally going to drop the bridge that was becoming a North Vietnamese symbol of resistance. You can imagine our dismay when we crossed the coast and the weather scout I had sent on ahead radioed back that ceiling and visibility were zero-zero in the bridge area. In the tiny cockpit of my A-4 at the front of the pack, I pushed the button on the throttle, spoke into the radio mike in my oxygen mask, and told the formation to split up and proceed in pairs to the secondary targets I had specified in my contingency briefing. What a letdown.

The adrenaline stopped flowing as my wingman and I broke left and down and started sauntering along toward our "milk run" target: boxcars on a railroad siding between Vinh and Thanh Hoa, where the flak was light. Descending through 10,000 feet, I unsnapped my oxygen mask and let it dangle, giving my pinched face a rest—no reason to stay uncomfortable on this run.

As I glided toward that easy target, I'm sure I felt totally self-satisfied. I had the top combat job that a Navy commander can hold and I was in tune with my environment. I was confident—I knew airplanes and flying inside out. I was comfortable with the people I worked with and I knew the trade so well that I often improvised variations in accepted procedures and encouraged others to do so under my watchful eye. I was on top. I thought I had found every key to success and had no doubt that my Academy and test-pilot schooling had provided me with everything I needed in life.

I passed down the middle of those boxcars and smiled as I saw the results of my instinctive timing. A neat pattern—perfection. I was just pulling out of my

dive low to the ground when I heard a noise I hadn't expected—the *boom boom boom* of a 57-millimeter gun—and then I saw it just behind my wingtip. I was hit—all the red lights came on, my control system was going out—and I could barely keep that plane from flying into the ground while I got that damned oxygen mask up to my mouth so I could tell my wingman that I was about to eject. What rotten luck. And on a "milk run"!

The descent in the chute was quiet except for occasional rifle shots from the streets below. My mind was clear, and I said to myself, "five years." I knew we were making a mess of the war in Southeast Asia, but I didn't think it would last longer than that; I was also naive about the resources I would need in order to survive a lengthy period of captivity.

The Durants have said that culture is a thin and fragile veneer that superimposes itself on mankind. For the first time I was on my own, without the veneer. I was to spend years searching through and refining my bag of memories, looking for useful tools, things of value. The values were there, but they were all mixed up with technology, bureaucracy, and expediency, and had to be brought up into the open.

Education should take care to illuminate values, not bury them amongst the trivia. Are our students getting the message that without personal integrity intellectual skills are worthless?

Integrity is one of those words which many people keep in that desk drawer labeled "too hard." It's not a topic for the dinner table or the cocktail party. You can't buy or sell it. When supported with education, a person's integrity can give him something to rely on when his perspective seems to blur, when rules and principles seem to waver, and when he's faced with hard choices of right or wrong. It's something to keep him on the right track, something to keep him afloat when he's drowning; if only for practical reasons, it is an attribute that should be kept at the very top of a young person's consciousness.

The importance of the latter point is highlighted in prison camps, where everyday human nature, stripped bare, can be studied under a magnifying glass in accelerated time. Lessons spotlighted and absorbed in that laboratory sharpen one's eye for their abstruse but highly relevant applications in the "real time" world of now.

In the five years since I've been out of prison, I've participated several times in the process of selecting senior naval officers for promotion or important command assignments. I doubt that the experience is significantly different from that of executives who sit on "selection boards" in any large hierarchy. The system must be formal, objective, and fair; if you've seen one, you've probably seen them all. Navy selection board proceedings go something like this.

The first time you know the identity of the other members of the board is when you walk into a boardroom at eight o'clock on an appointed morning. The first order of business is to stand, raise your right hand, put your left hand on the Bible, and swear to make the best judgment you can, on the basis of merit, without prejudice. You're sworn to confidentiality regarding all board members' remarks during the proceedings. Board members are chosen for their experience and understanding; they often have knowledge of the particular individuals under consideration. They must feel free to speak their minds. They read and grade dozens of dossiers, and each candidate is discussed extensively. At voting time, a member casts his vote by selecting and pushing a "percent confidence" button, visible only to himself, on a console attached to his chair. When the last member pushes his button, a totalizer displays the numerical average "confidence" of the board. No one knows who voted what.

I'm always impressed by the fact that every effort is made to be fair to the candidate. Some are clearly out, some are clearly in; the borderline cases are the tough ones. You go over and over those in the "middle pile" and usually you vote and revote until late at night. In all the boards I've sat on, no inference or statement in a "jacket" is as sure to portend a low confidence score on the vote as evidence of a lack of directness or rectitude of a candidate in his dealings with others. Any hint of moral turpitude really turns people off. When the crunch comes, they prefer to work with forthright plodders rather than with devious geniuses. I don't believe that this preference is unique to the military. In any hierarchy where people's fates are decided by committees or boards, those who lose credibility with their peers and who cause their superiors to doubt their directness, honesty, or integrity are dead. Recovery isn't possible.

The linkage of men's ethics, reputations, and fates can be studied in even more vivid detail in prison camp. In that brutally controlled environment a perceptive enemy can get his hooks into the slightest chink in a man's ethical armor and accelerate his downfall. Given the right opening, the right moral weakness, a certain susceptibility on the part of the prisoner, a clever extortionist can drive his victim into a downhill slide that will ruin his image, self-respect, and life in a very short time.

There are some uncharted aspects to this, some traits of susceptibility which I don't think psychol-

ogists yet have words for. I am thinking of the tragedy that can befall a person who has such a need for love or attention that he will sell his soul for it. I use tragedy with the rigorous definition Aristotle applied to it: the story of a good man with a flaw who comes to an unjustified bad end. This is a rather delicate point and one that I want to emphasize. We had very very few collaborators in prison, and comparatively few Aristotelian tragedies, but the story and fate of one of these good men with a flaw might be instructive.

He was handsome, smart, articulate, and smooth. He was almost sincere. He was obsessed with success. When the going got tough, he decided expediency was preferable to principle.

This man was a classical opportunist. He befriended and worked for the enemy to the detriment of his fellow Americans. He made a tacit deal; moreover, he accepted favors (a violation of the code of conduct). In time, out of fear and shame, he withdrew; we could not get him to communicate with the American prisoner organization.

I couldn't learn what made the man tick. One of my best friends in prison, one of the wisest persons I have ever known, had once been in a squadron with this fellow. In prisoners' code I tapped a question to my philosophical friend: "What in the world is going on with that fink?"

"You're going to be surprised at what I have to say," he meticulously tapped back. "In a squadron he pushes himself forward and dominates the scene. He's a continual fountain of information. He's the person everybody relies on for inside dope. He works like mad; often flies more hops than others. It drives him crazy if he's not liked. He tends to grovel and ingratiate himself before others. I didn't realize he was really pathetic until I was sitting around with him and his wife one night when he was spinning his yarns of delusions of grandeur, telling of his great successes and his pending ascension to the top. His wife knew him better than anybody else; she shook her head with genuine sympathy and said to him: 'Gee, you're just a phony.' "

In prison, this man had somehow reached the point where he was willing to sell his soul just to satisfy this need, this immaturity. The only way he could get the attention that he demanded from authority was to grovel and ingratiate himself before the enemy. As a soldier he was a miserable failure, but he had not crossed the boundary of willful treason; he was not written off as an irrevocable loss, as were the two patent collaborators with whom the Vietnamese soon arranged that he live.

As we American POWs built our civilization, and wrote our own laws (which we leaders obliged all to memorize), we also codified certain principles which formed the backbone of our policies and attitudes. I codified the principles of compassion, rehabilitation, and forgiveness with the slogan: "It is neither American nor Christian to nag a repentant sinner to his grave." (Some didn't like it, thought it seemed soft on finks.) And so, we really gave this man a chance. Over time, our efforts worked. After five years of self-indulgence he got himself together and started to communicate with the prisoner organization. I sent the message "Are you on the team or not?"; he replied, "Yes," and came back. He told the Vietnamese that he didn't want to play their dirty games anymore. He wanted to get away from those willful collaborators and he came back and he was accepted, after a fashion.

I wish that were the end of the story. Although he came back, joined us, and even became a leader of sorts, he never totally won himself back. No matter how forgiving we were, he was conscious that many resented him—not so much because he was weak but because he had broken what we might call a gentleman's code. In all of those years when he, a senior officer, had willingly participated in making tape recordings of anti-American material, he had deeply offended the sensibilities of the American prisoners who were forced to listen to him. To most of us it wasn't the rhetoric of the war or the goodness or the badness of this or that issue that counted. The object of our highest value was the well-being of our fellow prisoners. He had broken that code and hurt some of those people. Some thought that as an informer he had indirectly hurt them physically. I don't believe that. What indisputably hurt them was his not having the sensitivity to realize the damage his opportunistic conduct would do to the morale of a bunch of Middle American guys with Middle American attitudes which they naturally cherished. He should have known that in those solitary cells where his tapes were piped were idealistic, direct, patriotic fellows who would be crushed and embarrassed to have him, a senior man in excellent physical shape, so obviously not under torture, telling the world that the war was wrong. Even if he believed what he said, which he did not, he should have had the common decency to keep his mouth shut. You can sit and think anything you want, but when you insensitively cut down those who want to love and help you, you cross a line. He seemed to sense that he could never truly be one of us.

And yet he was likable—particularly back in civilization after release—when tension was off, and making

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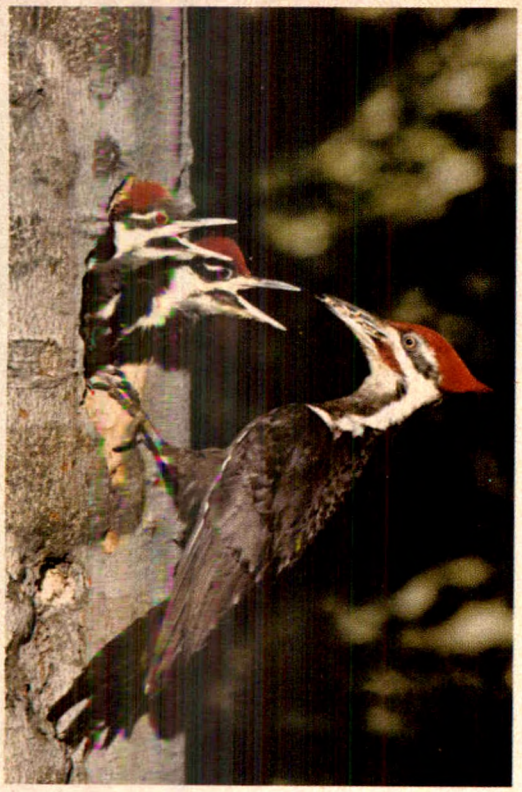
Vice Admiral Stockdale, who graduated from Annapolis in 1946, is the president of the Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island. This essay grew out of a talk to the Connecticut Headmasters Association at South Kent School.



Lucky shots? Hah!

Pictures like these you don't get by strolling along whistling a tune and whipping out your camera now and then. Here, for example, is a hint of

what it took to catch that pileated woodpecker tending her brood.

The bittern, freezing on her nest to blend in, was easier. Dick Robinson, our bird man, merely waited the days out until the eggs were about to hatch and her maternal juices suppressed her flight reaction.

Robinson, whose job with us is to tell Canadians how to get more out of their photography, has written a detailed and magnificently illustrated essay which leaves the impression that the way for a birder to understand wild birds and graduate from the numbers game of "life lists" is to photograph them. To follow his ingenious suggestions is most time-consuming, but they should prove inspiring to both the field biologist and those to whom time is given to be happily consumed. They appear in *The 10th Here's How,* Kodak Publication No. AE-110, available through photo retailers.

The book also contains how-to-do-it articles on photographing sports, crystal patterns by polarized light, wildflowers, nature trails, and attractive specimens of humanity in a home studio. Mr. Robinson would prefer you turn your mind to one of those themes if you know you are the type for whom getting your bird pictures could become as important as the subsequent welfare of your feathered subject with its task of perpetuating its own species.

Kodak

a deal did not seem so important. He exuded charm and "hail fellow" sophistication. He wanted so to be liked by all those men he had once discarded in his search for new friends, new deals, new fields to conquer in Hanoi. The tragedy of his life was obvious to us all. Tears were shed by some of his old prison mates when he was killed in an accident that strongly resembled suicide some months later. The Greek drama had run its course. He was right out of Aristotle's book, a good man with a flaw who had come to an unjustified bad end. The flaw was insecurity: the need to ingratiate himself, the need for love and adulation at any price.

He reminded me of Paul Newman in *The Hustler*. Newman couldn't stand success. He knew how to make a deal. He was handsome, he was smart, he was attractive to everybody; but he had to have adulation, and therein lay the seed of tragedy. Playing high-stakes pool against old Minnesota Fats (Jackie Gleason), Newman was well in the lead, and getting more full of himself by the hour. George C. Scott, the pool bettor, whispered to his partner: "I'm going to keep betting on Minnesota Fats; this other guy [Newman] is a born loser—he's all skill and no character." And he was right, a born loser—I think that's the message.

How can we educate to avoid these casualties? Can we by means of education prevent this kind of tragedy? What we prisoners were in was a one-way leverage game in which the other side had all the mechanical advantage. I suppose you could say that we all live in a leverage world to some degree; we all experience people trying to use us in one way or another. The difference in Hanoi was the degradation of the ends (to be used as propaganda agents of an enemy, or as informers on your fellow Americans), and the power of the means (total environmental control including solitary confinement, restraint by means of leg-irons and handcuffs, and torture). Extortionists always go down the same track: the imposition of guilt and fear for having disobeyed their rules, followed in turn by punishment, apology, confession, and atonement (their payoff). Our captors would go to great lengths to get a man to compromise his own code, even if only slightly, and then they would hold that in their bag, and the next time get him to go a little further.

Some people are psychologically, if not physically, at home in extortion environments. They are tough people who instinctively avoid getting sucked into the undertows. They never kid themselves or their friends; if they miss the mark they admit it. But there's another category of person who gets tripped up. He makes a small compromise, perhaps rationalizes it, and then makes another one; and then he gets depressed, full of shame, lonesome, loses his willpower and self-respect, and comes to a tragic end. Somewhere along the line he realizes that he has turned a corner that he didn't mean to turn. All too late he realizes that he has been worshiping the wrong gods and discovers the wisdom of the ages: life is not fair.

In sorting out the story after our release, we found that most of us had come to combat constant mental and physical pressure in much the same way. We discovered that when a person is alone in a cell and sees the door open only once or twice a day for a bowl of soup, he realizes after a period of weeks in isolation and darkness that he has to build some sort of ritual into his life if he wants to avoid becoming an animal. Ritual fills a need in a hard life and it's easy to see how formal church ritual grew. For almost all of us, this ritual was built around prayer, exercise, and clandestine communication. The prayers I said during those days were prayers of quality with ideas of substance. We found that over the course of time our minds had a tremendous capacity for invention and introspection, but had the weakness of being an integral part of our bodies. I remembered Descartes and how in his philosophy he separated mind and body. One time I cursed my body for the way it decayed my mind. I had decided that I would become a Gandhi. I would have to be carried around on a pallet and in that state I could not be used by my captors for propaganda purposes. After about ten days of fasting, I found that I had become so depressed that soon I would risk going into interrogation ready to spill my guts just looking for a friend. I tapped to the guy next door and I said, "Gosh, how I wish Descartes could have been right, but he's wrong." He was a little slow to reply; I reviewed Descartes's deduction with him and explained how I had discovered that body and mind are inseparable.

On the positive side, I discovered the tremendous file-cabinet volume of the human mind. You can memorize an incredible amount of material and you can draw the past out of your memory with remarkable recall by easing slowly toward the event you seek and not crowding the mind too closely. You'll try to remember who was at your birthday party when you were five years old, and you can get it, but only after months of effort. You can break the locks and find the answers, but you need time and solitude to learn how to use this marvelous device in your head which is the greatest computer on earth.

Of course many of the things we recalled from the past were utterly useless as sources of strength or practicality. For instance, events brought back from cocktail parties or insincere social contacts were almost repugnant because of their emptiness, their utter lack of value. More often than not, the locks worth picking had been on old schoolroom doors. School days can be

thought of as a time when one is filling the important stacks of one's memory library. For me, the golden doors were labeled history and the classics. The historical perspective which enabled a man to take himself away from all the agitation, not necessarily to see a rosy lining, but to see the real nature of the situation he faced, was truly a thing of value.

Here's how this historical perspective helped me see the reality of my own situation and thus cope better with it. I learned from a Vietnamese prisoner that the same cells we occupied had in years before been lived in by many of the leaders of the Hanoi government. From my history lessons I recalled that when metropolitan France permitted communists in the government in 1936, the communists who occupied cells in Vietnam were set free. I marveled at the cycle of history, all within my memory, which prompted Hitler's rise in Germany, then led to the rise of the Popular Front in France, and finally vacated this cell of mine halfway around the world ("Perhaps Pham Van Dong lived here"). I came to understand what tough people these were. I was willing to fight them to the death, but I grew to realize that hatred was an indulgence, a very inefficient emotion. I remember thinking, "If you were committed to beating the dealer in a gambling casino, would *hating* him help your game?" In a pidgin English propaganda book the guard gave me, speeches by these old communists about their prison experiences stressed how they learned to beat down the enemy by being united. It seemed comforting to know that we were united against the communist administration of Hoa Lo prison just as the Vietnamese communists had united against the French administration of Hoa Lo in the thirties. Prisoners are prisoners, and there's only one way to beat administrations. We resolved to do it better in the sixties than they had in the thirties. You don't base system-beating on any thought of political idealism; you do it as a competitive thing, as an expression of self-respect.

Education in the classics teaches you that all organizations since the beginning of time have used the power of guilt; that cycles are repetitive; and that this is the way of the world. It's a naive person who comes in and says, "Let's see, what's good and what's bad?" That's a quagmire. You can get out of that quagmire only by recalling how wise men before you accommodated the same dilemmas. And I believe a good classical education and an understanding of history can best determine the rules you should live by. They also give you the power to analyze reasons for these rules and guide you as to how to apply them to your own situation. In a broader sense, all my education helped me. Naval Academy discipline and body contact sports helped me. But the education which I found myself using most was what I got in graduate school. The messages of history and philosophy I used were simple.

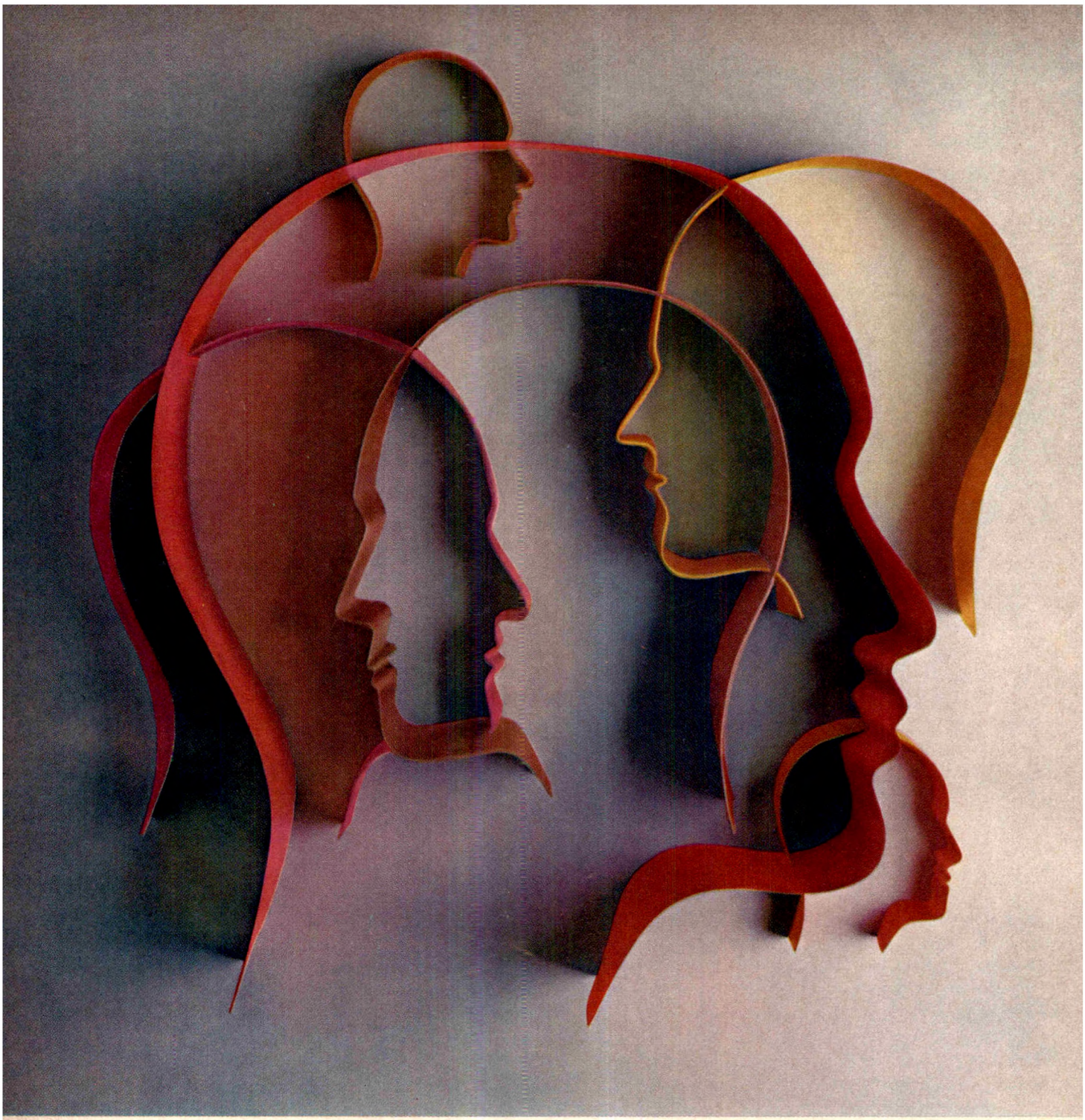
The first one is this business about life not being fair. That is a very important lesson and I learned it from a wonderful man named Philip Rhinelander. As a lieutenant commander in the Navy studying political science at Stanford University in 1961, I went over to philosophy corner one day and an older gentleman said, "Can I help you?" I said, "Yes, I'd like to take some courses in philosophy." I told him I'd been in college for six years and had never had a course in philosophy. He couldn't believe it. I told him that I was a naval officer and he said, "Well, I used to be in the Navy. Sit down." Philip Rhinelander became a great influence in my life.

He had been a Harvard lawyer and had pleaded cases before the Supreme Court and then gone to war as a reserve officer. When he came back he took his doctorate at Harvard. He was also a music composer, had been director of general education at Harvard, dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences at Stanford, and by the time I met him had by choice returned to teaching in the classroom. He said, "The course I'm teaching is my personal two-term favorite—The Problems of Good and Evil—and we're starting our second term." He said the message of his course was from the Book of Job. The number one problem in this world is that people are not able to accommodate the lesson in the book.

He recounted the story of Job. It starts out by establishing that Job was the most honorable of men. Then he lost all his goods. He also lost his reputation, which is what really hurt. His wife was badgering him to admit his sins, but he knew he had made no errors. He was not a patient man and demanded to speak to the Lord. When the Lord appeared in the whirlwind, he said, "Now, Job, you have to shape up! Life is not fair." That's my interpretation and that's the way the book ended for hundreds of years. I agree with those of the opinion that the happy ending was spliced on many years later. If you read it, you'll note that the meter changes. People couldn't live with the original message. Here was a good man who came to unexplained grief, and the Lord told him: "That's the way it is. Don't challenge me. This is my world and you either live in it as I designed it or get out."

This was a great comfort to me in prison. It answered the question "Why me?" It cast aside any thoughts of being punished for past actions. Sometimes I shared the message with fellow prisoners as I tapped through the walls to them, but I learned to be selective. It's a strong message which upsets some people.

Rhinelander also passed on to me another piece of



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classical information which I found of great value. On the day of our last session together he said, "You're a military man, let me give you a book to remember me by. It's a book of military ethics." He handed it to me, and I bade him goodbye with great emotion. I took the book home and that night started to read it. It was the *Enchiridion* of the philosopher Epictetus, his "manual" for the Roman field soldier.

As I began to read, I thought to myself in disbelief, "Does Rhinelander think I'm going to draw lessons for my life from this thing? I'm a fighter pilot. I'm a technical man. I'm a test pilot. I know how to get people to do technical work. I play golf; I drink martinis. I know how to get ahead in my profession. And what does he hand me? A book that says in part, 'It's better to die in hunger, exempt from guilt and fear, than to live in affluence and with perturbation.' " I remembered this later in prison because perturbation was what I was living with. When I ejected from the airplane on that September morn in 1965, I had left the land of technology. I had entered the world of Epictetus, and it's a world that few of us, whether we know it or not, are ever far away from.

In Palo Alto, I had read this book, not with contentment, but with annoyance. Statement after statement: "Men are disturbed not by things, but by the view that they take of them." "Do not be concerned with things which are beyond your power." "Demand not that events should happen as you wish, but wish them to happen as they do happen and you will go on well." This is stoicism. It's not the last word, but it's a viewpoint that comes in handy in many circumstances, and it surely did for me. Particularly this line: "Lameness is an impediment to the body but not to the will." That was significant for me because I wasn't able to stand up and support myself on my badly broken leg for the first couple of years I was in solitary confinement.

Other statements of Epictetus took on added meaning in the light of extortions which often began with our captors' callous pleas: "If you are just reasonable with us we will compensate you. You get your meals, you get to sleep, you won't be pestered, you might even get a cellmate." The catch was that by being "reasonable with us" our enemies meant being their informers, their propagandists. The old stoic had said, "If I can get the things I need with the preservation of my honor and fidelity and self-respect, show me the way and I will get them. But, if you require me to lose my own proper good, that you may gain what is no good, consider how unreasonable and foolish you are." To love our fellow prisoners was within our power. To betray, to propagandize, to disillusion conscientious and patriotic shipmates and destroy their morale so that they in turn would be destroyed was to lose one's proper good.

What attributes serve you well in the extortion environment? We learned there, above all else, that the best defense is to keep your conscience clean. When we did something we were ashamed of, and our captors realized we were ashamed of it, we were in trouble. A little white lie is where extortion and ultimately blackmail start. In 1965, I was crippled and I was alone. I realized that they had all the power. I couldn't see how I was ever going to get out with my honor and self-respect. The one thing I came to realize was that if you don't lose integrity you can't be had and you can't be hurt. Compromises multiply and build up when you're working against a skilled extortionist or a good manipulator. You can't be had if you don't take that first shortcut, or "meet them halfway," as they say, or look for that tacit "deal," or make that first compromise.

Bob North, a political science professor at Stanford, taught me a course called Comparative Marxist Thought. This was not an anticommunist course. It was the study of dogma and thought patterns. We read no criticisms of Marxism, only primary sources. All year we read the works of Marx and Lenin. In Hanoi, I understood more about Marxist theory than my interrogator did. I was able to say to that interrogator, "That's not what Lenin said; you're a deviationist."

One of the things North talked about was brainwashing. A psychologist who studied the Korean prisoner situation, which somewhat paralleled ours, concluded that three categories of prisoners were involved there. The first was the redneck Marine sergeant from Tennessee who had an eighth-grade education. He would get in that interrogation room and they would say that the Spanish-American War was started by the bomb within the *Maine*, which might be true, and he would answer, "B.S." They would show him something about racial unrest in Detroit. "B.S." There was no way they could get to him; his mind was made up. He was a straight guy, red, white, and blue, and everything else was B.S.! He didn't give it a second thought. Not much of a historian, perhaps, but a good security risk.

In the next category were the sophisticates. They were the fellows who could be told these same things about the horrors of American history and our social problems, but had heard it all before, knew both sides of every story, and thought we were on the right track. They weren't ashamed that we had robber barons at a certain time of our history; they were aware of the skeletons in most civilizations' closets. They could not be emotionally involved and so they were good security risks.

The ones who were in trouble were the high school

graduates who had enough sense to pick up the innuendo, and yet not enough education to accommodate it properly. Not many of them fell, but most of the men that got entangled started from that background.

The psychologist's point is possibly oversimplistic, but I think his message has some validity. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Generally speaking, I think education is a tremendous defense; the broader, the better. After I was shot down my wife, Sybil, found a clipping glued in the front of my collegiate dictionary: "Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity." She certainly agrees with me on that. Most of us prisoners found that the so-called practical academic exercises in how to do things, which I'm told are proliferating, were useless. I'm not saying that we should base education on training people to be in prison, but I am saying that in stress situations, the fundamentals, the hard-core classical subjects, are what serve best.

Theatrics also helped sustain me. My mother had been a drama coach when I was young and I was in many of her plays. In prison I learned how to manufacture a personality and live it, crawl into it, and hold that role without deviation. During interrogations, I'd check the responses I got to different kinds of behavior. They'd get worried when I did things irrationally. And so, every so often, I would play that "irrational" role and come completely unglued. When I could tell that pressure to make a public exhibition of me was building, I'd stand up, tip the table over, attempt to throw the chair through the window, and say, "No way. Goddammit! I'm not doing that! Now, come over here and fight!" This was a risky ploy, because if they thought you were acting, they would slam you into the ropes and make you scream in pain like a baby. You could watch their faces and read their minds. They had expected me to behave like a stoic. But a man would be a fool to make their job easy by being conventional and predictable. I could feel the tide turn in my favor at that magic moment when their anger turned to pleading: "Calm down, now calm down." The payoff would come when they decided that the risk of my going haywire in front of some touring American professor on a "fact-finding" mission was too great. More important, they had reason to believe that I would tell the truth—namely, that I had been in solitary confinement for four years and tortured fifteen times—without fear of future consequences. So theatrical training proved helpful to me.

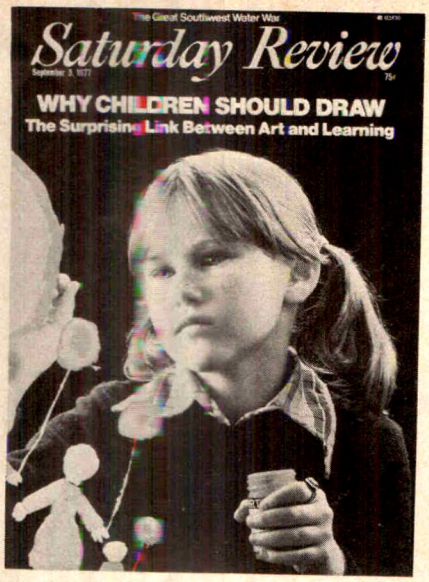
Can you educate for leadership? I think you can, but the communists would probably say no. One day in an argument with an interrogator, I said, "You are so proud of being a party member, what are the criteria?" He said in a flurry of anger, "There are only four: you have to be seventeen years old, you have to be selfless, you have to be smart enough to understand the theory, and you've got to be a person who innately influences others." He stressed that fourth one. I think psychologists would say that leadership is innate, and there is truth in that. But, I also think you can learn some leadership traits that naturally accrue from a good education: compassion is a necessity for leaders, as are spontaneity, bravery, self-discipline, honesty, and above all, integrity.

I remember being disappointed about a month after I was back when one of my young friends, a prison mate, came running up after a reunion at the Naval Academy. He said with glee, "This is really great, you won't believe how this country has advanced. They've practically done away with plebe year at the Academy, and they've got computers in the basement of Bancroft Hall." I thought, "My God, if there was anything that helped us get through those eight years, it was plebe year, and if anything screwed up that war, it was computers!" □

THE MAIL

Suppose
when my letter reaches you
the words have fallen off the page
and lie like jackstraws on your desk,
will you have the patience
to juxtapose them
each to each
until a pattern forms
and meaning rises from the page?
Will you know how
to place the words in the order
I had so carefully devised
or will you rearrange them
and have a few left over
that you brush aside
like eraser crumbs?
Will your answer be
to my letter or yours?

by Pat Janus



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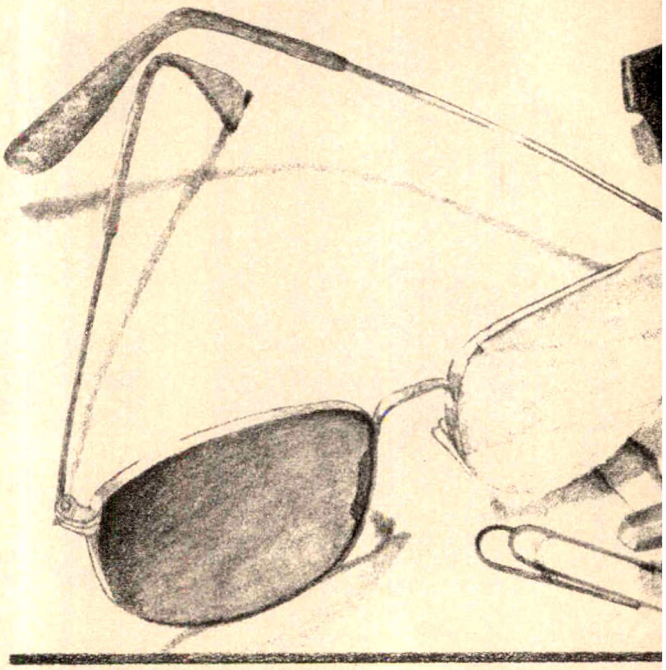
AT AN INN

by Andrew Ward



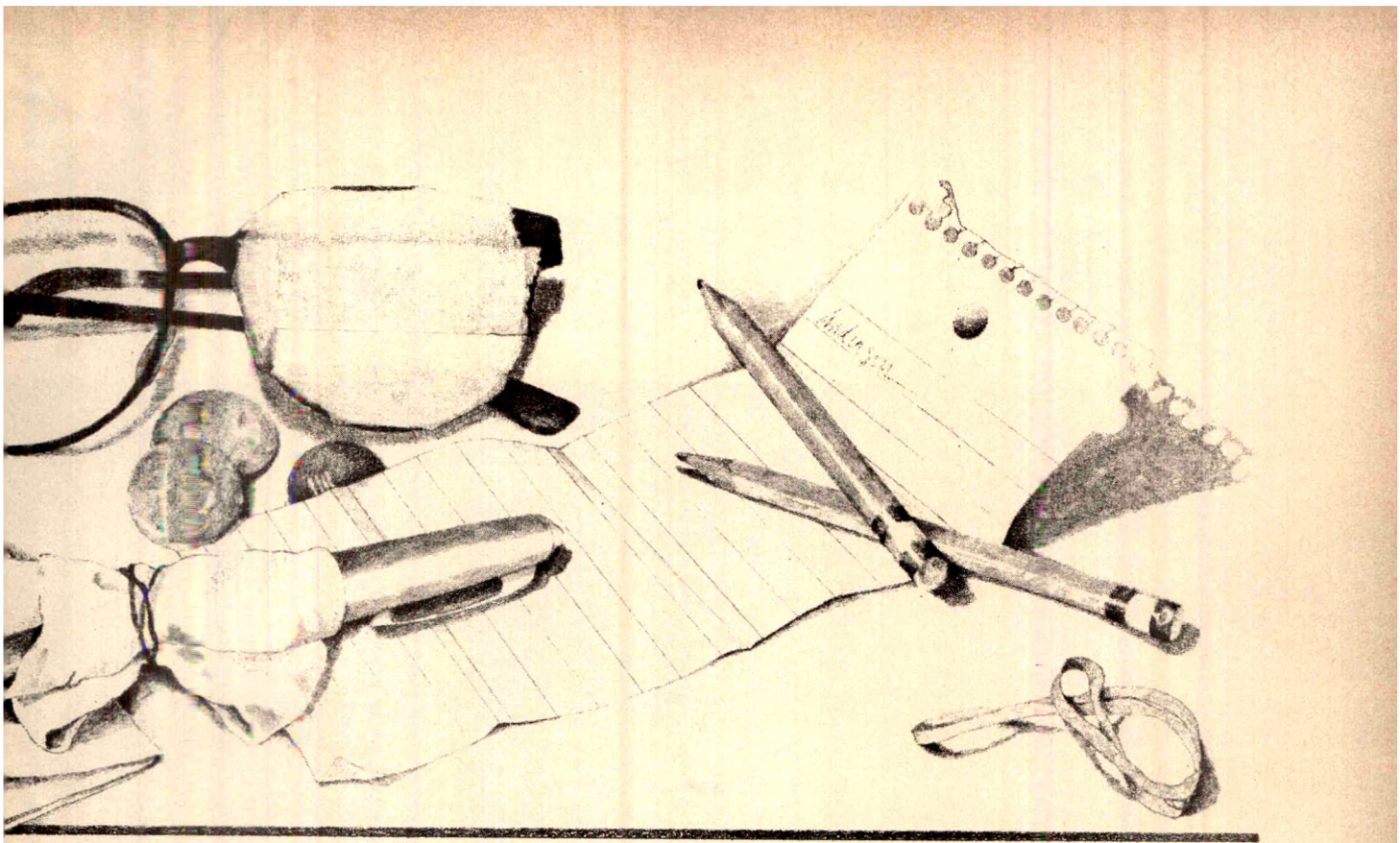
When my grandfather goes out in the afternoon to rest on the lawn of the inn, he takes a lot of equipment with him: his cane, his cap, a sweater, a small blue plaid blanket, and a sofa cushion. His shirt, which hangs loosely from his diminished shoulders, flaps slightly in the breeze that slips across the lawn from the Connecticut River. The two breast pockets bulge with his paraphernalia. My grandfather never travels light, even on trips of fifty paces. He carries sunglasses and reading glasses, each with its left lens taped over to befuddle his double vision (one pair, in its case, to a breast pocket); two pens, one leaky and wrapped in Kleenex; a variety of pencil stubs with worn erasers; the small control box for his hearing aid; several carefully folded pieces of paper (lists, receipts, forgotten reminders); paper clips, pills, and a black eyepatch on an elastic cord. In his trouser pockets, each stretched and gaping from the overload, he carries a wallet, two handkerchiefs, loose change, rubber bands, more pills in plastic vessels, and a deck of credit cards in a leather billfold. His trousers are held up by a Florentine money belt, into which neatly folded fifty-dollar bills have been tucked and zippered. All his life my grandfather has been a lover of gadgets; hooked up to his hearing aid, eyepatched, false-toothed, money-belted, an electric pacemaker ticking beneath the flesh of his right breast, he has nearly become one.

Now he lies on his side in a low hammock. The small plaid blanket is spread across his legs to keep off the late-summer, late-afternoon chill. His head rests on a sofa cushion. He wears his eyepatch over his left eye and his cap is set at an angle to block the rays of the descending sun, all of which gives him a jaunty look. He listens to the rest of us talk—my grandmother; Debbie, my wife; and me—and he fidgets with the control box of his hearing aid, which was made by a now-defunct firm and is always breaking down.

I ask him why he does not buy a new hearing aid from a brand name company and he glowers at me. He saves string, he files his correspondence, he still has blazers from his junior year at Princeton; he is not about to throw away his hearing aid merely because nobody has heard of it. The only trouble with it is a loose connection that can be remedied by wrapping fresh rubber bands around the control box.

His family is scornful of his gadgets and his discoveries. In hardware outlets, my grandfather is like a small boy in a toy store. He delights in devices of multiple use. Held this way, it is a can opener; turned this way, it is a doorstop. In his kitchen at home is his greatest folly: a combination dishwasher and clothes washer. When a dish rack is installed and a lever is turned to eliminate the spin-dry cycle, it will do plates. He has stubbornly hung on to this machine, though it dispenses lint upon his glassware and coffee grounds into the pockets of his trousers.

My grandmother sits on an aluminum lawn chair and knits. Ever since I can remember, she has been knitting sweaters, sunsuits, scarves, and baby blankets for her grandchildren. Whenever I was sent a sweater, she would insist that I immediately report how it fit, how I looked in it, where I appeared in it, how it was received. My memories of visiting my grandparents feature pulling on sweater sections—a sleeve, a collar—while my grandmother sat close by with her tape measure, taking notes. Some-



times she would have underestimated my growth rate by several pounds and inches and I would scrape my face with the harsh new yarn of a too-tight collar.

My grandmother is aware of her faltering knitting abilities. Instead of producing sweaters for her critical family, she now knits cotton bandages for a leper colony she read about. One of these bandages sits in a tight roll on her lap.

I observe that both my grandparents have good color in their cheeks. They protest that they do not have good color in their cheeks, but are pleased to see that my wife has lost some weight, though she mustn't get too thin. Grandma turns to me and says that before she dies she so hopes I will shave my beard so she may see my face again. Mention of my beard and her death in one sentence leaves me stammering. Grandpa declares that my beard gives me a dashing look, and besides, didn't her father, whom she worshiped, wear one? Grandma lowers her head, her eyebrows high, and counts her stitches.

Having established an alliance with me on the beard question, Grandpa inquires about the route I took to reach the inn. I tell him and he breaks in with other routes I could have taken: shorter routes, prettier routes, less congested routes. Seeing her chance, Grandma tells me that while my route was not as scenic as the ones my grandfather is prescribing, it was probably every bit as quick. Grandpa reminds her that for the sixty years they have been married he has been the one who knows the roads. My grandmother squints at her knitting and says it isn't important anyway. Grandpa now raises his head from the sofa cushion, his exposed eye flashing, and tells her not to contradict him in such matters.

This said, he lies back and looks regretful. During the next few minutes I fidget for new topics, but the matter of the route dominates the mood, and Debbie, unaccustomed to these disputes, is worried. After the longest pause, Grandpa reaches from his hammock and grips Grandma's forearm with the tips of his fingers, telling Debbie not to be concerned with their tiffs, which keep them on their toes and don't mean a thing.

The New Hampshire evening air begins to penetrate his plaid blanket and we decide to reconvene in a sitting room of the inn. My grandfather tells us to go on ahead, not to wait for him, he'll catch up. We all hold back at first, picking up his sofa cushion, his blanket, and, over his protests, walk beside him. But after a few paces, Grandma takes the lead. She is so stooped over now, her rapid gait seems to be all that keeps her from pitching forward onto the grass. Grandpa, who likes to provide the momentum in most situations, watches her sternly, tells her to straighten up, tells her to watch her step or she will fall down and break her hip and there will be a fine end to their holiday. But she continues on with her knitting bag drooping low from one hand, and she holds the door open for him as he makes his way across the patio, past retired bankers, a vacationing pair of ex-librarians, an old admiral, and a stray and restless young couple staying the night while their car is repaired.

My grandfather stops and introduces himself to the young couple, tells them that they can expect excellent food here, that he is a professor of art history, now retired, that this is his grandson come all the way from New York just to see his old grandfather. The young man wears a polo shirt and plaid knit slacks, his wife's hair is a precarious beehive, and they nod to me warily,

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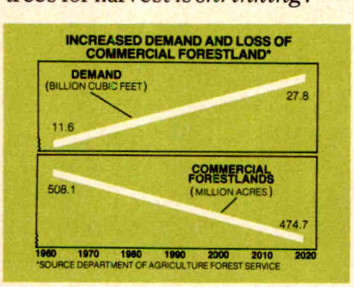

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The technology that makes a success story like Childs' possible was developed by government and industry foresters. Today those foresters are sharing their hard-earned knowledge with each other, and with the tree farmers. Even with people who own just ten acres.

S.D.Warren, a division of Scott Paper Company, is one of the n companies working with private ow showing them the latest in forestry t niques. Through the American Tree F System®, a program managed for th dustry by the American Forest Insti landowners are learning how to w their land and enjoy it too.

Intensive forest management wo in harmony with nature's own ecosy tem. It's a constantly improving cycle: growing, thinning, harvesting and re-growing. Each new forest stronger, healthier, as forest technology advances.

The idea behind Operation Double Tree is not just to grow more trees faster, but to use more of every tree that is harvested. Harvesting machinery makes it possible. Until recently, these machines were more common in

These two white pines are shown here 92 percent of actual size. Both are 16 years old. The difference is, the small one grew in a crowded thicket, while the large one grew in a field just up the road where the seedlings were planted to give each one plenty of room to grow.

TREE Is WORKING

her parts of the country, but today they e helping the New England forests yield more efficient harvest.

ne Real Revolution.

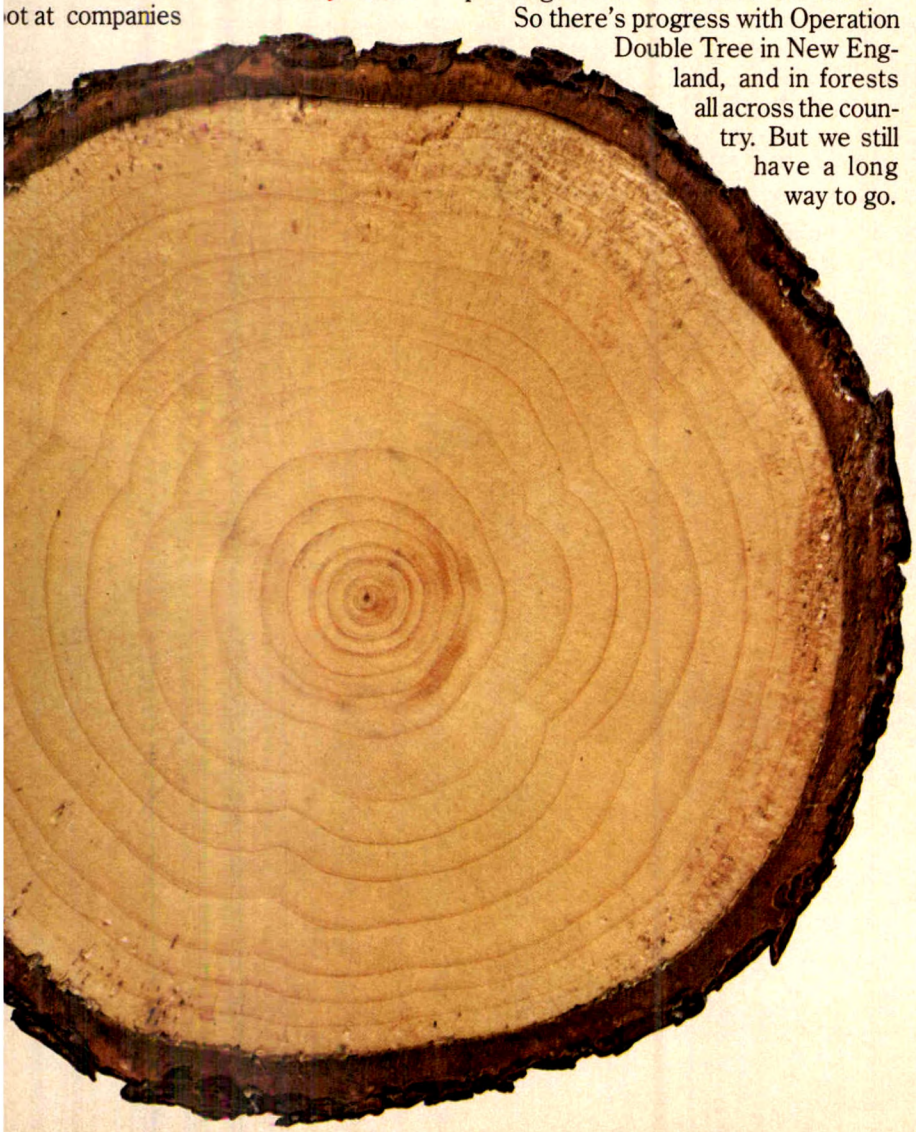
For centuries the New England area ıs regenerated itself naturally. But now real revolution is happening in the lab- atory and in the forest.

At the University of Maine's Forest esources Research Center, industry ıd landowners are sponsoring genetic search. It's a leap forward into the for- t of the future, to the new trees. Bred grow taller, faster, resist disease, and ıd late in spring to avoid frost damage.

The research has already taken ot at companies like Georgia-Pacific, where the superior seedlings are being raised by the hundreds of thousands in greenhouses for planting in harvested areas of Maine.

Tree farmers are learning how to get twice as much wood per acre.

So there's progress with Operation Double Tree in New England, and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.



On the average, industry lands grow 50 percent more wood than the lands owned by government and private individuals. Yet, even here, there's room for improvement.

Overall, the American forest is only half as productive as it could be. And this low productivity is a waste of one of our most valuable natural resources. But working together, all timber growers—private owners, industry and government—can learn to make the most productive use of our remaining commercial forests.

Industry has invested millions to make the concept a reality. But money isn't enough.

Leaders and landowners alike must understand the problem. And, more important, the solution.

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For more information, write for our free booklet, "Managing the Great American Forest," American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

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**Commercial forest is that portion of the total forest which is capable of, and available for, growing trees for harvest. Parks, wilderness and primitive areas are not included.*

Trees. The Renewable Resource.

Merit Solving Smoker Dilemma.

'Enriched Flavor'™ breakthrough ends search for "low tar, good taste" cigarette.

For years, smokers had to choose between real tobacco flavor or low tar.

Until MERIT.

Until a breakthrough in tobacco science resulted in a way to *boost natural tobacco flavor without the usual corresponding increase in tar.*

The result was 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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MERIT

Kings & 100's

taking in my jeans, beard, boots. We are in uniforms of armies my grandfather does not recognize. The couple seems dismayed by Grandpa, and only after he steps into the inn does the husband lean toward me to say that my grandfather seems like a friendly old fellow.

Once, while driving my grandparents from their home in Ohio to this same inn, we stopped for lunch at a turnpike cafeteria. There, at a crowded counter, the remains of the last traveler's meal still strewn before us, my grandfather introduced me, his wife, and himself to the harried waitress who had paused to take our order. As truckers paced behind us, waiting for gaps to appear along the counter, Grandpa went on to inform her of his profession, his place of residence, and his destination. She pressed us for our orders, gesturing plaintively at her other customers. Finally, with some further elaboration, Grandpa ordered our lunch. She wrote our orders down on separate checks and then, before turning to rush to the kitchen, she paused, looked at my grandfather, and anxiously, as if defying tribal laws, told him that her name was Yvette Morgan, that she was a high school student from Buffalo, that she was seventeen and hoped to go to college. I wondered then if perhaps old men like my grandfather could be hired by the government as traveling missionaries to civilize the country.

My grandparents seem out of place at this inn; my grandfather has photographed the great cathedrals, lectured on the masters of the Renaissance, is an authority on Colonial architecture, has designed and restored churches and houses and directed a museum, and here he vacations with retired clerks and librarians who talk about nothing but cancer, menus, regularity, and day-to-day logistics: who talk about nothing at all.

We sit in the parlor and I grow ambitious for my grandfather. My wife must hear him at his best. So I steer the conversation, so far no more worthy than that of the rest of the clientele, toward the architecture of the inn. He says he is growing forgetful and, besides, my wife would be bored if he got started. Of course we both protest, and he gradually warms to the subject. The moldings, he tells us, are additions, probably early Victorian, but the wainscoting, though not typical of the general period of the inn, is original. Everywhere he sees that the handbooks of Asher Benjamin were put to use by the builder, for the interiors of the inn are too sophisticated in their proportions to be the independent creation of a country carpenter.

Grandpa blooms with his knowledge and I turn to Debbie with a proud look. This is my grandfather and he knows everything there is to know about early American architecture. But Debbie is restless, startled by the clarity of his dissertation, but obviously not as transported as his grandson.

Nearby, my grandmother counts her stitches, her lips moving in the faintest whisper, and I feel alone with my grandfather. The hall has been reserved, the lecturer engaged, but I am the only one to show up. I try to make up for the poor gate by looking extra attentive. But where once I listened to him with awe-struck fascination, loyalty begins to play a part in my concentration. I will listen to you, Grandpa; never mind the others. This element of loyalty is new, and, recognizing it, I see him grow frailer and more distant in his armchair, even as he is animated by my stubborn show of attention, my questions, my challenges to his memory.

The owner of the inn, a vain man in his early sixties who waxes his moustache and sits all day behind the front desk reading murder mysteries, enters the parlor now and asks if we would mind his watching the news. Grandpa, flustered by the man's entrance, agrees at once, embarrassed as if he had been caught in some foolish, private act. The innkeeper nods to each of us as the set warms up. He is wearing patent leather slip-ons and he squints close to the screen.

It is a little past seven and we have missed the lead story. The news is grim, bizarre: a plane is pirated off to a sheikdom, a mass grave is unearthed in the Mekong Delta, a deranged man has executed his family, demonstrators made up as corpses parade with a bloodstained flag. To my grandparents, the news is a fancifully staged event broadcast to pass the half hour before dinner. But the demonstrators have angered the innkeeper. He wonders aloud what has become of the youth. Debbie takes up the gauntlet and replies that they are tired of the war. In my devotion to euphemism, I hope she will let the matter go, and I lean forward, my elbows on my knees, trying to concentrate on the commercial that occupies the screen. The innkeeper wants to know why, if they're so tired of the war, they help the other side keep it going. My wife does not believe they are helping the other side. The innkeeper says that is her opinion, and Debbie agrees.

We all sit in sullen silence, our shoulders high, as Eric Sevareid is introduced to tidy things up. He is over-ambitious for his topic—rising farm prices—and stretches his opening Tocqueville metaphor to encompass every major news event of the past week. His voice is soothing and, when he signs off, my grandmother expresses her admiration for his eloquence. Eager for reconciliation in the parlor, we all agree.

Andrew Ward is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*. This memoir will appear in his new book, *Fits and Starts*.

A dinner bell is tapped and the four of us rise and head for the dining room. As Grandpa walks toward his table, he asks our young waitress what she has in store for us this evening. She is his regular waitress and is accustomed to his heartiness. She tells him he will just have to wait and see.

Supper is the main event at the inn. My grandfather has us discuss where each will sit and then clears up the ensuing confusion by taking charge. The noise of silverware against china is over-amplified by Grandpa's hearing aid, so he takes it off and wraps the wire around the rubber-banded control box. Then he takes out his reading glasses, holds them to the light, and wipes the untaped lens with his rumpled handkerchief. He spreads his napkin on his lap, takes a deep breath, remarks out of habit on the promising fragrance from the kitchen, and settles in to reading the menu card. In his infirmity he seems to be working off a sensory checklist: getting his hearing, sight, and smell into full operation before indulging his faint, remaining sense of taste.

We have two choices: the lamb chops or the breaded veal cutlet. Grandpa toys with the idea of ordering the lamb chops, but Grandma persuades him that the veal would be easier on his teeth. Veal it is, he tells our waitress, removing his glasses.

My grandmother begins to tell Debbie anecdotes about my childhood. For instance, rising early one morning at their house, I sat with her in the kitchen watching the sun come up. She told me it was a beautiful sunrise and I said that where I came from—Chicago—we called them sunsets.

The meal is of small portions of soft food. My grandfather chews everything equally. He has been seen to chew jellied consommé. He looks around at us with our clean plates and frowns. We should know better than to eat so fast, he tells us. Eating fast will give us digestive problems and heart trouble in later life. After all, what is our hurry?

The innkeeper's wife, a high-strung woman with a bullhorn voice, holds back the swinging door, wiping her pink hands. Have we enjoyed our dinner? she asks each table, and everyone praises the food to the skies. My grandfather, caught in mid-chew, nods his head and vigorously points at his plate.

When we are finished, we fold our napkins and head for their room upstairs. Grandma careens ahead with Debbie, and I hold back with Grandpa. There are fifteen steep stairs and he must pause on the seventh to catch his breath. He waves me on ahead. I object, but he grips my arm and pushes me forward. He takes the last stair slowly, steadying himself on the banister, and his face is drained of color when he reaches the landing.

In their room Grandma has seated herself in front of a jigsaw puzzle. As my grandfather sits on his bed, I signal to Debbie that we will stay only a few more minutes.

I join Grandma and find a puzzle piece she has been looking for. It is the upper right sleeve of a blind and hunchbacked beggar, and it links two completed sections of a Brueghel Lenten scene. Grandma exclaims that I am wonderful, and I agree without hesitation. She gapes in mock dismay at my conceit and begins to chuckle. Aren't you the modest one, she says, ducking her head back down to study a monochrome corner of the puzzle.

Recovering from his climb, my grandfather turns to Debbie, who is feigning interest in a volume of Reader's Digest Condensed Books, scanning each page like radar. Is she religious? he asks her suddenly, and she allows as how she still is in some ways. He looks pleased and asks her what church she belongs to. She tells him Episcopal. Ah, he says, a Catholic who has flunked her Latin. Debbie laughs and admits that hers is a comfortable theology, but she loves the ceremony of the Episcopal church. She begins to recite the General Confession: she has done those things she ought not to have done and left undone those things she ought to have done. My grandfather joins in and speeds up the pace of the recitation until they are racing through it together, their faces bright with this competition of memory. When they are done, Grandpa asks her if she knows the old hymns. He begins to sing a Gothic one about Jesus at the door with his crown of bloody thorns, and Debbie sings along with him and knows every verse.

They sing two more hymns together, elaborate ones about lost souls, golden bridges, and the swift approach of the Day of Judgment. Each hymn is filled with doom and agony, but Grandpa sings them cheerfully, directing Debbie and himself with one upheld finger. They finish the hymn with a stretched-out cadence and sit back, still looking at each other with bright, admiring eyes.

My grandfather begins to talk about his boyhood, of which these hymns are echoes, and tells my wife about his small-town church, where during Sunday school he had been assigned to recite three psalms. Waylaid by the juiciest passages in the Song of Solomon, he had failed to memorize his lines in time and made a poor showing, stammering before the deacons, guilty and ashamed. He had promised himself that he would never perform so badly again, and from then on was always prepared for Bible, Latin, and Greek recitations, for any course of study depending on verbatim recall.

He tells the story not as a lesson but as an explanation of himself. In his halfhearted retirement he has been plagued with doubts. Was he really a

scholar, he wonders aloud, or did he merely like to collect information, as he collected stamps, postcards, books, and lithographs? Is he really religious enough to be a lay minister, or does he merely enjoy taking center stage before a congregation, showing off?

Grandma turns and scolds him for having such doubts, let alone expressing them. She tells him he was a great teacher, as all his students said he was, and a fine minister, too. Grandpa stares at Debbie and smiles at her conspiratorially. These are just the ramblings of a sleepy old man, he tells her, and she mustn't pay them any mind.

I rise, work up a yawn, and announce that it is time we all got some sleep. Having refused their offer to buy us a night's lodgings at the inn, Debbie and I have decided to sleep in the woods across the road. Grandma says the New Hampshire air is too chilly, but as I kiss her I extol the virtues of our goose-down sleeping bags and she is slightly reassured.

Grandpa sits on the edge of his bed and gives us a wry look. He remembers camping out when he was young, he tells us, and there is nothing healthier for body and soul, but Grandma points out that camping is not for old men with heart conditions. Too cheered by the hymns to argue, Grandpa shrugs and pouts in pretended consternation. We will join them for breakfast before driving back, I tell him, and I kiss him on his loose, abrasive cheek.

At the foot of the stairs we meet the innkeeper. We can see his wife setting up the tables for breakfast in the dining room. The innkeeper takes me aside for a moment and puts one hand on my shoulder, seeming to steady himself. My grandparents are old, he tells me, leaning close, much older than the others in the inn, and frailer, too. Maybe there's someplace around they could stay next summer where they would be better cared for because, the thing is, the insurance here just doesn't cover a lot of the things that can happen to really old people: breaking their hips, choking on their food.

He has been drinking, and perhaps he has taken me aside to get beyond his wife's hearing. I don't know what to say. It is between them and my grandparents, I want to tell him, but I say instead that I will take it up with my father, their son.

Just as long as there are no hard feelings, the innkeeper says.

No, none at all, I reply, shaking him off.

They're just getting awful old, he calls after us as we hurry out the door.

We carry our gear a few paces into the woods and pitch our tent on the forest floor. We fall asleep quickly, but deep in the night a thunderstorm awakens us, and we embrace until the lightning passes. □

THE CATCH

Under the dome of hemlocks
a green pool
where the creek breaks
its fall, a boy kneeled
fishing. You were afraid
our baby might spoil
his catch with her singing.
Then you were amazed
at his concentration
on the red bobber
and the sly shadows
that streak like trout,
the fast wishes
a boy mistakes
for the game of his mind.

I'm not superstitious
but I wondered if
the violet butterfly
haunting us in circles
was the soul
of that child's curiosity,
too polite and shy to make
eyes at you openly.
When you lifted your blouse
to feed our daughter
I know he saw that,
the round white gift
he is too old to cry,
too young to sing for.

He reeled in his line,
took off for higher ground.
When I looked again
there was a man
his father's age
who smiled at us unabashed.

by Daniel Mark Epstein

LIFE & LETTERS

THE WORLD WILL PARDON MY MUSH

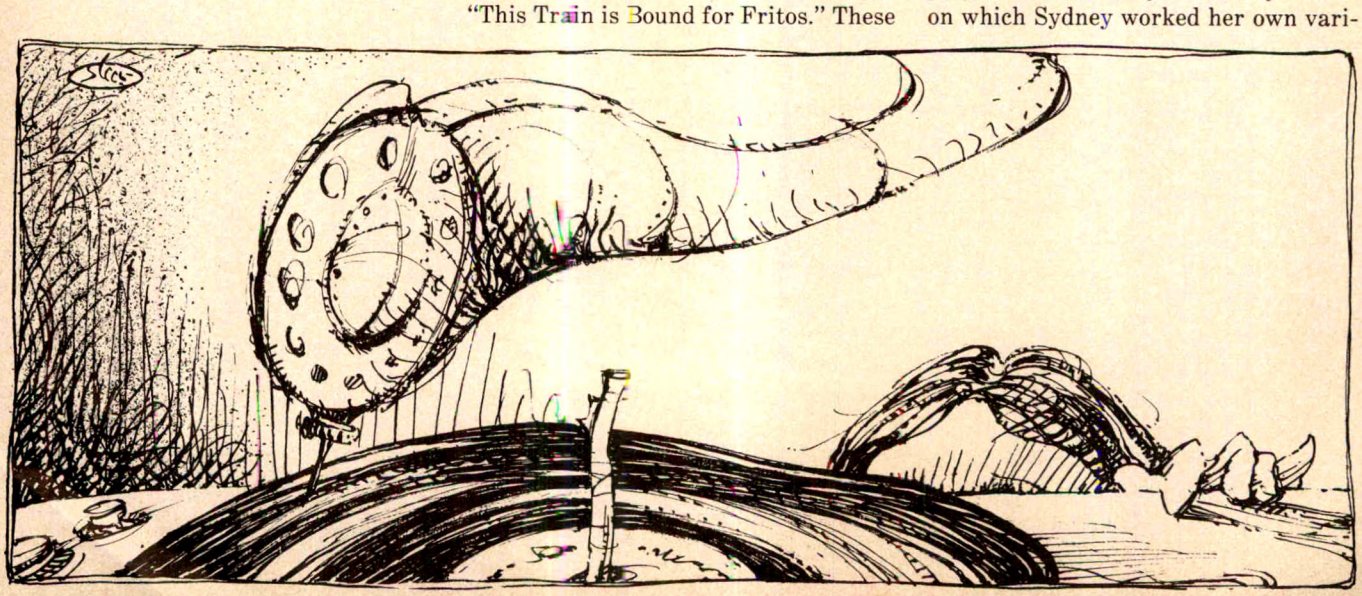
by Richard Lipez

Sometimes in the car my five-year-old daughter bursts into song from the back seat. Recently I sensed my wife's respiration cease briefly when she heard Sydney let loose with "I Wish I Were in Love Again." You know: "When love congeals it soon reveals/ The faint aroma of performing seals." That is vintage Rodgers and Hart, not Captain Kangaroo, so there it was: my dirty little secret was out.

A few years ago I promised Sydney I'd sing her a new song every night after story time while she went to sleep. I ran through my repertoire of nursery rhyme tunes in a couple of weeks and went on to what I still call "camp" songs, though the Library of Congress might call them something else. "I've Been Working on the Railroad," "John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt," and so on. (Sydney has learned some other camp songs from a Pete Seeger record; one of her favorites that I've heard her sing is "This Train is Bound for Fritos." These are new times.) Anyhow, I ran out of camp songs in less than a month, yet a promise is a promise, Sydney sternly pointed out, and that is how it all began.

Please understand that I did not start off with Rodgers and Hart. At first, I reached back for pop tunes that *I* liked as a kid. Songs like "Aba Daba Honeymoon," "Zippity Doo-da," "I'm a Lonely Little Petunia in an Onion Patch," "Open the Door, Richard," and "I Used to Work in Chicago In a Department Store." (A friend has since informed me that that last one was a bawdy night-club song, but the version played on radio station WBPZ in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, around 1949, as far as I can figure out, wasn't.)

Sydney liked these new old pop favorites. She'd have me repeat them until she had them memorized. They were tuneful and often full of clever wordplay. Sometimes they told funny stories on which Sydney worked her own vari-



ations: "I used to work in Pittsfield in a department store/ A lady came in for a frog one day. . . ." Others, like the lonely little petunia in the onion patch, were fraught with a pathos that meant something to a person who lately had gone through the special hardships of a first day at camp or school.

After a while, though, I ran out of G-rated songs. There was nowhere to go but to PG and R. (Put down that phone, Ma, I don't even know any X-rated songs.)

"Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" was one of several instant hits. "You say ee-ther/ And I say eye-ther/ You say nee-ther/ And I say ny-ther. . . ." In fact, in the days following the introduction of this lilting and catchy evergreen, Sydney played side two of *Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Gershwin Songbook* on her tinny-sounding little record player nearly as often as she played "Rub Your Tummy" and "Rubber Duckie." Visitors to our house found this disconcerting but none could ever put his finger on anything really *wrong* with it, and neither could I. You might say that five is a little early, even in this day and age, to get the tribulations of romantic love pushed at you, but the subject matter of these songs wasn't what interested Sydney. I understand this; I've always enjoyed the Beatles even though the meaning of their lyrics, I've learned from reading, goes right by me.

From Gershwin it was an easy jump to Rodgers and Hart, and Sydney took to their songs right away. Again, I think it was the witty rhymes and surprising multihued melodies (". . . hear me holler/I chose a sweet lollapaloozer in thee-ee"); yet it was more than that, too. Sydney has a nice feeling for what's bittersweet in life; to one extent or another, all kids do. Hence Rodgers and Hart, and not Rodgers and Hammerstein. I sampled Rodgers and Hammerstein for Sydney, but not with much enthusiasm, and I suppose she picked up on my negative vibes. Call this child neglect, if you like, but Sydney will get plenty of exposure elsewhere to the inspirational and merely pretty.

It is true, though, that Sydney is not especially crazy about Ellington, Sondheim, or Cole Porter. It's just as well. I wouldn't know how to respond to a note from the kindergarten teacher asking me how come all the other kids want to sing "Polly Wolly Doodle" and Sydney keeps requesting "Miss Otis Regrets."

I guess there has to be a limit—probably somewhere this side of "Love for Sale"—but we haven't gotten there yet.

The only problem with all this is that my wife, I suspect, is vaguely envious. I never sing, "I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie" to *her* before she goes to sleep. But then I wasn't brought up that way. Somewhere out there is a very lucky young boy who later in life is going to enjoy some wonderfully musical late evenings.

MORE NEWS FROM THE THIRTIES

by Paul Malamud

*(Continued Jottings inspired by Chr*st*ph*r *sh*rw**d's diary in* Chr*st*ph*r And His Kind)

Oct. 7. Hitler addressed the Reichstag. Along the Escorial, Loyalists are dug in, and the dull thud of 32.5 millimetre shells penetrates to where I, Chr*st*ph*r, am sitting, just beyond the sloping garden wall and the whitewashed veranda. Only during lunch does the shelling stop and then, Hans says, the Fascists sit in their trenches and eat tinned *kartoffeln* and *apfelstrudel.* Jack paces the garden, as always oblivious to impending confusion, composing some piece about limestone in his head, his maniacal calm face looming threateningly over the flowers, which are wilted in the Spanish rain. As I try to write, mud runs infuriatingly down the dirt road in front of the hacienda. Little gets done.

We are all getting along well enough, though yesterday at breakfast Jack refused to speak to Hans, even when Hans politely offered him cream for his coffee. Offering Jack cream is Hans's way of retaliating for Jack's snubs—he knows that Jack won't have cream, and that coffee makes Jack sick; Jack's coldness to Hans is a way of demonstrating his affection for Georgio. Nonetheless, we remain friends, as if nothing had happened, or was happening, or going to happen, and at lunch we discussed Milton as calmly as if we were still in the common room at Oxford, while the boys tried killing a chicken by hypnotizing it, then stabbing it while it was concentrating on the feed bowl. This attempt was only partly successful, and finally both boys leapt on it, and put it in the oven, feathers and all. Needless to say, it was not our best meal.

As I write this, I sit in a chair upstairs and think that I am lucky after all to be here in Spain, Fascists notwithstanding, and free of old England, and bigotry, and the problems that fame brings. We at the hacienda—Jack, I, everyone—are always on the verge of starting a quarrel, or of falling into tears. In addition, we suffer from pimples, which necessitate frequent visits to the doctor, who applies cream and wishes us *bienvenida,* then charges us an escudo, which he slowly slips into his pocket next to his enormous gold watch, smiling broadly all the time. And when we return, we must scrape the mud from our shoes. But no matter, it is good to be here, good to be alive. Suppose we were soldiers, like Tony and Clive, covered with scurf and lice and freezing on some parched plateau? And where would we go if not back to England? Better, I think, the Spanish winter weather than British fog or corporals bellowing orders.

Oct. 8. This evening, Drystan came in on the late boat. He stumbled onto the pier, joking about the boat, which was fifty years old, the ship's captain, whom he described as an ape with one hand and only half an eye, and the brussel sprouts, which apparently were coated with machine oil. Drystan's pockets are stuffed with bits of soufflé and cigarette butts, which he chews at odd moments before, during, and after dinner, and a small plume of pink gin, as always, ascends from some place about him. Tonight, spurning (as we had fully expected) our offer of the master bedroom, he rolled himself up in the rug on the living room floor and, making sure that the garden hose was inserted into his mouth so he could breathe, fell asleep. At three in the morning, we heard him singing "Maid of Astolat" in his peculiar treble, twenty or thirty verses, his voice sounding even thinner than usual through the garden hose—loud enough, one would think, to wake everyone in the village, but, so far as I could tell, Hans and the chickens slept soundly.

Oct. 9. I have received a letter from Megrim Vorster: "Dear Boy, I tremen-

dously enjoyed your last novel, particularly the part where Robert rushes to Neil's side after Neil has been bitten by the adder. I could not help wondering, though, whether you have not made Robert a bit too demimonde? Does this consort nicely with his Eton accent and his habit of riding in dirigibles first class? A word from you, and I have no doubt but that the confusion will clear up and all these little quibbles, which I write because I care about you so very much, seem silly, and contemptible, and absurd.

"I know you are sorely depressed over the failure of the Communists in Barcelona. A year ago, who could have foreseen all this? One just goes from day to day, listening to the chatter of the transatlantic cable, and not caring much how it all comes out. The summer with you and Hans now seems like a dream from another time. Do write and tell me that I am too depressed, that things are not as bad as they seem, and that I am not just an old floozy sitting in a sedan chair at Bournemouth and whiling away time playing gin with Mrs. P. and Mrs. Q.—or that, if I am, at least you will forgive me, if not now, when we next meet. Much love, Megrim."

I feel closer and closer to Megrim with every passing month. No one, I think, writes novels so well as Megrim except for myself, and even I have not reached *Escape to Siddhartha,* or some passages in *Edgar's Friend.* Were it not for *Adieu to Aschaffenbach,* I think, I would brave rain, channel tides, and all, and rush to his side—but not at Bournemouth.

Oct. 10. Today, as we were sitting down to tea, Georgio tripped over the carpet and threw up. Everyone was perfectly pleasant afterward, of course, but it is clear, though nobody says it out loud, that things are not working between Jack and Georgio, and Hans and me. Someone will have to go. Mrs. Edelweiss served the tea in Dresden china, prattling cheerfully about her childhood in lower Swabia, and making eyes at Hans. "You are a good German boy, no?" she says in her heavily accented Spanish. Hans accepts her attentions docilely with the good humor of the German *bauern.* Today, he nailed a chicken's head to the barn door, he says, to scare off the "schicken phlox," of which there has been an outbreak in the neighborhood. I am more in love every week.

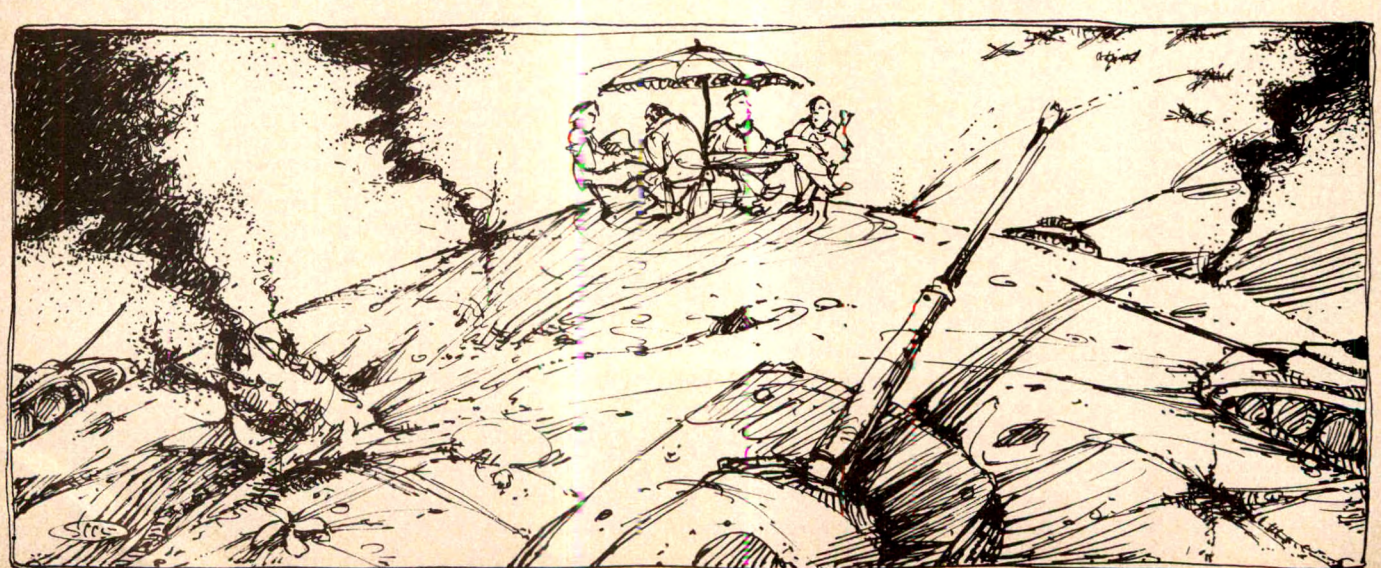
Meanwhile, outside the hacienda, the war continues. One hardly knows where one's moral responsibility lies. I suppose, by staying in southern Spain, we are lending aid and comfort to the enemy, and that we should go, like the others, to the front. But what about Hans? Is it moral, I think, to let him go get killed for a cause that must, perhaps inevitably, fail? But if war comes, won't he get killed anyway? It is all so confusing. From the Escorial, the dull pops of Fascist shells, and the neurotic chatter of machine-gun fire in response. The belief of the British colony, that we are all archaeologists, makes my depression worse. Today, Mrs. S., the wife of the English consul, climbed the Escobar with Jack and showed him a goat dropping which, she said, was a Roman lamp. Mrs. S. is a somewhat faded lady with flowing white hair, half of which she dyes with henna, the other half of which she ties in braids, which protrude like beetles' legs from under the rim of her scarf. She has beady, pale brown eyes under a cavernous brow, and wears a white blouse and a flowing blue chintz dress. This she never changes, even to go to church, which she does in a thick, clumsy, consul's wife's way, squatting among the black-clad women in the pews rather like a blue daisy in a field of black toads. I find her amusing. Hans thinks she is dull. Hans calls her "Frau Kirschtorte," because, he says, she has a face like a torte with cherries of the kind baked in Aschaffenbach. He has made up a song about Mrs. S. which runs:

Ich bin ein glückliches Kind,
Wo sie ist bin ich verschwind,
Nicht an dem selben Ort—
Sie ist wie eine Kirschtorte

which I have translated:

I am a happy man,
But I don't go too near her,
I won't stay in the same place—
She's like a cherry torte.

Oct. 11. My writing this morning was interrupted by a domestic crisis. Last night after tea, Hans was seduced by Mrs. Edelweiss, and today he is in despair. In his dogmatic German way, he insists that she has made him pregnant, and I cannot argue the idea out of his head; he says he will name the child—who must, according to him, be a girl, as Mrs. Edelweiss is a girl—Brunhilde. The cold rain slants down heavily under the face of the Escorial, and the shelling goes on, the puffs of smoke hanging like balls of cotton over the northern range before drifting away. Drystan spends all day in his room, coming down each hour for a pot of green tea, which then disappears, pot and all, to—heaven knows where. We can never find them. He is working on act five of *Achilles in a Rowboat.* Before lunch yesterday, I suggested he remove



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LITTLE, BROWN

the Abbot's Apse scene, and he immediately agreed. But today he put it back. I still feel that the Abbot's Apse scene should be removed, as it is not consistent with the tone of the second act, but Drystan likes it.

Oct. 12. Today, a second, worse, crisis. As we were all sitting down to breakfast, officials from the Italian consulate along with some police broke down the front door and bore Georgio off with them, blubbering and clutching his favorite teddy bear. I was enraged; and therefore, of course, helpless—sputtering vainly at tricornered hats and pink plumes. Drystan, heroically, tried to convince them that Georgio was a displaced person, and so protected by the charter of the League of Nations; but it was no use: the officials politely declined to listen and, with many bows, departed taking the crying boy with them—to God knows where. As they were leaving, Jack ran out of the hacienda, his beard waving, and begged them to kill him on the spot, but was left standing naked (he had been in the bath) in the rain; and as of this afternoon, Drystan is sitting up with Jack, who is in bed, reading to him from the manuscript of *Achilles in a Rowboat*, while Hans and I are halfheartedly trying to make bratwurst without any coal. It is still raining.

Oct. 13. Today, after all the trouble of this past week, a joyful surprise. In the morning came a telegram from Megrim postmarked Leeds saying to expect him on the three o'clock train. "Dear boy," he said, as soon as he saw me, "how are you?" and patted me on the head. When we told him about what had happened yesterday, Megrim insisted on visiting Jack at once, even before he had taken off his scarf and overcoat. In his unworldly, portly, affectionate, and typically English way, he clumped up the stairs to Jack's bedroom and embraced Jack several times in his arms, while Hans burst into tears.

Oct. 14. In the afternoon, Hans, Jack, Megrim, and I go to the local bistro. We have the local wine, which is sweet, and the local delicacy, flies in grape leaves. This evening, Drystan and I confer at length about the Abbot's Apse scene. He decides to tear up his version and let me write it in prose.

Oct. 15. Hitler makes another speech. The papers are now coming out six times a day, but as all the dispatches are heavily censored, there is no point in reading them. Today, I finished chapter seven, and as things stand now it looks like *Adieu to Aschaffenbach* will be completed before next summer. Today also I received my advance from Craven & Co.—three pounds, the most ever made at one time—but have put it aside for the train fare. The Loyalist line may break, and then we shall have to flee. Mother writes and says that when the year is over she will adopt Hans since I wish it, but she has infuriated me by suggesting that, when Hans comes to England, he be apprenticed as a pastry chef. Nonetheless, at present, amid all the confusion, I cannot think of an alternative, and so things continue, seemingly uncontrollably, on their course. In the Escorial, the Loyalists and Franco's troops continue to shell each other. Today, the sun came out for the first time in a month.

Oct. 18. Drystan has taken back the Abbot's Apse scene. He says he will write it after all in couplets.

BOB DYLAN'S AMATEUR NIGHT

by Andrew Ward

When I was in art school I used to see a lot of experimental films in which students who hadn't as yet figured out how to show a man brushing his teeth set out to reveal the fallacy of time, the intentions of God, and the curves of their girlfriends' behinds. After seeing such films my friends and I used to argue for hours, each claiming that the others had missed the whole point, until at last one of us would declare that the whole point had been that there wasn't any point, and the rest of us would bow our heads and change the subject.

I was reminded of those earnest exchanges when I read the interviews Bob Dylan granted to publicize his new film, *Renaldo & Clara*. In them he said that his movie was about identity

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and shifting levels of reality, and he described it as being "like life exactly, but not an imitation of it. It transcends life, and it's not like life." It was then that my hopes for *Renaldo & Clara* began to fade, for I long ago discovered that when a director starts talking about levels of reality, it's often because his movie doesn't work.

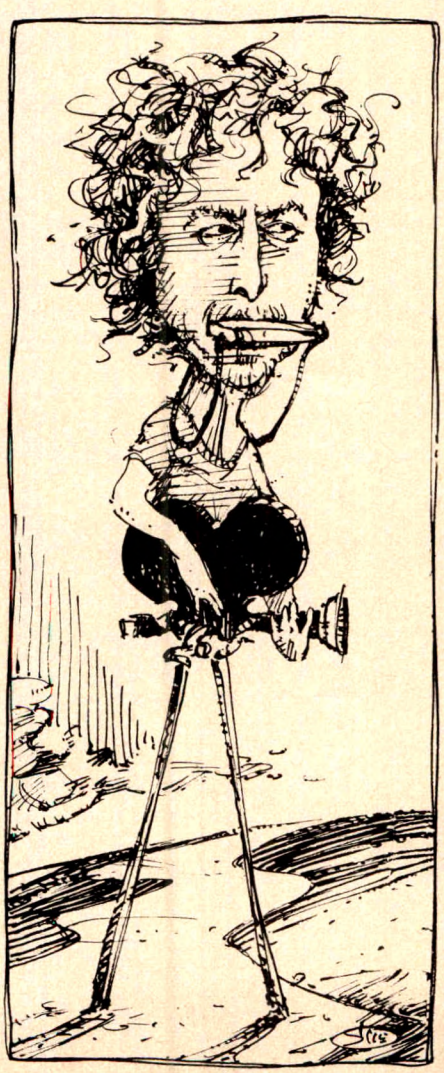
But identity has been Dylan's legitimate obsession ever since he stepped off the bus from Minnesota seventeen years ago. In that time he has produced an unbelievable number of great songs: "Blowin' in the Wind" . . . "Girl from the North Country" . . . "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" . . . "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" . . . "The Times They Are A-Changin'" . . . "Memphis Blues Again" . . . "Like A Rolling Stone" . . . "Just Like A Woman" . . . "Subterranean Homesick Blues" . . . "Maggie's Farm" . . . "Mr. Tambourine Man" . . . "Lay Lady Lay" . . . "I Shall Be Released" . . . "Simple Twist of Fate" . . . "Shelter From the Storm" . . . "Hurricane" . . . "Sara" . . . and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." To name a few.

How could one man in his late thirties have written so many magnificent songs? They were written not by one man but by a series of men: an archival folkie, a social protester, a lover, a rock 'n' roller, an outlaw, a country balladeer, a family man, a Zionist, a prophet, and a wizard. Since he hit his stride in 1961, Bob Dylan has emerged from each of his periodic retreats with a new, calculatedly distinct identity, and though the calculation and evasiveness have sometimes been irritating, even intrusive, they have sustained his music and protected his gift and ought to be forgiven.

It is a shame, however, that so few are going to forgive Dylan for *Renaldo & Clara*. I am afraid it is only going to alienate further those whose irritation with Dylan's incarnations has kept them from turning out the lights and trying to understand his music. Perhaps the uninitiated do not concern Dylan particularly, and perhaps they shouldn't, but even for his most fanatic fans, *Renaldo & Clara* is a long and bumpy ride.

The sudden transformations of self that have sparked his songs over the years do not seem to work in film, or at least not in this film. Throughout *Renaldo & Clara* identities shift, overlap, and collide.

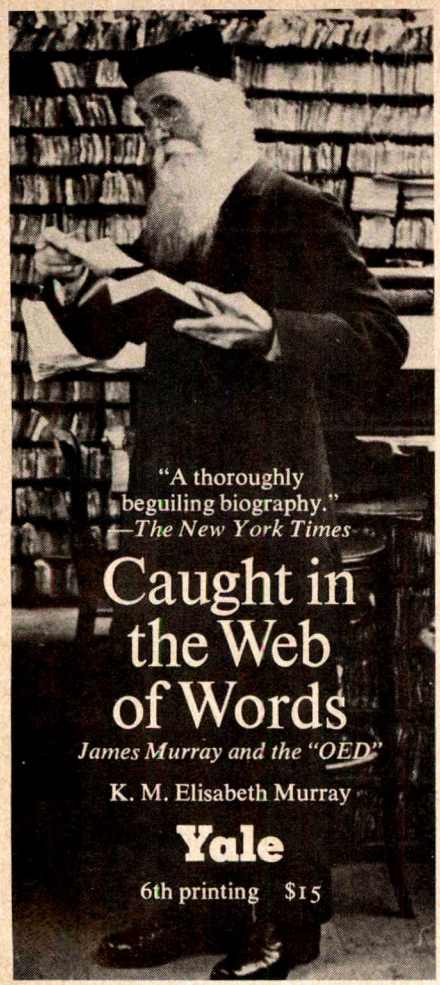
Since no one is positively identified within the movie itself, you need to commit the credits to memory before the houselights dim. Bob Dylan plays Renaldo, a character in whiteface who seems to represent Dylan's poetic self. Ronnie Hawkins plays Bob Dylan as a celebrity. Mrs. Dylan plays Clara, a character I never quite got a handle on, unless she was Renaldo's wife and thus a female counterpart to Dylan's poetic self. Ronee Blakley plays Mrs. Dylan in her public manifestation, although she looks (as do most of the ladies in Dylan's entourage) like Joan Baez, who in turn appears as herself, as a whore, and as a mysterious Woman in White. During the course of the film various characters are mistaken for Bob Dylan, including Bob Neuwirth, who plays the Masked Tortilla. (In fact, one of the more fascinating ways in which Dylan belabors his point about the capriciousness of identity is to emphasize his friends' eerie physical resemblances to each other.) Allen Ginsberg pops up here and there as Renaldo's father (or everyone's father, I'm not sure), and Arlo Guthrie, Hurricane Carter, the Byrds, Scarlet Rivera, Joni Mitchell, and Ramblin' Jack Elliott make appearances.



During the course of the movie, Allen Ginsberg gets a shave and a woman carries a rope to a car. A bunch of morons in a greasy spoon talk about the decline of the Movement, and Joan Baez is traded for a pony. Dylan drives a van to a cathouse, and the Tuscarora nation has everyone over for lunch. Lourdes, Toronto, and Kerouac's grave are visited. A lot of brunettes wander around delivering roses and experiencing anxiety. Palms are read. An elderly woman accompanies herself on a ukelele.

But just when I found myself thinking that Dylan and his friends were listless, self-indulgent fools, Dylan would suddenly appear as the white-faced Renaldo in performances filmed during his brilliant Rolling Thunder Revue concert tour, singing his greatest songs at the peak of his powers as if to ask, "If we're such fools, how do you account for all this amazing music?" In some of the most beautifully photographed concert footage I've ever seen, he performs his mad waltzes of retribution and redemption with the wild-eyed urgency of Jeremiah. "Isis" and "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" stand out as among the most haunting hymns of music, and Dylan, fired by Scarlet Rivera's searing violin, sings "When I Paint My Masterpiece" and "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" with an ecstatic sense of renewal.

But not even the magnificent music could rescue the muddled bulk of *Renaldo & Clara*. Dylan has shown courage in making this film, and in championing it so fervently in interview after interview, but the film itself is tentative and parsimonious. His sense of privacy, which has served him so well as a songwriter, works against him as a director, for it prohibits him from manipulating his cast. Instead of exercising his poetic gifts, he too often allows his cast, as wooden offstage as it is electric onstage, to provide the dialogue. Dylan might have been better served by professional actors who would have demanded more from him as a director than knowing nods and smiles of reassurance, but improvised dialogue, with its hesitancies, is rarely convincing, even in the best of hands, and in *Renaldo &*



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Clara it is often downright silly. He seems to have made all his assertions in the editing room with coy flashbacks and jarring juxtapositions.

Dylan's movie is an ego trip, but that isn't its problem. Art consists of ego trips. The problem is that it obscures rather than illuminates his obsession. The best that can be said for it is that it records, however fitfully, some of his greatest performances, and has reportedly spurred him on to write a new album's worth of songs. What worries me is that Dylan actually believes he denuded himself in *Renaldo & Clara*, when all he wound up doing was disrobing in a fog.

The only scenes that came to life in the movie were quasi-documentary: Allen Ginsberg (introduced by a tuxedoed emcee as "A very interesting and clever personality") manfully reading "Kaddish" to a gathering of women in a Yiddish cabaret; baffled blacks being asked about Hurricane Carter's uncertain innocence; evangelists haranguing a lunch-hour crowd on Wall Street. But the hero of the movie, for my money, was a sweet and patient train conductor who appeared briefly, politely putting up with the self-consciously obscure inquiries of the Masked Tortilla. As the hours passed I grew wistful about him, and around the time I was obliged to watch a naked Allen Ginsberg getting a massage, I found myself wondering what the conductor was up to. Perhaps he was home, percolating coffee and talking sense to his children.

PLA

THE PLAGUE DOGS by Richard Adams. Knopf, $10.95. Garrulous dogs, unlikely coincidences, unnecessary ghosts, irrelevant imitations of authors ranging from Homer to Milne—Mr. Adams bestrews his pages lavishly and shamelessly with all these literary sins but never commits the unforgivable sin of losing the reader's interest. His novels sweep along like a demented river, and this latest work is no exception. It is also, in its attack on useless, brutal experiments with animals, much tougher and much more pertinent to modern life than anything he has previously published, and quite unexpectedly funnier, for the same sedulous apery that produces those damned Homeric similes makes Mr. Adams a deadly parodist of cheap journalese, parliamentary rhetoric, and evasive official mushmouthery. The story offers frequent excuse for such amusements since it concerns two battered dogs who escape, with widespread resultant uproar, from Animal Research, Surgical and Experimental, known familiarly and maliciously as A.R.S.E. Illustrations by A. Wainwright.

JOHN HUSTON by Stuart M. Kaminsky. Houghton Mifflin, $10.95. Mr. Kaminsky has devoted intelligent attention to the changes made by Huston in converting novels and plays into movies and consequently has detected a pattern of beliefs underlying the work of this distinguished, somewhat erratic director-actor-scriptwriter. The book has its quota of zany anecdote but is distinctly more interesting than the Hollywood average. Photographs, chronology.

AN ARMFUL OF WARM GIRL by W. M. Spackman. Knopf, $6.95. A short, totally frivolous novel about a rich, spoiled, fastidious, woman-crazy Philadelphia aristocrat who, abruptly kicked out by his wife, flees to New York ("terrible place") to pursue an old love with witaddling success. Taken seriously, the book could drive a conscientious feminist to apoplexy, for the female characters constantly coo and twitter about love and love alone. It should not be taken seriously. It is merely a Restoration comedy with the undercurrent of desperation left out.

MALLOWAN'S MEMOIRS by Max Mallowan. Dodd, Mead, $10.95. Sir Max is the archaeologist whose distinguished career culminated at Nimrud where his excavations turned up archives and treasures of immense importance. He is also the husband of the late Dame Agatha Christie, to whose character and work he devotes the most carefully written section of this otherwise casual autobiography. Illustrations.

WHISTLE by James Jones. Delacorte, $10.00. Jones did not live to finish this final volume of his trilogy on the soldiers of World War II; the last chapters have been summarized from the author's notes by his friend, Willie Morris. The skimped ending makes surprisingly little difference in the effect of

the novel, which depends on a slow accumulation of episodes pointing inexorably to the same conclusion: Jones's four wounded veterans may drink and brawl and caper with doxies, but they can never escape from the Army, or from their shared memories, or from their personal nightmares. They are walking dead men, and the question that keeps the book moving is how soon they will fall down. It is a cold, grim story, but an honest assessment of the price of war.

France Observed by Henri Gougaud and Colette Gouvion. Oxford, $19.95. The main text of this superior guidebook describes the character and gives something of the history of the various regions of France, while mundane details of routes and restaurants are condensed in appendices. The great distinction of the book, however, is the photographs (from *Réalités,* one gathers), some black and white, many in color, all well composed, splendidly reproduced, and cannily chosen to make France appear the most varied, beautiful, fantastic, and irresistible country on earth. Which is precisely what they do. Translated by Genevieve Westham.

The Siege of Vicksburg by Richard Wheeler. Crowell, $10.00. Mr. Wheeler has collected Civil War letters, diaries, memoirs, newspaper reports—everything, in short, that he could find—and fitted the materials together to form a lively reconstruction of operations on both sides in the long struggle for Vicksburg and control of the Mississippi. This was no simple editing job; Mr. Wheeler's connecting text is indispensable and well managed. Illustrations, maps, bibliography.

The Young Hamilton by James Thomas Flexner. Little, Brown, $15.00. The author has tracked down a great deal of information on the supposedly fog-bound childhood of Alexander Hamilton, revealing a most marvelous muddle of scandal, family dissension, rich relatives, and sporadic poverty. Mr. Flexner makes a plausible case for the influence of early experience on Hamilton's actions during the Revolution and on his subsequent, not always consistent, political activities. If the book is less absorbing than Mr. Flexner's life of Washington, the author is not to be blamed. Hamilton was not Washington, and no honest biographer can change that. Illustrations, index, bibliography.

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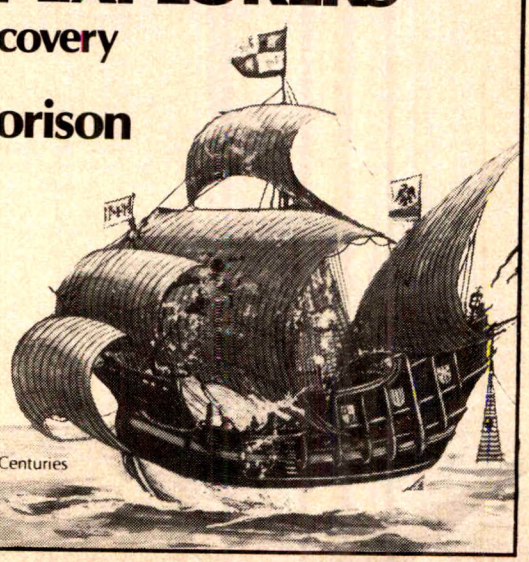

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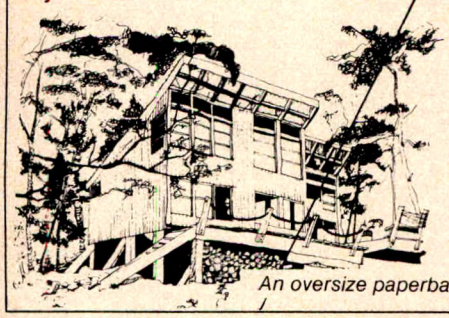

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Across. 1. (m)ARCHERS 7. LORRY (homophone of *Lorre*) 11. CO(mm)ERCE 13. LAPSE (homophone of *laps*) 15. RADIO (anag.) 16. MANACLE (hidden) 17. G-ROVEL (anag. + *g*) 18. W-EIRD (anag. + *w*) 20. VISORED (anag.) 22. ROSE (double def.) 23. MINDS (double def.) 25. S(i)MILE 28. M-ACE 30. REPLETE (anag. without *a*, *p*) 32. STAND (double def.) 34. A-LARUM (*mural* rev.) 36. (s)MAL(l)-LARD 37. RAG-AS 38. SE(A)TS 39. RESORT (pun) 40. T-EASE 41. GUESSED (homophone of *guest*) *Down.* 2. ROAMER (hidden) 3. SPICE-D (anag. + *d*) 4. (up)RIGHT 5. REM-(l)OVE(r) 6. SLA-VI-C 7. LANES (anag. without *g*) 8. OP(tic)AL 9. RELIED (pun) 10. M-ELODY (anag. + *m*) 11. CROWNS (double def.) 12. R-E-CORDS 14. CORNETS (double def.) 19. ROLL (homophone of *role*) 21. TONIC (double def.) 22. RI(P)PLE (anag. + *p*) 23. ME-A-SURE 24. SAD-IST (anag.) 26. BASEMEN (hidden) 27. GUITARS (anag.) 28. DRU(M)MER (anag. + *m*) 29. FANFARE (pun) 30. MET-RIC 31. E-LATE 33. ARGOS (hidden) 34. ALAS

THE HUMAN FACTOR by Graham Greene. Simon and Schuster, $9.95. It is doubtful that Graham Greene could write a dull spy story if he tried, and this latest tale, all about international deviltry in South Africa, is as deftly nerve-wracking as the most masochistic reader can wish. It is also bluntly anti-American, with the CIA slithering about like Fu Manchu.

JANUS: A Summing Up by Arthur Koestler. Random House, $10.00. In the course of his remarkably productive career, Mr. Koestler has examined so many areas of science, usually with stimulating results, that it becomes a problem to describe him. That old term, natural philosopher, is probably still the best one for a man of such wide-ranging knowledge and curiosity. His present work is a condensation and synthesis of material from a number of previous books on a variety of scientific fields, all arranged to present what Mr. Koestler perceives as a consistent pattern throughout the universe—that is, the simultaneous presence and continual opposition of tendencies to independence and to interaction. If this sounds simple, it is not. If it sounds complicated, it is not that either. Lucidity and the power to create excitement are not the least of Mr. Koestler's many abilities. Appendices, references, bibliography.

GREAT MOMENTS IN ARCHITECTURE by David Macaulay. Houghton Mifflin, $11.95; $5.95 paper. A selection from this recently published book appeared in *The Atlantic.*

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Lipez is a free-lance writer living in western Massachusetts.

Paul Malamud works for the Dick Cavett show.

Andrew Ward is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic* and the author of the forthcoming book *Fits and Starts.*

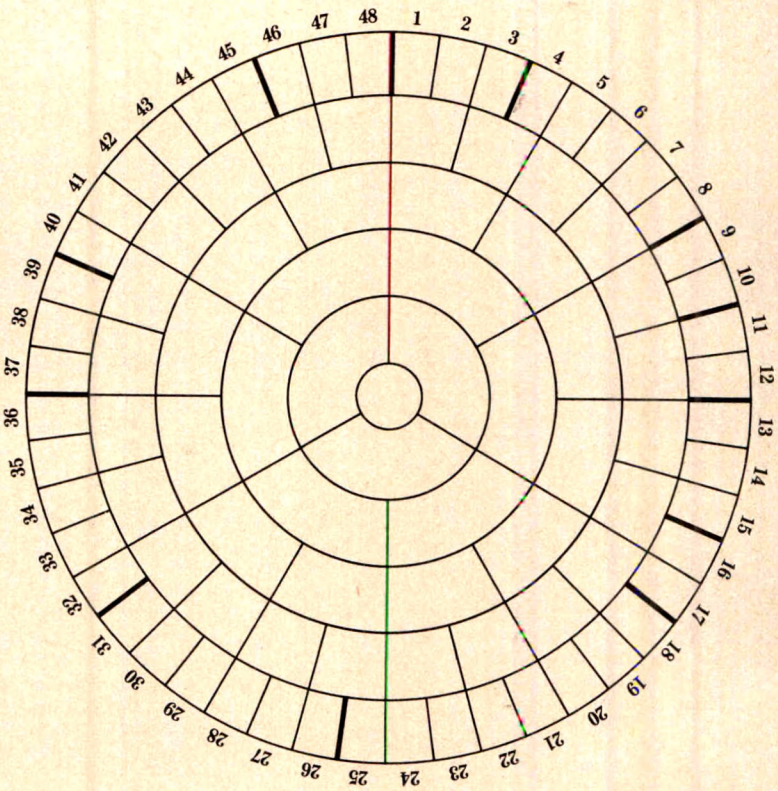
POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Pat Janus (page 106) is a young poet whose first published poem appeared in *The Atlantic* almost four years ago.

Daniel Mark Epstein (page 117) is studying in Rome under a grant from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His book *The Follies* was published last year, and his new collection, *Young Man's Gold*, will soon appear.

The Atlantic PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon



"VICIOUS CIRCLES"

(acknowledgments to Trochos of *The Listener*)

The answers to all clues are six letters long. They are to be entered in the diagram radially—that is, from the circumference to the center—but, with the lone exception of 41, in mixed order.

When the diagram is complete, the first (i.e., outer) circle contains a famous line of poetry, reading from 1 to 48. Heavy lines indicate the separation of words.

The second circle contains the letters necessary to spell the phrase: PRACTICAL DUDS FIT GIRL TO A "T."

The third circle contains, clockwise, the name of the quotation's author.

The fourth circle contains six different letters.

The letter in the center circle belongs to all answers.

Answers to clues include two proper nouns. 43 is not a common word. Remember that punctuation in the clues may be used deceptively.

1. Extorts money and runs
2. Escapes enemy initially in mock duels
3. Bum rested in bars
4. Find reward in ditch
5. Dasher, as Dancer, was a Communist!
6. Red Sea, unfortunately, has dried up
7. People in taxis, once on street, become pedestrians
8. Want Dreiser's unfinished novel
9. Artists (but not pop) like what A. Sexton does
10. Ends of unbending curve
11. Transgressor is half spiritual
12. Badly schooled, I snore in class
13. Joker and Jack set out with Queen
14. I make music in trees, dizzy with love
15. Yes, Dotty, in Germany it's Spring
16. Wiser geisha comprehends Rachmaninoff, for example
17. Bumping ends—as in cars
18. Save fifty damsels in distress, all grouped together
19. Dad exercises and rests
20. They make holes in a quarter-deck?
21. Lack fare for street car, missing about five pence at the end
22. Are its caricatures burlesque?
23. Numberless tentacles coiling with spikes
24. Medieval setting for Chaucer's first lively tales
25. Time alleviates worries
26. Pours right out, is boiling hot
27. Musical pieces with at least two flats
28. Insert: Wind circling SouthEast
29. Laugh at lady's chops
30. Hurries—has setback
31. Brash? Yes, though apparently not in the extreme!
32. Grand master's game has square boxes
33. Capone's high card in France
34. Balances plates
35. Authenticated seance assembled on the periphery
36. Slayed horses around stalls
37. Elf seen from behind: short and fat
38. Smash fleas with a club without causing harm
39. Sets out to embrace lady—heartless, most foxy
40. Ways of writing with pens
41. I buzz Prufrock's maker—briefly but repeatedly
42. Future hamburgers for pilots
43. Extracts from *Last of the Mandolins*
44. Group subsuming the French elite
45. Hit-and-miss
46. See Sally Saturday (or Tuesday that is)
47. Devious routes for attaining legal dispossession
48. Animals protest—nervously and unquietly

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 128.

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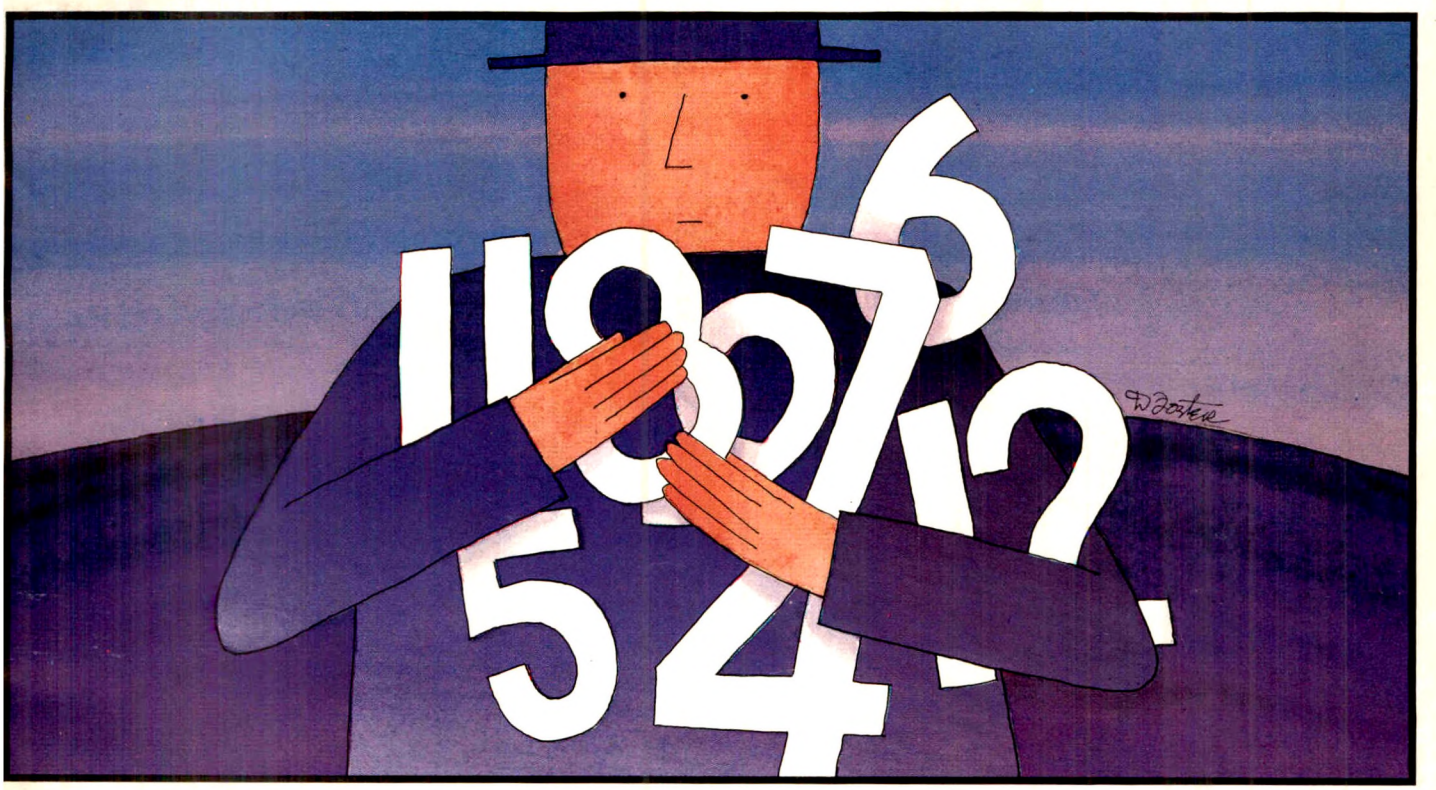

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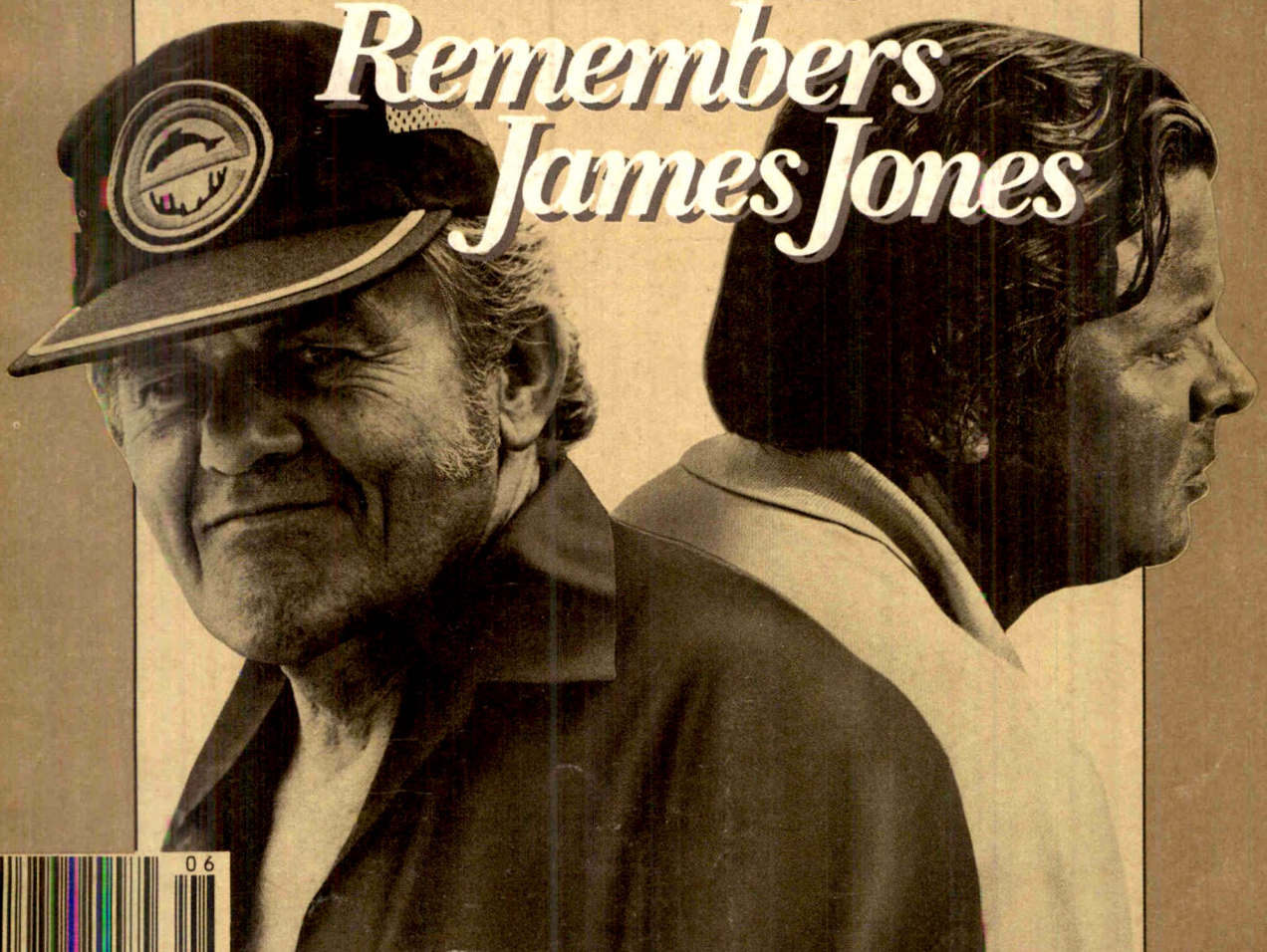

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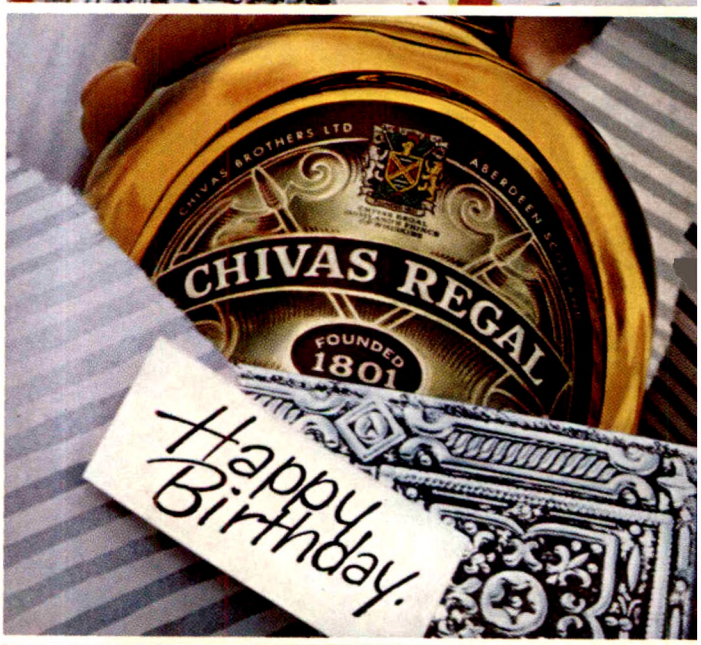

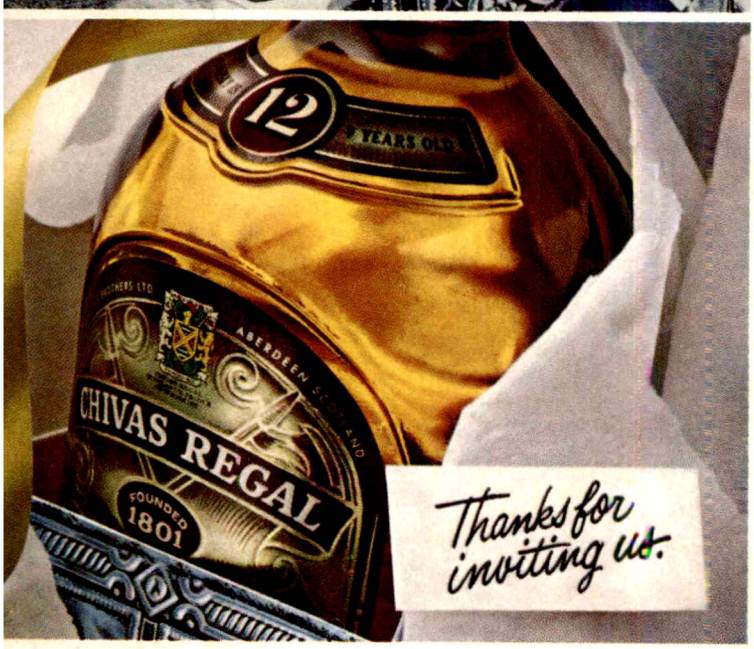

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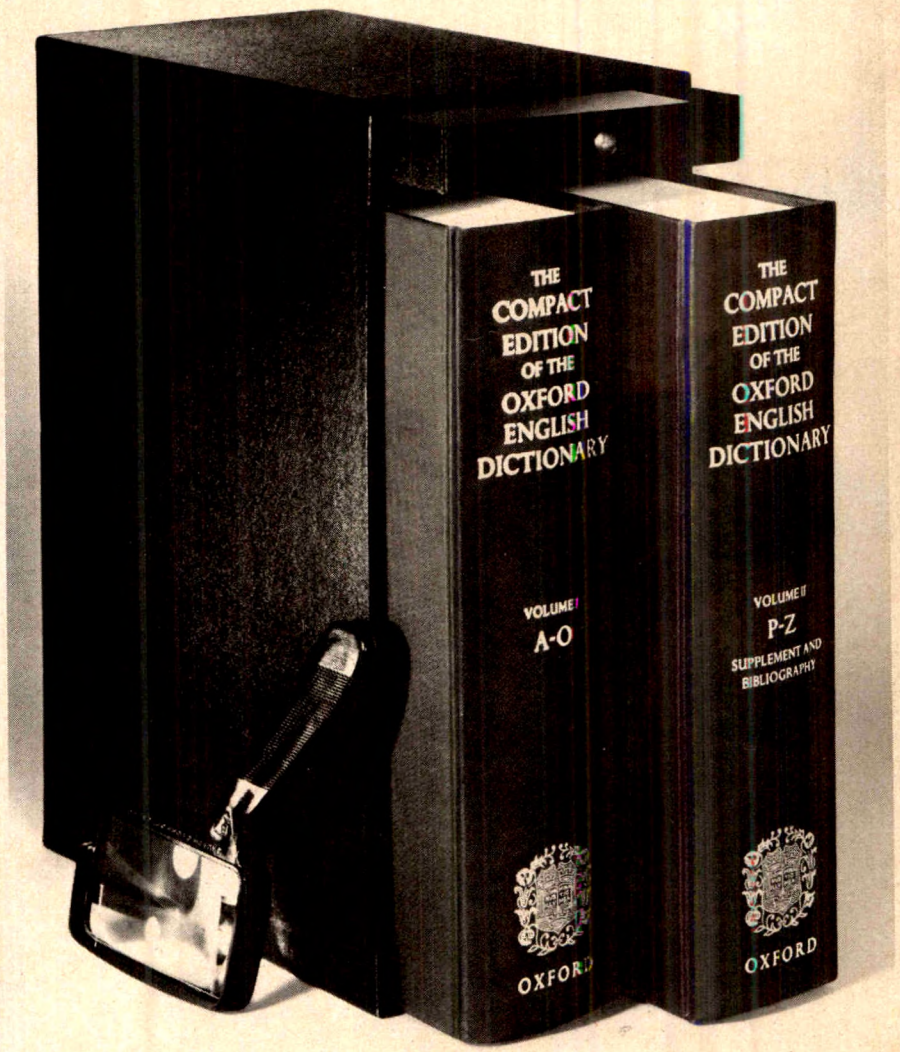

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Business and the rational mind, Part IV

Liberals, logical allies of business•The snobbery factor•A plea for independent thinking

We cannot, for the life of us, understand why so many liberals in this country are so hostile to private business, when in our opinion they should be working with business to achieve what should be their basic objectives.

Liberals have been among the prime movers in the enactment of much of this country's social legislation—Aid to Dependent Children, Social Security, housing for the poor and the elderly, school lunches, and other programs. All of these programs have to be financed by revenues derived mainly from taxes on individual and corporate income.

The greater these incomes—which is to say, the more prosperous American business is—the greater the tax revenues. When incomes drop, as in a recession, so do tax revenues. Social programs then have to be reduced accordingly or supported by deficit financing, which over any extended period means inflation. For the poor and for people living on fixed incomes, inflation is the cruelest tyranny of all.

It therefore would seem to us that in all logic liberals should be as pro-business as they are pro-social progress. And we believe many more of them would be if it were not so fashionable intellectually to be part of the "trendy left." Too many of them respond unthinkingly to social and academic pressures rather than engaging in clear, independent analysis.

Part of the problem appears to be snobbery, pure and simple. To many of what might be called the professional liberals, business—indeed, our whole industrial society—is impossibly vulgar. To some it is esthetically offensive. And because business can prosper only by serving the masses of people, some consider it unbearably plebeian.

Yet one of the continuing threads in the mainstream of liberal thought has long been a dedication to the democratic process and to the right of the masses of people to make their voice heard—and heard effectively. If people stop buying a company's goods or services on any large scale—or just make a credible threat to stop—that company's management tends to listen, and listen attentively. But if you think government is anywhere near as responsive, just recall your last encounter with your City Hall, or your maddening correspondence with a government agency.

Government can become so pervasive that it becomes virtually impossible for the citizenry to turn it around and change its course; indeed, ours may already have become so. But it's doubtful that business could ever get so big or so unresponsive, because it is subject to reaction in the marketplace and to public opinion generally, and to legislation that can curb an entire industry overnight.

What should be a tip-off to any thinking liberal is that an anti-business posture, complete with the cliches that too often substitute for thinking, is mandatory in many liberal circles and is not to be subjected to rigorous intellectual examination. It is a knee-jerk reaction, arising largely from conditions that ceased to exist many years ago and to some that never existed at all.

Lionel Trilling wrote: "It has for some time seemed to me that a criticism which has at heart the interest of liberalism might find its most useful work not in confirming liberalism in its sense of self-righteousness but rather in putting under some degree of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the times."(*The Liberal Imagination: Essays on Literature and Society*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976.)

We find puzzling the extent to which liberals often seem impelled to weaken the economic structure on which not just social progress, but indeed our national livelihood depends. To them we suggest the following, oversimplified but nevertheless pointing up the heart of the matter:

Without adequate profits, no businesses.

Without businesses, no jobs.

Without jobs, no social programs.

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THE Atlantic

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REPORTS & COMMENT

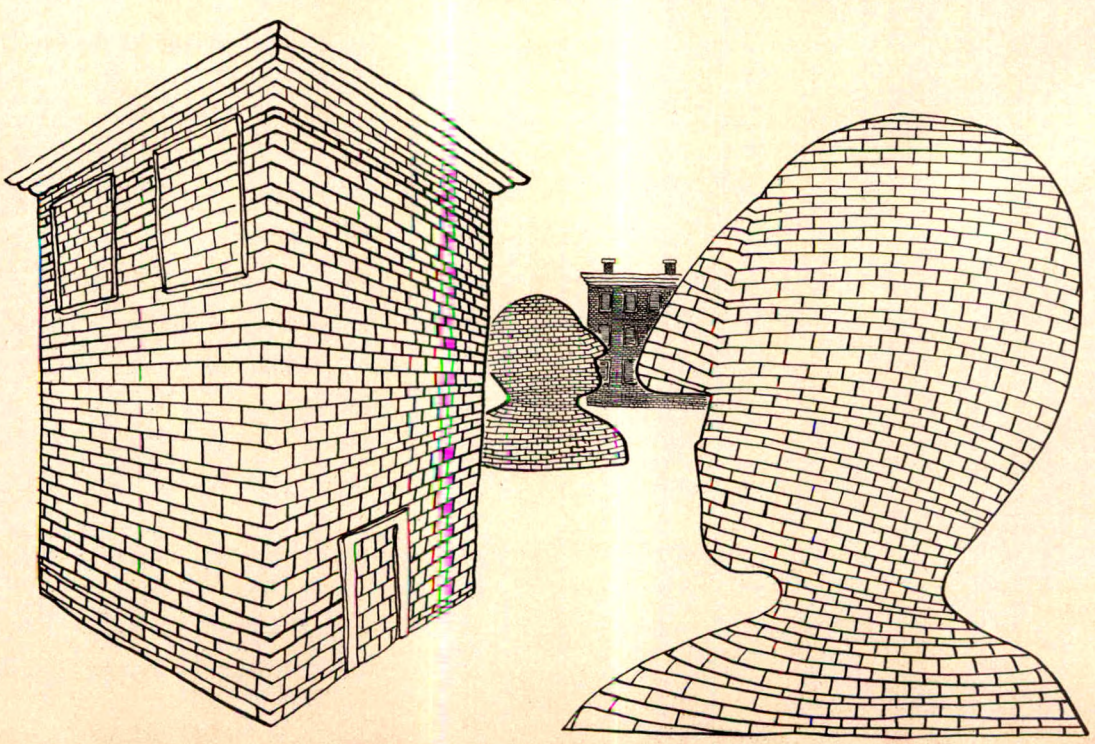
WEAPONRY: The Folly of the Neutron Bomb

Its proponents call it "humane," but they disregard the delayed effects of the enhanced radiation warhead, and the likelihood that this weapon would only increase the chances of nuclear war in Europe.

Enhanced radiation warheads—better known as neutron bombs—are low-yield variants of the hydrogen bomb first tested nearly twenty-five years ago. The public disclosure less than a year ago of the development of ERWs has provoked widespread debate, much of it ill-informed, and so it may be in order to review the issues associated with these weapons, which were developed primarily for anti-tank use in Europe.

In 1960 the Atomic Energy Commission's Livermore weapons laboratory, then led by Edward Teller, was lobbying hard in the Pentagon to establish military requirements for development of "pure radiation" tactical warheads. These were to explode without the help of a fission trigger and therefore were to produce exceedingly little blast and fallout. I was at that time on President Eisenhower's staff, and I recall a presentation given before a panel of the President's Science Advisory Committee (PSAC) by an official of the Livermore laboratory, in which he incorrectly said that such a weapon, when exploded above ground, would kill everybody within a certain range but do no grave harm to anybody a little farther away. The Livermore proposal, despite this militarily attractive claim, did not persuade the Administration.

ERWs were discussed again in the mid-sixties when the Sentinel Antibal-



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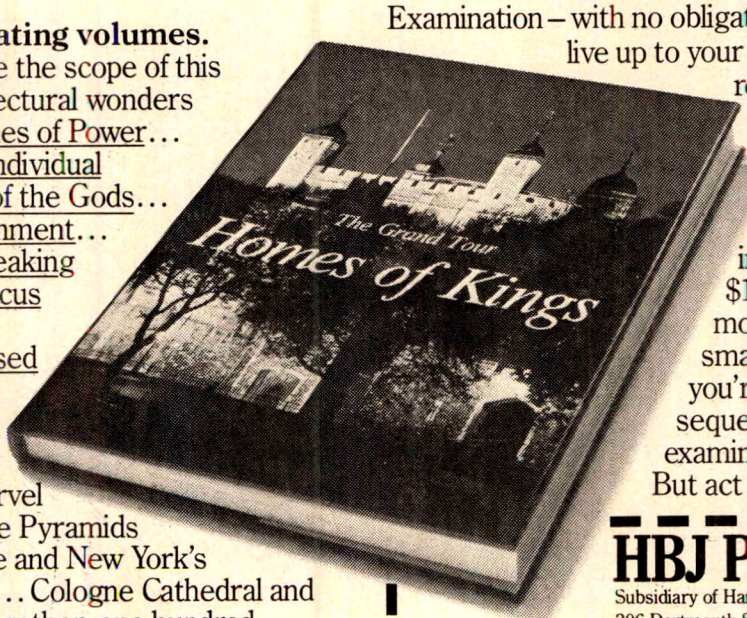

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listic Missile (ABM) Defense System for American cities was being developed by the U.S. Army. The system was to involve, among other components, a short-range Sprint ballistic missile for close-in defense of the cities. This missile was supposed to destroy enemy ballistic missile re-entry vehicles at relatively low altitudes near cities without detonating the large incoming warheads and without damaging the cities. To solve this problem, the AEC's Los Alamos weapons laboratory turned to an "enhanced radiation" design for the Sprint nuclear warhead and tested this underground in Nevada in the late sixties. Later these warheads were manufactured to equip the Sprints.

Several activist groups attacked the Sentinel system as ineffective, excessively costly, militarily provocative. And the Army's inept defense of it led to so much public opposition that the project was canceled in 1969.

But the Nixon Administration, without changing the overall design of the system, renamed it Project Safeguard and gave it a new task: the defense of Minuteman ICBM silos against a hypothetical future counterforce attack by Soviet ballistic missiles. Thus camouflaged, the ABM project did squeak through the Senate at budget time in 1969–1970, assisted by the Administration's argument that the program was needed as a "bargaining chip" in the SALT negotiations. But then came the ABM Treaty, a part of the 1972 SALT I agreements, which restricted each superpower to no more than two ABM installations. In the United States the construction of only one site, near Grand Forks, North Dakota, went ahead. The installation was declared operational in 1974 but was soon ordered mothballed as not cost-effective.

As far as one knows, this $5 billion relic remains inactivated, along with the several dozen Sprint missiles now stored in Army ammunition depots.

Changing emphasis

While Robert McNamara was secretary of defense, the emphasis was strongly on nuclear deterrence through the maintenance of capacity for assured destruction of the enemy. The problems of nuclear battlefield tactics were of secondary interest, and low priority was given to the modernization of tactical nuclear weapons. However, as a part of the modernization of short-range Army missiles, several nuclear warheads were being developed for the new missile called Lance. One of these was to be of the enhanced radiation type, but it was terminated as not acceptable to the Army.

Under Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, and then under James Schlesinger, the attitude toward tactical nuclear warfare changed. Schlesinger particularly—to judge by his public statements—was interested in the problems of fighting nuclear wars, not just in deterrence. The Army requested funds for modernization of its tactical nuclear weapons without, however, including ERWs. A number of senior Army leaders judged ERWs to be of low battlefield effectiveness. The reason for this skepticism was the finding, based on animal experiments (refuting what we in PSAC were told in 1960), that only within a relatively small area near the explosion would the enemy troops be instantly incapacitated. Troops occupying a much larger area would be injured, though they would remain capable of fighting for at least some time after the irradiation and before death.

These modest warhead modernization plans of the Army were, however, rejected by the Joint Congressional Committee, influenced no doubt by the spokesmen for the AEC weapons laboratories, which were eager to push ahead with nuclear weapons technology. Thus, early in 1973, Harold Agnew, the director of the Los Alamos laboratory, in his testimony before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, evidently had ERWs in mind when he stated: "We at Los Alamos are working very aggressively trying to influence the DOD to consider these . . . weapons which could be decisive on a battlefield, yet would limit collateral damage that is usually associated with nuclear weapons." As a consequence of these political pressures, while James Schlesinger was secretary of defense, the tactical ERWs became a major development project, though the project was transferred from Los Alamos to the Livermore laboratory.

The development of the ERW was a technical success, and late in 1976 President Ford signed an authorization, as required by law, to stockpile the ERWs for the Lance missile and for the shells of 8″ artillery guns. This project was highly classified and known to only a few members of Congress.

Hidden items in the budget

The money for the production of ERWs was requested in the fiscal year 1978 budget proposal. ERDA (which succeeded AEC) buried this item among many others in the $10 billion public works section of the President's budget. No Arms Control Impact Statement was provided to Congress, although it is required by law for new weapons. Altogether, the procedure was unsavory.

What happened next is reconstructed here largely from a series of articles in the Washington *Post* which began on June 6, 1977.

The review of the Ford budget proposals for fiscal year 1978 by the incoming Carter Administration in early 1977 resulted in the elimination of a $65 million item for the production of nonnuclear warheads. The reason given to Congress was that their use would not be cost-effective, because the Lance missiles, which have a range of about 100 kilometers, depending on the weight of the warhead, were too expensive—about $100,000 each. Another $43 million item, this one for nuclear warheads, was left in the budget, and it appears that neither President Carter nor Secretary of Defense Brown was informed that a new military technology was to be thus introduced into the military arsenal until the following June, when the issue, much against the Pentagon's wishes, became public.

Near the end of May or in the beginning of June 1977, Senator Mark O. Hatfield, reportedly tipped off by an ERDA official, learned that the budget item for Lance nuclear warheads was for building neutron warheads. Hatfield offered an amendment to the Pentagon's public works budget bill, then before the Senate Military Appropriations Committee, to strike from the bill the funds for the production of the Lance nuclear warheads. The chairman of the committee, Senator Stennis, opposed the move, and on June 22 the amendment lost on a 10–10 tie vote.

In the meantime the White House issued a statement that President Carter was not bound by Ford's action and would make an independent decision about the production of ERWs when certain military policy reviews were concluded. Then, in response to an enquiry, the director of defense research and engineering informed Senator Hatfield that the President might not make a decision on the ERW for Lance until the start of the fiscal year 1978 in Octo-

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

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IBM Reports

Information: a matter of life.

When firemen respond to a blaze in Wichita, Kansas, they are likely to know in advance if there are any invalids in the residence who will need special help. The fire department's computer system provides instant information about where any of 400 invalids in the city live—information that can be relayed to firemen while they are speeding to the fire.

A citizen with an emergency telephones the police department in Hampton, Virginia. A computer-based dispatch system, which helps police handle some 250 calls daily, brings patrolmen to the scene anywhere within a 54-square-mile area in an average of seven or eight minutes—half the time it formerly took.

A patient complaining of chest pains is admitted to a small hospital in a remote Texas community. Electrocardiogram tests are taken and the results transmitted to a medical center in Houston. A computer-analyzed report comes back in minutes. Proper treatment can begin at once.

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Increasingly, in communities throughout the nation, the difference between life and death or injury is the same: information... information made possible, and usable, by modern technology.

Information technology is IBM's business: providing products, from modern computers to advanced office systems, to record information, store it, process it, retrieve it and communicate it.

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There are hundreds of companies in the information technology industry, and they are constantly developing new and better products—driving down the cost of using information technology at a startling rate. For example, just 10 years ago, it cost $25 per month to store a million characters of information in an advanced IBM direct access storage system. Today it costs 50 cents.

It is this kind of progress that has made it practical for many more fire departments, police departments, hospitals and other organizations to take advantage of information technology and put it to use in new and caring ways.

In its research, and in the stream of products that flows from that research, IBM is searching for—and finding—still better ways to help put information to work for people.

IBM

ber, but he urged Congress to appropriate the funds without waiting for this decision.

Congressional maneuvers

Toward the end of June, the House voted the funds for the ERWs. And on July 1, the Senate accepted a Stennis amendment designed to neutralize Hatfield's amendment, which had been reintroduced on the floor. Then, on July 13, after a message from President Carter that the provision of funds for the production of the new warheads was in the national interest, the Senate, in a day-long and rather bitter debate, approved the public works bill, rejecting Hatfield's amendment and one of Senator Kennedy's, which would have allowed either house to block the President's decision to go ahead with neutron warheads. But it accepted an amendment by Senator Byrd giving Congress forty-five days to pass a concurrent resolution disapproving production of these warheads if the President does decide to go ahead.

As these parliamentary maneuvers were going on, it was revealed that money would be used not only for Lance warheads but to produce enhanced radiation artillery shells for the 8″ guns which are now provided with more conventional nuclear warheads. It also became known that the development of ER nuclear projectiles for 155 mm howitzers was under way.

On August 13, 1977, the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency delivered to Congress the requested Arms Control Impact Statement for the "W-70 Mod 3 (Lance) Warhead." The statement noted that a one-kiloton ER warhead promised to be as effective as a 10-kiloton fission warhead. With both warheads, radiation is the chief antitank effect, since armored vehicles are highly resistant to blast and thermal effects of nuclear explosions. The statement noted that collateral damage, that is, damage to the civilian environment of the battlefield, would be only that of a one-kiloton weapon, substantially smaller than that of the 10-kiloton fission warhead. No impact statements for the 8″ and 155 mm artillery projectiles were released by the ACDA.

In the fall of 1977, President Carter further postponed the decision on the production of ERWs because he desired first to be assured that our NATO allies wished them to be deployed in Europe.

A matter of degree

It has been stated in open literature that the presently deployed "ordinary" nuclear warheads for the Lance missile range in yield from one to as high as 100 kilotons, while those for the 8″ guns range up to 10 kilotons. The proposed ER warheads for Lance and the 8″ guns are described as of one-kiloton yield, although it is noted in the impact statement that the Lance warhead has a "selectable yield capacity," and thus may be varied in the field, presumably from less to more than one kiloton.

Because of a substantial contribution from the fission "trigger," the ERWs are not pure fusion. The Lance warhead, for instance, releases about 60 percent fission and 40 percent fusion energy on explosion, about ten times as much neutron radiation as a pure fission weapon of the same yield.

From the information in the handbooks on effects of nuclear weapons, it is possible to estimate the neutron radiation from ER warheads. The result is not precise, but the uncertainty is not important for what follows.

A one-kiloton ERW explosion produces neutron radiation which in the open causes an exposure of 8000 rad units at a distance of 900 meters (more, of course, at shorter distances). The Soviet tanks are said to have currently a radiation protection factor of 0.5. Thus, tank crews at that distance would receive a dose of around 4000 rads.

According to Pentagon tests with rhesus monkeys, this dose is enough for "immediate transient incapacitation," which is defined as inducing within five minutes a total inability to perform physically demanding tasks. This is deemed to be an adequate battlefield incapacitation, although partial recovery occurs in about half an hour; then gradual deterioration sets in and death follows two to six days later. At about 700 meters the radiation intensity would be double that at 900, and that exposure, according to the rhesus monkey tests, would result in "immediate permanent incapacitation," with death agony lasting one or two days.

Walking dead

It has been argued that disciplined military personnel, even though irradiated to the limit of "immediate transient incapacitation," would resume participation in battle after their partial recovery, perhaps even more recklessly than others, because they would know that they were the walking dead. In any case, tank crews and other military personnel exposed to less radiation than that causing "immediate transient incapacitation" would be able to participate in the battle, although temporarily. Thus, a dose of 650 rads (at about 1400 meters from the one-kiloton ERW) would impair human functions only after an hour or more, though it would usually result in death a couple of weeks later, after a gradual physical decay.

Reliable information on effects of exposure to lower doses of ionizing radiation is available from observations on the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings and on unintended victims of nuclear weapons tests in the Pacific, among the population of the Marshall Islands and the crew of a Japanese fishing vessel.

At a 1.7 kilometer distance from the one-kiloton ERW explosion, the radiation exposure dose drops to 150 rads. Statistically, this results in about 10 percent deaths from radiation sickness within a few months at most, and also in high incidence of breast, thyroid, lung, and stomach cancers as well as leukemia, which may be delayed as much as twenty to thirty years.

At a distance of 2.3 kilometers the exposure drops to 15 rads. This is low enough so that radiation sickness is not experienced after exposure but delayed cancers and leukemia are expected in some of the exposed population.

The harmful genetic effects may manifest themselves for several generations; they also decrease with decreasing exposure. At about 2 kilometers, their frequency would be double the spontaneous rate of mutations, which is statistically quite unmistakable.

The above estimates of the effects of radiation exposure are probably conservative, since they were mostly derived from observation of individuals exposed largely to gamma radiation. The ERWs, however, cause damage by neutrons, and it is well established that high-energy neutrons, per rad of dose, produce about seven times as much biological damage as gamma rays. Thus, for instance, the effects described above as taking place at a 1.7 kilometer distance might actually apply to a 2.1 kilometer distance, and so on.

Considering these facts, it is prepos-

terous to call the neutron bomb humane, as some proponents have done. The area of rapid battle incapacitation of tank crews would be but one fifth of the area of about 4 kilometers in diameter within which the great majority of exposed individuals, military and civilian, would suffer radiation illness and a large fraction would die either from that or years later from cancer. The neutron bomb does not appear to be more humane than the fission warhead, and is perhaps worse, being reminiscent in its delayed effects of the poison gases of World War I, which were outlawed by the Geneva Protocol of 1925.

There is no doubt that collateral damage to civilian structures and persistent radioactive contamination will be reduced if the present higher-yield tactical fission warheads are replaced by ERWs. That the same is true of civilian casualties is quite doubtful for the following reasons.

The Soviet tactical doctrine calls for a large separation between tanks in the nuclear warfare environment, especially when exploiting a breakthrough. If NATO forces deploy ERWs as their prime anti-tank weapon, the Soviets are likely to provide added radiation protection to their tank crews. Furthermore, since exposure to neutron radiation would leave most of the armored vehicles in usable condition, and the battlefield not heavily radioactive from fallout, the attacker could be prepared with replacement crews to return the armored vehicles to battle quickly.

It becomes clear, therefore, that to contain a major blitzkrieg-style breakthrough, involving many armored vehicles, with ERWs—probably their main purpose—will call for large numbers of these weapons, indeed for veritable neutron-bomb barrages. Perhaps the number of *prompt* deaths of bystander civilians would be modest, but when delayed deaths following radiation sickness (and the incidence of cancer, etc.) are counted in, it ceases to be obvious that the use of ERWs will be much less disastrous to the civilian population in Western Europe, especially in the Federal Republic of Germany, than the use of fission warheads.

Deterrent?

The military leaders of NATO, according to the recent testimony of the NATO supreme commander, General A. M. Haig, Jr., before the Senate Armed Services Committee, favor deployment of the ERWs. This, of course, is merely consistent with their traditional emphasis on the recourse to nuclear weapons as the deterrent to an attack by Warsaw Pact forces.

The ACDA impact statement has this to say: "It can be argued that the improved (ER) warhead may make initial use of nuclear weapons in battle seem more credible, which might enhance deterrence. However, by the same token, it can be argued that it increases the likelihood that nuclear weapons would actually be used in combat." This latter argument has been advanced by several thoughtful opponents of the neutron bomb and is one which must be taken seriously. The reason for deploying ERWs, in the eyes of their proponents, is to enhance the credibility of the initial use of nuclear weapons. But to be effective they would have to be used quite early, and hence ERWs are quite likely to lower the nuclear threshold if NATO forces are attacked. Moreover, as the impact statement notes: "The escalating potential is the same for this weapon as for any other nuclear weapon." This latter assessment is diametrically opposite to the assertions of some American military writers that the use of ERWs—"mini-nukes" in Secretary Schlesinger's terminology—would avoid nuclear escalation.

The American opponents of the neutron bomb—and they include almost all those who favor a reduction of tensions by arms control agreements—advance other arguments against the deployment of ERWs in addition to those here discussed. It has been pointed out that the Soviet military doctrine calls for immediate large-scale response with nuclear weapons to any first nuclear use by the NATO forces, and Soviet tactical warheads are estimated to be large and "dirty." This, of course, totally nullifies the argument about the reduction of collateral damage in Europe by the use of ERWs.

The American armchair strategists have in recent years stressed that a restriction of tactical nuclear weapons to mini-nukes would create a "firebreak" against an escalation to strategic nuclear forces of a tactical nuclear war in Europe. Such decoupling of tactical and strategic nuclear warfares, which of course would protect the American homeland, has been for years a constant theme of American writers favoring tactical nuclear weapons.

West German reaction

Not surprisingly, this thesis finds little support in Western Europe, especially in West Germany, the prime battleground in the event of an attack by Warsaw Pact forces. Thus, in a 1972 report of the West German Defense Ministry to NATO, one finds the statement, "Only by this inseparable connection between tactical and strategic deterrence is NATO capable of equating the conventional [military] superiority of the Warsaw Pact." And Helmut Schmidt, now the chancellor and then the defense minister of the Federal Republic of Germany, objected to exclusively tactical nuclear warfare as being "unimaginably cruel to the Europeans."

From the moment that the neutron bomb issue surfaced in Washington, European and especially West German press, media commentators, scholars, and politicians devoted much space and time to it. Conservative papers generally endorsed the deployment of ERWs in West Germany, but moderate and liberal publications opposed it.

On the political level the public debate was triggered by Egon Bahr, executive secretary of the Social Democratic party (SPD) and an influential member in the administration of former Chancellor Brandt, whose article unequivocally condemned the neutron bomb as a "symbol of mental perversion." Most of the other spokesmen of the SPD opposed ERWs as lowering the nuclear threshold without the assurance of an escalation to strategic levels. A few, such as Conrad Ahlers, tentatively endorsed ERWs last summer, although more recently Ahlers changed his view.

The SPD convention endorsed a resolution urging on the Schmidt government policies which would make neutron bomb deployment on West German territory unnecessary.

The government of Chancellor Schmidt has so far refrained from publicly committing itself, although the defense and foreign ministers have made statements which seem to be in favor of ERW deployment.

Among the political-strategic think-tanks of German academia, only one, led by a retired general, endorsed the deployment of ERWs. Other senior retired German military officers, includ-

ing high-ranking generals, oppose the battlefield use of nuclear weapons as leading to unacceptable collateral damage in Germany.

In this extensive debate, which shows no signs of ending, another objection to ERWs has been raised, namely that their deployment in large numbers near the forward NATO defense lines may result in a loss of control by the President of the United States and political leaders of NATO over the initiation of nuclear warfare. It has been pointed out that just such concern a decade ago induced the American withdrawal from Europe of the original mini-nuke, the Davy Crockett anti-tank infantry weapon.

It has also been argued that extensive deployment of ERWs may actually induce a pre-emptive nuclear strike by the Soviet Union. This would start nuclear warfare on terms disastrous to NATO forces.

Soviet pressures

In the rest of Western Europe the neutron bomb has been a less important issue. The governments of NATO countries that were queried on their position regarding the deployment of ERWs by Congressman Christopher Dodd last September gave him "ambivalent responses." Quite recently, President Brezhnev dispatched letters to the heads of governments of NATO countries warning them against the deployment of ERWs. This intervention was preceded and followed by other forms of protest by the Soviet Union against the neutron bomb. Personal messages from Brezhnev were interpreted as pressure: they produced the normal negative reaction in the West, and may work toward the adoption of the ERWs.

It would appear that if our allies, especially West Germany, should recommend to President Carter the production and deployment of ERWs, they will do so against a significant domestic opposition. In fact, the Dutch parliament voted in March its opposition to the deployment of ERWs in Europe.

Exposed to these conflicting pressures—military clamoring for the neutron bomb, civilian spokesmen largely opposed to it—the NATO governments did not respond affirmatively to Carter's stipulation last fall that they must endorse deployment of ERWs in Europe before he would order their production. An impasse resulted.

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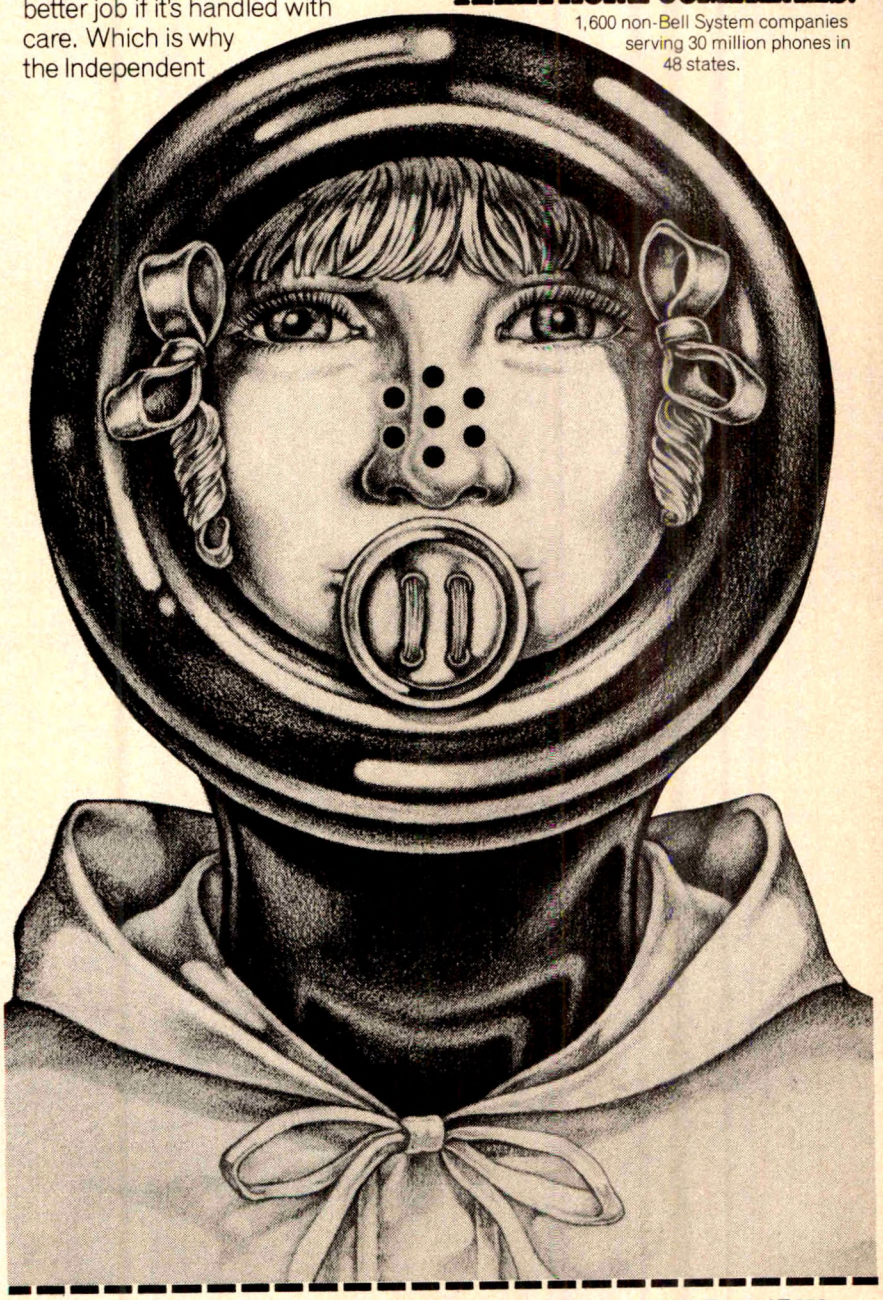

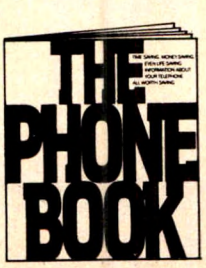

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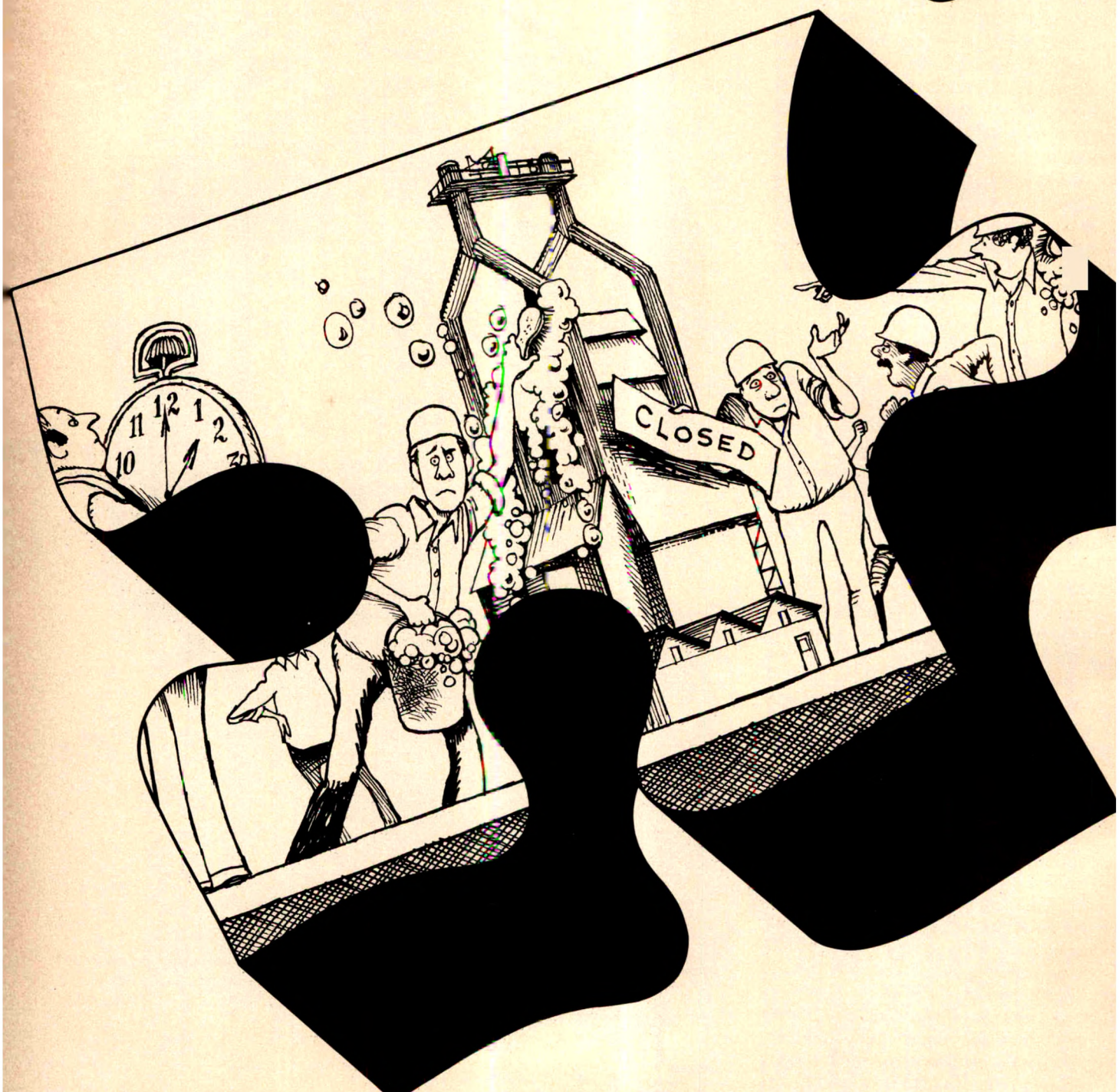


Environmental common sense:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.

nandates can
vithout forsaking

The job of controlling air and water pollution in the steel industry is a tough one. And the costs are inordinately high.

So far, Bethlehem has spent about $550 million for hardware to clean up pollutants from the air and water we use. In addition, it costs us about $75 million a year to operate and maintain these control facilities, including the cost of valuable energy.

We're proud of what we have accomplished. Today we have in place or in progress facilities and plans designed to effectively control the major sources of pollution at our operations.

But federal and state governments want us to do more.

The road gets rockier—and costlier

In order to comply with existing regulations, it is estimated that Bethlehem must spend about $500 million *more* for environmental control. Grand total: more than *$1 billion.* Our operating and maintenance costs will also increase as more control facilities are installed and as energy costs rise. *We have no clear estimate of what the ultimate tab will be. Nor does anyone else.*

Based on the scientific data available, we question the stringency of many of the mandates we currently face. In some cases, proven technology does not exist to do the job. It takes time and money to develop control mechanisms that will be effective. In other cases, it is simply not feasible to do what needs to be done to meet the required deadlines.

Jobs are at stake

Bethlehem is now spending 25% of its capital funds for environmental controls. During the next five years, we expect this will increase to about 30%. Such capital investments do *not* produce income, but *do* increase the cost of making steel.

Expenditures like these erode the dollars we need to improve production facilities and provide job opportunities.

We are not crying "wolf"

Last year Bethlehem shut down certain facilities at our Johnstown and Lackawanna plants and laid off thousands of employees. That action was painful but necessary. Continued efforts to restore the profitability of these operations could not be justified—not when we included the huge expenditures for pollution controls that would have been required to continue operation of those facilities.

Action needed now

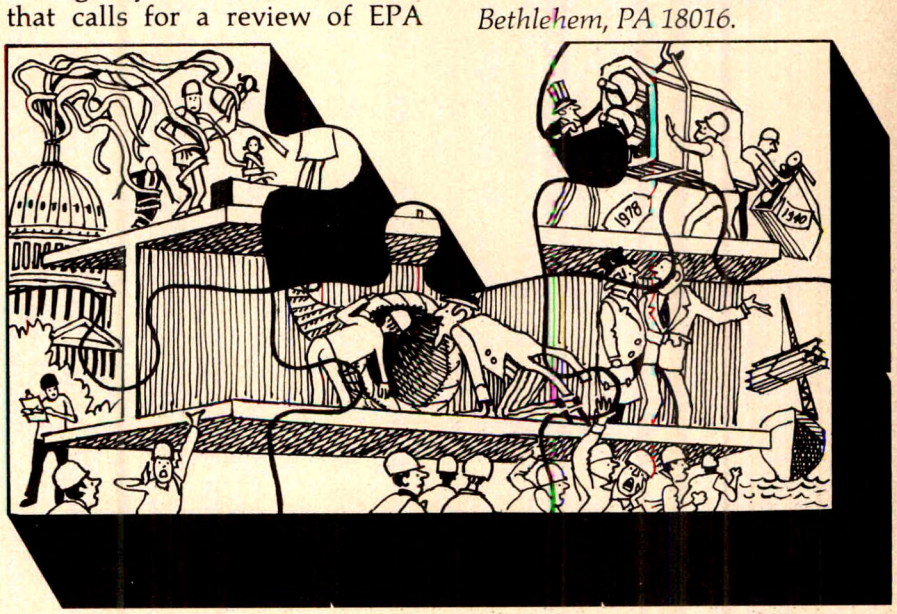
We support our nation's goals for clean air and water. And we endorse the recommendation of President Carter's Inter-Agency Task Force on Steel that calls for a review of EPA standards and regulations to provide more flexibility and to reduce barriers to steel industry modernization.

We also support the following: (1) rational enforcement of environmental laws and regulations; (2) greater flexibility in compliance timetables; (3) accurate determination of significant sources of pollution, their effect on public health, and the most cost-effective control techniques; (4) amortization of expenditures for pollution control facilities, including buildings, over any period selected by the taxpayer, including immediate write-off in the year the funds are expended.

Make your views known where they count

We believe a more reasonable balance between jobs and environmental cleanup is urgently needed. If you agree, tell that to your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



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BETHLEHEM STEEL

In search of solutions.

As President Carter left on his April trip to South America and Africa, the New York *Times*, which editorially had endorsed the deployment of the ERWs, published a story that Carter, without informing our NATO allies, had decided to terminate the ERW project. This apparent double cross naturally created quite an uproar in NATO official circles. President Carter was put into a difficult position, and on April 7 he announced that the project was by no means canceled. However, production is indefinitely postponed, and will be reconsidered in the light of future decisions by the Soviet Union regarding its nuclear deployments facing NATO forces.

But if the ERWs are not deployed, would that signify an inability of the NATO alliance to counter the Warsaw Pact's military threat? American hardliners regard this threat as enormous and imminent. Thus Frank Barnett, the director of the National Strategy Information Center, wrote: "[The United States] . . . is about where Britain was in 1938 with the shadow of Hitler's Germany darkening all of Europe." And American military men, including General Haig, paint a fairly grim picture. But the annual report of Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, while recognizing the possibility of a future threat, clearly does not regard it as imminent. And Congressman Les Aspin, a highly qualified analyst of military problems, points out that during the period 1972–1976, the Soviet production of tanks and tactical aircraft, both important indicators, exceeded that required just to maintain level inventories by only a few percent a year—a tiny fraction of the rate of Nazi Germany's buildup of forces in 1938.

"Precision-guided" munitions

Thus, although the numerical tank superiority of Warsaw Pact forces is unquestionable, the severity of the threat this poses is in dispute. Most important in this regard is the record of the 1973 Arab–Israeli war, which showed that modern tanks are very vulnerable to the non-nuclear, high-technology, "precision-guided" munitions which were then for the first time extensively employed on the battlefield. These munitions find their origins in such early devices as the French wire-guided anti-tank rocket of the fifties and the "smart" guided bombs of the late phase of the Vietnam War.

The demonstration of the effectiveness of precision-guided munitions against massed tanks in the Middle East has led to intense development efforts. According to the annual report of the secretary of defense, American forces in Europe already deploy weapons code-named TOW, DRAGON, and COBRA/TOW, of which it has been said that "what can be seen will be hit and what can be hit will be destroyed," and the "seeing" is done with the aid of infrared, lasers, radar, and so forth. Another important anti-tank role is attributed to the *guided* artillery shell for 155 mm guns, code-named COPPERHEAD. West Germany has deployed a sophisticated anti-tank device code-named MILAN. Our European NATO allies have several other, more advanced, anti-tank weapons ready for final evaluation.

All these developments have led the undersecretary of defense for research and engineering, W. J. Perry, to say: "We can greatly enhance our ability to deter war without having to compete tank for tank, missile for missile, with the Soviet Union."

Compared to nuclear battlefield weapons, precision-guided munitions are relatively inexpensive. They require, to be sure, larger combat manpower (and its more intensive training) than the mini-nukes, and this is a serious drawback. But they would not place NATO decision-makers in the dangerous position of having either to delay too long in the use of battlefield ERWs or to act prematurely, risking nuclear devastation of Europe and even general nuclear war.

Is there any doubt as to which way an enlightened decision should go?

—GEORGE B. KISTIAKOWSKY

RAILROADS: Aboard the Ghost Trains

Long-distance rail travel in America will soon be changed completely, but a few of the old trains (often nearly empty) still roll across the prairies.

Early this spring, Paul Reistrup, the president of Amtrak, announced that he was quitting. His decision seems another landmark in the decline of American passenger trains.

As recently as the mid-1950s you could still travel almost anywhere in the United States on a train, and usually do it in comfort, arriving on time. But in fact, intercity passenger trains were in deep, long-standing trouble. The causes were as obvious as highways and airplanes and as obscure as the accounting and marketing practices of the New York Central Railroad.

Within about fifteen years the once vast and efficient national passenger system was a ruin. The government took over what was left. In 1971 the old romantic names—such passwords to travel as Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, Illinois Central Gulf, Milwaukee Road, Southern Pacific—disappeared from the sides of coaches and most of what was left of intercity passenger trains fell under the hegemony of the publicly financed corporation called Amtrak. This could have been the name of a new luncheon meat or CIA project. In fact, it represented the worst passenger railroad in the industrialized world.

Mismanaged and inadequately financed, Amtrak was forced to rely for maintenance, operating crews, and tracks on private railroads, several of which were in decline while others were hostile toward this federal interloper. Some of the best private railroads tried hard to make Amtrak's trains respectable in their own territories. But over most of the system, battered equipment, demoralized crews, and ruined tracks made for slow trains, late trains, trains bossed by rude conductors, trains that broke down, trains that pitched as if at sea.

Reistrup became president of Amtrak in March 1975. It seemed possible that under him Amtrak might succeed after all. An experienced railroad executive in his mid-forties, Reistrup was known for ingeniousness and competence and for a quality rarely found in managers of railroads: he is fond of passenger trains. In the fall of 1975 I took a trip with Reistrup. Afterward, I wrote an article ("Trains in Trouble," August 1976 *Atlantic*) about him and his dream of building a fine new passenger service for America. "There's a lot to be said for a train, for improving

HOW TO REDUCE RUST

YOU MAY BE WASHING THE WRONG SIDE OF YOUR CAR.

Spring is a perfect time to do something about rust.

Rusting is a year-round problem, and corrosive conditions have become a lot worse in the last five years.

If you live where salt is used to melt ice on the roads, that is speeding up corrosion on your car. If you live in the country, it's the calcium chloride that's spread on dirt roads to hold down dust. And corrosive chemicals in the air are causing rust in every part of America.

We're doing something to help prevent rust on the new cars we're building. Meanwhile, you can do something about reducing rust on your car.

It's important to wash your car often. Use a mild soap and lukewarm or cold water.

Please don't neglect the underside of your car. The worst rusting happens from the inside out. That's because salt, slush, and even mud tend to collect in the crevices underneath the car, in the door creases, and inside the fenders. Moisture gets trapped in those places and causes rust. So try to wash the underside of your car, too. In winter, if you can, and at the first opportunity in spring. Even if it's only a few times a year, that would help some.

If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible. Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

A lot of people think that parking a car in a heated garage during the winter will help prevent rust. But it's just the opposite. Cold slows down the rusting process, as it does most chemical reactions.

We're doing more now to protect GM cars from rust. For one thing, we're using more rust-resistant materials, including different types of zinc-coated steel, in places where rust usually occurs. Also, our new paint primers and the way we apply them are designed to provide a thorough finish, even on some parts of the car you can't see.

Our goal is to protect your car so that it lasts longer and gives you the most value. And fighting rust helps.

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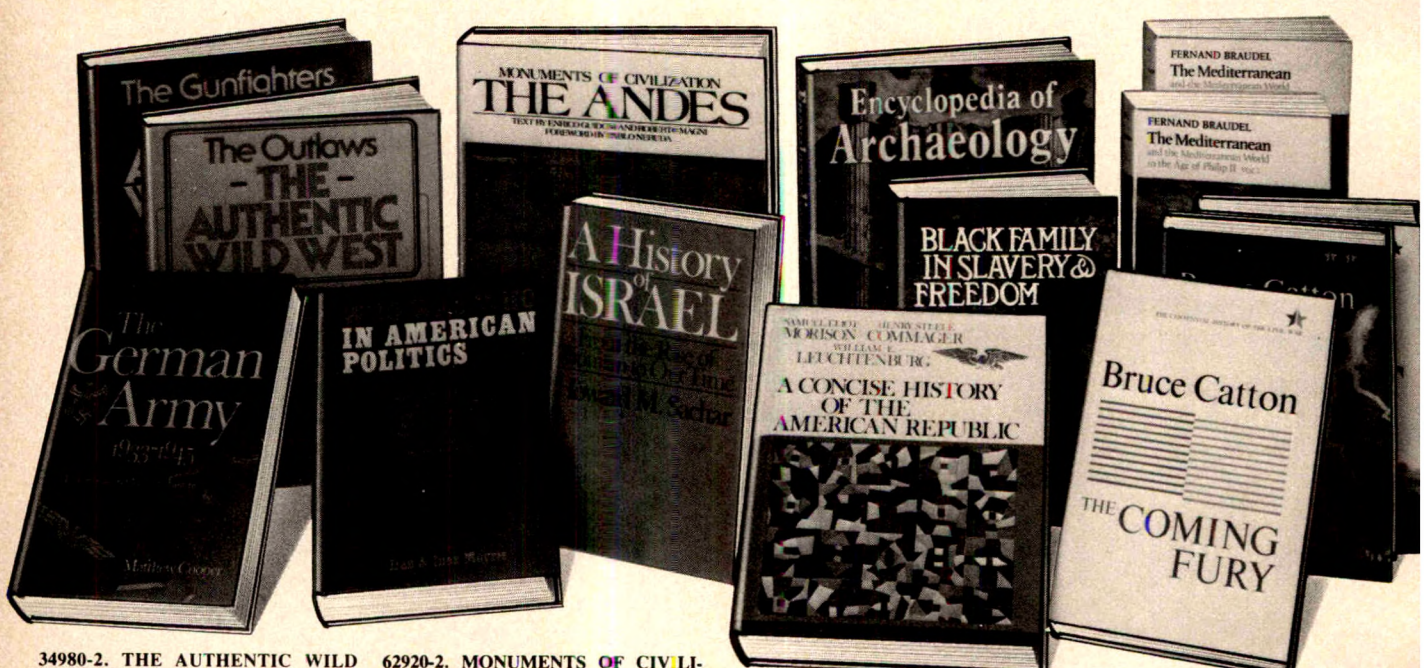

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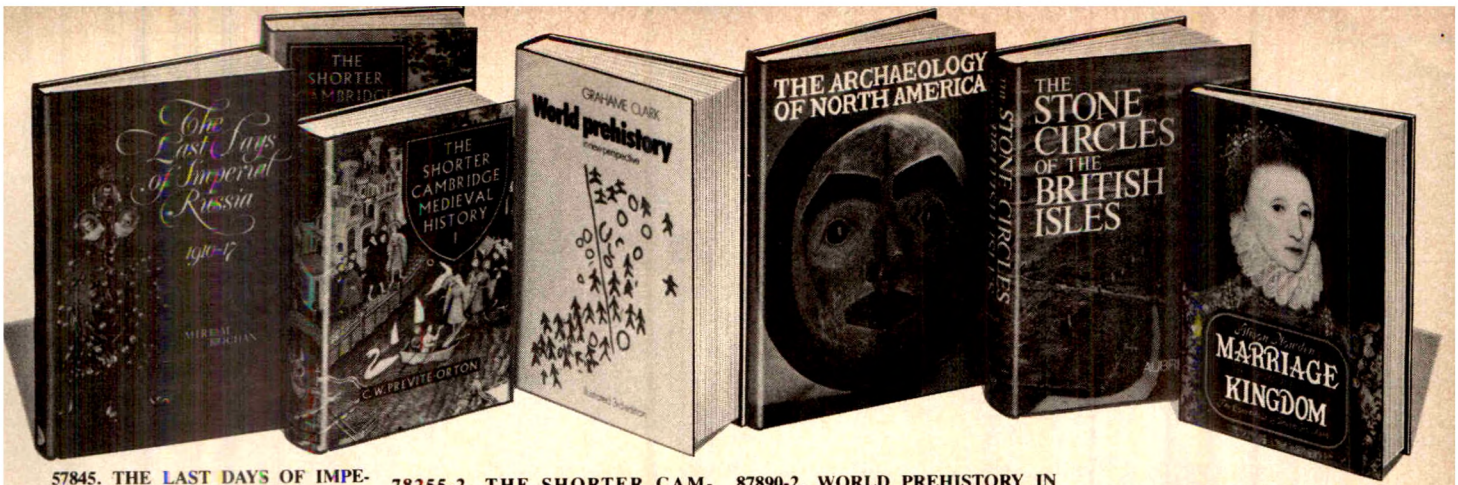

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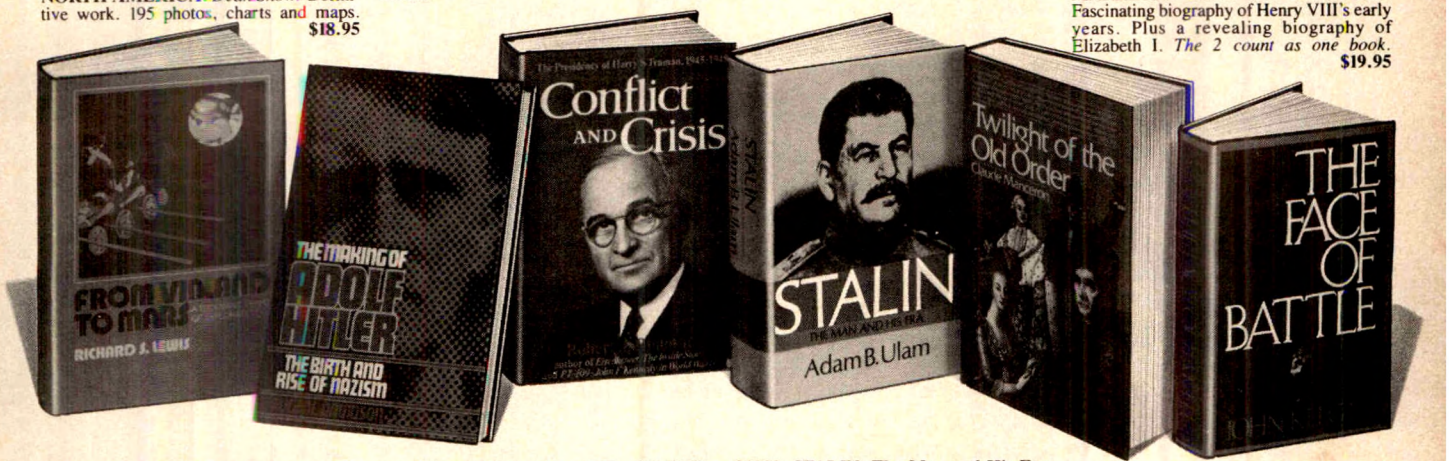

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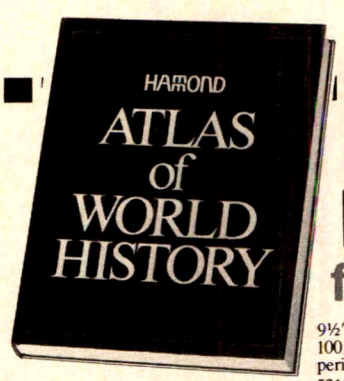

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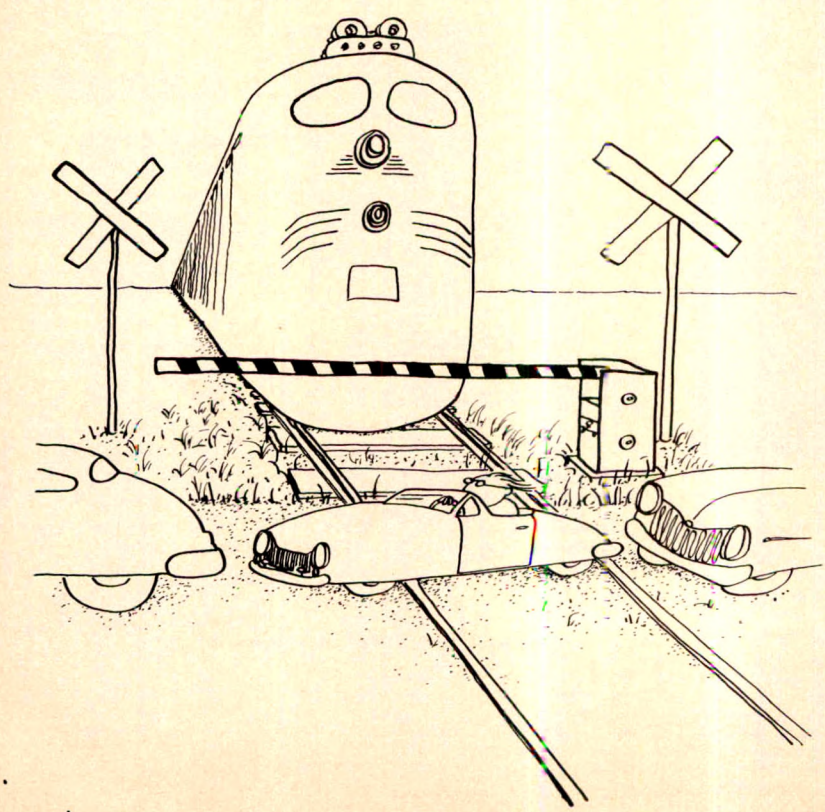
the quality of life," he told me one night, while sitting in a club car that was passing through Kansas. And I thought to myself, Reistrup will save the trains, if anybody can.

But no miracles followed to cure the problems of deteriorating track, of Amtrak's growing $.5 billion-a-year operating deficit, of archaic union work rules and long-lamented featherbedding. Congress and the Administration continued to disagree about policy toward Amtrak, and the government did not come up with the large capital grants that Amtrak needs if it is ever going to work properly. None of that was really Reistrup's fault, though on occasion he was less than politically adept. When he announced his resignation, Reistrup complained of the government's indecisiveness, and of the nearly constant interference by Congress and the Administration in Amtrak's affairs. He called the situation "impossible." Even his detractors could sympathize. A member of the curious and passionate organization called the National Association of Railroad Passengers told me, "I think rail travel fans have grown generally disenchanted with Reistrup, but it may just be that it's an impossible job."

On June 1, Alan S. Boyd, former president of the Illinois Central Gulf Railroad and the first secretary of transportation, will take over as Amtrak's third president. What can he hope to accomplish? Can enough Americans be lured back to the rails to justify a high public investment? There will never be a completely satisfactory answer to that question unless the government makes the investment and service is greatly expanded and improved. However, a few guesses are possible.

Some trains do have obvious promise. Most transportation experts agree that swift new Amtrak coaches, operating in a rebuilt northeast corridor between Boston, New York, and Washington, would attract a host of riders and might even turn a profit. Reistrup hoped that a new northeast corridor would be the catalyst for the rest of his new national railroad. Yet the corridor could as easily become all there is of the railroad. Fast trains traveling on short schedules through other busy regions may prosper. But I fear that graveyard runs await the trains that I like best—the few remaining "long hauls" that ramble across the great American distances towing real bedrooms, real restaurants, and real lounges equipped with easy chairs. They are little towns on wheels. In some petroleum-starved future, those trains might win back large followings, but today they are less convenient than buses and cars, slower than airplanes, and very unprofitable. If the government starts pruning routes, long-distance trains should be the first to go.

Whatever happens, travel by railroad in America will soon be completely altered, either modernized or greatly reduced or both. For those who want to recollect or imagine what American passenger trains used to be, it is time to obey the conductor's venerable command and climb aboard.



Not long ago I went traveling on trains again. One afternoon late last October, while walking through a woods near my small New England town, I came upon an abandoned stretch of railroad track. I balanced on one rust-caked rail awhile. Birds were flocking. Woodsmoke hung in the air. When I got home, I spent the afternoon gazing at the yellowed map of the United States on my wall.

The best way to go would be south, like the birds. I could catch the Transcontinental Sleeping Car when it was hitched to the Southern Railway's *Southern Crescent*. I found the necessary instructions, in fine print, inside my Amtrak timetable: "Thru passengers may occupy the Transcontinental Sleeping Car during overnight layover in New Orleans." What a good idea! Two days out of Washington, D.C., at roughly 8 P.M., I'd ride into New Orleans on the sleeper. There I might climb off and eat some gumbo. The following noon I'd be back in the coast-to-coast sleeper when it departed for Los Angeles, attached to the *Sunset Limited*.

In many places in the United States, the world of the passenger train lies hidden, behind shabby, neglected façades, in abandoned parts of cities and towns. This time I entered through South Station in Boston. It was dank and gloomy. Men leaned in corners clutching bottles wrapped in paper bags. One could catch a glimpse of a grand old building under the grit, behind the various plywood partitions. All along the route the scene was the same: pillared, porticoed, generously marbled stations, now empty and unkempt, with neat little Amtrak ticket counters off in the corners near the pinball machines.

I rode down the northeast corridor to Washington first. One vision, widely shared, fancies this stretch of railroad completely reconstructed and populated with dozens of new 120-mph trains. Inside, the seats would be filled

with bankers from Boston, ladies from Baltimore, and New Yorkers with attaché cases open on their laps. Through the windows of those speeding trains, one would see blurs of traffic jams on the so-called expressways, while overhead jet planes would circle as usual, waiting for their moments to land.

Work on this dream started in the spring of 1977, after many delays. Nagging problems have cropped up: how, for instance, can Amtrak's fast trains share track with slow commuter ones? But Amtrak PR men claim that the vision will come true by 1981, and they may be right, for Congress has appropriated almost $2 billion to build that shiny new corridor.

I could see the change beginning. Although my train to Washington ran the old slow schedule, over tracks yet to be repaired, the equipment was brand new. It was a train of freshly minted "Amfleet" coaches. I didn't like their tiny windows, a legacy from Amtrak's first president, who was "an airlines man." The stand-up diner served prepackaged food from which all taste had been expunged. And I missed the sound of the conductor's voice singing out the stops; a public-address system has usurped that function inside the Amfleet cars. Yet the new cars were clean and their motion smooth. They did represent a great improvement over the filthy, dimly lit, rocking-rolling train that I had suffered on two years before, between Boston and D.C. If Amfleet was the future, it seemed acceptable.

I was instructed in this point of view by a well-informed stranger whom I met on board. A mechanical engineer in his fifties, enamored of obsolete steam locomotives, my new acquaintance said he had loved railroads ever since he was old enough to line up a string of toys beneath his parents' kitchen table and pretend that he had made a train.

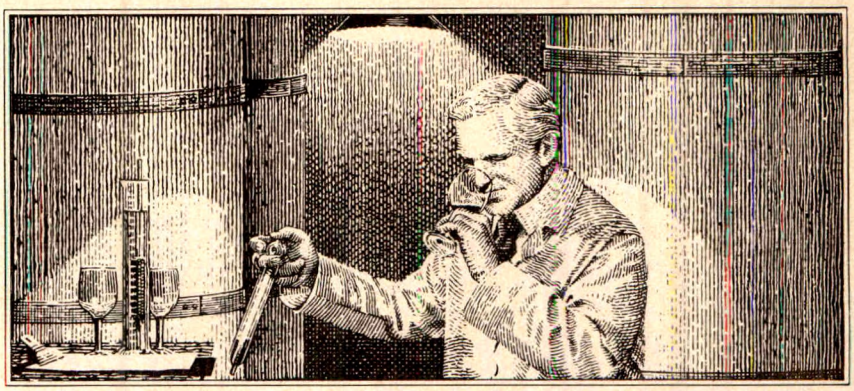
"It don't seem like railroading," he said, looking around our Amfleet coach. "But I guess they don't run railroads just to seem like railroading. I would say that this car here rides comparable to a Union Pacific coach in the 1950s."

I laughed disdainfully, betraying my ignorance.

My knowledgeable companion looked at me from over the tops of his glasses. "That was a compliment, you know."

After Washington, I transferred from Amfleet to older sorts of trains, from the future to the past. I found myself on an excursion into memories, mostly other peoples':

Fermentation: The birth of a fine red wine.



Despite the wealth of sophisticated equipment available today, there is no substitute for the judgment and care of a dedicated winemaker.

At no time is this more apparent than during the critical days of fermentation, for it is at this stage, the birth of the wine, that taste, character, aroma, body and color are in large part determined.

Our Winemaker's Role

Consider just a few of our winemaker's responsibilities during the vinting of a fine red wine, such as our Zinfandel.

When the grapes arrive at our crusher, a State Agricultural Inspector measures sugar content and physical condition. But, in addition, our winemaker checks and tastes for grape quality.

If our winemaker feels a particular lot of grapes does not measure up to our requirements, he will reject them.

Those grapes which he approves move directly to our "crusher-stemmer" which removes the stems and then gently "crushes" the fruit.

The Right Yeast

Since fermentation results from the natural interaction of yeast with the sugars and acids in the juice, the selection of the right yeast from the many available to our winemaker is crucial.

Not only is it up to the winemaker to determine the proper yeast strain to begin the process of fermentation, but he must also select the precise quantity. Too little, and the juice will ferment too slowly and the wild yeasts naturally present on the skins may again become active. Too much, and the juice will ferment too rapidly and develop a "yeasty taste." The winemaker must select exactly the right yeast, in exactly the proper quantity, to yield a wine whose flavor is true to the grape, with all the desirable taste characteristics in balance.

The Constant Vigil

Now begins a vigil that will remain unbroken for 72 to 96 hours.

Because fermentation creates heat, temperature must be carefully controlled—otherwise the delicacy of the wine may be irrevocably destroyed. Through years of experience we have determined that 70 to 75 degrees F. is the ideal for a red wine of true excellence, and this is the maximum Gallo winemakers permit.

As the liquid ferments in the presence of the skins, each passing hour brings changes in flavor, in color, in aroma, and in body which the winemaker monitors constantly, partially with sophisticated instruments, but primarily through his own highly developed sense of taste and smell. At each tasting, our winemaker must be able to call to mind all the various vintages of his past and how they tasted at each particular stage. He must mentally compare them and predict precisely how *this* Zinfandel will taste when fully mature. This talent we have found to be more than an acquired skill; it is, rather, a rare gift.

Flavor: Skin Deep and More

As the juice ferments, skins and pulp float to the top, forming a "cap" vital to the wine's development. This is because the skins are the repository of the cells which eventually determine the character of the finished wine.

If the wine is to achieve its true peak of flavor, color, body and aroma, the cap must not be permitted to dry out and harden. Therefore, we designed a system that circulates the fermenting wine over the entire surface of the cap. The winemaker must determine exactly how often and for what duration the fermenting wine will be circulated over the cap. These are critical decisions—too much circulation will draw less desirable flavors from the skins, too little will cause the wine to be lacking in body and color.

When his tasting tells him the wine is fermented to the precise degree that augurs a superb Zinfandel, he halts the process by lowering the temperature. He then has the wine carefully drawn off and removed to the cooperage for aging.

Now, finally, the wine can rest. And so, for the moment, can our winemaker.

Our Goal

The same meticulous attention to detail so evident during the fermentation process is given at every step of our winemaking process. Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

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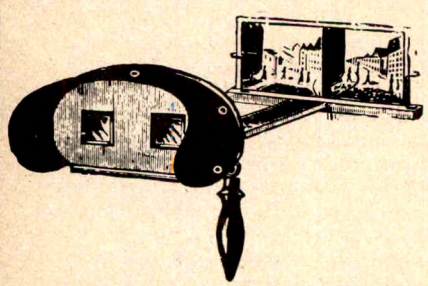

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RAILROADS

"When I got out of the service in '46 there was forty-two schedules a day through here and now there's just the *Crescent*," said the Southern Railway agent as he made up my ticket for the Transcontinental Sleeper in the all but empty, small cinderblock building that now serves as Southern's Birmingham station. "And there was seventeen clerks in the ticket office then, and I'm the last of them. I don't believe they count on this train or me bein' around here much longer."

The elderly, slow-moving agent opened up a cluttered drawer and pulled out a bar of soap, which he handed to me. The wrapper read: "You're safe and sure when you travel by PULLMAN."

"Now that," said the agent, "is a real souvenir. You have a nice trip and hurry back, hear?"

A few days later, on the *Sunset Limited*, I struck up a conversation about baked potatoes, then and now, with a dining-car steward named Ike Houston. It took him back. "We gotta forget the old days," he insisted. In a moment, however, he was remembering the ride he had taken on the *Sunset* many years ago, when the train made its maiden voyage west.

It sounded like a trip that had been worth taking. "Was the food good then?" I asked.

"Oh, man," said Houston. He shook his head at me, it was such a stupid question. "Ooooh, man!"

Train windows look out on the oldest parts of cities and towns, cross-sectioned by the tracks. You glide beside landscapes that no automobile has ever visited. From Washington, I rode down to Georgia, past many little towns whose names I didn't catch, the train rumbling through them as if it meant to knock them flat. From Atlanta I went to Birmingham, then to Louisville (a stormy voyage on Amtrak's wretched *Floridian*, over the ruined tracks of the Louisville and Nashville), then back to Birmingham, and at last I was lying by my window on the coast-to-coast sleeping car, going to New Orleans on the Southern.

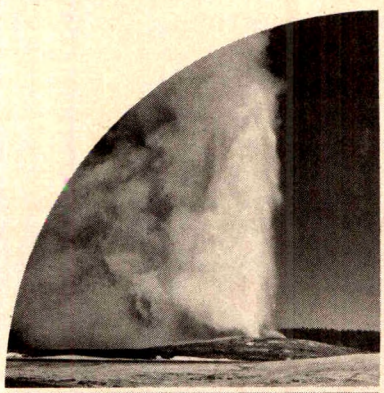
The Southern Railway is one of three that stayed out of the Amtrak pact. It runs the *Crescent* by itself and pays the losses. The new management does not love passenger trains. At present it is maneuvering to rid itself of this last, unprofitable piece of "varnish." A Texan, very fond of trains, summarized this general problem for me. "It is *en*tirely possible to love railroads," he drawled, "and not love railroad companies." Yet during the era of Amtrak, the *Crescent* has been a plug for private enterprise in general and for the Southern Railway in particular. The cars on my train were old and some of the upholstery threadbare, but the only dirty car in the whole train was the Transcontinental Sleeper, which belongs to Amtrak. The porters, who wore starched white coats with holes in them and fraying cuffs, were almost painfully polite. (The porters seemed to be in mourning for the trains of yesterday. Many railroad men are thus afflicted. One veteran dining-car steward who works for Amtrak could not bear to serve his customers with Amtrak's ordinary table settings. So he purchased a set of old railroad silver. Now he carries on board his own gleaming pitchers, forks, and knives. He cannot bring back the fancy menus, but he does make sure that in his car passengers still eat in the traditional style.)

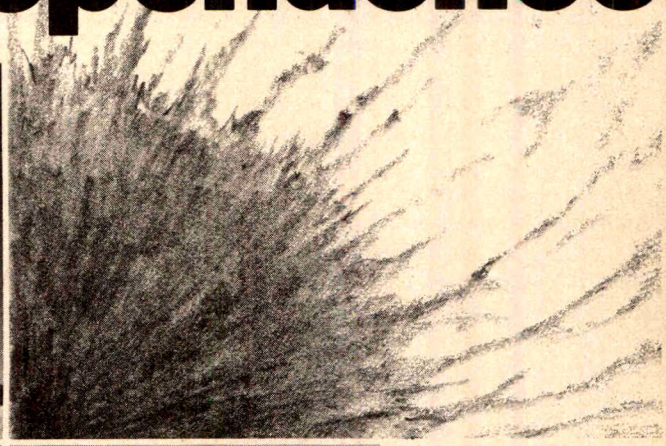
The *Crescent* rolled down across low trestles, through that swampy region which natives call "L.A." (meaning "Lower Alabama"), over brown rivers, past small red-roofed stations with ancient baggage carts by their front doors and weeds sprouting up through the cracks in their platforms. In Mississippi, a delicate black and green steam engine, wearing the inscription "Hattiesburg & Bonhomie Southern" on its side, sat by the tracks, looking ready to roll. In the dusk, Purvis, Poplarville, Slidell slipped past. We crossed Lake Pontchartrain in the dark, and then New Orleans lit the sky.

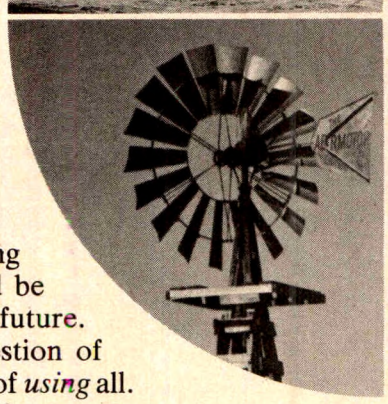
Late that night, just before I fell asleep, I felt my car being moved around in the New Orleans yards. When I awoke in the morning and stepped outside, I saw that my sleeper had been hitched to the *Sunset*, just in front of a remarkable, a wonderful old railroad car. It sat there at the end of the train, shining, like a gift. "Silver Lookout" was its name.

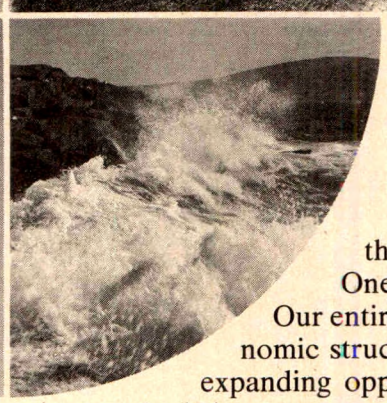
The "Lookout" would be the *Sunset*'s first-class lounge car. It would belong to me and my fellow passengers all the way to Los Angeles. It was early, hours before departure, but I took possession right away. I climbed aboard the enormous car and prowled around inside.

There is only one way to energy independence









That's to utilize fully the working technologies at hand, while also exploring those which could be important in the future.

It's not a question of *choosing* one, but of *using* all.

For the next 50 years or so, we must rely on vigorous conservation and increased use of hydropower, coal, and nuclear fuels, including those for breeder reactors.

In the long run, however, it will be the so-called alternative energy sources that sustain our nation's growing economy.

Sun, wind, waves, geothermal steam, coal liquefaction and gasification, nuclear fusion, and conversion of wastes to burnable fuels appear to hold the greatest promise. Funding the research and development now underway on these concepts must be enough to carry the job through.

One thing is certain: Our entire social and economic structure is based on expanding opportunity for all.

And the cornerstone of that base is abundant energy. We cannot allow our country's growth and progress to be impeded by energy constraints.

Energy shortages don't have to become a way of life.

Once we recognize that conservation alone won't solve the problem . . . once we make some positive decisions about coal and nuclear, and get on with development of other energy sources . . . then we'll be on the road to energy independence.

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At the front end, I found four huge bedrooms, equipped with showers that no longer worked. Next, I discovered a pleasant-looking barroom; the seats were very soft. At the back of the car was a spacious lounge, flanked by tall windows. A stairway led from there to an observation deck, but I did not climb up to investigate that wonder, because a couple of Amtrak maintenance men were sitting up there talking.

"I hear this car will be gone next year," one of them remarked.

"Yup," said the other, yawning.

I sat down in one of the lower lounge's swivel chairs and practiced gazing out the "Silver Lookout's" rounded stern.

The "Lookout" was never crowded on that trip. Counting its empty seats when we pulled out of New Orleans, I felt both pleased and sorry. I believe most fans of travel by railroad have shared these emotions. An empty train is a bad omen, promising a bleak, trainless future, but it often makes for pleasant riding. In my experience, crowds on trains have usually meant dirty floors, bad smells, and squalling babies. Crowded trains can lead to enmity among the passengers. But on a train with less than half of its seats filled—as was the case with the *Sunset*—friendliness invariably prevails.

The journey from New Orleans to Los Angeles lasts for two and a half days, time for an ephemeral community to form inside the "Silver Lookout." Surely we had the best of Amtrak's new generation of porters, a young black man named Richard Ruffin, who told me that he always met interesting people in this car. Aboard were the Atterburys, Kirby and Renee, restaurateurs and seasoned travelers riding just to enjoy the "Silver Lookout" once again, for they feared its imminent retirement. There was also "Big Bill," a bartender from New Orleans, a very heavyset young man whose calling card described him aptly as "Dilettante Extraordinaire" and as "barman, entertainer, counselor." He was just traveling. Apparently just traveling, too, were several unaccompanied elderly women. There was a soft-spoken blind girl, and a woman who was drunk on sweet gin drinks most of the way to the coast. Her hair was dyed yellow. She had a hoarse, loud laugh.

When we reached El Paso and the train stopped for awhile, we all climbed out for the touch of stationary ground. I was strolling down the platform, admiring the train, when the hard-drinking woman from the "Lookout" came rushing toward me, her pocketbook bouncing, her arms outstretched.

"Greet me!" she cried, breathing sweetish odors of the barroom. "Pretend you're greeting me."

She was upon me before I could open my arms and deliver the welcoming hug. She pulled up short. She made a sour face. "Ahhh, you're no fun," she said, and we climbed back on the train.

Perhaps the most robust inhabitant of that fine and ancient lounge car was the shoe salesman. I met him on the second day out. We were riding through West Texas then. It is mostly sand hills, mesquite, and stubby telephone poles strung with single wire. You have to peer through the glass to notice the changes in that landscape. From time to time we passed a dirt road with the name of a ranch hung over it. The road would stretch off to the horizon. I was sitting in the lower lounge, occupying myself with thoughts of life out there, thinking that one could die of thirst on some of those ranches' driveways, when from the corner of my eye I saw a man sit down beside me. He started making sounds, clearing his throat, stirring about in his chair. So I turned to him. He was tall and bony-looking, all elbows and knees, with a wrinkled face and a large pitted nose, a quite elderly Ichabod Crane. He said something about the weather, and then I noticed his shoes.

They didn't match. On his left foot he was wearing a very shiny blue loafer and on his right a black brogan—"an attractive arch-preserver brogan," he would tell me later.

I showed an interest in his footgear, and the fellow pounced. He must have used that trick before.

Would I like to buy some shoes? Perhaps I'd like to be a salesman. Well, anyway, he would like to show me some of his samples. They were on display back in his tiny roomette, a dozen shoes lined up next to a paper plate of hors d'oeuvres, peanut butter and jelly on Ritz crackers.

Shoes, of course, led to other topics, and so it was that I heard a great deal about my new friend's days as an optometrist in a rural Massachusetts town. A year ago he sold his office equipment and hit the road. Now he was traveling, selling shoes on the side.

The sixty-five-year-old woman occupying the roomette across from the shoe salesman's confided to me one evening that the man was driving her mad. "He won't leave me alone! I think he watches in the morning and as soon as I get out of bed and he sees my feet, he's poking his head in through the curtain." In El Paso, the shoe salesman marched around the station singing the Harvard fight song—in order, I think, to tell us a piece of his life history. It was obvious why he was riding the rails: trains are notoriously sociable places.

On the last night of the voyage, a party was held inside the "Silver Lookout." One of the few young women on the train was having a birthday. Richard, most excellent of porters, arranged for a cake. Afterward, we sat around the lower lounge and played a get-acquainted game. One had to affix an alliterative adjective to one's given name, and repeat all the other names that had gone before. It was interesting to hear the names that people chose for themselves. A demure young woman told us she was "Lascivious" Lele and a rather opinionated fellow admitted that he thought of himself, or feared that others thought of him, as "Inane" Irving. The shoe salesman had dressed for the party in a necktie, gray flannels, and a yellow smoking jacket that looked suspiciously like a bathrobe. He styled himself "Daring" Dick.

We were rolling in the dark now through Arizona, sipping drinks. The shoe salesman tried to repeat the names that had preceded his, and misspoke every one of them. Someone near me whispered, "He's doing it on purpose." But everyone else laughed, in a very friendly, indulgent manner, and the shoe salesman's cheeks began to glow. As the ghost train rattled on, he turned his face away. Then he made a remark as mournful as the sound of those famous old whistles blowing across the prairie. "I wish this train would never end," he said.

—TRACY KIDDER

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

George Kistiakowsky, professor emeritus at Harvard, played a major role in the development of the atomic bomb.

Tracy Kidder has written for *The Atlantic* on solar energy and on the Vietnam veterans.

Give Dad a distinguished name.
After all, he gave you one.

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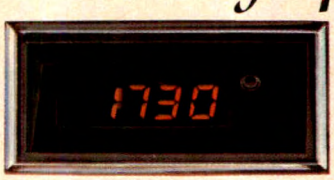
What's my average speed for the trip?

How many miles before I need gas?

How long have I been on the road?

What are my rpm's?



How many miles to my destination?

What time will I arrive?

Cadillac's new Trip Computer for Seville answers all these questions and more...

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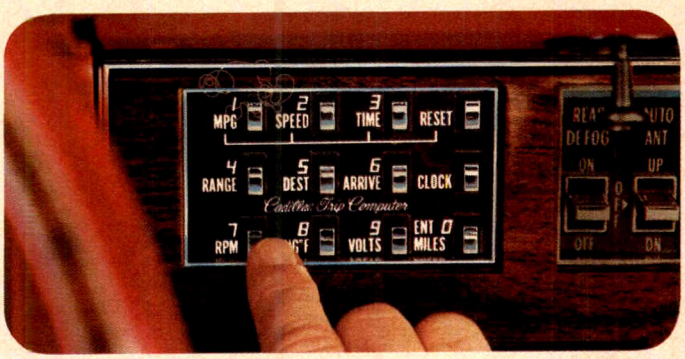

Automotive history is made.

Cadillac announces the first computerized, multi-function information system for a production automobile. Trip Computer, available for Seville. This Cadillac innovation reports directly to you by means of a digital display in the instrument panel. Seville with Trip Computer is also first with digital display for the speedometer and fuel gauge.

At your command.

You operate the Trip Computer keyboard much the same way you operate a calculator. Before starting a trip, you program the system for the number of miles you're traveling. Then, as you drive, press any function button and Trip Computer will instantly answer your question.

Digital Display Speedometer

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Trip Computer for Seville can help make you a more confident driver by providing you with useful information. Example: The estimated time of arrival function is of great benefit when you're on a busy schedule or a long trip. It can also show you how your personal driving habits affect your gas mileage by displaying your average trip mileage and instantaneous gas mileage.

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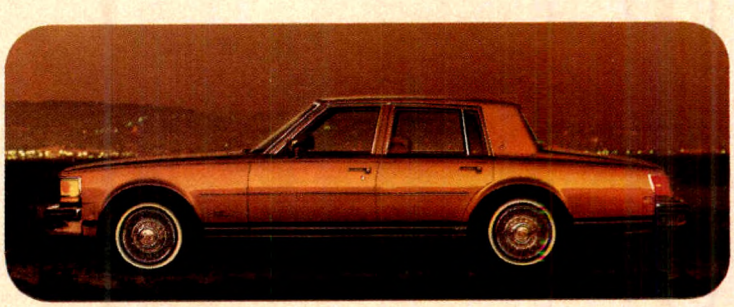
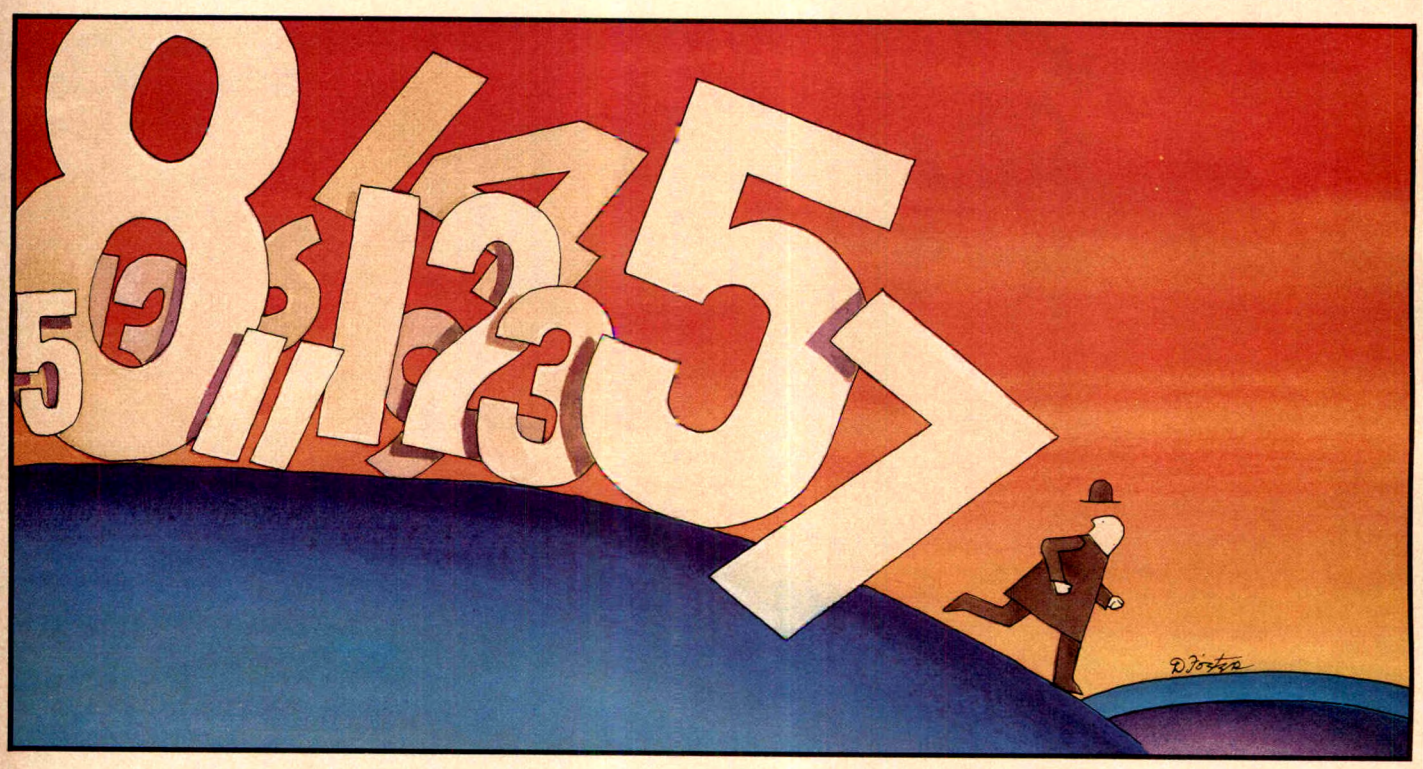
The only way.

To really appreciate Cadillac's Trip Computer... and Seville... you must experience them for yourself. See your Cadillac dealer.

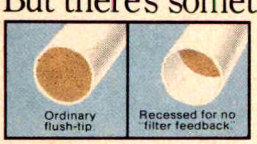
Seville
BY CADILLAC



There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.



Any low-tar cigarette will give you a low-tar number. But there's something else that you should consider. We call it "filter feedback."



As you smoke, tar builds up on the tip of your cigarette filter. That's "filter feedback." Ordinary flush-tipped filters put that tar build-up flat against your lips.

And that's where low-tar Parliament has the advantage. Parliament's filter is recessed to keep tar buildup from touching your lips. So there's no "filter feedback." All you get is that smooth Parliament taste.

10 mg Kings
12 mg 100's

Low-tar Parliament

More than just a low-tar number.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 77

Travel Writing: It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Sting

by Caskie Stinnett

Since a lot of otherwise sensible people seem to feel that reading about a place is the next best thing to going there, the vocation of travel writing has grown from a small pocket of journalism to a light industry employing hundreds of people who under other circumstances—and, I'm afraid, happily—would never have thought of trying to make a living by writing. I'm not speaking of travel writers in the great tradition, such as Tocqueville or even Lemuel Gulliver, but rather of the fellow who grinds out endless columns chronicling the wonders of this place or that, observing no faults anywhere, and whose compulsion to please the local tourist board or *syndicat d'initiative* is as strong as the drive of a spawning salmon to swim upstream. It's no accident that neither the Pulitzer nor any other objective journalism group has ever seen the need to make an award for excellence in this category of writing. Finding a worthy candidate working this field of hymnody would take some doing.

The late A. J. Liebling, one of the press's finest critics, wrote: "When I am working at it, I have no time to think about the shortcomings of the American press; I must look sharp not to come too short myself." Coming as it does from a man I admire, this worries me. I write about travel myself from time to time, and I can't escape the implication in Liebling's reminder. Nevertheless, I must say that a great deal of travel writing today, especially the stuff in the Sunday newspaper supplements and in some of the magazines, is not remarkable in any way. If this strikes some readers as being unbecoming on my part, I can only say in my own defense that I read somewhere that Gladstone put out a contract on Disraeli's parrot. Niceties sometimes must be overlooked in the larger view of things.

To make some sense out of a sprawling and ill-defined field, perhaps travel writing should be separated from *place* writing or *destination* writing. John McPhee's *Coming Into the Country* is a good example of the latter category. It is a high-spirited description of Alaska, boldly laid out with a clear eye for relevant detail, and stylishly written. It has almost nothing in common with the average travel book or travel article, loaded as they are with information on airline schedules, hotel accommodations, the comparative quality of discotheques, and details of the local landscape often described on an ascending scale of extravagance. There was a time in my life when, editing magazines dealing with travel, I waded through hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these articles. Now, I would unflinchingly choose the Iron Maiden rather than spend an evening with the Sunday travel section of the New York *Times*.

But even good destination writing requires some little spin on the ball, some extra twist, which often is puzzling to otherwise good writers and causes them to throw wildly. D. H. Lawrence's attempts at place writing did him no credit whatever; *Sea and Sardinia* and *Etruscan Places* were notable failures. Hemingway's least talent, in my opinion, lay in his description of places; prolix and wooden, the places never were as real as his characters. John Steinbeck's *Travels With Charley*, appealing as it was, will always rank as one of his minor works; certainly it never achieved equality with *The Grapes of Wrath* or *East of Eden*.

Yet some writers possessing the secret, whatever it is, can write of places with such grace and evocation as to cause the reader to gasp. E. B. White's *Here Is New York* is one of the most magnificent pieces of place writing that one is ever likely to encounter; it ranks easily beside Flaubert's description of Paris in winter, the only distinctive feature of an otherwise dull novel called *Novembre*. Boris Pasternak wrote well and easily of places; Edmund Wilson did not. Dickens, Thoreau, and Robert Louis Stevenson did; Hugo, Henry Adams, and Max Beerbohm didn't. Graham Greene does; Kurt Vonnegut doesn't. And then there is Isak Dinesen, who occupies an exalted spot of her own, the finial figure of all place writing.

Why travel writing has failed to develop in a journalistic sense, as political writing and even sports writing have succeeded in doing, is baffling. Perhaps it is because the great mass of travel writing today is *trompe l'oeil*; it possesses no basic reality. It is ground out quickly and in enormous quantities, and if much of it possesses the unmistakable style of a press release, that is probably because it was cloned from a press release to begin with. In all fairness, however, it should be said that it doesn't pretend to be more than it is. I once worked with a travel editor who took to rejecting manuscripts with the penciled notation: "I don't think you've ever been there." He attracted the unqualified loathing of travel writers everywhere, for which he should be congratulated. It became a moral imperative with him that a writer should have visited the place written about, and he often growled, while reading a manuscript, "Here is another travel writer whose work takes him to the four corners of the room."

The reason much travel writing is of such lamentably low quality, in my opinion, is that it almost totally lacks any sting or any critical comment. A good travel article should be written not with the idea that it will become ballast in a vacationer's valise, to remind him upon arrival where to eat and what to see, but to help him make the bigger decision of whether to go there in the first place. If everything is described in the noblest of terms, the reader is often misled. Faults must be pointed out with the same enthusiasm that the writer shows for the quality of the food or the beauty of the sunset. I once read a travel article that filled me with delight. It was written by a mountain climber who said there wasn't a damned thing up there, but at least he could see how he got up. That's honest writing.

I don't mean to imply that the travel writer should go about his business looking for trouble, because that's no better than closing one's eyes to it. No, what I'm suggesting is that the writer keep his outrage at a fairly low setting, but subject to upward adjustment whenever the climate warrants. This is

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Caskie Stinnett's book *Grand and Private Pleasures* has recently been published.

TRAVEL WRITING

as innovational, in its way, as suggesting that a bit of taste, wit, and intelligence also go into the report. I once encountered an American travel writer in Dubrovnik who was shouting loudly at a hotel clerk and waving his fist like an Old Testament prophet; yet three weeks later, when I read his report in a Sunday travel supplement, there was no hint that the city, or indeed all of Yugoslavia, was anything but flawless. Most travel writers seem far more eager to please the country they are visiting than to please their readers. There are certain periods of the year at some resorts where even the White Star Temperance Hotel is fully booked, yet it is difficult to recall in modern travel literature any reference to such a situation, however mild and glancing that criticism may be.

A lot of people view travel with foreboding (so do I), and the travel writer who can capture the essential spirit of a place and present it in an evocative way is the writer who has accomplished the main task: he has furnished the reader with something substantial enough to be used as the basis for a sensible decision. Knowing what the place is like, the uneasy traveler can make up his mind as to whether it is worth the trouble to undertake the journey. This is more reassuring than booking reservations to an unknown destination in a moment of hysterical optimism. It is here, though, that the travel writer falters; listing hotels, restaurants, cathedrals, and discotheques is far simpler than portraying the flavor of a place—its sounds, its smells, its tempo, its historical perspective, the rhythm and life-style of its people. Any attempt at the sublime must risk descent to the ridiculous, and too often the insecure travel writer prefers to back away, unwilling to plumb even shallows deeper than usual.

There are writers who can invest places with emotion and meaning. Rebecca West is one. Of Venice, she wrote: "And there is the light. The sea wind blows in from the Adriatic across the wide, shallow lagoons, and one of these forces welling up from the earth below catches it, and millions of salty crystals stay hanging in the air, so that the sunshine glistens and a dull day shines like polished silver and mists are iridescent and lightning is twice itself." Joan Didion is another. Describing Bogotá, she wrote: "For the whole history of the place has been made to seem a mirage, a delusion on the high savanna, its gold and its emeralds unattainable, inaccessible, its isolation so splendid and unthinkable that the very existence of a city astonishes. There on the very spine of the Andes, gardeners espalier roses on embassy walls." And Katherine Anne Porter is still another, as she writes of a winter visit to the house in Rome where Keats died: ". . . when the clear twilight was coming on, I climbed those steep marble stairs in the tall house at the right-hand side of the Spanish Steps, as you go up, to visit the room where Keats died. Yet, the room is so very little, so narrow, with a marble fireplace on the inner wall, and a great window looking out over the Steps and up to the great church, and the houses across the way, it can hardly have changed at all."

Why do ordinary travel writers take themselves so gravely, unless it is because they are so lavishly welcomed by their hosts that they become giddy with the *vertige* of power? Humor can often accomplish more in travel writing than in any other literary effort, yet one encounters it rarely. When S. J. Perelman, who frequently casts a jaundiced eye on the travel scene, describes a drink from his Scottish host as consisting of "rare old Glencordite," things come instantly into focus. Or consider Mordecai Richler's irreverent description of a Nova Scotian lodge as "a sort of Presbyterian Grossinger's." ("I felt it wouldn't do to drift into the dining room for breakfast," he writes, "but rather that I should report to the mess, offering my rank and serial number.") Or John Kenneth Galbraith writing of Australian trains: "The Australians have done great things for their transcontinental travelers, but one senses adherence to the accepted view that those going short distances should be subject to normal abuse." Or John Cheever, writing of a dining room in a hotel on Rumania's Black Sea, where "a left-handed violinist in tails and a black tie was making a frontal assault on the favorite songs from *Oklahoma!*" Or Irwin Shaw reporting on Cannes during the film festival and saying: "Other professional ladies, whose interest lay outside the film world, were, as usual, at their accustomed stands, many of them dressed more tastefully than the invited guests." But, alas, none of these writers are what you would call travel writers; they labor in that field only occasionally.

One of the things that troubles me the most about travel writing in the newspapers and magazines is not that it is devoid of all traces of criticism but that it also conceals no surprises. Not only is everything tip-top, but you know from the start that everything is going to be tip-top. If it is an exotic place, the sun is going to drop into the sea at sundown like an orange ball. Flying fish are going to skim from wave to wave like silver moths. Bougainvillaea is going to envelop garden walls like a flame. Twilight settles like a perfume-drenched mantle. If it isn't an exotic place, some place like Dallas, say, the article is constructed of nuts and bolts: how to get there, where to stay, and—this is important but I don't know why—who goes there.

I will offer an example although I'm afraid I must go close to the nerve here. I read recently in *New York* magazine an article on Key West, and for the life of me I couldn't tell whether or not the author had been there. There was considerable discussion about the island's similarity to the Hamptons, a cluster of chic towns on the south shore of Long Island; some comment on restaurants and hotels; but the main thrust of the piece seemed to be listing the fashionable New York people who went to Key West, not, it seems, to see Key West, but to see other fashionable people from New York. Why they all didn't stay in New York and not go to the bother of traveling is somewhat puzzling, but a lot of New York's folkways strike me as curious. At any rate, no one can accuse the author of the Key West piece of not being critical. Comparing a place to the Hamptons is not only critical, it's almost *actionable.*

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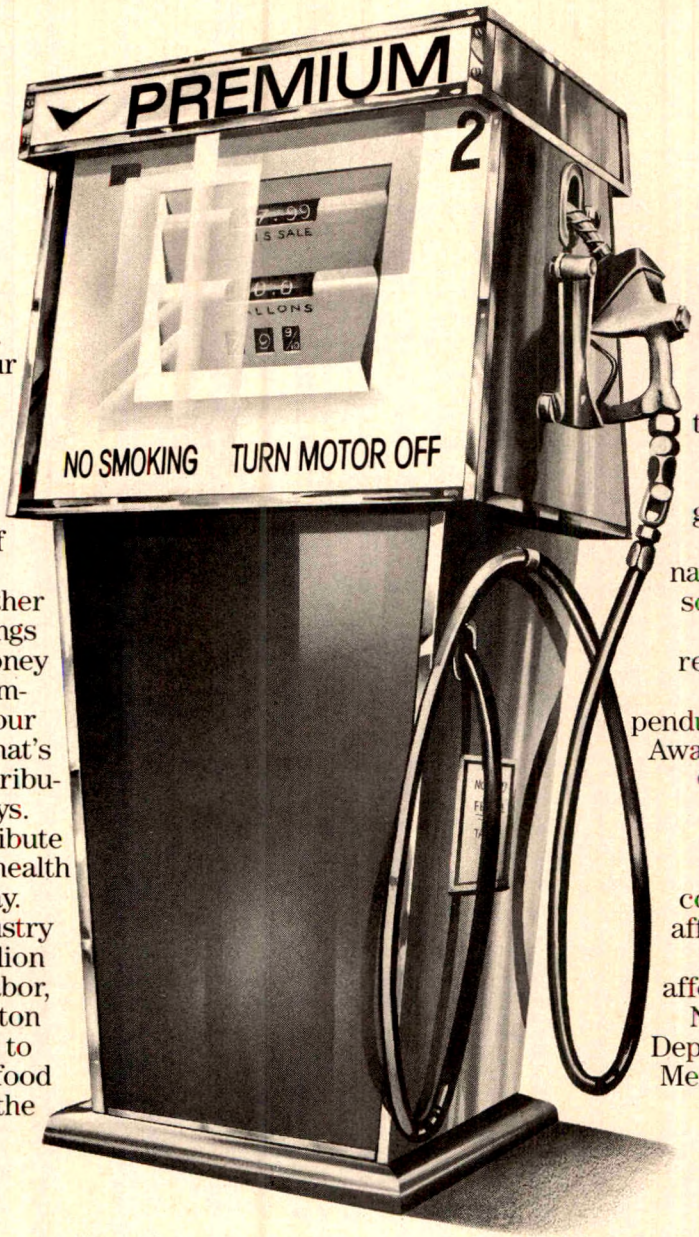

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Cotton people contribute to America's economic health in another important way. In a recent year the industry spent more than $1.2 billion for power, equipment, labor, chemicals and seed. Cotton people want to continue to help meet the fiber and food needs of the nation and the world. But they are finding a large – and growing – obstacle in the path to progress.

That obstacle is excessive, unreasonable government regulations. Obviously, urgent national purposes require some government regulations. Cotton people recognize and appreciate this fact. However, the pendulum is swinging too far. Away from sound judgment. Or good common sense. It's time to get more reason in regulations. Whatever affects cotton's economic health affects you. Want to know more about how cotton affects your life? Write the National Cotton Council, Department 400, Box 12285, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

So what's cotton got to do with the price of gasoline?

*Figures supplied by American Petroleum Institute, Washington, DC.

THE MAIL

VIETNAM VETERANS

SIR: Tracy Kidder's article ("Soldiers of Misfortune," March *Atlantic*) doesn't examine the larger issue which is at the root of many of the veteran's difficulties: our government's demoralizing failure to offer a satisfactory account of why we fought in Vietnam and why we lost the war. Until we receive a full, official explanation, the nation's war wounds will not heal.

As one of the thousands of disabled Vietnam veterans, I am angered by the discontinuity between the unstinting investment we made of ourselves in the war and the parsimonious accounting we have had from those who bear the responsibility for that war. The silence of those whose decisions determined the course and outcome of the Vietnam War denies us crucial answers about the central experience of our lives, the war we are reminded of every day by our physical discomforts.

GERHARD C. BROSTROM
Albany, Calif.

SIR: Mr. Kidder's article was a waste of time and space. I, for one, do not need to be reminded that I cannot find work, that the GI Bill only puts me further in debt, and that I will live in a rat-ridden urinal called a VA hospital when I'm of no further use to anyone. While articles of this type are obviously well intended, they actually do more harm than good. They foster discontent among those of us who fought (for survival, nothing more) and now are chronically unemployed (and, it may be argued, unemployable). For too many of us, they substantiate and even strengthen a feeling of deep bitterness at rejection by the country that sent us to fight. These articles are both our crutch and our monkey.

BRIAN SMOTHERS
South Chatham, Mass.

SIR: As a disabled Vietnam veteran, I'm heartened to see that a major magazine cares enough to make a cover story of an issue most people want to forget. The essence of the article is not pity or bitterness but simple justice for the "Vietnam vet" as compared to the veterans of another generation. The fact that "this war" was unpopular and lost should make no difference in the treatment—medical, psychological, and financial—of today's veteran. Your presentation of the hidden problems of the vet, the bureaucracy and hospitals of the VA system, is one step forward in making the head-in-the-sand public aware of its collective responsibility.

KENNETH BEREZ
Washington, D.C.

SIR: While your piquant and provocative article dwells much on the U.S. military's shameful exploitation of many U.S. citizen-soldiers during the Vietnam conflict, inadequate attention is given to efforts being made to help the situation.

Over 325 Vietnam-era veterans, for example, have been helped by the CETA job training and job creation program since January 1977. And more successful Vietnam veteran rehabilitations are on the way. While only 30 percent of participating veterans have, since then, succeeded in getting their "ideal" job, the remainder are at least getting jobs at desirable pay and benefit levels.

JAMES WOODS
Macomb County CETA Program
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

SURVIVAL ETHICS

SIR: I am willing to accept without quibble the fortitude and character of James Bond Stockdale in prison ("The World of Epictetus," April *Atlantic*). What Stockdale does not explain to any satisfaction is how a man concerned with ethics would find himself on many missions dropping bombs on a country with which we were not at war. Surely he must know that innocents perished by his hand. Killing strangers wantonly by dropping explosives on them seems at least as important a moral question as survival in a brutal jail. As far as the article in *The Atlantic* goes, he never asked himself that question. Possibly it was one that his mentor Rhinelander never got around to.

GENE MITCHELL
Dallas, Tex.

SIR: It's been years since an article has reduced me to sputtering rage. Says Stockdale, of a prisoner who broke, ". . . he should have had the common decency to keep his mouth shut." Stockdale should have had the common decency not to kill people when he didn't have to (the milk run) and when their deaths could do no good.

GABRIEL NAVARRE
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Vice Admiral Stockdale's article is one of the most thoughtful, beautiful testaments I have read since Laurens van der Post's "A Bar of Shadow."

I believe we need badly to have basic courses in ethics, starting in grammar school—ideally with teachers like Philip Rhinelander.

MARTHA B. MERK
Portola Valley, Calif.

SIR: Admiral Stockdale's article was rewarding and uplifting.

BEN KIZER
Phillipsburg, N.J.

SIR: "The World of Epictetus" is one of the most moving and perceptive essays I have read for some time.

LELAND D. PETERSON
Norfolk, Va.

STAY-AT-HOMES

SIR: Like Audrey Foote ("The Kids Who Won't Leave Home," March *Atlantic*), I want my house back. They have eaten, slept, watched TV, hassled, rassled, partied, played their guitars, scratched their chicken pox, raised their white mice, and studied in, muddied, maimed, and otherwise exploited it for twenty-six years. Enough is enough.

Scotch-taped to the door of my kitchen cabinet are two cartoons. In the first, a neighbor is complaining to "Momma" Hobbs: "Do you realize that baby fish leave the mother after two weeks, birds fly out of the nest after ten days, little squirrels are on their own in a week or so? How come CHILDREN hang around twenty-five, thirty years?"

The second is a line drawing of a mother kangaroo, burdened by the presence of a joey nearly as large as she is, still nestled in the pouch. "Son," she moans, "isn't it about time you were thinking about getting out on your own?"

My three who will never again see their twenty-first birthdays, and a fourth, who is about to run smack-dab into hers, read them and chuckle—they have always admired mother's sense of humor. But no insight occurs. The ten-year-old doesn't "get it" either.

In the naiveté of early parenthood, my husband and I looked forward to the time when we would see them settled into respectable if not prestigious occupations, self-sufficient and on their own. A modest ambition, we thought. But life has a way of altering one's goals; now, our fondest dream is of the day when we no longer have to take a number and wait in line for space on the living-room sofa.

MARY O'REILLY DUCLOS
Ashland, Mass.

SIR: After reading "The Kids Who Won't Leave Home," I am happy to know that I am not alone. I was beginning to ask myself, "Where did I go wrong?" However, Mrs. Foote seems to accept the fact of her grown children being at home. She obviously has no financial worries, and perhaps she has nothing better to do than cater to grown children.

Personally, I do not feel we owe our adult children a responsibility-free life. I have a daughter, eighteen, in college and living at home. And frankly I'm getting fed up with the comings and goings and continual phone calls asking "Is Kim there?" from those she laughingly refers to as her "fan club."

In addition to my job at the university, I am also teaching five evenings a week. Why? Not just for the money, but, more truthfully, to escape the kids. Starting now, I am trying to get across the idea to my nine- and ten-year-old that when they reach eighteen, they will be expected to take charge of their own lives. After all, isn't the purpose of raising children to teach them to become responsible adults?

JOYCE LEIGH
Kenosha, Wis.

SIR: Mrs. Foote is writing about what's always there for her family, people like her, a heart, feeling, emotion, home. Thank you for a lovely moment in memory.

GEORGE W. G. LILLYMAN
Tulare, Calif.

ADVICE & CONSENT

SIR: I thought when first reading Douglas Campbell's letter (re: union with Canada) in your April issue ("The Mail") that it was a marvelous joke. Canada's union with the U.S. HO! HO! The suggestion that Canada could create a national party to organize its demise I thought a brilliant display of wit and irony. His comment that the U.S. would receive "16 million . . . immigrants who would 'fit' " was an interesting twist on the implication of equal partnership that his marriage analogy suggested. I laughed at the assumption that Canada would hand over her heritage along with her natural resources as the dowry in this proposed "marriage." But after reading Roger Lansbury's letter, I realized Campbell just might be serious.

I am, like Campbell, a Canadian living in the U.S. Unlike him, I have no desire to become an American citizen, and no intention of peacefully standing by should the U.S., in its benevolent fashion, decide to solve the Canadian dilemma by taking it over.

PAULINE MAC NEIL
Princeton, N.J.

CORRECTION

A printer's error on page 57 of the May *Atlantic* incorrectly identified Roy Larsen, long a major executive of Time, Inc., as Ray Larsen. We are sorry about the error.

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AMERICAN SERFDOM

The Backward Coal Industry

by Harry M. Caudill

The recent coal strike didn't settle everything. Miners feel that a generation of social progress has passed them by; they feel betrayed by everyone from the White House to their own union. If the nation is truly to depend on coal, the author argues, it must listen more closely to the men in the mines.

On December 6, 1977, the 1974 Bituminous Coal Contract expired and, true to a "no contract, no work" tradition enunciated by John L. Lewis nearly fifty years ago, members of the United Mine Workers of America left their jobs. Steel and utility companies had laid in enormous stocks of the fuel and their spokesmen, as well as those at the White House, hastened to assure the public that the work stoppage was expected to have "little impact." After all, the 160,000-member union was a pale shadow of the industrial giant of 480,000 once ruled by the legendary Lewis, and half the country's coal now comes from nonunion operations. The President would maintain a lofty hands-off attitude, stockpiles would tide consumers past a few weeks of collective bargaining, then the men in their ghastly Appalachian hollows and in trailer towns strewn from Pennsylvania to Utah would go quietly back to work. The energy debate would drone on in Washington and all would be well.

Forces long at work combined to ruin this optimistic scenario. The President, coal state governors, the news media, coal operators, the tens of millions of electricity-dependent people ambled blithely into an industrial bear trap of awesome dimensions. Innumerable warning signals had been ignored for years—warnings of deep discontent among miners and their families.

Last year 2.5 million man-days of work were lost—principally in the Appalachian field—to spontaneous "wildcat" strikes at the local level. These strikes, unsanctioned and vigorously opposed by the UMW's national leadership, represented ten times the strike rate in other industries.

The slow and cumbersome grievance arbitration procedures mandated by the National Labor Relations Act and the union's contract with the operators have come to be viewed by the miners as a device to delay justice and to compel men to work against their will. By the spring of 1977 the "right to strike" over local matters was an issue on which the operators were not inclined to yield. They took the understandable position that industrial discipline requires workmen to labor on all days contracted for while disputes are settled by arbitration under the established processes. With this, however, they combined an antediluvian attitude toward their workhands that would have been perfectly in accord with that of the overseers who constructed Cheops's pyramid. The wildcat strikes lasted ten weeks, cost the average miner

about $3000, hit the affected corporations for millions in lost earnings, humiliated the union leadership, and failed to enhance the reputation of the federal judge who issued an injunction against the West Virginia participants. When he suggested that if the miners returned to work the fines and civil penalties he had levied against their organization would be suspended, the rebels ignored him. One gnarled veteran of many roof-falls and other hard knocks dismissed His Honor with, "We didn't pay no attention to that old judge when he was makin' orders and we shore as hell ain't going to pay no attention to him now when he is makin' suggestions!"

Between reflective puffs on his pipe, Energy Secretary James Schlesinger has called coal America's "black hope." To a nation with a trade deficit approaching $3 billion a month owing to its colossal oil imports, the expression is apt. But there are many problems.

Labor relations in the hills have been bloody and brutish since the first coal was "lifted" from the ground in Pennsylvania. The early minemasters were generally Scots or Welshmen who sought to apply in America the same autocratic methods they had enforced with noose and bayonet in Great Britain. In the New World coal diggers expected a little more and fought back, sometimes with arson and assassination. In Pennsylvania in 1877, twenty members of an Irish secret society, the "Molly Maguires," went to the scaffold when miners from the "old sod" were checkmated in a covert war against parsimonious and ruthless mine owners.

Trouble in the coalfields is endemic and perpetual, like the "war" in Ulster and the timeless turbulence between Arabs and Jews. Coal operators will not treat their employees as human beings, government will not compel them to do so, and the workmen will not always accept the status of industrial serfs. They rebel often, and each time they do so the nation views with alarm and points with indignation.

At the same time, the industry has been dogged by an appalling lack of safety in its operations, leading to major disasters over more than a century. And the carnage continues. In 1971 the death rate in U.S. deep mines was six times as high as in Holland. In 1977 the death toll was 142, and the death rate in U.S. strip mines was twice as high as that the Dutch sustained in their vast operations under the floor of the North Sea. In 1976 the number of man-days lost owing to accidental injuries sustained in all major U.S. industries per million man-hours worked amounted to 10.9. In the coal industry the rate was 33.8. Since 1906 more than 92,000 men have died in the mines and at least 1,660,000 have been disabled.

The episode at Oven Fork, Kentucky, in 1976 involved two methane explosions two days apart. The source of ignition can only be guessed at, but the evidence points to a spark-producing brake compressor on an electric mine locomotive that was manufactured in 1916. J. B. Holbrook, who died in the second explosion, was a machine repairman with absolutely no experience as an underground miner. Notwithstanding his ignorance of mining, the Blue Diamond Coal Company sent him and twelve others (three of them federal safety officials of the Mine Enforcement and Safety Administration) to shore up the sagging roof in an area devastated by an unexplained blast forty-eight hours earlier. All but two of this party of "roof bolters" were promptly cremated by a second gigantic detonation of accumulated gas.

At Buffalo Creek, West Virginia, in 1972, a vast lake formed on top of a mountain-high mound of mine refuse. It rained, the refuse collapsed, the water swept through a dozen tiny towns killing 125 people. Pittston Coal Company explained that this calamity was actually an act of God. Soon after this expression of familiarity with the divine will, Pittston's management comforted stockholders by assuring them that the incident was not expected to have any seriously adverse effect on the corporation's earnings.

The United States is, in many respects, a reborn nation that has discarded oppressive practices and attitudes inherited from the frontier and our primitive industrial beginnings. Child labor is outlawed, workmen are protected by compensation laws when injured on the job, and New Deal laws provide unemployment insurance and the right to form unions and bargain collectively. The company-hired "gun thugs" have disappeared from mining and mill towns. ERISA (the federal Employee Retirement Income Security Act of 1974) guarantees corporate pension funds which, with a Social Security system of dubious solvency, provide financial support to workmen in their old age. Such benefits are now taken for granted, though there are men in the coal shafts who remember when most of them were undreamed of.

Of much more immediate social impact has been the revolution of ideals that came with the 1960s. American society has become vastly more democratic. White people have stopped lynching black people. In schools immigrant children are taught in their native tongues. Equal employment opportunities have been

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Harry Caudill's books include *Night Comes to the Cumberlands, The Senator from Slaughter County,* and *The Watches of the Night.*

legislated. Segregation, as a matter of law, has vanished. Employers cannot discriminate against women because of their sex. The Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution was approved by the Congress and sent to the states for their consideration. For all practical purposes public assistance is now provided to all who demand it. "Wealth transfer payments"—the new euphemism for "poor relief"—annually transfer billions from the middle class to the "disadvantaged." Living standards have risen spectacularly, as have expectations for income, vacations, good health, and more freedom.

There have been major changes in the Appalachian coalfields, too, since Lyndon Johnson proclaimed the Great Society, but to a much lesser extent than in the rest of America and against tremendous opposition from industry.

After a mine disaster, Finleyville, Pennsylvania, 1913.

The Appalachian coalfields are immense, embracing western Pennsylvania, western Maryland, western Virginia, about 80 percent of West Virginia, a broad slice of Tennessee, northern Alabama, and a dozen counties in eastern Kentucky. The region has simmered with repressed frustrations for a long time, but in the last few years the pressure has built to a full head of steam. In vague, often uncomprehending ways, multitudes of miners and their wives have been groping toward participation in the new freedoms unloosed by the turbulent 1960s. Increasingly they realize that they are straitjacketed by ancient regional institutions. They feel betrayed by Congress, White House, statehouse, courthouse, the companies, and their own union. In part their sense of betrayal is a national phenomenon, but only to a limited degree. Their situation is without parallel elsewhere in the nation, and its intensity is heightened by their environment. In a very real sense it is a reflection of their growing outrage against the "Appalachian paradox."

The paradox was starkly delineated by federal studies and the news media in the mid-sixties when poverty was in vogue as a Washington cause célèbre. It was found, on the one hand, that Appalachia, a region the size of Great Britain, was shockingly poor in social terms. There were glaring deficits in education, public transportation, housing, jobs, income, life expectancy, water quality, and other amenities. The quality of life was low. Unemployment was high. Tens of thousands of men suffered from coal worker's pneumoconiosis. Psychological depression was commonplace. Strip-mining of coal on the hillsides had devastated the forests and choked the streams with silt from the hideous spoil banks. State laws were weak and poorly enforced at all levels. Leadership in public office was almost nil. Streams were befouled with every conceivable form of trash and garbage, and reeked with raw sewage. Nearly a fifth of the people were, for all practical purposes, illiterate. In short, the place was a gigantic sprawling slum from which the country expected somehow to derive most of its coal. Nor has this aspect of the paradox undergone significant improvement in the intervening years.

In the midst of poverty, disorder, and disease, the studies revealed an entirely different Appalachia of wealth, swagger, and well-being. Two of the region's corporations, the Penn-Virginia Company and Kentucky River Coal Corporation, are the nation's most profitable on a percentage basis, clearing about 61 percent of gross receipts as net profit after taxes. Immense steel, oil, and utility companies rack up tremendous profits on their coal and timber operations.

Hand in hand with mammoth profits go trifling taxes. In Kentucky, for example, the state's retail sales tax law specifically exempts practically everything

used in the process of mining. A miner must pay a sales tax on the pickup truck that conveys him to the mine, but the company doesn't pay a sales tax on the half-million-dollar dragline he operates. Levies on coal lands amounted to about 23¢ per acre per year ten years ago and are scarcely more than double that today. Consequently local governments are beggared, subsisting on state funds for support of their schools, federal revenue-sharing grants, and similar handouts. Despite its vaunted millionaires, Pike County, Kentucky—the state's largest producer—pays a mere 18 percent of the cost of operating its schools.

This was the paradox to which Lyndon Johnson referred in a speech at the University of Kentucky: a rich land and a poor people. He might well have referred to rich corporations as a part of the equation, but he did not.

Nor did the profit-making detected in the 1960s abate. Coal made a spectacular comeback from the depression of the 1950s, a more severe depression than the collapse of the 1930s. Four million people—the more alert, bright, and ambitious—fled the region in a stupendous emigration, but the reorganized industry thrived. Its new prosperity was based on demand by numerous new power plants for steam coal and by the appetite of U.S. and Japanese steel companies for metallurgical coal. In its June 1976 edition, *Forbes* magazine reported that the Blue Diamond Coal Company, the closely held corporation whose mine at Oven Fork, Kentucky, had blown up with such deadly effect, had increased its liquid assets by $56.4 million in the twelve months ending on June 30, 1975. The company was so prosperous that it had begun buying up a controlling interest in McLouth Steel.

In 1970 this paradox took a new turn. The Vietnam War was winding down and veterans began coming home. Most of them left the hills for jobs in the cities, but jobs there were declining. Those with high school diplomas could seek a college degree with the aid of the GI Bill and many did so. When they had gotten their degrees in education or the arts and sciences they went job-seeking again—only to find the market for their skills surfeited. Disillusioned and vexed, they began turning to the mines and to the hated work of their fathers and grandfathers. Despite their hours of study, they wound up tied to machines miles underground or on the bulldozers scraping the tops off mountains. Meade Arble's *The Long Tunnel* is

Striking miners, Charleston, West Virginia.

a superb account of the adjustments hundreds of the new breed of miners have had to make to the dismal scut work that circumstances have thrust upon them.

The average age of coal miners has been falling rapidly for more than a decade, a process accelerated by a 1974 contract provision that allows retirement on pension at fifty-five. In 1964 the median age was forty-eight; in 1978 it is thirty-one. Educational levels have risen sharply, as illustrated by a state-sponsored class in mine safety that began at Hazard, Kentucky, early in 1978. One man had a third-grade education, not far below the average long common among coal diggers. But at the other end of the scale was a master's degree, and in between were high school diplomas and bachelor's degrees.

Perhaps more important than increased years of formal schooling is broadened experience. The old breed of miners were of native hill stock or immigrants from Italy and the Balkans. In their estimation mining was pretty good work when the pay was decent. They were laborers by upbringing and had little hope of rising above that status. The newcomers, by contrast, are in the mines of necessity, and expect that someday they can live by some other means. They have seen other parts of the country, have sat in classrooms listening to lectures on history, the sciences, and arts, and, as likely as not, have thrashed around in the jungles of Southeast Asia for a year. They have not yet steeped themselves in the fatalism so common to their calling. And they have absolutely no illusions.

It is to this new breed of miners that the locals are turning for leadership. They are vocal, indignant, and persuasive, carrying much more weight in union discussions than the old leaders they are displacing. The older leaders were likely to be fundamentalist Baptist preachers, of a kind that abounds in the Appalachians, who are as hidebound as the operators. Whereas the preachers nearly always counseled acceptance of company decrees and cooperation with the bosses, their successors question and rebel. They most assuredly do not stand in awe of the "boss man" or of the bediamonded mine owners in their vicuña overcoats and lizard-skin shoes.

The average pay of a miner under the expired contract was approximately $8.11 per hour, a goodly $64.88 for eight hours "portal to portal." However, this is less than the pay of steel and automobile workers and far below the earnings of plumbers. Steel and automobile workers and plumbers do not have to penetrate miles into man-made tunnels, inhale clouds of coal dust and methane, or spend hours crawling on knee-pads beneath "low top." Some 15,000 of the union's 160,000 members earn their living in seams no more than a yard thick, and the physical and psychological toll can be shattering.

While the industry has been busily hiring new men (and a few dozen women), it has ignored the simple fact that these people must have a place to live. Thousands of the shacks that characterized the region thirty years ago have fallen down or burned, and few new houses have been built except for the elaborate homes of newly rich mine owners, merchants, bankers, lawyers, and doctors. The miners can rarely finance a house and are usually driven to mobile homes. These flimsy, ill-constructed rectangles are set up wherever tiny plots of land are available, generally along the banks of the odious and silt-choked creeks. The usual monthly "land rent" for such dwellings is thirty-five or forty dollars. A landlord may have fifteen or twenty mobile homes clustered on a stretch of bottom land no larger than a couple of lots in an upper-class suburban neighborhood. The sewage disposal system invariably relies on grossly overloaded septic tanks and the filth winds up in the nearest stream.

The coal companies own almost all the unoccupied land in such counties as Logan and Mingo in West Virginia and in neighboring territories in eastern Kentucky. In the central Appalachians Ford Motor Company owns 50,000 acres, Chessie Systems owns 271,000 acres, and Norfolk & Western Company another 448,871 acres. Kentucky River Coal Company owns 80,000 acres in fee simple and Penn-Virginia another 110,000 acres. The steel companies hold hundreds of thousands of acres. The combined holdings of the corporations in the Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia coalfields exceeds four million acres, most of which are vacant and unused. Perhaps a fourth of this land now consists of desolate stripped-out spoil banks and "auger flats." Yet none of this corporate real estate is available for miners and their families. The companies own about 85 percent of the land in the coal counties and they simply will not sell at any price or for any purpose. None of the vast profits triggered by the energy crisis are being invested in homes for the men who dig the coal. The industry proclaims that "Coal is our Ace in the Hole," while it consigns its workmen to shacks and house trailers.

Mobile home living is crowded living. A man, his wife, and a couple of children, and sometimes an elderly dependent, are jammed into an area only slightly larger than a spacious living room. The walls are thin, the ceiling is low, the rooms are tiny. There is scant privacy and every sound is magnified. Hours spent there are stupefyingly dull. Television and a six-pack of beer help a little but cannot obliterate the nagging boredom. And, in most cases, if one looks out the tiny window one sees only a few feet away other boxes like one's own, plus cars, pickup trucks, broken

toys, and trash cans. Working days in the cramped cab of a coal truck, in the narrow tunnel of a coal mine, or on a deafening bulldozer, and spending nights and weekends in crowded boxlike houses, is a nerve-shattering routine. It makes for poor morale and much resentment. However, it is a routine that the coal operators and politicians have deemed perfectly satisfactory for coal miners.

The wives are frustrated by this confinement. Family brawls are frequent and the divorce rate is appalling. In one coal county the number of divorces exceeded the number of marriages several years in a row. School homework is poorly done because of the distractions of television and radio, and it is not uncommon to encounter a sixth grader who has yet to learn the letters of the alphabet.

These clusters of mobile homes are the new "coal camps," successors to the rows of company housing constructed for earlier generations of workmen. Those towns ranged from the abominable to quite good, but the new communities vary scarcely at all. The shelters are too small, are designed to wear out within a decade, are expensive, and serve effectively to keep the purchaser deep in debt. A $9000 mobile home will cost about $18,000 after payment of interest and carrying charges. They amount to little more than vast portable slums.

Shopping for groceries, clothing, and other supplies is another bad experience for the miners. Independents and chains alike take advantage of the region's isolation and price-gouge remorselessly, routinely raising prices on the last day of the month, just in time for the "relief trade" that comes with welfare, Social Security, and pension checks. Prices for lumber and hardware are scandalously higher than those in cities outside the hills. A storekeeper assured me with a confidential wink that a belt buckle he was selling for $3.50 had cost him seventy-five cents—a markup of 366 percent. Quality is often inferior, especially in clothing.

Schools in the hills fail to educate, causing additional distress to parents who resent the mines for themselves and earnestly hope their children can avoid them.

The litter and general trashiness of the coalfields is another demoralizing influence. Pike County, Kentucky, is one of the richest raw-resources counties in the United States and boasts over a hundred millionaires who love "cushy" cars, including Rolls-Royces. But it wastes no money on trash collection and landfills, a circumstance that prompted one of its citizens to remark that the name of the county seat should be changed from Pikeville to "Trashabad." However, it is scarcely worse than scores of similar coal counties in West Virginia, Kentucky, Virginia, and Ohio.

In addition, these communities of new miners are lashed by recurrent deluges that roar down from hillsides denuded and jumbled by strip-mining. Hundreds of houses and mobile homes have been destroyed by floods in the last three years and every rain is cause for genuine apprehension.

The coal industry ignores the sensibilities of its miners and their families. It is almost unheard of for an employer to take notice of the death in his mine of one of his employees. When I asked one operator about this ingrained callousness, he pondered for a moment, then answered with commendable frankness: "It never occurred to me to go to the funeral of a man killed in my mine, or maybe to send some flowers. I guess, though, that something like that ought to be done."

It is scarcely cause for wonder that in this social, economic, political, and industrial muddle tens of thousands of people have lost their nerve and quietly surrendered. Their disorder, "the eastern Kentucky syndrome," takes its name from one of the Appalachian subregions and, according to psychiatrists, is characterized by chronic dependency and passivity, withdrawal and regression. Hosts of welfare recipients are disabled by the syndrome and its almost perpetual mental depression, at a staggering cost to state and federal treasuries.

The new miners tend to believe that surrender is unnecessary.

It was against this background that the 1974 coal contract agreement expired. For two months before the strike began, representatives of the Bituminous Coal Operators Association and the United Mine Workers had clawed at each other in attempts to agree on a new contract. Three months of haggling came after the strike began, and when a contract was agreed on under severe pressure from President Carter, it was overwhelmingly rejected by rank-and-file members. The Taft-Hartley Act of the 1940s was hauled out and a federal judge in Washington ordered the recalcitrant coal diggers back to work. The old remedies, fashioned at a time when popular respect for the federal government was high, failed to impress the miners. "The slave days are over," said Virginia miner Roger Baker. "Nobody can force us!"

In retrospect these rank-and-file miners—most of whom will probably be killed or ravaged by the pits during their working years—appear heroic. They refused to be awed, frightened, impressed, or fooled by big business, big government, or public opinion. They defied all of them—and their own bargaining representatives as well—in a 110-day struggle. The stakes were extremely high and they won at least a small measure of justice for themselves. Eventually

they must win much more, and win it from governments and an industry which has treated them like mangy alley cats for at least five generations.

The operators were willing to grant substantial pay raises ($2.40 an hour over the three years of the contract's life), but miners have learned that state and federal income taxes gobble up wages. They wanted not only the proffered raises but also cost-of-living increases. An older generation of miners would never have thought of this consideration. They wanted the pensions paid to various classes of retirees made equal. Their hackles rose when the proposed contract sought to eliminate the revered health and retirement funds acquired for them more than three decades ago by "John L." When the BCOA rejected the cost-of-living increases, sought to turn its medical and retirement obligations over to insurance companies and to require the men to pay a portion of their own medical costs, and ruled that all local grievances should be submitted to arbitration, the truculent members said "no" at the rate of two to one. Most devastating of all, the contract would have left UMW members glaringly worse off than most miners in nonunion operations and would have ended all hope of bringing the unorganized workers back to the "brotherhood." Chagrined members rightly characterized the agreement as a "joke."

But in the end the industry got its way on most major issues. An exception was the BCOA's demand for increased output that could, under certain circumstances, have required seven days' work per week! Only the spiritual heirs of the old-time Scottish minemasters (who sometimes required their minions to wear iron collars as a badge of lifelong servitude to the pit) could have asked this in the year 1978.

Arnold Miller, a working miner from Cabin Creek, West Virginia, was elected president of the United Mine Workers in 1972. He took over a union rank with corruption, murder, and dictatorship. He cleaned it up, stopped the killing, and granted the membership autonomy and democracy. In doing so he broke with the philosophy of John L. Lewis, who warned many times that in the coalfields autonomy and democracy spell division and anarchy.

The once mighty United Mine Workers is on the brink of dissolution. Miners have lost their fabled solidarity and are divided deeply and perhaps hopelessly along many lines. Half have left the union altogether and now work without a contract or on terms negotiated locally. Workmen in the gigantic strip mines of the Great Plains object to a pension system that supports swarms of worn-out old men in the eastern field who retired long before the western operations got under way. Older miners focus their concern on retirement benefits and pray that the funds can be preserved through their retirement years. Young men doubt that any retirement system—including Social Security—will be around for their benefit a quarter of a century from now, and demand costly fringe benefits, including total-care medical service, for the present. Nonunion production continues to rise in old and new fields, shrinking the UMW toward insignificance.

Nearly every adult in the area owns arms. For several years hardware stores have done a huge business in semi-automatic carbines, high-powered rifles, repeating shotguns, .45 caliber automatic pistols, and, most favored of all, magnum revolvers. The forested hillsides and narrow valleys are a superb setting for guerrilla warfare—a kind of deadly struggle against one another, or, if it comes to that, against state policemen. The possibility of a modern version of the "Matewan Massacre" is very real.

The unhappy Miller is blamed for all the misfortunes that beset his members. His principal fault probably lies in his truthfulness. He kept his word and made his union democratic. His membership, in their frustration and bitterness, may turn democracy into anarchy.

The miners are at war with their own leadership and with the United States. But their wrath should be directed against the coal industry and the federal and state officials who serve it so slavishly. Miners and their wives and families deserve a chance for a decent life: decent housing on adequate lots, sewerage and pure-water connections, trash collection and disposal, clean streams, an end of industry-caused floods, modern shopping facilities and fair prices, good schools, safe working places, sound medical services, pure-water recreational lakes, art displays, adult education programs, diversification of industry so wives too can have a chance at employment. Without a doubt miners should receive the highest wages paid by American industry. More important, they should be treated decently in both life and death.

Mother Jones once declared, "There is no peace in the coalfields because there is no justice!" Unless a reasonable measure of justice and peace are assured for this region, Schlesinger's "black hope" may be remembered as simply one more bureaucratic dream. □

People talked about how difficult it was to say which of the O'Reilley girls was the best-looking. Kathleen had the green eyes. She came over by herself at seventeen. She worked as a seamstress and married an Italian. The money that she earned, even with all the babies, one a year until she was thirty-five, was enough to bring over the three other girls. Bridget had black hair and a wicked tongue. She married a man who was only five feet tall. She had no children for seven years; then she had a red-haired boy. Some believed he was the child of the policeman. Nettie was small; her feet and her ankles were as perfect as dolls'. She married Mr. O'Toole, who sang in the choir and drank to excess. She had only daughters. Some thought Delia the most beautiful, but then she was the youngest. She married a Protestant and moved away.

In defense of her sister, Kathleen pointed out that John Taylor looked like an Irishman.

"He has the eyes," Kathleen said to Nettie and to Bridget. "I never saw a Protestant with eyes like that."

"Part of the trouble with Delia all along is you babied her, Kathleen," Bridget said. "You made her believe she could do no wrong. What about the children? Is it Protestant nephews and nieces you want?"

"He signed the form to have them baptized," said Nettie.

"And what does that mean to a Protestant?" Bridget said. "They'll sign anything."

"He's good to the children. My children are mad for him," said Kathleen.

"Your children are mad entirely. Hot-blooded," said Bridget. "It's you have fallen for the blue eyes yourself. You're no better than your sister."

"He's kind to my Nora," said Kathleen.

Then even Bridget had to be quiet. Nora was Kathleen's child born with one leg shorter than the other.

"There was never any trouble like that in our family," Bridget had said when she first saw Nora. "It's what comes of marrying outsiders."

John Taylor would sit Nora on his lap. He told her stories about the West.

"Did you see cowboys?" she would ask him, taking

Delia

A story by Mary Gordon

his watch out of the leather case he kept it in. The leather case smelled like soap; it looked like a doll's pocketbook. When Nora said that it looked like a doll's pocketbook, John Taylor let her keep it for her doll.

"Cowboys are not gentlemen," said John Taylor.

"Is Mr. du Pont a gentleman?" asked Nora.

"A perfect gentleman. A perfect employer."

John Taylor was the chauffeur for Mr. du Pont. He lived in Delaware. He told Nora about the extraordinary gardens on the estate of Mr. du Pont.

"He began a poor boy," said John Taylor.

"Go on about the gardens. Go on about the silver horse on the hood of the car."

Delia came over and put her hands on top of her husband's. Her hands were cool-looking and blue-white, the color of milk in a bowl. She was expecting her first baby.

"Some day you must come and visit us in Delaware, when the baby's born," she said to Nora. She looked at her husband. Nora knew that the way they looked at each other had something to do with the baby. When her mother was going to have a baby, she got shorter; she grew lower to the ground. But Delia seemed to get taller; she seemed lighter and higher, as though she were filled, not with a solid child like one of Nora's brothers or sisters, but with air. With bluish air.

Delia and John Taylor would let her walk with them. She would walk between them and hold both their hands. Their hands were very different. Delia's was narrow and slightly damp; John Taylor's was dry and broad. It reminded Nora of his shoes, which always looked as if he were wearing them for the first time. They knew how to walk with her: most people did not know how to walk with her. Most people walked too slowly. She wanted to tell them they did not have to walk so slowly for her. But she did not want to hurt their feelings. John Taylor and Delia knew just how to walk, she thought.

After only two weeks, they went back to Delaware.

"She's too thin entirely," said Bridget.

"She's beautiful," said Nora. Her mother clapped her hand over Nora's mouth for contradicting her aunt.

Delia never wrote. Nora sent her a present on her birthday, near Christmas. She had made her a rose sachet: blue satin in the shape of a heart, filled with petals she had saved in a jar since the summer. She had worked with her mother to do the things her mother had told her would keep the smell.

Delia sent Nora a postcard. "Thank you for your lovely gift. I keep it in the drawer with my linen."

Linen. Nora's mother read the card to her when the aunts were to tea at their house.

"Fancy saying 'linen' to a child," said Bridget. "In a postcard."

"She has lovely underthings," said Nettie.

"Go upstairs. See to your little brother, Nora," said her mother.

"When they came back to New York, he gave her twenty-five dollars, just to buy underthings. Hand-hemmed, all of them. Silk ribbons. Ivory-colored," said Nettie.

"Hand-done by some greenhorn who got nothing for it," said Bridget.

Now Nora knew what Delia meant by linen. She had thought before it was tablecloths she meant, and that seemed queer. Why would she put her good sachet in with the tablecloths? Now she imagined Delia's underclothes, white as angels, smelling of roses. Did John Taylor see her in her underclothing? Yes. No. He was her husband. What did people's husbands see?

She was glad the aunts had talked about it. Now she could see the underclothes more clearly. Ivory ribbons, Nettie had said. Delia's stomach swelled in front of her, but not as much as Nora's mother's. And Nora's mother was going to have a baby in May, which meant Delia would have hers first. March, they had said. But Delia's stomach was light/hard, like a balloon. Nora's mother's was heavy/hard, like a turnip. Why was that, Nora wondered. Perhaps it was because her mother had had five babies, and this was Delia's first.

When her mother wrote to Delia, Nora dictated a note to her too. She asked when John Taylor's birthday was. She thought it was in the summer. She would

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Mary Gordon's first novel, *Final Payments*, was published in April.

make him a pillow filled with pine needles if it was in the summer. In July, the family went to the country for a week and her mother would give her an envelope so she could fill it with pine needles for her Christmas gifts.

March came and went and no one heard anything of Delia's baby. Nora's mother wrote, Nettie wrote, even Bridget wrote, but no one heard anything.

"She's cut herself off," said Bridget. "She hasn't had the baby baptized and she's afraid to face us."

"First babies are always late," said Kathleen. "I was four weeks overdue with Nora."

"Perhaps something's happened to the baby. Perhaps it's ill and she doesn't want to worry us," said Nettie.

"Nothing like that used to happen in our family," said Bridget, sniffing. "Or anyone we knew in the old country."

"What about Tom Hogan? He had three daft children. And Mrs. Kelly had a blind boy," said Nettie.

"If you'd say a prayer for your sister instead of finding fault with her, you might do some good with your tongue, Bridget O'Reilley, for once in your life," said Kathleen.

"If she'd of listened to me, she wouldn't be needing so many prayers," said Bridget.

"God forgive you, we all need prayers," said Kathleen, crossing herself.

"What's the weather in Delaware?" said Nettie.

"Damp," said Bridget. "Rainy."

"They live right on the estate," said Kathleen. "They eat the same food as Mr. du Pont himself."

"Yes, only not at the same table," said Bridget. "Downstairs is where the servants eat. I'd rather eat plain food at my own table than rich food at a servant's board."

"Will we not write to her, then?" said Nettie, to Kathleen, mainly.

"Not if she's not written first. There must be some reason," said Kathleen.

"It's her made the first move away," said Bridget.

"If something was wrong, we'd hear. You always hear the bad. She must be all wrapped up. Probably the du Ponts have made a pet of her," said Kathleen.

Nora remembered that John Taylor had said that on Mrs. du Pont's birthday there was a cake in the shape of a swan. And ices with real strawberries in them, although it was the middle of November. And the ladies wore feathers and looked like peacocks, Delia had said. They're beautiful, the ladies, John Taylor had said. You should know, tucking the lap robes under them, Delia had said, standing on one foot like a bird. God knows where you'd of been if I hadn't come along to rescue you in good time. You've saved me from ruin, John Taylor had said, twirling an imaginary moustache.

Nora remembered how they had laughed together. John and Delia were the only ones she knew who laughed like that and were married.

"Do you think we'll never see Delia and John again?" said Nora to her mother.

"Never say never, it's bad luck," her mother said. She put her hand to her back. The baby made her back ache, she said. Soon, she told Nora, she would have to go to bed for the baby.

"And then you must mind your Aunt Bridget and keep your tongue in your head."

"Yes, ma'am," said Nora. But her mother knew she always minded; she never answered back. Only that once, about Delia, had she answered back.

When Nora's mother went to bed to have the baby, the younger children went to Nettie's, but Nora stayed home. "Keep your father company," her mother had said. "At least if he sees you it'll keep him from feeling in a house full of strangers entirely."

But even with her there, Nora's father walked in the house shyly, silently, as if he was afraid of disturbing something. He took her every evening, since it was warm, to the corner for an ice cream. She saw him so rarely that they had little to say to one another. She knew him in his tempers and in his fatigue. He would walk her home with a gallantry that puzzled her, and he went to sleep while it was still light. He woke in the morning before her, and he went away before she rose.

Bridget made Nora stay outside all day when her mother went into labor. She sat on the front steps, afraid to leave the area of the house, afraid to miss the first cry or the news of an emergency. Children would come past her, but she hushed them until they grew tired of trying to entice her away. She looked at her hands; she looked down at her white shoes, one of which was bigger than the other, her mother had said, because God had something special in mind for her. What could He have in mind? Did God change His mind? Did He realize He had been mistaken? She counted the small pink pebbles in the concrete banister. She could hear her mother crying out. Everyone on the block could, she thought, with the windows open. She swept the sand on the middle step with the outside of her hand.

Then in front of her were a man's brown shoes. First she was frightened, but a second later, she recognized them. She did not have to look up at the face. They were John Taylor's shoes; they were the most beautiful shoes she had ever seen.

"Hello, Nora," he said, as if she should not be surprised to see him.

"Hello," she said, trying not to sound surprised, since she knew he did not want her to.

"Is your mother in?"

"She's upstairs in bed."

"Not sick, I hope."

"No. She's having another baby."

John Taylor sucked breath, as if he had changed his mind about something. The air around him was brilliant as glass. He looked around him, wanting to get away.

"How is Delia?" said Nora, thinking that was what her mother would have said.

"She died," said John, looking over his shoulder.

"And the baby? Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Dead. Born dead."

"Do you still drive a car for that man?" she said, trying to understand what he had told her. Born dead. It did not sound possible. And Delia dead. She heard her mother's voice from the window.

"I'm on holiday," said John, reaching into his pocket.

She was trying to think of a way to make him stay. If she could think of the right thing, he would take her for a walk, he would tell her about the cars and the gardens.

"How've you been, then?" she said.

"Fine," said John Taylor.

But he did not say it as he would have to an adult, she knew. He did not say it as if he were going to stay.

"Nora," he said, bending down to her. "Can we have a little secret? Can I give you a little present?"

"Yes," she said. He was going away. She could not keep him. She wanted something from him. She would keep his secret; he would give her a gift.

He reached into his pocket and took out a silver dollar. He put it in her hand and he closed her hand around it.

"Don't tell anyone I was here. Or what I said. About Delia, or about the baby."

It was very queer. He had come to tell them, and now she must not tell anyone, she thought. Perhaps he had come this way only to tell her. That was it: he had come from Delaware to tell her a secret, to give her a gift.

"I won't say anything," she said. She looked into his eyes; she had never looked into the eyes of an adult before. She felt an itching on the soles of her feet from the excitement of it.

"I'll count on you, then," he said, and walked quickly down the street, looking over his shoulder.

She went into the house. Upstairs, she could hear Bridget's voice, and her mother's voice in pain, but not yet the voice of the baby. She lifted her skirt. She put the silver dollar behind the elastic of her drawers. First it was cold against her stomach, but then it became warm from the heat of her body. □

PRAISE

I want to praise one I love,
Instructress in the heart's glory,
Who whirls through life in a benign fury,
Or walks alone in the high pine grove.

I want to praise one who sheds light
In darkness where the foot can find
No certainty, and the unlit mind
Wavers, and cannot stand upright.

I want to praise one whose angry joy
Is innocence by wisdom hued,
And whose laughter, at its gayest, is brewed
By knowledge the world is only a toy

To all who can summon courage to live
In innocence and pitying rage
At a sickly and self-pitying age
That scorns the true good the world can give.

by Robert Penn Warren

THAT THE SOUL MAY WAX PLUMP

by May Swenson

"He who has reached the highest degree of emptiness will be secure in repose." —A Taoist saying

My dumpy little mother on the undertaker's slab
had a mannequin's grace. From chin to foot
the sheet outlined her, thin and tall. Her face
uptilted, bloodless, smooth, had a long smile.
Her head rested on a block under her nape,
her neck was long, her hair waved, upswept. But later,
at "the viewing," sunk in the casket in pink tulle,
an expensive present that might spoil, she shrank,
grew short again, and yellow. Who put
the gold-rimmed glasses on her shut face, who
laid her left hand, with the wedding ring, on her stomach
that really didn't seem to be there under the fake lace?

Mother's work before she died was self-purification,
a regimen of near starvation, to be worthy to go
to Our Father, Whom she confused (or, more aptly, fused)
with our father, in Heaven long since. She believed
in evacuation, an often and fierce purgation,
to teach the body to be hollow that the soul may wax plump.
At the moment of her death, the wind rushed out from all
her pipes at once. Throat and rectum sang together—
a galvanic spasm—a hiss of ecstasy. Then, a flat
collapse. Legs and arms flung wide, like that
female Spanish saint slung by the ankles to a cross,
her mouth stayed open in a dark O.

So, her vigorous soul whizzed free. On the undertaker's slab,
she lay youthful, cool, triumphant, with a long smile.

A FRIENDSHIP

Remembering James Jones

by Willie Morris

Although in age they were fifteen years apart, they were united by a love of books, the South, drink, pranks, history, rural life, storytelling; by a sense of what counts and what doesn't. Their friendship ended with James Jones's death last summer, and here Willie Morris, his literary executor, recalls the last years of the novelist, a man who "knew character because he had character."

I was sitting in Rick's, a bar on Main Street in Bridgehampton, talking with Rick and a couple of the potato farmers about baseball. From outside the big window I saw him park his car behind mine and cross the street in our direction, a pale figure in blue jeans and a sweater, a green and yellow baseball cap, and flung over his shoulder the leather satchel with the strap in which he carried his cigars and a few of his knives.

He walked in and came up to me. "Your mom just died," he said. "I'm sorry."

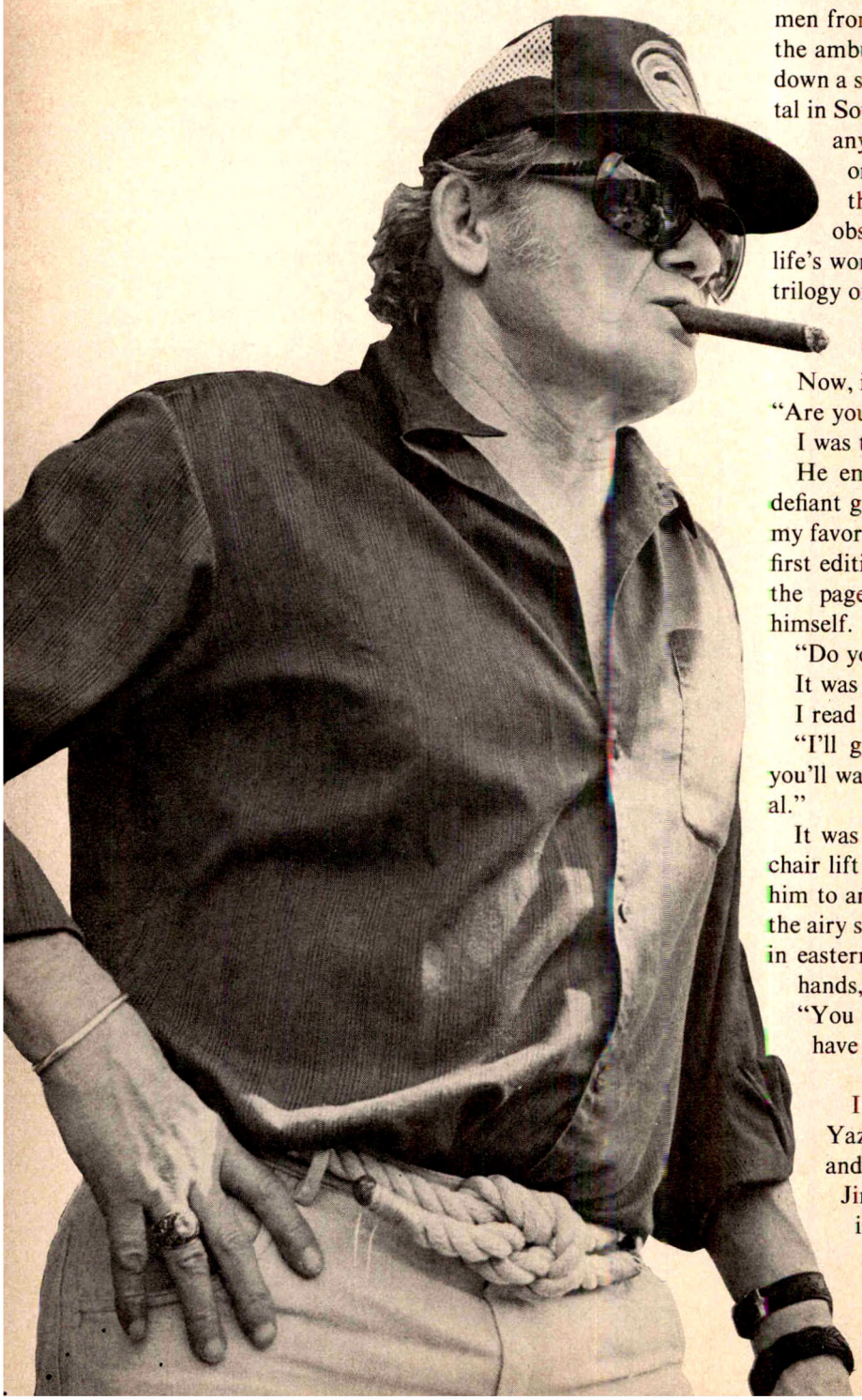
She had gone into the hospital that week in my hometown in Mississippi. Nothing very serious, the doctors said, but I had made a reservation on the plane for the next day. She had died suddenly that morning. Some friends there had tried to telephone me at home, then called his house down the road from mine in Sagaponack.

"I been looking all over for you," he said. "The cops had it out on the radio. Come on home with me for awhile. You shouldn't be alone."

Grief comes first as in a trance. Physical things stand out sharply. It is as if you are someone else, being observed from afar by yourself. Yet even in this moment, or perhaps because of it, driving through the countryside with his car following mine, I acknowledged for the first time that the two great presences in my whole life were my mother, who had just died, and this man, my friend Jim Jones; I did not know that he, too, would be dead within the month.

We drove the mile or so to his house. I had two hours before leaving for LaGuardia. I telephoned the undertaker in Yazoo, and the preacher, and some friends, and my son, David, in school in New York. I sat alone in the front room of the old farmhouse, among the hundreds of books lining the shelves. The big dog named Wade Hampton Jones lay asleep close to me, and two cats who understood only French darted here and there. I looked around at the antiques Gloria and he had brought back from their years in Paris. Outside, the potato fields stretched in a somber haze. When they had moved into this house two years before, I had christened it "Chateau Spud."

Jim was in the next room, writing in a notebook at the ancient pulpit which they had found in the Flea Market and turned into a bar. Near him were more shelves, dominated by the leatherbound copies of each



of his ten books which he had signed for his children, Kaylie and Jamie, on their various birthdays—*From Here to Eternity* first, then *Some Came Running*, *The Pistol*, *The Thin Red Line*, and the others. I watched him for awhile as he wrote in his notebook. He looked gaunt and tired.

He had almost died three months before. His son, Jamie, had come to fetch me. It was during a blizzard on a night in January. He had had another serious attack of his illness—congestive heart failure—and the men from the volunteer ambulance unit could not get the ambulance up the driveway. We had to carry him down a slippery embankment to take him to the hospital in Southampton. He had been working harder than any writer I had ever known, sometimes twelve or fourteen hours a day in the cluttered attic in this house, trying to finish the novel which had obsessed him for years, the one he considered his life's work. He called it *Whistle*, the third book in his trilogy of World War II. I had known for months that he had a premonition he was fighting against time.

Now, in the next room, he turned around facing me. "Are you okay?"

I was thinking about grief, I said, how strange it is.

He emitted a characteristic sound, half sigh, half defiant growl. "There's a poem," he said. "It's one of my favorites." He went to a bookshelf and pulled out a first edition of Edna St. Vincent Millay. He thumbed the pages, then sat down and read the poem to himself.

"Do you know this one?"

It was "Dirge Without Music."

I read it for a long time.

"I'll go upstairs and type it out for you. Maybe you'll want somebody to read it at your mom's funeral."

It was time to go. He came down the stairs in the chair lift he had rigged up after his last attack to take him to and from the attic. We stood for a moment in the airy sunshine. The first touch of spring, always late in eastern Long Island, was all around us. We shook hands, in that shy, casual way old comrades do. "You know I'd go with you if I could," he said. "I have to finish *Whistle*."

I telephoned Long Island my last day in Yazoo. The familiar gruff voice came on, weak and breathless now. He wasn't feeling too good, Jim said. I was driving back east in the morning, and I told him I was going to stop by the battlefield at Shiloh.

"I wish I was going too," he said. "Shiloh's one place I never got to. If you have time, check what western Tennessee looks

like to see if I have the physical description right in that chapter."

Late the next night, from the motel in the Pickwick Dam State Park, just across the Mississippi line in Tennessee and only a few miles down the road from Shiloh, I telephoned again. Gloria had taken him that afternoon to the hospital. He was very sick. "I think it's time for you to get on back," she said.

I had met him for the first time about ten years before, at a party for him and Gloria in New York City at Jean and William vandenHeuvals', one of the places where people met in those days.

I knew much about him from a distance. I had read almost everything he had written, and believed *From Here to Eternity*, *The Thin Red Line*, and *Some Came Running* three of the great novels in American literature. When I first encountered *From Here to Eternity* in college, I was stunned by its power. The scene at Schofield Barracks when Private Robert E. Lee Prewitt sounds "Taps" was as memorable to me in those days as young Ike McCaslin's confrontation with the bear in Faulkner's novella, or as Twain's storm on the Mississippi in *Huck Finn*. Passages in *Some Came Running*, *The Pistol*, and *The Thin Red Line* also touched me deeply. I knew then that the Army was, in truth, his Yoknapatawpha County. From book to book the names changed, but the characters remained the same, with cryptic keys to their identities. Sergeant Warden in *From Here to Eternity* became Sergeant Welsh in *The Thin Red Line* (and Sergeant Winch in *Whistle*)—and in the same way, Stark-Storm-Strange and Prewitt-Witt-Prell. As I grew older I recognized that by his hard-earned craftsmanship he had enlarged the limits of the language in America as perhaps no other writer of his time had done. Irwin Shaw later wrote: "[His work] came from a group of men who spoke plainly, without euphemisms, using words about death and sex and cowardice and chicanery and despair that before Jones had rarely been on the printed page in this country. From the stink of the battlefield and the barracks came a bracing, clear wind of truth. To use a military term, he walked point for his company." Subsequently I felt that the more hostile of the critics seemed to be assessing a writer quite different from the one I admired, as if he had committed that most unpardonable literary crime—great success too early.

I had read articles about him in *Life* and *Esquire* and other magazines. I knew he had grown up in Robinson, Illinois, the son of a father who killed himself and of a mother he hated—a tortured and lonely childhood. I knew he had made a lot of money and owned a house on the Ile St. Louis, where the Americans in Paris congregated, with plenty of poker games and hard drinking. And barroom fights with cracked ribs and broken teeth to show for them, and cocktails on Boulevard St. Michel at twilight, and afternoons at the track. Despite four years of Oxford and numerous trips to the Continent, I was never part of that world, but I sometimes wished I had been—it sounded romantic, part of the writing life. I had heard about the trips to the Mediterranean, weekends in Deauville, summers in Greece, skin diving in the Caribbean. I knew about his years in a trailer camp in Indiana when he was writing under the patronage of Lowney Handy. I knew also, from mutual friends such as Rose and William Styron and Irwin Shaw, that he was beloved by many people, and that he had one of America's most beautiful, funny, and lovable wives.

I did not know then, but he told me later, of the time he was discharged from the Army after months in hospitals, with a badly damaged ankle and not all that good in the head, when he went to the mountains around Asheville, North Carolina, because he had been absorbed by Thomas Wolfe, and rented a cabin from a farmer and drank a lot of mountain whiskey in solitude to try and get over the war. The combat had been bad enough, God knows, but he was all alone in the jungle one day when a half-starved Japanese soldier came out at him from the undergrowth, and after a struggle he had to kill him with a knife, and then found the family photographs in the dead man's wallet; for a time he refused to fight again, and they put him in the stockade and busted him to private. Nor did I know that he came to New York City after Carolina and wrote a novel, then went to the Scribner's office and demanded to see Maxwell Perkins, and that Perkins did not like the novel but was taken by a paragraph in a later letter about how his next book would deal with life in the peacetime Army, and eventually gave him a $500 option to write that one. I had always been curious to know why a man so intensely American, from that border-state America which had produced Mark Twain and Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, a man who had written so powerfully about the beauty and rootlessness and promise of America, had chosen to live in Europe for so many years.

The jacket photographs had given me the impression of a somewhat pugnacious and snarling fellow, someone who was not to be trifled with—a fancy dresser with big rings on his fingers. Although I had more or less become part of

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Willie Morris former editor of *Harper's*, is the author of an autobiography, *North Toward Home*, and a novel, *The Last of the Southern Girls*. He is expanding this memoir into a book, which will be published later this year.

the "literati," I will admit I was in awe of him on that first meeting.

It was a brutally hot night in the summer, and the air-conditioner was not working. After the hostess introduced us, he and I stood off to the side of the crowd—writers, publishers, theater people, politicians—talking about mutual friends, about southern Illinois and Mississippi, about the magazine business. He had a jutting jaw, piercing eyes, and his accent was almost southern in its intonations, as was the way he used the grammar. The way he talked (except for the profanity) reminded me a little of my father, who was a small-town boy from western Tennessee.

"Holy shit, it's hot," he said. He proceeded to take off his coat and roll up his sleeves. I did likewise. We were standing near the bar, and he left momentarily to talk with some new arrivals. The bartender had vanished into the kitchen. Suddenly Ted Kennedy came up to me and extended his glass. "Another Scotch and soda, please," he said. This swift motion took me by surprise. I made the drink and handed it to him. It took me a few seconds to realize he had mistaken me for the bartender. From a distance I noticed that this scene had not been lost on Jim Jones. He was laughing so hard he put his hand against the wall for support. Soon Kennedy came up to me again: "What are *you* doing there? Let me fix *you* a drink." When he left, Jim walked over to me and said, "I told him you ain't the bartender, you're the fuckin' editor-in-chief of *Harper's Magazine*."

I was to learn over the years that beneath the rough exterior was a profoundly cultured and sophisticated man, a student of literature, history, art, and music. He loved a good time more than most, and had the craziest laugh. He had always had, too, an almost religious dedication to his work. Up until two days before he died he was talking into a tape recorder about his novel. Even with the final collapse of his body he was the sanest man I ever knew. He was, in the truest and best sense, an old-fashioned man. He could not stand fraud, or phoniness, or meanness, and often he would respond to the remark of some pompous or devious ass with the enlisted man's contemptuous "Sir?" His honesty was utterly unself-righteous, rooted in a sense of life's absurdities. He knew firsthand the terrible price exacted for civilization. Although he looked and sometimes tried to sound like a tough guy, he was in fact the most pacific of men, not at all drawn to the Hemingway macho, and the fights he had were invariably with bullies. His courage needed no proving. He was deeply loving and tender, but he did not want just anybody to know it. He never said anything merely to be smart. That was one of the reasons I always wanted to know what he thought about things.

In 1971 I went through an unhappy experience running the magazine and resigned. I had given too much of myself to someone else's property. Perhaps I had done too much too young—seen too much, or succeeded too easily, or gotten too old too soon. This shortens things. It is an American hazard. In that sense I suppose Jim and I, despite the age difference of older and younger brothers, were closer to being contemporaries.

I left the city and tried to get down to my own work. Jim Jones, too, like many writers, felt he had served his years in the city and seldom went in anymore unless he had to, and when he did he usually went to P. J. Clarke's and sat at a table in the back room and talked with the old friends who drifted through.

For awhile I was rather self-righteous about fraudulence and the petty conceits. The way people dropped you was a good lesson to learn. Yet for a time I found myself missing some of the perquisites of a position of relatively high station. Jim was not much for the ceremonial trimmings. The honesty and courage and unadorned values of the man were tempered, yet enhanced, by his simplicity. He was a man of deep moral principle. I do not believe it silly to say that he set an example for me, as he did for a lot of people. We shared a love for literature, America, the South, sitting around and telling stories—shared, too, a distrust of ideologues. He was a prop, a pillar. He knew about character because he had character.

The eastern end of Long Island, when one lives here year-round, bears little resemblance to The Hamptons of the summer society columns. The summer influx distorts its true character. In the off-season it is still a rural place with a quiet village life—anything but a "writers' colony," thank God for that. When the summer ends friends fall back upon themselves and people seem relevant again. There are hauntingly beautiful days in the autumn when you feel you do not want to be anywhere else on the Lord's good earth. Wherever you first came from, when you leave here for awhile and then return, you feel you are coming home. It is a place of lonely winters, of long nights and silences—of open fields and dunes, of old cemeteries drowsing in the sunshine, of country dogs with big friendly faces who roam free. The roar of the ocean is never far away.

I was driving down the road with Jim and Kaylie late one September afternoon three years ago. The sunlight caught the seared brown of the fields. A flock of Canada geese flew overhead. "God, how I love it here!" he said. With all his appetite for his native land and his native language, he embraced this community and made it his own.

In the old farmhouse there forever seemed to be

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laughter, voices of children, wisps of music, dogs barking, something good in the kitchen—and always the presence of literature. He enjoyed seeing his children grow up in America. In the attic he put all the things he had accumulated on his own private display: his collection of guns, knives, hats, and framed poker hands. He and Gloria knocked out the wall of the front room and made it twice as large, with an enormous fireplace at the end. The French antique furnishings were incongruous in this very American setting, but they worked. A southern-style gallery with a porch swing overlooked the sloping lawn and the potato fields beyond. Immense elms and cedars and flowering bushes dotted the landscape. Off to the side of the house was a set of large shrubs with an open place in the middle. One day when they had first settled in, he and Jamie and I were exploring these shrubs. "Were you a loner when you were growing up down in Yazoo?" he asked. "I was. I used to hide in shrubs like this and watch the girls go by and think dirty." In a downstairs bathroom was the framed drawing he had done for Burt Britton's book of writers' self-portraits, and underneath the likeness was the inscription: "Old soldiers never die. They write novels." Dominating this good old house was a large kitchen, and in it the dinner table—a long medieval French piece around which there were many meals lasting into the night, and much conversation.

Presiding over the life of Chateau Spud was Gloria. She was Gloria Mosolino from Pottsville, Pennsylvania. One of her uncles was a character in John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*. She had gone to New York after Syracuse University and taught dancing for awhile at Arthur Murray's, and wrote a novel which was never published, and did a little acting, and was Marilyn Monroe's stand-in in some movies. Jim had been introduced to her by Budd Schulberg, and he and this beautiful busty blond were married two weeks later in the Hotel Oloffson in Port-au-Prince. A friend remembered meeting her for the first time. "Jim had told me, 'I've found the girl.' Talking with her for the first fifteen minutes, I didn't know what in hell to think. After another thirty minutes she had me, I was hers forever."

Everyone was Gloria's. Her generosity and kindness were legendary in Paris, and along with them her propensity for deflating pomposity and the earthy sustenance she always gave those with broken loves, or writers' blocks, or *angst* in its wilder dimensions. I never knew anyone who could make a disparate group of people so amiable together. "That house on the Ile was like a life raft to a lot of us," Adam Shaw once said to me. "You'd be feeling awful and walk in anytime. And you weren't cuddled, just accepted. There was always a meal, drinks, sometimes a talk, sometimes some of the prettiest girls in Paris." Their marriage was the first and last for both of them, and was of another order; I have never seen one quite like it. They loved each other passionately, and she was fiercely loyal to him. A player of the horses, a card shark, a drinker of Scotch, a reader of literature, a judge of character equal to her husband, she was suffused with a feeling of fun and of the absurd.

It is saddening that Jim could not have lived longer to enjoy the place he and Gloria made for themselves. He had had the first attack of heart failure in 1970. The doctors had put him on a salt-free diet and had warned him never again to drink hard liquor. He switched to white wine, which he could put away in some quantity, and he never gave up his cigars, which were mailed to him in monthly shipments from Miami by a Cuban refugee named Pelato.

Congestive heart failure is not one of those bland diseases whose course can be measured easily. It is a gradual failure of the heart, and death usually occurs from it in the fifties, although people have been known to go on living with it for a long time. As it worsens, the lungs fill and one slowly drowns in one's own fluids. He had read much of the literature on it and knew how deceptive it was; the main character in the book on which he was working, Top Sergeant Winch, suffered from the same condition. Jim was approaching his middle fifties and had no illusions. His case was compounded by the serious malaria he had contracted on Guadalcanal, and although he was a young man then, no one knew quite how debilitating this may have been to his system.

I mentioned that he had no illusions. But he desperately wished to complete the book he considered the major work of his life. He had first begun the writing on *Whistle* in 1968, but the book went back a much longer time than that. In some notes on an essay, he had once written:

> It was conceived as far back as 1947, when I was still first writing to Maxwell Perkins about my characters Warden and Prewitt, and the book I wanted to write about World War II. When I was beginning *From Here to Eternity*, then still untitled, I meant for that book to carry its people from the peacetime Army on through Guadalcanal and New Georgia, to the return of the wounded to the United States. A time span corresponding to my own experience. But long before I reached the middle of it I realized such an ambitious scope of such dimension wasn't practicable.
>
> The idea of the trilogy occurred to me then. *Whistle*, still untitled and—as a novel—unconceived, was a part of it. So when I began *The Thin Red Line* (some eleven years later) the plan for a trilogy was already there. And *Whistle*, as a concept, would be the third part of it.
>
> Which of course it should be. It was always my intention with this trilogy that each novel should stand by itself as a work alone. In a way that, for example, John

Dos Passos' three novels in his fine *USA* trilogy do not. *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money* will not stand alone as novels. *USA* is one large novel, not a trilogy.

I intended to write the third volume immediately after I finished *The Thin Red Line*. Other things, other novels, got in the way. Each time I put it aside it seemed to further refine itself. So that each time I took it up again I had to begin all over. My own personal experiments with style and viewpoint affected the actual writing itself. . . .

There is not much else to add. Except to say that when *Whistle* is completed, it will surely be the end of something. At least for me. It will mark the end of a long job of work for me. Conceived in 1946 and begun in the summer of 1947, it will have taken me nearly thirty years to complete. It will say just about everything I have ever had to say, or will ever have to say, on the human condition of war and what it means to us, as against what we claim it means to us.

The book he was working hard to finish was full of blood, suffering, and meanness—the walking dead, the ruined, and the maimed—fistfights in bars, brief and savage sexual encounters, the cynical affluence of this country in wartime. Perhaps it is paradoxical that he was finishing it in a time when he had at last found the small-town America he wanted so much. There were good moments in this little town.

In the summertime he went to some of the big social parties at first, parties given by rich women, where grown men were known to wear red shoes without socks and lavender leisure suits, but then he pretty much stopped going to them. "Those damned parties will make a communist of me," he said. You would see him in Bobby Van's saloon at lunchtime, drinking wine and eating hamburgers, talking with truck drivers or potato farmers or tree surgeons or veterinarians. He said Bobby's was the saloon he had been looking for. He always listened to people and talked with them. There is an echo now among the many local people who knew him in this way: "That man meant so much to me." And he always had his work to get back to.

I am a late sleeper, not inclined to answer a phone, and I remember the countless late mornings he would come round to the back of my house and knock on the window. "Willie Morris! Get your ass out of the sack. Let's go get a hamburger"—or go meet a friend, or take his dog to the vet. One morning, quite early, he got me up to watch Richard Nixon's farewell from the White House the day Nixon resigned. While we were drinking coffee and watching the television in my front room, he went to the door and peered outside. "What are you doing?" I asked. "In damned near any other country there'd be blood running in the streets right now," he said. "I don't see none out on Church Lane."

At Chateau Spud there would be spaghetti dinners with Italian wine, dancing to the songs from World War II, hunkering down for hurricanes, poker games every Tuesday night, and TV-watching around the kitchen table. His comments about things on the television screen were sometimes short and vivid. One night a group of literature students from Southampton College were invited to watch the movie of *From Here to Eternity*, which was showing on one of the New York channels. Jim had not seen it in years. In the middle of a scene he suddenly shouted: "Goddamn it, I didn't say that!" Another night we were watching a late-night show on ABC about Charles Manson. One of Manson's lawyers, who wore an ill-fitting toupee, was making his case for his client. Manson, he said, was the victim of social forces, and hence innocent. There was a loud, abrupt yell which rattled the kitchen utensils hanging from the walls. "That shithead with the rug is a fake!"

Also, in the bitter days of winter, there was an odd inclination toward tricks. I must confess to being an inveterate telephone prankster, a man of many voices. When the Jones family moved here, they were a great untapped target for such things: construction crews coming to build a new access road through their back yard, mysterious power failures on the eve of a birthday party, elm trees to be cut down because of the bark blight, friends of friends from Europe arriving to stay for the weekend with six small brats.

One afternoon the honest-to-God genuine cultural attaché to the Soviet Embassy in Washington telephoned Jim. "On behalf of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics," the attaché said, "we wish to invite you to our country to speak to our college students about American writing."

"Oh, go fuck off, Willie."

There was a long pause. "I beg your pardon?"

"I'm up here in the attic trying to work. Just go fuck off."

A little later the Soviet official telephoned again. "I talked with some strange person on the phone by mistake," he said. Realizing the man was who he said he was, Jim tried to explain to him that he had a friend who sometimes talked in a Russian accent, but when this was greeted with silence he had to apologize, undoubtedly against his better nature, since he never especially liked communists.

We have a softball team here in the summers called the Golden Nematodes—named after the microscopic potato bugs—an amalgam of bartenders, potato farmers, writers, and teenagers, a team of unusual ethnic diversity held together by Jeffersonian democracy and the double steal. We play on Sunday afternoons behind the school, to galleries of village dogs, children, and softball groupies, on the same field where a local boy

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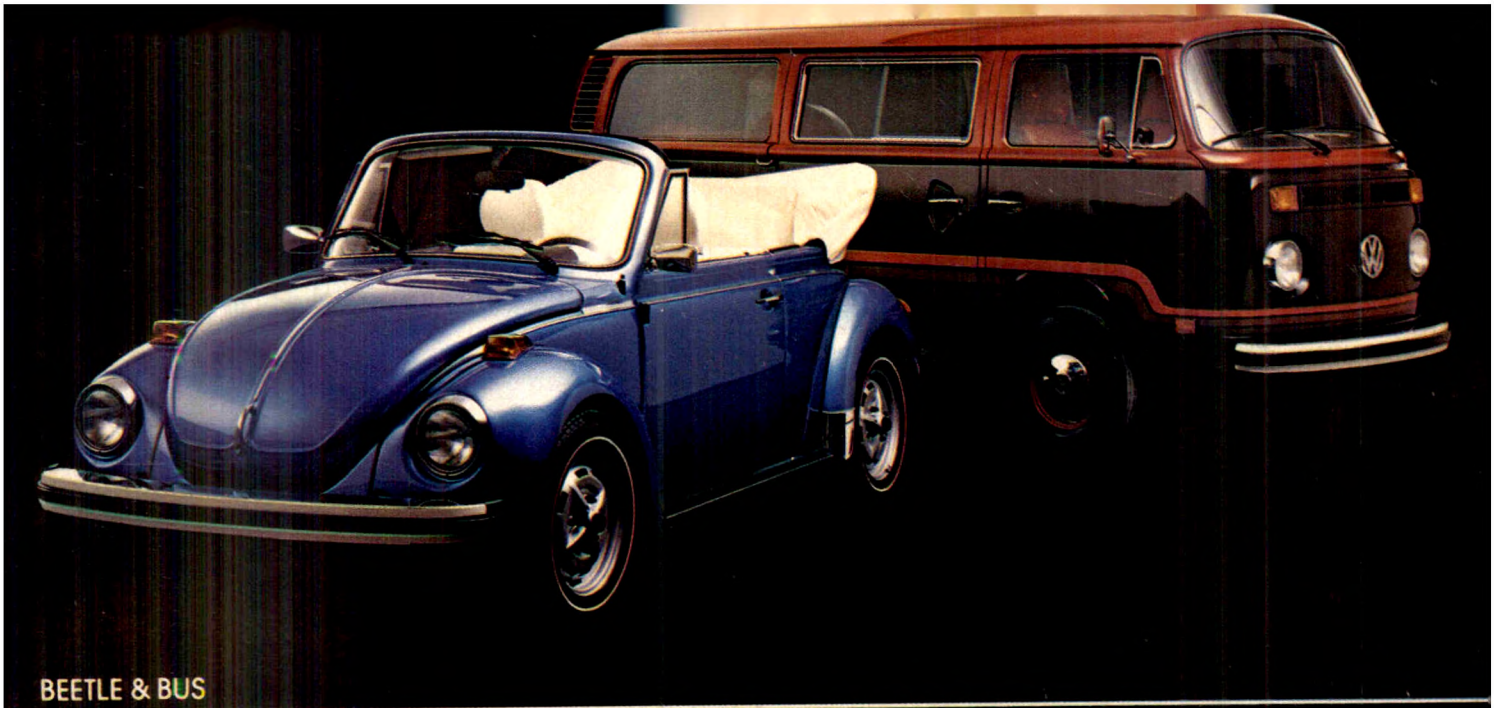

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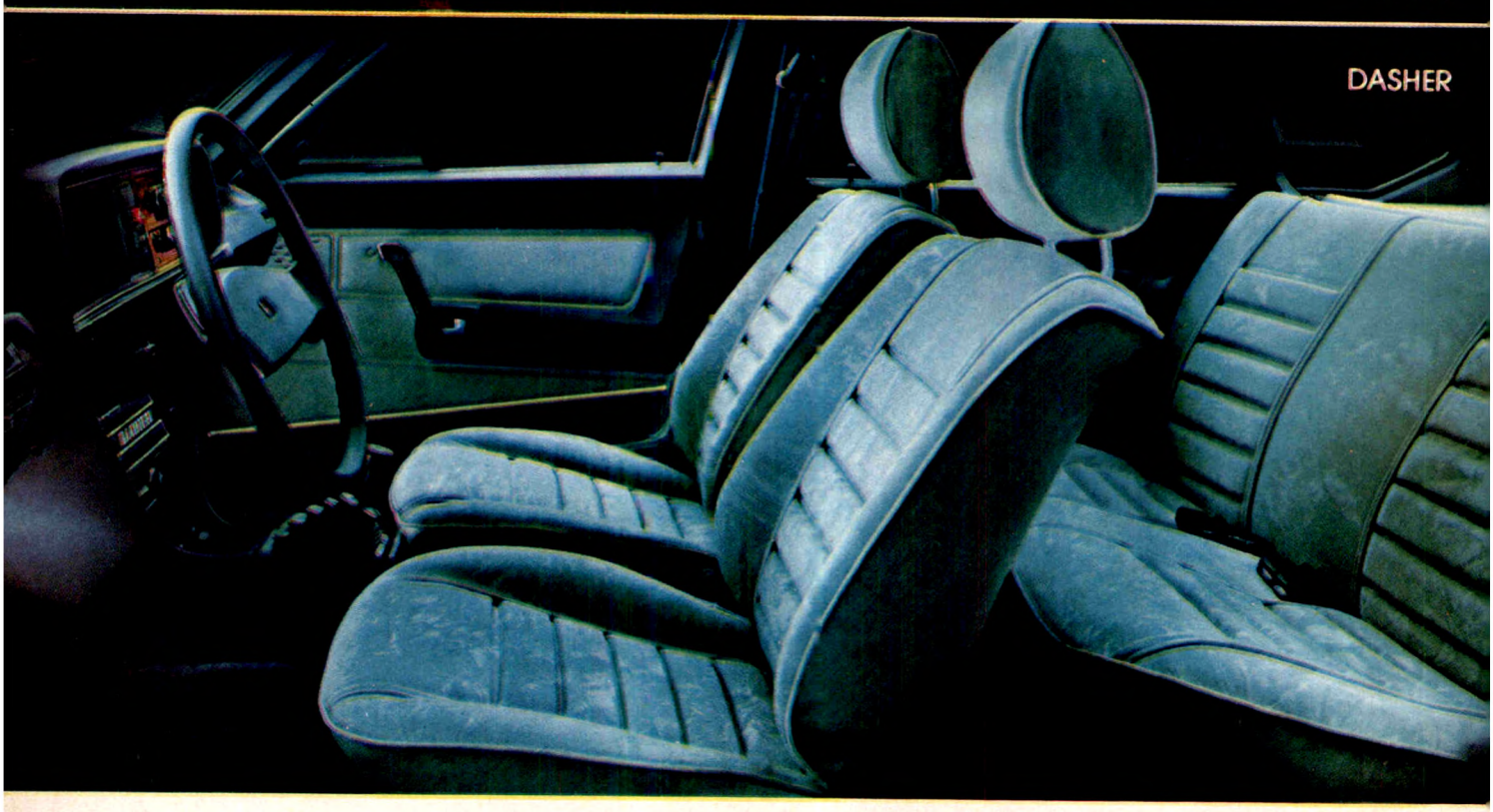

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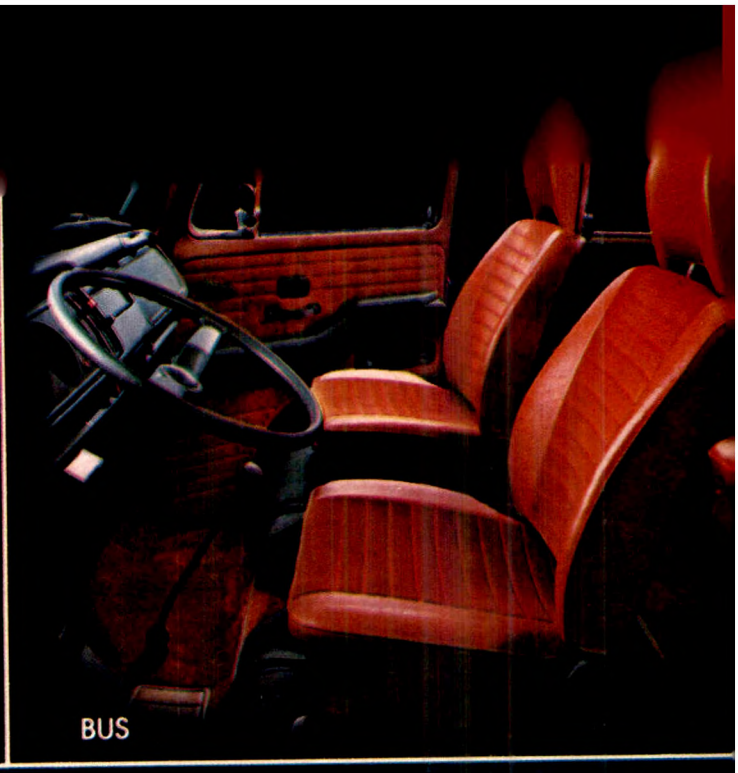

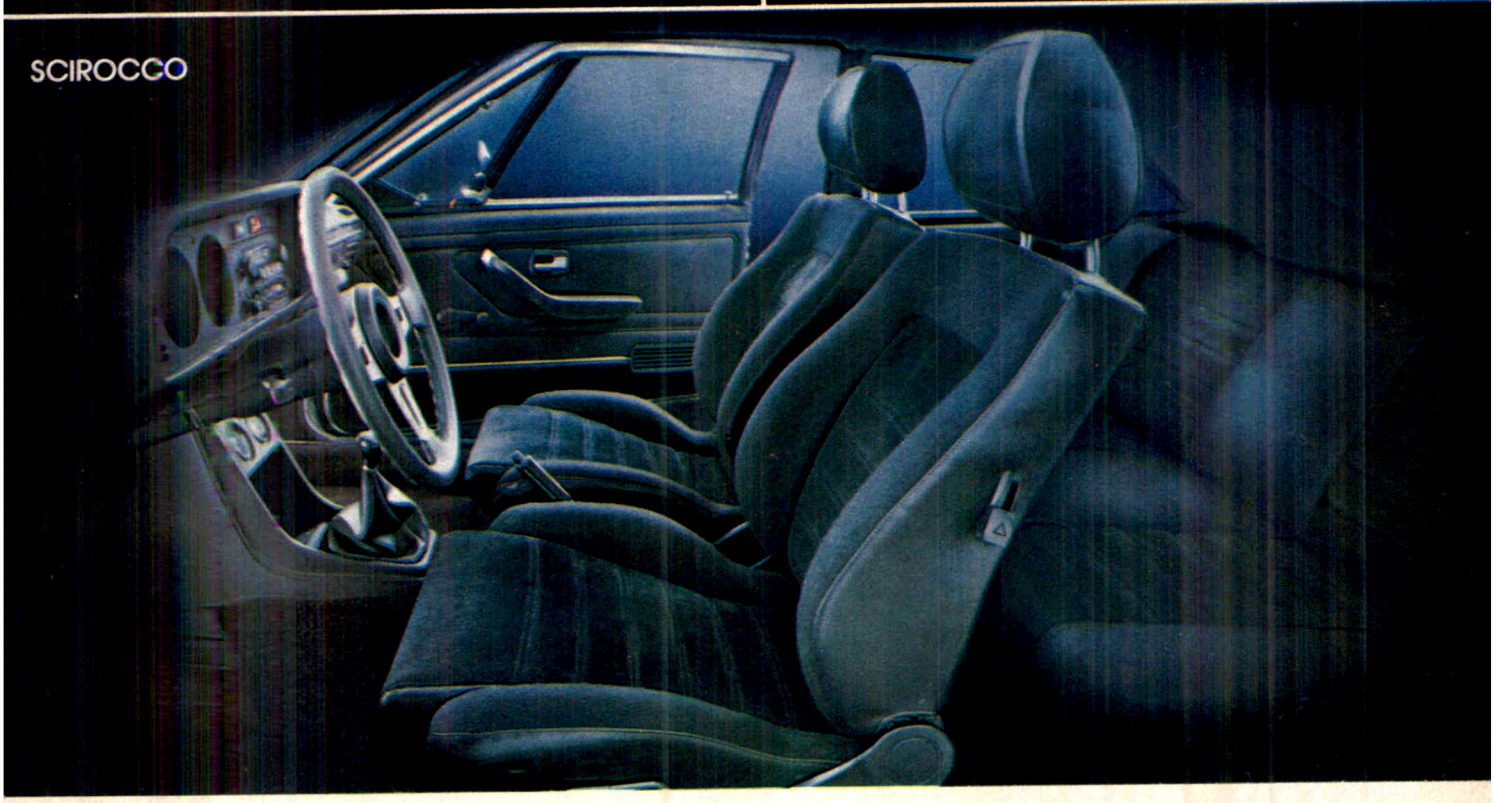

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named Carl Yastrzemski once hit memorable line drives. These languid Sunday afternoons might have made a perfect scene for Norman Rockwell were it not for the violence and profanity that were customary. For awhile, before he grew more ill, Jim played first base; he was held in high affection by his teammates. "This is my last game," he said to me one day. "My legs have give out. Besides, my adrenaline gets flowing, and I want to win so bad I can't get back to work the next day." Early on, a batter for the opposing team, safe on a close play at first base, ran Jim down. Jim held onto the ball, and did not complain, but he got up limping badly. The next batter hit a grounder close to second base. Adam Shaw, the second baseman, put his foot on the bag and then proceeded to knock the base runner into short right field. "I couldn't let the bastard get away with that," Adam explained.

One night that winter he and Jamie and I were sitting around the table talking. We had been discussing something about the war. Jamie asked: "Why haven't you ever showed me your medals, Dad?"

"Because I don't believe in that shit," Jim said.

"Where are they?"

"Tucked away in some drawer in the attic, I guess."

"Well, I'd like to see them."

Reluctantly he trudged upstairs and rummaged around for awhile. Jamie and I heard the thud of big objects from the floors above. Then he came back with a box. He sat down at the table and brought out an assortment of ribbons and medals and blew the dust off them. Jamie wanted to know what each one was.

"This here's Good Conduct. They took that one away once and then give it back . . . This is for Guadalcanal." An orange and red striped one was the Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon and medal. Another was the yellow American Defense ribbon, with a battle star, he said, for Pearl Harbor.

"What's this pretty one?"

"That's the Bronze Star."

"And this one?"

"That there's the Purple Heart. But this one here, it's the only one we wore when we shipped home. It's the Combat Infantryman's Badge."

"Why is it the only one you ever wore?"

"Oh, shit, I don't know. It was a point of pride, you see—better than all the rest. It spoke for itself. It really meant something. It was just an unspoken rule. If you wore any of the others, the men would've laughed you out of town, or maybe whipped your ass."

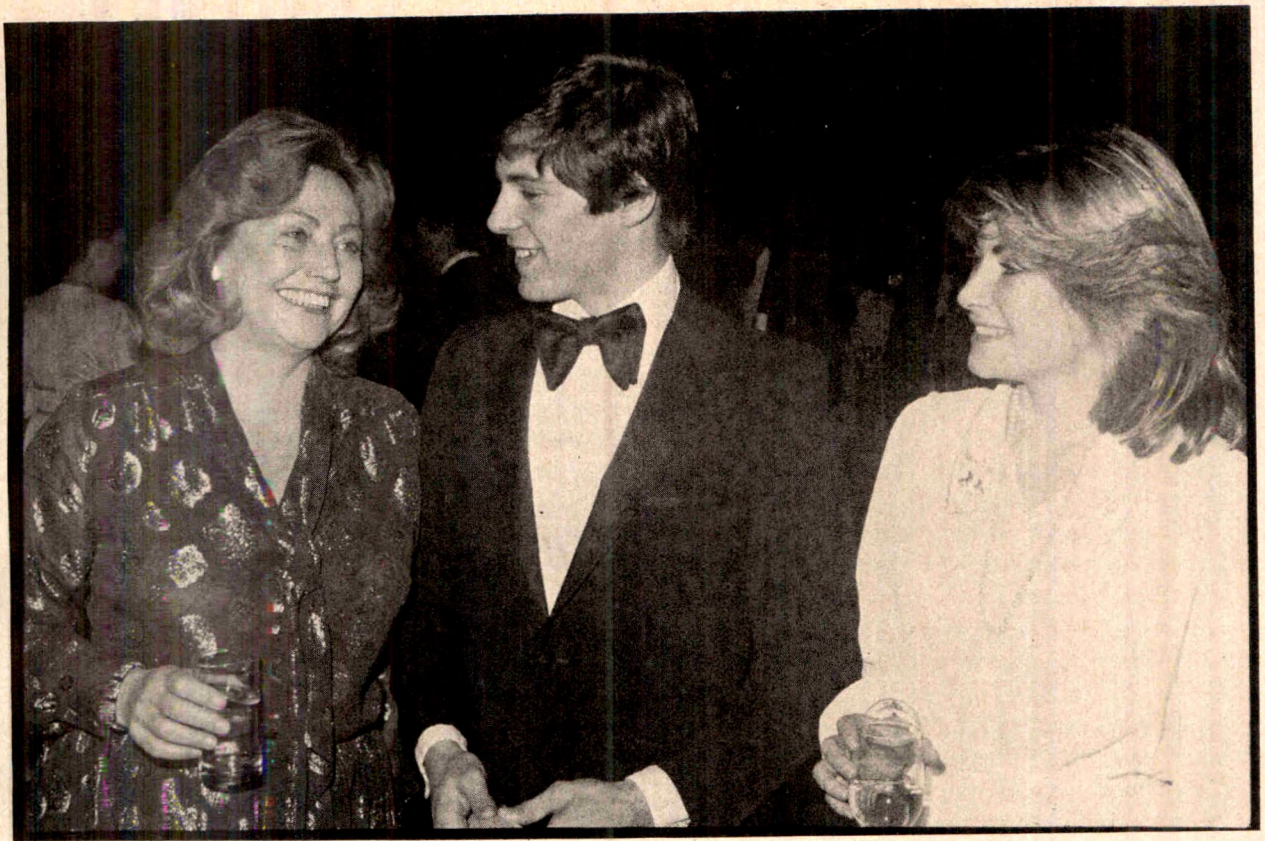
He was an ironic man, full of surprises. He was, of course, an enlisted man in the war, and his books of men at war take the side of the enlisted men against the officer caste, back in those years when the U.S. Army was far from being "democratized," and the enlisted men, so often outcasts from American society, lived under miserable, humiliating conditions. He always wrote out of his feeling for the misery of these men, and from this he never deviated; some of the most moving passages in *Whistle* would continue this theme.

Paradoxically, yet in keeping with his perception of a man rather than his status, one of his best friends in Washington was four-star General Fred Weyand, whom he had gotten to know in Vietnam when he was writing his *Viet Journal* and whom he still saw from time to time. When the nonfiction book *WWII* came out, the publishers gave a lavish party in the Federal City Club in Washington. A sizable portion of the Washington establishment turned out, including Henry Kissinger, but also large numbers of military brass, generals and admirals on down, all of whom were anxious to meet the author. This thoroughly amused him. At a small dinner of friends later at the Georgetown Club, it was General Weyand, commanding general of the U.S. Army, who offered the main toast.

His attitude toward critics was also paradoxical. Probably no major American novelist had been damned so since Faulkner in the 1930s, and although he must have been deeply hurt at times, like an old boxer accumulating a lifetime of body blows, he seldom spoke of critics; when he did, he did so with an almost courtly detachment. He believed implicitly that the best of his work would endure. He did not make a big matter of this, rather it was nourished by a quiet and hard-earned faith. When he returned to this country from France, and then later when he made a promotion tour around the country for *WWII*, I believe he saw how deeply his work had been absorbed into the consciousness of America; he was honored and gratified, and he felt good that his writing was known so widely. I never once heard him single out a critic or a book reviewer harshly.

But there was one small moment which I must describe in a little detail, not for the personal aspects, which are not especially admirable, but as an illumination of my friend.

I had been asked to write an introduction to a collection of photographs of the South which was brought out by a southern publisher. A long review appeared in the New York *Times* Sunday book section. I would never have read it except that the southern boys who had brought out the book, and were rightfully proud of it, were curious to know why a 5000-word introductory essay had prompted such a bitter personal attack and condemned a pretty good book. I feared that the south-



Gloria Jones with her children, Jamie and Kaylie, at a publication day party for Whistle.

ern boys, having not had much experience with New York book reviewers, were thinking about taking the next Delta flight up to New York to ransack the offices of the *Times Book Review*.

Reluctantly I bought the paper and read the review. The piece attacked me for greed, self-importance, and lack of character, and said my well had run dry.

At first I laughed it off, but then a couple of tough Texas friends roared into town and we had a few drinks and got on the subject of Yankee snobs and started wishing that Jubal A. Early had had 10,000 more cavalrymen in his raid on Washington in '64—one of those nights—and I got angrier than I had been in years. I got on the telephone to Jim.

"I want you to listen to what this review said today."

"Go ahead."

I began reading. As the sentences rolled off, I slowly began to discern a curious sound on the other end of the line, one that is nearly impossible to describe. At first I thought he was crying softly, but as I continued reading, listening to the enigmatic sound all the while, it became somewhat more punctuated, like a muffled cackle.

"What are you doing, Jim? Are you *laughing*?"

"I'm sorry. I can't help it."

"Why are you laughing?"

He paused to get his breath. "Because it sounds just like the things they wrote about me for years. It could be the same sentences. Hell, the same guy. Probably is." And he laughed some more.

"Well, hell," I said. I sat there, mesmerized by his giggle.

"Oh, shit, come on," he said, and now the words were tender. "You should know better. You been drinkin'? You should know by now the little shits like that don't know nothing about wells runnin' dry because they never had a well to start with. Ain't it obvious? He probably ain't gettin' much. He's thwarted and full of rage. That's the asshole story of the human race, ain't it? I'm surprised at you."

"I guess you're right," I said, for now I was a little ashamed of myself.

"Of course I'm right. Get off the phone and go back to work. We both got work to do." Then he laughed again. "What did you do? Make out with his wife?"

The days passed—another summer and autumn into winter, and Christmas approached again.

He was having trouble breathing, sudden attacks of breathlessness which came without warning. He made an appointment with his heart specialist in Huntington, a large commuter city halfway down the Island toward New York. He did not want Gloria to go; he asked me to drive down with him.

When we got there, he went through a series of tests which lasted nearly two hours. Then he came out into the waiting room. The doctor had told him his lungs were filling again and that his heart was seriously enlarged. The doctor had reserved a bed in the hospital and told him to check in right away.

We got in the car and drove down a steep hill toward

the hospital. The streets at noontime were festive with Christmas decorations, and flurries of snow swept by in the wind.

"He told me I can't drink no more, goddamn it. Not if I want to live." He said it faintly, with resignation.

We were driving by a huge restaurant and bar called Glynn's Inn. "Let's go in that place!" he suddenly exclaimed. "The hospital can wait. I want to have two or three drinks."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. My last ones."

The bar was dark and deserted at this hour. There was Christmas music on the Muzak, and the dining room next door bustled with the chatter of commuters' wives at their lunches. We sat down at the bar and ordered a bottle of white wine. He took a sip and sighed: "What I'd give for a big-assed tumbler of Scotch."

It was hard for him to give up drinking. In Europe, and in the years before, he was known as a drinker. His work was filled with all the nuances of booze, the glories and miseries, the highs and lows of it. Not too long before, sitting at the kitchen table, I had read in a chapter of *Whistle* about Top Sergeant Winch:

> "You're just going to have to get used to the idea that you can never take one drink again for the rest of your life," the doctor said.
>
> "I'm used to it," Winch said.
>
> But he wasn't. When he thought about it, it was enough to have him almost biting the walls. It was astonishing, when you got down to it and noticed it, how much almost everything in America had to do with drinking. Every dinner. Every meal. Almost every social occasion. If you were chasing some girl. And at night, when everybody was philosophizing about life and the war and death, or dancing and trying to make out with some broad, if you did not drink you were outside everything. And bored to death by all of it.

We sat in the darkened bar talking about such things, about how a man's life changes, about the inevitability of sorrow, about death.

"I watched ol' Bill Styron once. We used to go around in Paris and raise hell. One afternoon we were in a mood to celebrate. I don't remember what over. We were sitting in the bar of the Ritz, and I decided to keep count. I'd never done that before with my buddy Bill. I noticed for every three Scotches I had, Bill only had one. It was the first time I ever saw how he paced himself. I couldn't do that. It disturbed me I couldn't, but I didn't really give a shit."

He lit a cigar and sipped on the wine. "It was hard enough when I realized I couldn't fight no more," he said. "Fight some son of a bitch who was acting mean or trying to make out with my wife. Not doing that anymore puts a whole new light on things."

I wanted to know if he really hit that guy over the head with the pinball machine in Europe.

"Yeah, I guess so. There were two of them. Trying to molest Gloria in a bar called Jerry Cherchio's in Rome."

The Christmas tunes wafted out from the music machine. The bartender poured another wine.

"Hell, Kaylie was asking me about death the other day. I told her life is a great adventure, and death is one of those adventures. I advised her to try and look at it that way. That's hard for a kid, though. They don't know much of nothing. They have to learn it all themselves.

"I guess about the worst I ever saw of it was on the burial details. The graves-registration officer would come by and ask for three or four men out of a company, and the first sergeant would pick them. Once we were out digging up these temporary graves; that was the time this boy from the company found his brother in one of them. We always laughed a lot to keep, you know, from cracking."

He looked down into his wine. I said it was about time to get to the hospital. He downed the glass. "Well, that's that," he said. We went outside in the snow and drove to the hospital. He was there for two weeks on that trip, and got out on Christmas Eve, just in time for the big tree at Chateau Spud.

That January I went to Washington for a couple of months to be writer-in-residence on the Washington *Star*. Jim wanted a break from his book, and he brought down his son, Jamie, and my son, David, who were both then fifteen, for a two-week visit. They stayed at a hotel in Old Town in Alexandria, just around the corner from my apartment. We planned eventually to take our sons through some of the Civil War country.

The day after they got there was Washington's Birthday, and since it was the Bicentennial year and Alexandria was Washington's hometown, there was an enormous parade through the old, narrow streets of the city, which was splendidly bedecked in red, white, and blue streamers for the occasion. The parade was made up of high school bands, floats, crack platoons from the military schools, Girl Scouts, volunteer firemen, not to mention the best military bands from the District.

I had work to do, and met Jim, David, Jamie, and some beer-drinking Alexandria friends who had taken them in tow at a street corner in the oldest part of town. It was a crisp and matchless winter's afternoon, the strains of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Caisson Song" echoed down the cobbled streets, and I remember the scene which greeted me as if it were yesterday. Stand-

ing amidst a group of squealing Girl Scouts and several village dogs was James Jones, holding a miniature American flag in one hand and a camera in the other, snapping pictures of the parade from time to time, commenting on the majorettes with my Alexandria friends in their state of acute revelry. Later we drove toward the District and stopped for a moment and looked across the Potomac in a burnt-orange twilight at the edifices and memorials. It made him think a little of Rome, he said—not that it's as old as Rome, or that it even looks like ancient Rome, but that it too might someday be in ruins, and some future scholar might conclude that there probably was some kind of public meeting place there.

Later that week we drove southwest into Virginia, into that haunted ground where the toll of death was so monumental. Visiting the battlefields around the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, he was haunted by the fact that the two massed armies in the spring of 1864 were fighting on the same terrain of battles of a year before, so that the men who had survived that year and come back again to Virginia saw the old scenes of devastation, the skeletons of men and horses, the burnt-out woods, the makeshift graves. Wandering about these places—Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania—sometimes startling the illicit couples in parked cars who find their privacy in battlefields on winter afternoons, we talked a lot about what coming back to all this must have meant to the soldiers.

We drove on down to Charlottesville, where the next day we were going to see Monticello and the University of Virginia. It was late at night, and we checked into a Holiday Inn and took adjoining rooms with a connecting door and, as traveling Americans will do, turned on the television sets in each room as casually as one opens a window to get another view. In a few moments Jim came into David's and my room.

"Say, that column you did for the *Star* on us going to the Jefferson Memorial the other day—you know, the one you let me read? Is it too late to call the copy desk and make a small change?"

What did he want changed?

"Well, you said I went inside the memorial smoking a cigar. I didn't do that. I put out the cigar before I went inside, in one of them little ashtrays on the side of the building. I wouldn't go inside there smoking a cigar. You know what I mean?"

I telephoned the copy desk and got the sentence changed. "Thanks," he said. "It don't sound like much, but it's been worrying me like hell for two days."

He was an entertaining man to ride around the country with. The next day, heading west toward the Blue Ridge to loop about the Massanutten and aim toward Harpers Ferry and Antietam, we picked up some hamburgers and french fries at a roadside place and continued on our way. After awhile he asked David, who was sitting in the front seat next to him, to reach down and hand him the french fries he had dropped a few miles back.

"They're under your foot," David said. "They've got dirt and mud all over them."

"I don't give a damn if the fleas from your ears got on them. I've eaten a lot worse in my day, and I hope you boys don't never have to. Now reach down and get me my french fries like I asked you. And get in the back seat if you're shocked."

In gathering mists we drove toward Harpers Ferry, the Potomac and the Shenandoah appearing suddenly as if from nowhere in their eternal twistings and turnings. We sped by a road sign. "How many miles did that sign say to Harpers Ferry?" he asked.

"Six," I said.

"I thought so, too."

From the back seat Jamie and David both demurred. "It said twenty-six," they argued.

"It said six."

"It said twenty-six."

We drove on, considerably more than six miles. From the back seat came the sounds of whispers and laughter. Finally, after about twenty-six miles, we reached the outskirts of Harpers Ferry.

"We told you it wasn't six," a voice came from the back.

"I knew you'd say that," Jim said. "I'd advise you to look at it this way. It's the first thing you two assholes have said in a week that made any sense."

Antietam is a place linked closely to the Federal City seventy miles away. Washington might be a different concept altogether if that fortuitous clash of two great armies on September 17, 1862, had taken a different turn, and so also, of course, might the nation.

It was the bloodiest single day's fighting in the Civil War, perhaps the bloodiest in the history of mankind up to then. The men on both sides were caught in outdated formations by the fire of deadly weaponry, new and old. They fell in rows. At Antietam, Jim remembered, they were firing cannon with chain shot—two cannonballs attached with a long chain—almost point-blank, and when fired the chain would extend and cut men in half. More than 23,000 Americans fell that day; 6600 fell on D-Day in France.

We paused for a long time at the Dunker Church. It was a day of mists and unhurried rain, and there was an ominous rumble way off toward the skyline; it sounded very much like artillery. Was it A. P. Hill and his brigades back to try again?

Jim wore a slouch hat and walking boots and tarried in the cold wind with a pair of binoculars. It was melancholy land with its hollows and ravines and outcroppings which snipers used, and they could hide a whole brigade in some of those places. "It was a damned general's paradise," Jim said, as he peered through the binoculars at the ground where Stonewall Jackson hid his men, "but very hard on the legs of the troops. One of the things most people don't understand is the physical hardship a soldier goes through even when he's not being shot at. The average person couldn't climb that hill at Burnside's Bridge just to get there. And going downhill is sometimes even more draining than going uphill. If you've been a soldier you look at all that, I guess."

The day waned on in its fog and rain, and we worked our way from Nicodemus Hill down the Smoketown Lane and past the Roulette Farmhouse, and now we were at the Sunken Road, which at the time became known as Bloody Lane. Here, along a line of a thousand yards, the Confederate center took its stand, thousands of them firing at close quarters against the federal troops charging across the crest of a ridge. It lasted three hours, and the dead Confederate soldiers lay so thick there that as far as the eye could see a man could walk upon them without once touching ground, and the bodies of the attackers lay strewn in piles across the whole ridge.

We walked down the road for awhile, and gazed out ever so often from behind the wooden fences at the crest where the attackers came. The two boys were quiet now also, and for a moment they looked silently at the monument only a few feet to the south of the road, dedicated to an Ohio brigade, and at the top of this was the stone silhouette of a boy who seemed to be no more than eighteen, raising his cap in one hand, holding a flag in the other. Then we climbed to the top of an observation tower.

Why do men do it, one of the boys wondered. Why did they do it here?

"Well . . . " He paused, to the sound of rain on the roof. "I think it's more because they didn't want to appear unmanly in front of their friends. On the average I think that counted more than anything. Men don't like to be shot at. Take my word for it. They'd rather have been anywhere else than here. If you could just get men to expend the courage and energy on things that weren't destructive to other men, what a race we'd be. What was it Steinbeck said? Man has conquered every natural obstacle in the world except himself."

But the average run-of-the-mill of human experience is so full of sorrow and brutality anyway, I said.

"Without war," he said. "Yeah. You and I know that. We're writers. I honestly think people in a way want war to escape the ordinary sorrow we have to deal with. I honestly believe that. But these men would've had to be mystical to go farther than they did. I don't think men could go any farther than these men did in this battle and still be members of the planet."

We descended the tower, and the boys and I walked to our car. Jim had dallied somewhere, however, and we went looking for him. He was a solitary figure in a slouch hat, standing there in the middle of the Sunken Road. It was early afternoon, and we drove back to the motel in Harpers Ferry. I had to write an article and telephone it in to Washington, and the boys went down to the village to take a tour. Jim went back to the battlefield in the rain and stayed until dark. He returned to the motel room soaking wet.

"Why did you go back in this weather?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess you really have to be alone in a place like that."

By the following January, he was well into the last of the five main books of *Whistle,* called "The End of It." Then the night came when we had to get him to the hospital in Southampton in the blizzard, Gloria and I following the ambulance down the Montauk Highway, going slow to avoid skidding off the road into snowdrifts. They almost lost his pulse in the ambulance.

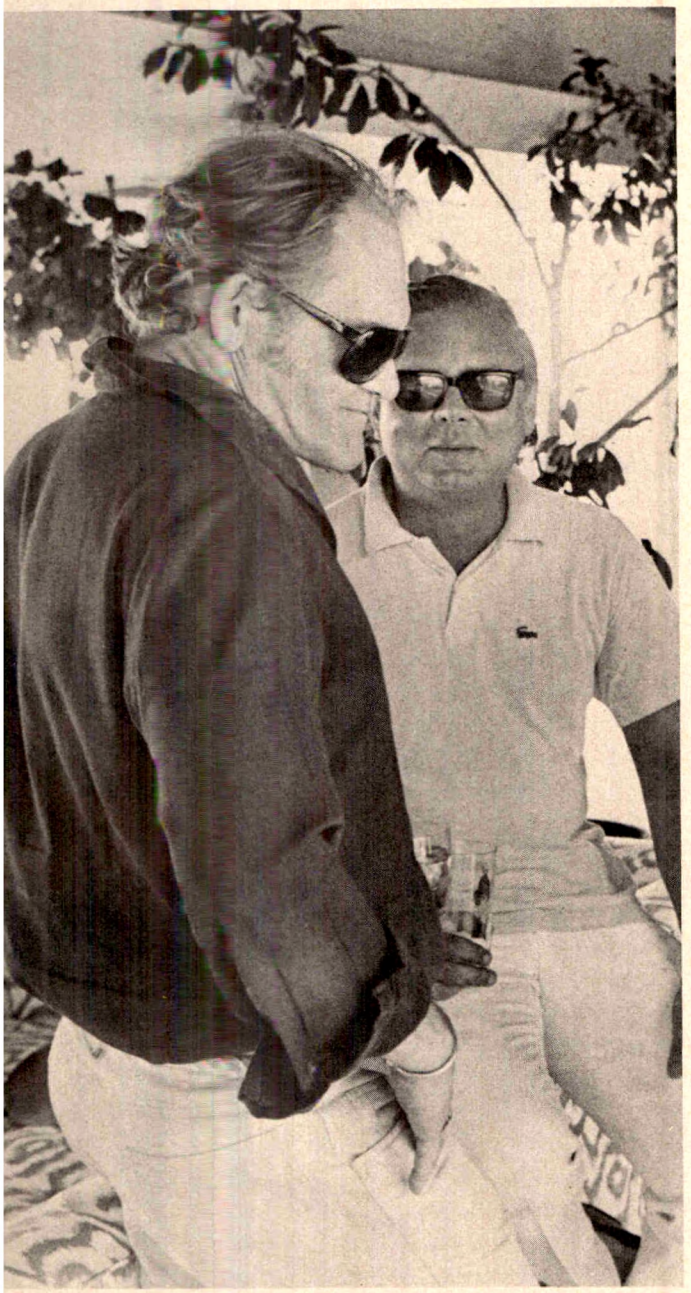
"There ain't nothing wrong with my old heart," he said in the bed in the cardiac care unit. "I got a good heart." For two or three days we thought he was dying. He asked me to get a notebook. The doctors left us alone for a long time. I sat by the bed and between whiffs of an oxygen mask he talked about the few remaining chapters of his novel.

He survived that attack, but he was extremely weak. When he got out of the hospital in February, the doctors warned him not to work at first. But gradually he started back into the hard routine. At night, around the kitchen table during that vicious winter, we would sometimes go over the notes on the remaining chapters. Our friend Joseph Heller had given him a small tape recorder, and as a precaution he was also talking some into that. Mainly he was trying to conserve his strength to get in a few hours a day at the writing desk. Then he started coming out again, and he would be with Gloria at the bar of Bobby Van's saloon at lunchtime as before, drinking grapefruit juice on the rocks, smoking cigars, and talking with people.

One night in March, not long before my mother died, Gloria and the kids were making dinner in the kitchen. He and I were sitting by the fireplace in the front room, talking about nothing in particular.

Suddenly, he said: "Goddamn I love you, Willie. You're my best friend."

After a silence I said: "I love you, too. You're the best friend I ever had."



James Jones and Willie Morris in East Hampton, 1976.

I told him there were two wonderful old men down in Austin, Texas, when I was living there, two writers named Dobie and Bedichek who had known each other for years. Once Bedichek came up to Dobie at a party and said, "Dobie, you're good as grass," and Dobie said, "Bedi, you're fine as rain."

On my long journey in the car from Mississippi I had dwelled on all these things, these old mementos of a friendship. I spent the last night on the road somewhere in Pennsylvania, and telephoned the hospital in Southampton to find he was sinking fast.

I drove into Southampton early on a Thursday afternoon, and went straight to the hospital. Gloria was in the waiting room outside the cardiac care unit with Kaylie and Jamie, and a number of close friends. Gloria told me to go inside.

Jim was lying in the bed, with wires in him for the monitors and the glucose. He took my hand.

"Gee, I'm sorry about your mom. Did you get to Shiloh?"

I told him he was right about western Tennessee, that it was pretty much the way he described it.

I sat in a chair by the bed while one of the nurses gave him a shot. When she left, he said: "Listen to me. Write two books fairly quick, and then—da, da, da, da—the next ones will come."

He lay there for a moment, wordlessly, then reached for the oxygen mask.

"I'm scared, Willie."

"We'll stay with you, Jim. You're fine."

"Aw, shit, it ain't that. I'm scared I ain't finished *Whistle.*"

"But you have, really. You know that."

"Just them three short chapters. I never quite got to the fart scene in the Peabody. I been talking some more into this thing Joe Heller give me." The tape recorder was on the table by the bed. I sat there a few minutes until he fell asleep.

We remained in the waiting room all through the afternoon. Someone had hidden some bottles and paper cups under a sofa. Now, in the early evening, the doctor came out and took Gloria and the children aside. He told them it was just a matter of time, perhaps an hour. They went in again to see him.

In about an hour Gloria emerged. "Quick!" she said. "He wants a drink." I poured a paper cup full of bourbon. She hurried inside with it.

All that evening we waited. The doctor later said he had practiced heart medicine for twenty years and had never seen a patient come back like that from the edge of death; he had never seen a patient want to live so badly.

At two A.M. the nurse came out and said Jim wanted to see me. I went into his room. He was lying in bed. "I think I'm going to pack it in," he said. "I got to talk to you. But I got to get unhooked. I can't think with all this shit." He pulled out the wires, and got out of bed. He sat down in a chair and reached for the recorder. "Sit here next to me," he said. I sat on the floor by the chair.

"I want you to listen to this. I got to fill in two points I didn't make clear. They been bothering me. It'll be on this tape—the one in the machine now. Don't erase the damn thing by mistake. You've got to help me out."

He began talking into the machine. He talked for a long time, weakly but lucidly. First he talked about the end of the affair between Top Sergeant Winch and the girl from Memphis named Carol. Then, at greater length, he described precisely how Winch, in the next-to-last chapter, got the two hand grenades which he would use to blow up the Wurlitzer machines in the PX at Camp O'Bruyerre. When he had finished he sat back exhausted. "Those were the two points I needed to clear up," he said. "God, I'm sleepy."

He deteriorated badly that weekend. Gloria was with him most of the time. She came out and said he wanted a copy of Yeats's "Lake Isle of Innisfree." She said he wanted it read at his service. It was Sunday afternoon, and everyone went home to rest.

David and I drove to Bridgehampton and got the poem. We returned to the hospital and went to his room.

"Only a few minutes," the nurse warned.

I handed him the poem. He lifted his hand high to avoid entangling it in the wires, and read it to himself.

"It's a strange poem," he said finally. "It has to be read in a certain way—a certain rhythm on the last line of each stanza." He paused.

"It makes me want to weep." He fought back at the tears with a sweep of his hand.

Slowly, in the old, familiar, gruff voice, he read it aloud.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And I shall live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

The nurse came in and told us to go. David left, and I stood briefly in the doorway.

"I'll see you tomorrow, ol' Jim."

"I'll see you, ol' buddy."

Soon he lapsed into a coma. Gloria and the children were with him all that next afternoon. Early Monday evening he struggled to get out of the bed, and then he died.

A Long Island storm had been gathering that afternoon. Thunder and lightning filled the skies. By nightfall the trees swayed in the ocean wind, and it began to rain in torrents.

Everyone left for home. In the heart unit the nurses were crying. Peter Matthiessen and I waited for the undertaker. He arrived shortly with the forms to be filled out. We retired to the waiting room.

He asked the first question. "Was Mr. Jones a veteran?"

Peter and I looked at each other. "Yes," I said. "He was."

There was a bugler at the memorial service in the Bridgehampton Community House. When we requested one from Washington, we asked for an enlisted man who was also a career soldier. An officer in the Department of the Army telephoned shortly: they had a career soldier, he said, but he was not an enlisted man. "All the best buglers these days are master sergeants," he explained.

"Then just so he's a good bugler," someone said.

"Our man is not only the best damned bugler in the U.S. Army. He's the best bugler in the world. He's played at the graves of three Presidents. And he volunteered for this assignment. He's right here."

Master Sergeant Mastroleo came on the line. He admired Mr. Jones, he said—he remembered Montgomery Clift in *From Here to Eternity*.

Now, on that noon of high spring, someone read the scene from the novel, and the Sergeant sounded "Taps" firm and clear, as Prewitt had at Schofield that night many years ago.

The apple blossoms and lilacs were in bloom on the morning we buried his ashes, just a small group of us, in an old cemetery down the road from his farmhouse. Bill Styron read a poem; Irwin Shaw said, "Goodbye, Jim. The adventure is over." And that was all. □

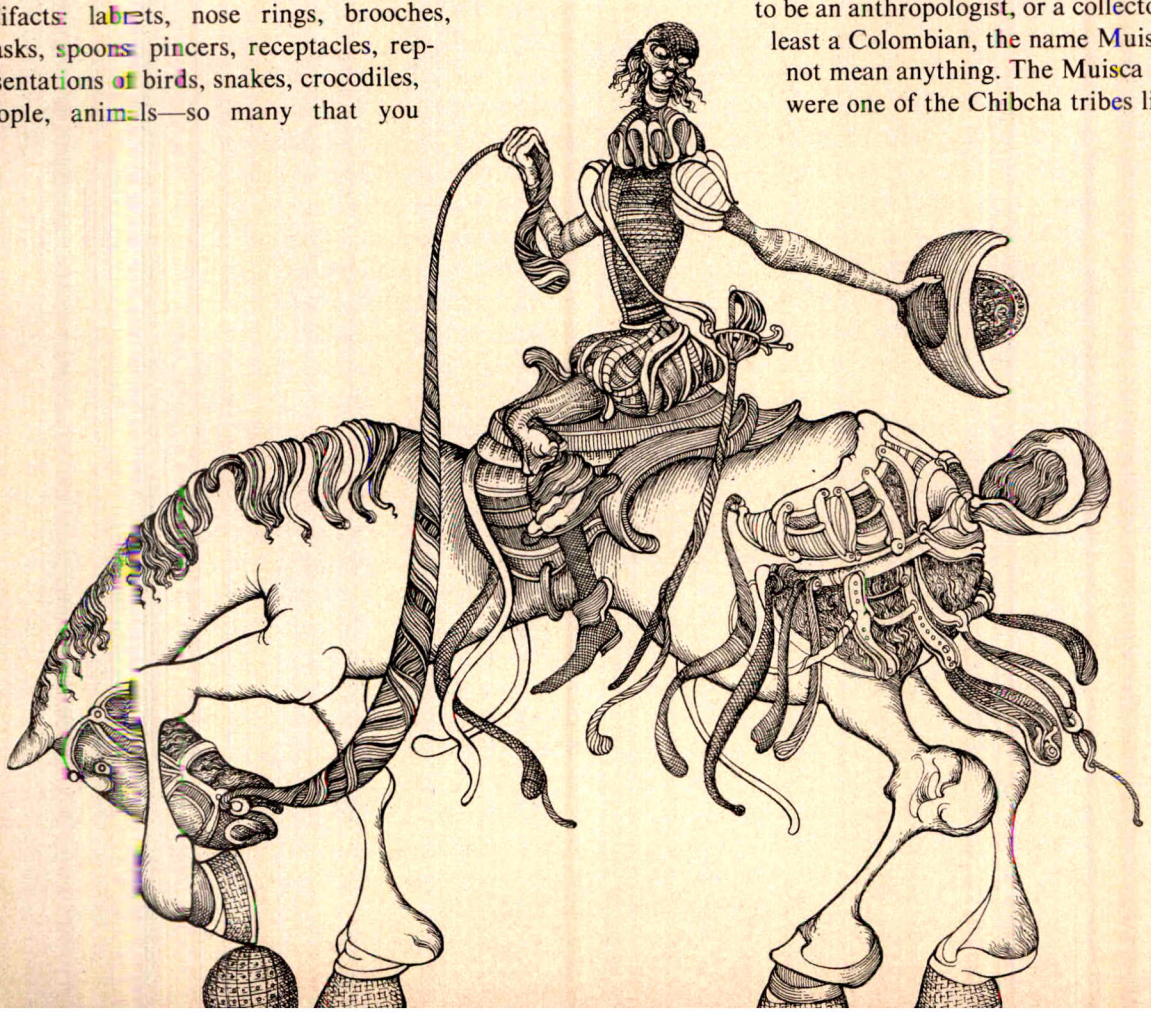
THE GOLDEN MAN

by Evan Connell

Deep in the Colombian jungles, according to popular legend, lived a tribe of Indians whose king wore a suit of gold. The tale intrigued a number of Spanish and English explorers, not many of whom survived their sad, rapacious efforts to find El Dorado.

If you go to Bogotá and visit the Banco de la República you will see, in the bank's Museo del Oro, nearly 10,000 pre-Columbian gold artifacts: labrets, nose rings, brooches, masks, spoons, pincers, receptacles, representations of birds, snakes, crocodiles, people, animals—so many that you think they must be dime-store replicas. You walk along a corridor filled with display cases, each case cluttered with dull gold knickknacks. You turn right, walk down another long corridor past more of the same. Then more. And more. Finally, instead of going out, you enter a room which is completely dark. After you have been there a while the lights very gradually rise and you are surrounded by gold from the floor to the ceiling. If Tutankhamen's gold were added to this collection, together with everything Schliemann found at Mycenae and Hissarlik, you could scarcely tell the difference.

Quite a lot of it is Muisca. Unless you happen to be an anthropologist, or a collector, or at least a Colombian, the name Muisca may not mean anything. The Muisca Indians were one of the Chibcha tribes living in



the highlands around Bogotá. They were sedentary farmers with no great authority or influence; but for a number of years, nobody knows just how long, until they were deprived of their independence by some Chibcha cousins, they observed a ritual unlike any other in the world.

Guatavitá was their principal village, and high above it at an altitude of about two miles is a small circular lake which was created several thousand years ago when a meteorite plunged into the earth. People were living in the Andean cordilleras at that time and a memory of the phenomenon must have survived, because Chibcha mythology relates how a golden god dropped from the sky to make his home at the bottom of Lake Guatavitá.

In any event, whenever a new Muisca chieftain was elected—or possibly each year as a form of reconsecration—he paid his respects to this radiant underwater deity. After first being anointed with sticky balsam gum he was sprayed with gold dust through cane tubes until he became a glittering living statue. Then he walked from the temple to the lakeshore, accompanied by priests wearing black cotton robes and by the Muisca men whose bodies were painted red. At the shore he stepped aboard a raft and was paddled to the center of the lake where—possibly at dawn, just as sunlight illuminated the surface—he dove in and washed away the gold. Then the people who had followed him, who now stood all around the perimeter of the lake, hurled emeralds and golden trinkets into the water.

The last performance of this ceremony seems to have taken place about 1480, but when the Europeans arrived they heard stories of a gilded man; and after they had told the stories to each other often enough the Muisca chief became an omnipotent king who ruled a golden empire. Not only did the king himself go about his daily affairs dressed in a golden crust, so did the nobles of his realm; and because it was uncomfortable to sleep in a golden suit they washed it off every night, gilding themselves afresh in the morning. And the warriors wore golden armor. And the buildings were sheathed in gold. That is to say, practically everything in this kingdom except food either was made of gold or was sheathed in gold.

The first European to go looking for it was a young German, Ambrosius Dalfinger—some say Ehinger—who had been appointed governor of Venezuela as the result of a little hanky-panky in the Old World. After Maximilian of Habsburg died three rulers competed for the title of Holy Roman Emperor: Henry VIII, Francis I, and Charles I of Spain. Who received this crown would depend on the Electors; and, as the Spaniards say, Don Dinero speaks with a loud voice. Charles borrowed a truckload of ducats from two German banking families, Welser and Fugger, in order to bribe the Electors. Dalfinger was related to some Welser officials, Charles owned Venezuela, etc.

Thus, in 1529 young Ambrosius landed at Coro, a settlement consisting of several dozen thatched huts, a church, a town hall, and a gallows. He was expected to infuse the colony with a more businesslike spirit and speed up the exports—the most profitable being a substance derived from the bark of the guaiac tree which reputedly cured the so-called French disease, morbus Gallicus. But the Welser did not know their deputy because Dalfinger very soon went marching into the jungle with 180 men and several hundred native "volunteers" to see what he could see. How much he knew of El Dorado at this point is uncertain; perhaps not much because the legend was just taking shape, although he probably had seen a few gold ornaments in Coro.

On this march Dalfinger acquired some gold. Nothing remotely comparable to what Cortés had found at Tenochtitlán, but either by force or by trade he did pick up some high-carat gold pins, nose rings, diadems, and bracelets. More significant than the gold itself was the fact that Venezuelan Indians had not made it. The workmanship was beyond their ability. It came from a place called Xerará which was rich also in green stones—emeralds. In Xerará one could trade seashells and cotton for emeralds and gold.

Dalfinger spent ten months in the jungle searching for this wonderful place.

After his return, while attending to gubernatorial business, he accumulated supplies and soldiers for another attempt. And he became convinced that the way to locate the kingdom was to terrorize the natives. Sooner or later, he reasoned, they would stop being evasive and lead him straight to it.

In June of 1531 he set out with forty cavalrymen, 130 foot soldiers, and a column of slaves. Even by conquistadorial standards he seems to have been unusually brutal and shortsighted. Indians who welcomed him with gifts and songs were shot or sliced apart. Rebellious captives were burned alive. He had linked his porters together by a neck chain and when one died of exhaustion it was at first thought necessary to unshackle them all to get rid of the corpse; then Dalfinger realized it was simpler to decapitate the body, or, in some cases, a living porter who was unable to carry his load.

Meanwhile they were collecting gold. The expedition's accountant listed sixteen gold representations of eagles, fourteen anthropomorphic figures, a quantity of brassards, earrings, labrets, and so forth, whose weight totaled more than 100 kilos. Dalfinger loaded it

on some Indians and dispatched them to Coro with a guard of twenty-nine soldiers. One man, Francisco Martín, survived. Either he stumbled into Coro several weeks later half-dead of starvation, or he was adopted by a tribe and told his story long afterward. Historians disagree. In either case, it appears that the convoy got lost and when food ran out the Europeans began eating Venezuelans before being eaten themselves by predators and scavengers. As for the gold, Martín said they buried it at the foot of a ceiba tree.

Two years and three months after leaving Coro thirty-five exhausted ragged men tottered back into town. Governor Dalfinger, who had stopped a poisoned arrow with his throat, was not among them. They brought very little gold, but of harrowing stories they had more than enough. Bloodsucking vampire bats. Malaria. The nigua—a sand flea that lays its eggs in the toes of animals and men. Yellow fever, accompanied by black vomit and death. A fever called verrugas, carried by flies, which disfigured the body with horrible suppurating wounds. Crocodiles, jaguars, a climate where everything rotted, to say nothing of invisible human enemies—one torment after another. And as for the soldiers who exercised themselves with native women, they had syphilis.

Those who listened to the grim recital and looked at the survivors grew more than ever convinced that someplace in the jungle a kingdom of inconceivable splendor must exist. As proof, a sizable treasure already had been found—though regrettably lost. Then too, if such a kingdom did not exist why would God create so many obstacles to its discovery? Therefore it must be.

After Dalfinger came Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, a lawyer who foresaw nothing but a life of genteel poverty in the gloomy Andalusian courts. He sold everything and embarked for Santa Marta on the Colombian coast.

In 1536 he was sent upriver with approximately 900 men to look for a passage to the South Sea. Charles wanted a short route to the Spice Islands, so those were Quesada's marching orders—although everybody in the expedition and everybody in Santa Marta understood that he would be looking for the Gilded Man. *Obedezco pero no cumplo.* Which is to say: I obey but I do not comply.

Quesada's troops hacked their way through some of the most unpleasant territory on earth. Ants, hornets, snakes, ticks, bats, mosquitoes, fevers, and tropical rain made their days memorable, with a quick flight of arrows now and then for emphasis. Stragglers caught by Indians were eaten. One man was dragged from his hammock by a jaguar. Others were grabbed by crocodiles. Pack animals sank to their bellies in the swamps, which meant unloading and reloading. It took three months to go seventy miles. Graves marked the trail. Occasionally, says the record, "a hand clenched in its last agony was unable to be flexed and remained above the ground, seemingly to wave farewell to those who went in search of the accursed gold."

When food ran low they swallowed insects, rats, bats, lizards, and whatever else might keep them alive a few hours longer; they gnawed at leather shields and the hides of dead horses.

Next came the mountains. They climbed and shivered and chewed on raw corn and dragged the surviving horses upward.

At last they looked down on a vast cultivated plain. Everything appeared green and peaceful. This was the plateau of Cundinamarca, land of the condor, home of the Chibcha Indians. A year had passed since Quesada left Santa Marta. Three fourths of his men were dead.

Descending from the mountain the Spaniards attacked—burning, killing, and looting—and came finally to the city of Tunja where they saw thin sheets of beaten gold hanging from almost every hut, reflecting the sunlight and giving off a faint tinkling sound. In a wooden palace they came upon one of the three Chibcha rulers. He was very old and fat, and was seated on a wooden stool intricately decorated with gold plate and encrusted with emeralds. Quesada, remembering the lesson taught by Cortés and Pizarro, seized the fat old man and never once let go, so that within a few minutes the city of Tunja capitulated.

It was late afternoon when they arrived. Now, by torchlight, they rushed around tearing sheets of gold from the huts, filling bags with emeralds and gold dust.

They also discovered a temple full of royal mummies embellished with parrot-feather headdresses, emerald eyes, and golden ornaments. The temple caught fire while they were stripping the mummies, but the treasure was salvaged and thrown into a heap—gold-plated litters and chairs and gold-spangled mantles. The gold made such a pile, wrote the chronicler San Martín, that Quesada mounted on his horse was nearly hidden by it.

Still they had not found what they were looking for, *el hombre dorado.*

They were shown the lake above Guatavitá and were told that here the story of a golden man had originated. Here, it was explained to them, the Muisca used to anoint and gild their chief. But that was a long time ago. Now there was no such man. El Dorado no longer existed.

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The Spaniards refused to believe it.

Quesada and his men remained on the plateau for two years, searching relentlessly for hidden treasure and gold mines. What they uncovered was unquestionably worth stealing in the name of the Spanish crown, but it did not compare with the wealth of Mexico or Peru. So there must be more, they reasoned. Much more. But there was not. The Chibcha had no treasuries, no secret mines. Most of their gold came from trade with Ecuador.

At last, somewhat frustrated because he had expected to rival or surpass Cortés and Pizarro, Quesada began to think about returning to Spain to publicize his conquest and ask for a suitable reward—the governorship of this territory, which he had chosen to call New Granada.

Intrigue at the Spanish court persuaded Charles to reward the financier behind Quesada rather than the conquistador himself. Thus the financier's son, who had nothing to do with the discovery and conquest, became governor of New Granada. As for Quesada, ten years later he reappeared in the New World with a coat of arms, the meaningless title of marshal, and 2000 ducats annually. Even then, at the age of fifty, he continued to dream. Having actually found El Dorado—or at least the legend's origin—and found it less than he expected, he thought it must be somewhere else.

Pizarro's youngest brother, Gonzalo, set out from Quito in 1541. He, too, had heard rumors. From a tortured Indian he learned that El Dorado lay in a region known as the Guianas.

Gonzalo recruited 210 Spaniards, 4000 Peruvians, and several thousand pigs, dogs, horses, and llamas. Across the deadly cold Andes they went, then down into a jungle so thick they never saw the sun, losing five or ten members of the army every day.

They came to a tributary of the Amazon which they named the Coca, and decided to float downstream "to some region of plenty," so they constructed a brigantine—making nails out of horseshoes, boiling tree sap for pitch, caulking the seams with their own ragged clothes. Then for two months Pizarro led his army alongside the Coca while the brig *San Pedro,* commanded by Francisco Orellana, carried the heaviest cargo and those who were too sick to walk or ride horseback. At night they bivouacked together, eating whatever they could swallow.

Things got worse until at last Orellana with about sixty men continued downstream in the brig and several canoes, the plan being that when they discovered food they would load up the *San Pedro* and return. Whether this was Orellana's idea, or Pizarro's, is disputed. In any case, the plan could not work; Orellana could not possibly sail upriver against the current. Nevertheless, away he went. Later, when describing the voyage, Orellana remarked: "After boiling our boots in herbs we set off for the kingdom of gold."

Pizarro's army waited and waited beside the Coca, meanwhile enjoying such delicacies as toasted stirrup leather and dog flesh simmered with tree leaves.

At last, their tattered clothes moldering in the tropical climate, they realized they must turn around.

Two years after the army left Quito, Pizarro returned with seventy-nine men; and of these, several died almost immediately because they would not stop eating. How many Indians got back is unknown; by some accounts not one of the 4000 survived. Near the end of this journey Pizarro had a dream in which a dragon plucked out his heart and tore it to shreds.

A priest who accompanied the Orellana detachment, Father Gaspar de Carvajal, kept a journal and by his reckoning the clumsy brig was traveling on the current as much as ninety miles a day. Otherwise, life on the river was not idyllic. Foragers saw nothing edible, so that before long they were boiling and chewing not only the last of their boots but their leather sword scabbards and their belts. Sometimes they crawled ashore, many of them unable to stand up, and grubbed for roots.

Eventually they saw a village, rushed into it and began devouring everything while the Indians fled.

After eight months on the world's most powerful river they arrived at the estuary with blankets for sails and vines for rigging. It is said that one island in the estuary is larger than Switzerland, and so strong is the current that fresh water can be found 100 miles offshore.

Orellana's men followed the coast up to Nueva Cádiz on the island of Cubagua near Trinidad, and from there they reached Santo Domingo. Orellana then returned to Spain where Charles—entranced by his adventures—commissioned him to return and colonize the florid river basin. It sounds peculiar. You would expect Orellana to be hanged for deserting Pizarro. He must have told his story with great skill.

Anyway, his triumphant return started badly. An epidemic swept through the fleet before it left the Canary Islands. Then three of his captains and a number of soldiers refused to cross the Atlantic, some because they were sick, others because they sensed trouble. The water gave out, and if it had not been for a rainstorm everybody would have died. On the Amazon they were hit by arrows, fever, snakes, crocodiles, etc. Orellana died aboard ship. A few of his wretched colonists turned around and got to Margarita Island, their lives indirectly ruined by the Gilded Man.

In 1560 the Viceroy of Peru commissioned a renowned disemboweler of Indians, Pedro de Urzúa, to go after the elusive prince.

Deep in the Amazon basin Urzúa was stabbed to death by mutineers and a weak young aristocrat named Guzmán was appointed in his place. The actual commander was a middle-aged gallows bird named Lope de Aguirre who seems to have been a bona fide psychopath. He was small, ugly, about fifty years old, with a black beard and malevolent eyes. What is curious about him is that he never believed in El Dorado. The maddest of a demented lot, he could not be tricked by a luminous phantom in the jungle. He proposed returning to Peru.

Because of the current they would have to float all the way down the Amazon to the Atlantic, sail north around Guiana and Venezuela, march across the Isthmus of Panama, then walk or sail down the Pacific coast. En route they would attack settlements, kill the administrators, and recruit more men for an invasion of Peru. There, after overthrowing the Spanish government, they would divide the kingdom's enormous wealth.

According to one scholar there are certain men "so shaped by birth and breeding that they dedicate themselves to a nihilistic demolition of all human institutions." Now this may be argued; but if it's true, Aguirre was such a man.

Garcilaso de la Vega relates that in 1548, at Potosí, Aguirre received 200 lashes for mistreating Indians, after which he vowed to kill the judge, Esquivel. This threat so alarmed Esquivel that he gave up his post and fled to Lima, but within two weeks Aguirre found him. Esquivel fled to Quito. Twenty days later Aguirre arrived. Esquivel fled to Cuzco, but presently Aguirre arrived, "having traveled on foot and without shoes, saying that a whipped man had no business to ride a horse." For three years and four months Esquivel tried to escape. Aguirre followed him, and caught up with him in Cuzco at noon on a Monday, asleep over his books, and stabbed him.

This was the brain behind Guzmán, the expedition's new figurehead.

Somewhere along the way Aguirre learned from Indians that it was possible to switch rivers. That is, to move entirely by water from the Amazon to the Orinoco because of a stream called the Casiquiare which empties into them both. The Orinoco would deliver them close to a settlement on Margarita Island.

While they were in the midst of this transition Don Fernando de Guzmán, reflecting upon his subordinate's temper, began to think it might be wise to kill Aguirre. However, he was slow getting organized and Aguirre heard about the plot. As a result, Don Fernando and three of his associates quickly joined their ancestors.

Aguirre now proclaimed himself "General of the Marañón"—the Marañón being a tributary of the Amazon—and promised his followers victory in Peru.

They devastated Margarita Island—slaughtering, raping, burning, and looting. The governor and several other officials, having been assured by Aguirre that he meant them no harm, were strangled at midnight in the fortress. So it went. Anybody who displeased him was garroted, shot, or stabbed.

Told of a conspiracy against him, he butchered the supposed ringleader and then summoned a longtime friend, Antón Llamoso.

"They also tell me that you were one of the party," Aguirre said to Llamoso. "How was this? Was this friendship? And dost thou hold so lightly the love I feel for you?"

According to Padre Simón, Llamoso was so terrified by Aguirre's words that he fell upon the body of the dead conspirator, shouting: "Curse this traitor, who wished to commit so great a crime! I will drink his blood!" And putting his mouth over a horrible wound in the head he began sucking the blood and brains, swallowing what he sucked "as if he were a famished dog."

Before leaving the island Aguirre murdered two priests, various citizens who got in the way, and several of his own men. Then he embarked for Venezuela in three ships flying a black flag with crossed red swords. At the moment of departure he killed his admiral, Alonso Rodríguez, who had suggested that Aguirre go belowdecks to avoid being splashed by the waves.

He now had approximately 150 insurgents, although when they stepped ashore this number was reduced by one; he shot a Portuguese named Farias who asked whether they were landing on another island or the mainland.

They seized the port of Burburata, and here the touchy general declared war on Philip II. Their next stop was Valencia, a short distance up the coast, where he wrote an irrational vituperative letter to the Spanish king, concluding: "I am a rebel against thee until death." This letter was carried by a priest to Santo Domingo and from there it reached Spain. Whether Philip saw it is not known; probably no one dared show it to him.

After executing a few more of his revolutionaries who did not sound enthusiastic enough, Aguirre marched on Barquisimeto, which he found deserted. But the hour had come. Government troops besieged him, his little army melted away, and at last, as wild as Hitler, he stabbed his adolescent half-breed daughter Elvira who had accompanied him all the way from Peru. "Commend thyself to God," he told her, "for I

am about to kill thee; that thou mayest not be pointed at with scorn, nor be in the power of anyone who may call thee the daughter of a traitor."

He was shot by two of his own men. His head was cut off and exhibited in an iron cage as a warning. His body was quartered, its pieces thrown into the street. And in faraway Peru the house in which he had lived was torn down and salt was sprinkled over the earth where it stood so that nothing of him would remain. All of which, provided your mind has a skeptical slope, may cause you to reflect on the nature of madness.

In the spring of 1595 four strange ships dropped anchor at Icacos Point, the southwest corner of Trinidad. A roving English gentleman of fortune had arrived, by name Sir Walter Raleigh, carrying a royal patent from Elizabeth to "offend and enfeeble the King of Spain, and to discover and subdue heathen lands. . . ."

Raleigh had done his homework. He had talked with captains of vessels that traded in the Caribbean and with men who had spent time ashore. He had read everything he could find on the subject of South America and he claimed to be familiar with the details of twenty-three expeditions that had searched for El Dorado.

"Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead," he wrote. "The face of the earth hath not been torn, the graves have not yet been opened for gold. . . . Men shall find here more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with gold than either Cortés found in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru."

His presence quickly was reported to Governor Don Antonio de Berrio, who dispatched some soldiers to find out what the English pirate wanted. They were assured that the English had stopped at Trinidad "only in search of refreshment."

Berrio mistrusted this. He dispatched a larger party.

Raleigh invited these emissaries aboard. Four Spaniards accepted. And there, beneath Raleigh's personal flag—five silver lozenges on a blue field—the Englishmen and the Spaniards sat around drinking wine and pretending to be friends, meanwhile subtly pumping each other for information.

Raleigh learned from an Indian that there were less than eighty soldiers on the island. That being so, the hour was ripe. He sent a boatload of food and wine to the Spaniards who had remained ashore and when they settled down to enjoy English hospitality a landing party slaughtered them. Raleigh then murdered his four guests. It might be observed, if one wishes to pick at cause and effect, that during the previous year eight Englishmen who visited Trinidad intending to hunt for meat had been captured by Spanish soldiers who trussed them up like pigs and slit their throats.

Anyway, now that the preliminaries were over, Raleigh's men set out for San José. They marched all night and arrived at dawn. The attack was a great success; practically the entire garrison was killed and Berrio was captured. The English then looted the town, set it afire, and marched back to their ships in high spirits.

Raleigh began to interrogate his prisoner courteously because they both came from good families.

Berrio pretended to be senile. He answered vaguely, talked about how difficult it was to travel up the Orinoco, there were all sorts of wild animals, Indians with poisoned arrows, and so forth. Nobody could reach the land of gold.

But Sir Walter had not crossed the Atlantic for amusement. As a matter of fact, he loathed sea travel. He got sick easily, hated the stench of the forecastle, and called the ocean "a pasture for fools." And now that he had put up with the crossing he did not intend to be duped by an elderly Spaniard's nonsense.

With Berrio as his prisoner he entered the mouth of the Orinoco—that is to say, one of the mouths—and got lost. The Orinoco delta, 150 miles wide, has at least seventeen major channels which divide and loop and braid together in such confusion that there are places where the current runs backward, away from the sea. Raleigh and his sailors never had seen anything like it.

Fifteen days after entering the delta they managed to get into the mainstream, which astounded them by its width—four miles across. They rowed upriver, sometimes helped by the wind, and occasionally met native fishermen in dugouts from whom they got not only fresh fish but gourds full of the local palm toddy. Raleigh was smarter than most of the Spaniards when dealing with Indians; he insisted that they not be robbed or abused, with the result that he and his men often were invited to the villages. Through Arawak interpreters he asked if they knew of a chief who covered himself with gold.

Oh yes! Yes indeed! Oh yes! Through the jungle. Beyond the mountains.

Raleigh decided he had gone far enough. The directions sounded familiar. Besides, the river was flooding, which made progress difficult, and there were hints of a Spanish flotilla approaching.

He weighed anchor and started home, accompanied by all the debris of the giant river in flood—whole tree trunks roiling beside the ship like battering rams. The level of the water rose ominously. In his diary he wrote: "The fury of the Orenoque beganne daily to threaten us with daungers in our return, for no half day passed, but the river began to rage and overflow very fearfully,

and the raines came down in terribel showers, and gusts in great abundance: and withall: our men beganne to cry out. . . ."

Once out of these terribel daungers he returned to his base at Trinidad where, after failing to obtain any ransom for his distinguished captive, he exchanged Don Antonio for an English prisoner and sailed away to England.

He did not bring back much—some tobacco, a few gold trinkets, specimens of ore, and additional rumors concerning the whereabouts of the ephemeral golden kingdom:

"I have been assured by such of the Spanyardes as have seene Manoa, the emperiall Citie of Guiana, which the Spanyardes call El Dorado, that for the greatness, for the riches, and for the excellent seate, it farre exceedeth any of the world, at least of so much of the world as is known to the Spanish nation; it is founded upon a lake of salt water 200 leagues long. . . ."

Raleigh's sponsors, having put up quite a lot of money, were not pleased with the meager result. His enemies, though, were delighted; they claimed that the voyage never took place and said that for seven months he had been skulking off the English coast.

He thereupon wrote his magnificent, preposterous account of what he had seen, as well as much that he had not, entitled *The Discoverie of the Large, Rich, and Bewtiful Empyre of Guiana, with a Relation of the Great and Golden Citie of Manoa (which the Spanyards call El Dorado).*

This is less than the complete title, but it is the important part, even though untrue: Raleigh had discovered nothing that was not already known to the Spaniards. But his narrative was widely accepted and reprinted many times.

On March 24, 1603, Queen Elizabeth died and a few days later Raleigh woke up in the Tower of London under sentence of death. The charge was old, and apparently unfair; he had been guilty of negligence in failing to report treasonous talk, which was serious enough, but hardly deserving execution. In any case, he seems to have reasoned that his last hope of emerging from the Tower was Guiana—golden Guiana. If he could lead one more expedition, and if all went well, he would be restored. He may still have believed in the legend of a golden king, or he may have thought only that the mineral wealth of Guiana would save him. Or perhaps he was just pretending.

"It is a journey of honour and riches. I offer you an enterprise feasible and certaine," he wrote to the Earl of Holderness, who might possibly intercede on his behalf. And if he could not lead an expedition to a Guiana mountain alight with silver and gold, he went on, "let the commander cut off my head then and there."

In March of 1616 he was released from the Tower for one last attempt.

Twenty-one years had elapsed since his first voyage. He had spent thirteen of those years in the Tower. He was now troubled by headaches, fever, and persistent abscesses on his body, and he walked with a limp. An "ould and Sorroweworn Man," he said of himself, "whom death would shortlye deliver." He was sixty-four.

"Gualtero Rale has set forth. . ." wrote the Spanish ambassador to Philip III on June 26, 1617.

Before his flagship *Destiny* reached South America forty-two crewmen were dead.

Raleigh himself lay ill with malaria, and so appointed Captain Keymis to take charge of the trip upriver—a disastrous excursion that resulted in a battle with Spaniards, the death of Raleigh's elder son Wat, and Keymis's suicide.

"God knowes I never knewe what sorrow ment till now," he said in a letter to his wife, ". . . my braines are broken and it is a torment for me to write."

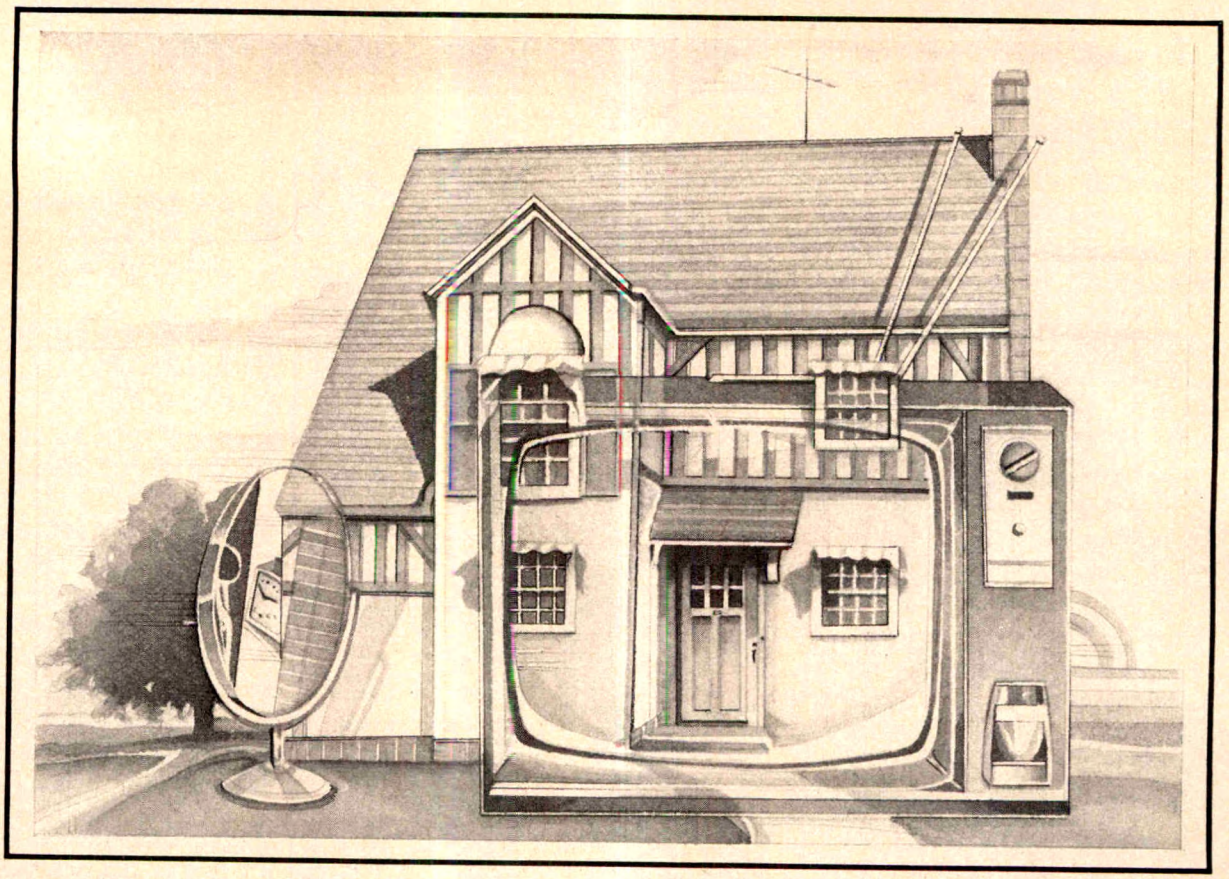
The ships of his fleet returned singly to England, until only the *Destiny* remained in South America. At last he, too, had no choice but to return. In England again he was called a pirate and doomed, the victim of changing times, reaccused of treason. On October 29, 1618, at nine o'clock in the morning in the Old Palace Yard at Westminster, he delivered his final speech—which lasted nearly an hour. "I have a long journey to go," he said at the end, "and therefore will take my leave."

The executioner struck twice and picked up Raleigh's head by the hair in order to display it—"with great applause of the beholders." Raleigh's eyes were still open. The head was presented to his wife, who had it embalmed and kept it in a red leather bag.

He left a slim estate: not much money, a sample of ore, two gold ingots, some rough maps of Guiana, and a diamond ring given him by Elizabeth "which he weareth on his finger."

Today in Bogotá's Museo del Oro among those ancient Muisca treasures you will come across a gold raft on which a little gold king is riding, no doubt toward the middle of the lake. And should your mind have a certain cast—if, let us say, you believe yourself related to Sir Walter Raleigh, or Quesada, or Dalfinger, or those others—well then, as you contemplate this miniature tableau it might occur to you that South America is huge, much of it has yet to be explored, and those first adventurers may not have had the right information. And in the archives, as everybody knows, are innumerable musty old documents, some of which contain new directions.

After all, as the poet says, there are thirteen ways of looking at a blackbird. □



CHANNEL CROSSING

A story by Robert Brustein

It was because of their differences regarding Peter's television habits that the Warrens first began quarreling about their new home. The house was a sturdy, two-bedroom, imitation-Tudor dwelling on a secluded private street. Calvin had succeeded in buying it for five thousand dollars below the asking price ("already fearfully low for the neighborhood," he was assured by Marian Mayer, the agent handling the sale), and the university had been characteristically generous in its mortgage allowance. Peter's school was no more than a brisk five-minute walk from the house, across a safe campus area of the Yale Divinity School. Shopping was convenient for Susan, on the mornings that her job at the Child Study Center allowed her the luxury of selecting groceries instead of depending on phone deliveries. And the house came with a considerable amount of equipment, most of it in good condition, including a Frigidaire washing machine and dryer, a Disposall, a Storm King dishwasher, a fifteen-cubic-foot freezer—and a handsome twenty-one-inch cable-connected Zenith console color TV.

The trouble was that the television set had been built solidly into the pickled pine cabinets of the room they had chosen for Peter, and it would have been a desecration, Calvin thought, to destroy all that good carpentry out of deference to an irrational prejudice of Susan's.

They had not even unpacked all the dishes and glassware before the Zenith became a subject of heated family debate.

"I think it's worth a little expense to pull the monster out," Susan told Calvin in the midst of their labors. "I just don't understand how the previous

owners could have permitted their children such continual exposure."

"Marian told me they were childless," answered Calvin. (He had closed on the house without meeting the sellers.) "I assume they used that room as a den."

"Well, it's a child's room now," replied Susan. "Please have some feelings on the subject. At age ten, Peter is simply not equipped to handle such temptations—his own TV, sending out a nightly flood of idiocy in living color."

"Television doesn't have to be harmful if it's watched moderately," said Calvin, pausing to examine what he perceived to be a small crack in a crystal wine goblet. "You know, you do tend to be a little extreme in these matters. I believe Peter is capable of obeying family rules . . . if they're reasonable."

"Just how many reports and studies does it take to convince you?" Susan said, her exasperation growing. "There's overwhelming proof that television has a decisive influence on a child's development—more powerful than his school, more than us. Once you've allowed that thing inside the house, you have effectively determined Peter's future."

"Oh, God," replied Calvin. He generally found his wife to be rather apocalyptic in her theories of civilization. "Look, I don't like TV either, but you simply can't hand down edicts banning it entirely from Peter's life. It's part of the fabric of the culture. His friends all watch it. Some of his teachers probably use it for visual aids. Our vocabulary is influenced by it. Let's face it, most television *is* a lot of garbage, but it's a fact of modern life. You'll probably be surprised to hear that the Yale Course of Study Committee is presently considering a proposal for a college seminar in the history of video."

"What makes you think I'd be surprised?" replied Susan, who had a rather low opinion of Calvin's colleagues and their academic fashions.

"This is just blind prejudice," said Calvin, beginning to heat up. "What about *Sesame Street* and *The Electric Company* and all that stuff on Channel 13? You've got to make *some* exceptions."

"I will not allow any TV brainwashing in this house as long as I have some say in the matter. You're a university professor, you're supposed to have some stake in these things—but you'd rather drift with the tide. If you took a position on this, Peter might just begin to develop a little character."

"Peter has plenty of character." Cal was getting testy now. Sensitive to rebukes to himself and his profession, he was especially tender about criticism of his son. "You're certainly not going to improve him by extreme measures."

"No television," Susan said. "The set stays off, or we remove it from the house."

But the next morning, at 3:12 A.M. by the illuminated clock-radio on Calvin's bed table, the television set was on.

Susan heard it first. Waking with a start, disoriented by her new surroundings, she perceived a mumble of confused noises coming from Peter's room which made her think the boy was talking in his sleep. When the voices were mixed with music, she found a soft spot between Calvin's ribs with her elbow, and nudged him awake.

"Get up," she whispered. There was a hint of triumph in her voice. "You'd better start dealing with this right away."

Stumbling sleepily between the half-empty cartons on his bedroom floor, Calvin picked his way in the dark to Peter's room. The first thing he noticed, upon entering, was a blue flickering light playing around the walls. Then, on the television screen, he saw Tyrone Power, bare to the waist, locked in passionate embrace with Linda Darnell, against a garish landscape of oranges and greens.

Calvin paused, involuntarily caught up by the Late Late Show costume epic he saw featured on the Zenith. His son was fast asleep. The bedcovers were tangled around his legs and a faint ribbon of perspiration had formed on his upper lip. Peter's disobedience was unusual and disturbing, but Calvin, for a few moments, was uncertain whether it was grave enough to interrupt his rest.

Susan obviously thought so. Joining her husband in Peter's room, she switched off the television with a violent gesture, and rudely shook the child to consciousness.

Peter's denials of wrongdoing did not surprise Susan, but Cal thought that the child protested his innocence with just enough conviction to raise some doubts about his guilt.

"You're sure we're not doing him an injustice?" he asked his wife over breakfast the next morning, after Peter, his eyes red and puffy, had gone off sullenly to school.

"What do you think?" replied Susan, cracking the crown of her egg with nervous taps of her spoon. "I don't know what you should be more worried about, his disobedience or his lying. But I hope you're finally convinced there's a problem shaping up here."

Both neglected the morning newspaper in their efforts to fix on a suitable consequence for Peter's misbehavior; their system of punishment contained nothing appropriate to such a major family crime. Spankings were forbidden in this household—and television was already prohibited. Finally, Susan suggested that they expropriate Peter's skateboard until further notice.

When the boy returned from school that afternoon, he went up to his room without a word to either parent, and spent the hours before dinner lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling. "I don't care if he sulks," said Susan, though somewhat uncertainly. "At least you can be sure it won't happen again."

But the next morning, at 4:37 A.M., it did happen again. This time, it was Calvin's turn to wake first; the loud hum vibrating through the walls worked on him like a goad. Throwing the covers from his body, he stalked into Peter's room, pushing open the bedroom door so violently that it struck against the closet. There was no question that the TV set was on, or that Peter was watching it. The only question was precisely *what* Peter was watching. For the glass screen was totally blank, its white surface broken only by occasional dark scratches and intermittent signals. In the bed, Peter was sitting bolt upright, fixed on the screen with an expression as empty as the object he was viewing. Calvin called the boy's name, but he did not respond. Instead, he continued to stare, his eyes wide and unblinking, his mouth partly open, at the blank and humming screen. Something seemed to rise and fall in Calvin's rib cage. His voice was hoarse when he called to Susan, and he cleared his throat with difficulty. "I can't seem to wake Peter. I think he's in some sort of trance."

An extreme shiver ran the course of Peter's body, and his fingers were twitching. There was an odor in the room which Calvin could not identify. Throwing his arms around Peter, as if he could revive him with his own bodily warmth, he finally managed to break his son's concentration on the screen.

It was obvious that Peter at first did not recognize either his surroundings or his parents. Red welts were beginning to form on his face, and when Calvin lifted his pajama top, he could see that Peter's slender torso was covered with blotches. Calvin massaged his son's wrists and ankles, murmuring comforting words in his ear.

When Peter finally gained control of his voice, he was in a panic. "I swear to God, Mommy, I never turned it on. Please believe me! I finished reading my book, like you told me, and went to sleep, and the next thing, you were both in my room, and then . . . I have this awful headache, and my arms itch."

"Maybe the set turned itself on," said Susan sternly, if uncertainly, after Cal had brought Peter an aspirin and tucked him back in his bed.

"It's not impossible, you know," replied Calvin. "Perhaps there's a remote control somewhere in the room. A timer, maybe, that switches the damn thing on at odd hours in the morning. I just don't believe Peter would disobey us two days running."

The next night, Calvin had Peter sleep in his parents' room, next to Susan, while he took Peter's place in the room with the Zenith. Peter's bed was too small for Cal; he lay awake, his legs dangling over the bedside, listening to the bells of the Divinity School clock toll the passing hours. He was keeping vigil on a television set.

Cal suppressed a grin. He had been married twelve years, and nothing more serious or ominous than this had ever happened to him. Since he had a strong bond with an intelligent and cultured woman, a tender, imaginative son, a successful career, culminating in a full professorship of comparative literature before he had turned forty, he anticipated a serene, productive future as well. Cal had secret ambitions to conclude his career as president of a small college, or, failing that, to take the position that was waiting for him in the foundation his father had worked for. One of his books—a study of the little-known emotional and neurotic side of the rationalist philosopher Descartes—had received enough notice to earn him a position as associate editor on a journal of comparative literature; and his teaching was attracting the attention of serious graduate students. He liked his family a lot and his work well enough. He found life in New Haven to be generally free of the urban ugliness and danger afflicting other eastern cities, if a little provincial and isolated. He had, he reflected, discovered a placid alternative to the hectic, brutalizing round of daily existence experienced by most of his friends and college classmates. He was living in America, but America had not happened to him.

He had apparently slipped below the borders of consciousness during these ruminations, because he suddenly found himself being jerked into wakefulness by the sounds of conversation. The numbers on his digital clock (he had brought it with him to Peter's room) read 2:27—but this was not the only illumination in the room. He observed, with a sense of dread, that the television set was on, directly in his line of vision: Gloria Steinem was being interviewed by a heavyset man called "Joe" about *Ms.* magazine. Against his will, he found his attention held by the hint of malice in "Joe's" questions and the impassive disdain of Steinem's replies. He approached the set, less bewildered now than happy at having established Peter's innocence. He bent to press the button that would turn off the TV; it merely increased the volume. He pressed it again; it improved the picture. He stared at the screen in frustration. Did he smell something burning?

Robert Brustein is dean of Yale's School of Drama, a critic, and author of many books, the most recent being *The Culture Watch*.

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He turned on the overhead light, bent to find the electric plug that brought power to the screen—without success. Apparently, it had been connected to an outlet behind the cabinet. The volume of the TV was beginning to annoy him now, and he could hear his wife and son awakening in confusion in the next room. He turned the volume knob and instantly felt a shock course up his fingers to his arm. After this subsided, he noted a stinging sensation on his forehead, another on his left arm. An angry welt had formed above his knuckles. He surveyed it solemnly. The smell was stronger now. He identified it as burning wires . . . also burning flesh? He fled the bedroom, pursued by the sound of heated debate. He entered his own bathroom, and above his right eyebrow, a red mark about the size of a half-dollar was taking shape. He felt woozy. He applied some cold water to the welt with a washcloth.

"Jesus Christ Almighty," he said, trying to rub away the mark that had formed on his forehead.

The sounds of conversation continued at high volume in the next room.

Calvin did not need a doctor's opinion to conclude that the television set was dangerous and ought to be removed, but he was relieved to know that his burns were not very serious. "We used to see these fairly frequently some years ago," he was told by the young dermatologist who treated him at the Health Center. "It's a mild form of radiation poisoning associated with leaky color television. I thought they had recalled all those sets. Nothing to worry about, but if I were you, I'd take a look at my warranty and see if that set can be replaced."

Calvin did not bother looking for the warranty. Instead, he called a carpenter named Finch from Buildings and Grounds who spent the better part of a day trying to match up the molding and paneling of Peter's cabinet with new construction. It wasn't a bad job under the circumstances, and Susan was pleased to see that where the Zenith had been, there were now ample shelves for books. Finch was pleased too—he got the set, after Calvin had warned him fully of its dangers.

Calvin was *not* pleased. He hated enigmas, and this one still had not been solved to his satisfaction. He spent a few hours in the basement, examining the circuit breakers. Finally, he concluded that the problem was in the TV cable system, glad to attribute it to the mysteries embedded in the arcane realm of modern technology.

Calvin and Susan were unusually tender to each other over the next week, and especially solicitous of Peter. As for the child, he basked in the new confidence his parents were investing in him. His skateboard was restored—accompanied by a brand-new set of trucks and wheels. And Cal felt the old family bond recovering all its strength and firmness.

October was in the air, and a faint russet tinge was edging the leaves of the maples in back of the house. The roses were still in bloom, and the chrysanthemums this year were dazzling. It was Calvin's pleasure to admire the changing autumnal colors from his bathroom window each morning while he was washing. One morning, on an unusually bright and brilliant day, something odd occurred. Cal was in the midst of shaving. He had applied the cream to his face and was preparing to run the first strokes of his razor over his stubble when he noticed that the surface of the cabinet mirror was beginning to lose its luster. His features were fading, as if his face were being obscured by steam from the hot water faucet. He rubbed the mirror with a washcloth. Slowly, his features began to reappear in cloudy outline in the cabinet mirror.

When he lifted his razor to resume shaving, however, he noted with a distinct jolt that he was not looking at his own features at all. The face in the mirror was that of a younger man, wearing a checked safari jacket and love beads, puffing on a long thin cigar. The image changed, and he was looking at a blond woman in a striped sweater, carefully coiffed and smiling broadly. Calvin thought he recognized her: it was Dinah Shore. Suddenly, the bathroom was filled with her cheerful voice, as she questioned the man about his work on a program called *Hollywood Squares*. Calvin watched just long enough for her to identify the man as Paul Lynde—"We are here to pay tribute to this marvelous human being who has contributed so much to this industry"—before he poked his head outside the bathroom to shout for Susan.

His wife was downstairs in the kitchen, fixing boiled eggs and coffee. Something in Calvin's tone frightened her and, ascending, she almost lost her footing on the stairs. When she joined him in the bathroom, the two of them, side by side, examined a medicine cabinet in which a frumpy, middle-aged housewife in an apron was testifying to the superior cleansing powers of fortified Ajax.

Susan screamed, raising the hairs along Calvin's bare arm. Backing out of the bathroom, she caught the heel of her slipper on a hooked rug and landed painfully on her hip and behind. By the time Calvin had helped her to her feet, the voices and the images had disappeared from the bathroom.

The couple sat together in the bedroom, Calvin's arms around his wife's trembling shoulders.

"A haunted house?" Susan whispered. "In the heart of a middle-class residential district?"

"I'll have to take these for the rest of my life. Thank God."

by Sy Levin.

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the cost effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

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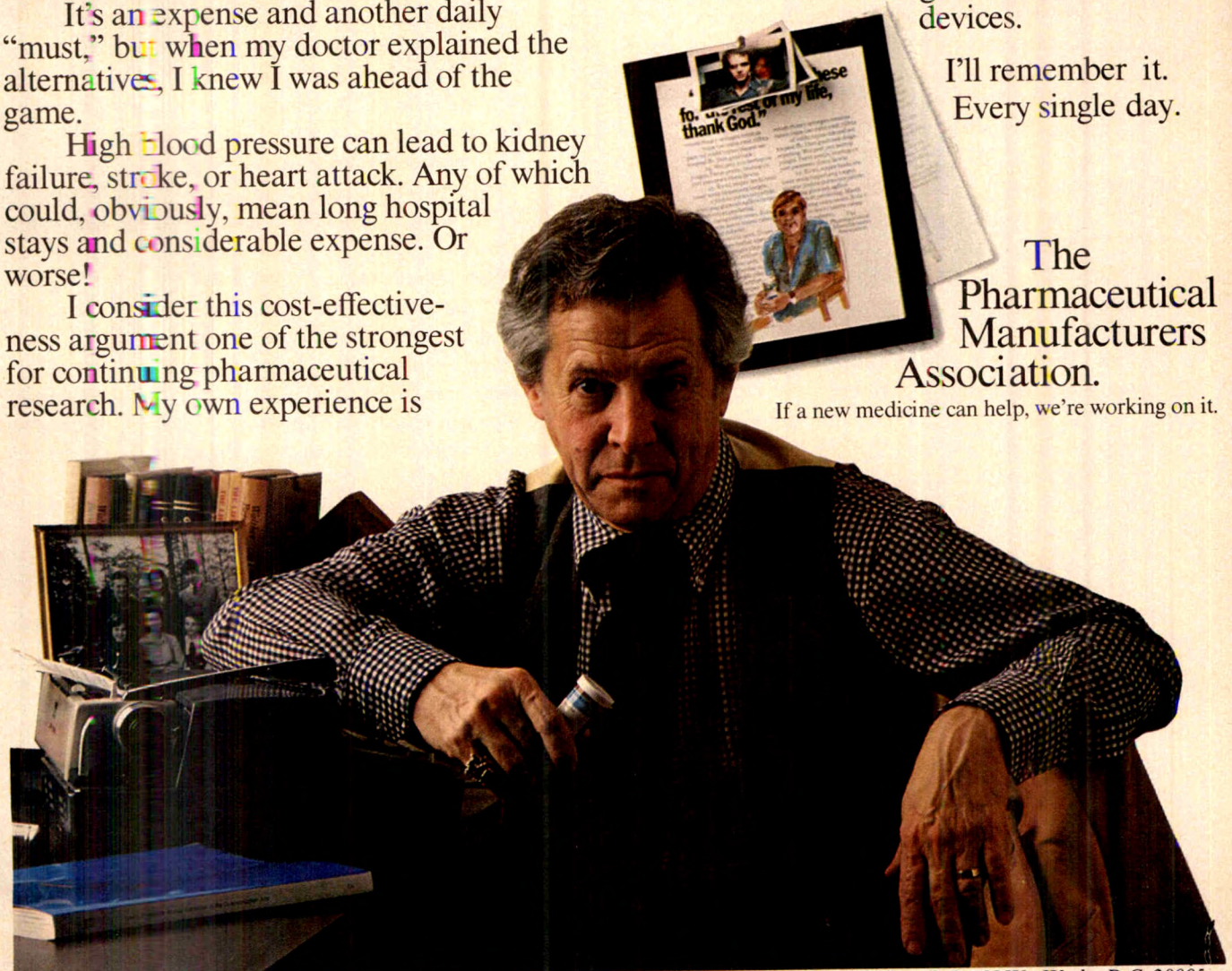
I consider this cost-effectiveness argument one of the strongest for continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it. Every single day.



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"More like a possessed television set," rejoined Calvin. "Maybe we ought to call in a repairman to exorcise it."

They started to giggle nervously.

"Or maybe," he added, "the Muse of Video is taking her revenge on you unbelievers. I knew it was dangerous to insult the new gods."

"Perhaps we're both hallucinating," said Susan, who had turned serious again. "Let's have another look."

But when they confronted the medicine cabinet mirror again, their hands closely entwined, all they could see was their own frightened faces.

Peter returned from school later that afternoon to fix himself a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk. He responded to his father's challenge from upstairs: "It's me, Dad. Where's Mom?"

"Shopping; she'll be back soon."

When he had consumed his afternoon snack, Peter climbed the stairs to find his father trying to remove the mirrored door from the medicine cabinet with a large Phillips screwdriver.

"Who do you think you are, Dad," he said wryly, "Mr. Fixit?"

Calvin smiled at him. "Just trying to replace this thing," he said, adding under his breath, "before it gives us any more surprises." The screwdriver slipped off the screw with a scraping noise.

"Brother," said Peter, turning his eyes heavenward, "when are they going to stop putting lethal instruments into the hands of breadwinners."

"Don't be wise, Peter," said Calvin. He took a few more turns with the screwdriver. "Say, do you know you slept with your mouth open last night?"

"No," said Peter, in the same laconic manner, "but if you'll hum a few bars, I'll try to sing the rest."

Calvin peered closely into his son's face. At that very moment, an odd rumbling noise began to vibrate through the stairwell. It was punctuated by the slamming of the front door.

"Hello, everybody, I'm home. Why don't you guys come down and help mother with her groceries."

It was Susan returning from the market.

Calvin and Peter descended to help her. Cal imagined that his wife looked strangely made up, as if she had been dipped in a plastic fixative. The smile on her face was decidedly unnatural.

"What a crush," she said. "I thought I'd never get finished with the marketing. Well, come on, get off the starting line. Mother needs some help with her daily burdens."

"I don't think you need that much help, Mom," said Peter, taking a bag from her hand. "Everyone knows you can pretty well handle Dad by yourself."

The rumbling sounds filled the stairwell again. This time Calvin thought he recognized them. They sounded like scores of people laughing in a hollow room.

Susan was pulling a bottle out of one of the bags. "I'm a girl who likes things with character," she said. "Martini and Rossi . . . on the rocks."

"Wait, wait, be quiet for a moment," said Calvin. Peter and Susan smiled at him, blandly. "Don't you hear that? What's going on in this house?"

"Don't blame Desenex," said Peter.

"How do you like my new lipstick?" said Susan quickly, rolling her tongue around her lips sensually. "Lip Quencher . . . wet your whistle."

"I don't like it," Calvin replied. "I think you look extremely artificial."

Susan ignored him. She was pulling packages from her bag and placing them neatly on the counter.

"Oh, Calvin, I forgot," she said. "You've got to help me write some invitations to my high school reunion."

"Your what?"

"I was looking in my five-year calendar, and I noticed that I have a reunion coming up." She knelt down in front of him and threw her arms forward. "Give me a C, give me an L, give me an I-F-T-O-N . . . *Clifton, Clifton,* CLIFTON!"

"What are you *doing?*" said Calvin, appalled.

"That lady," said Peter wisely, "is going to get splinters in her tongue."

Susan pulled a large colored box from her bag and held it beside her face. "You know, darling," she said, "this all-temperature Cheer is tough on dirt but easy on your clothes. In hot water or cold, it makes things whiter than white. It doesn't matter how dirty Peter gets chasing the dog through mud puddles, this heavy-duty detergent will wash away the stains in all temperature settings."

"What dog?" asked Calvin.

"What mud puddles?" echoed Peter.

Susan began singing a few bars of a commercial.

"Stop this immediately, Susan," Calvin ordered.

"Weekends were made for Michelob," said Peter, burping on the last syllable.

The laughter on the stairwell was now joined by deafening bursts of applause.

The next morning, after he found Susan laughing at a rerun of *Welcome Back, Kotter* which had materialized in her dressing-table mirror, Calvin decided to put the house up for sale.

Marian Mayer professed astonishment. The Warrens had occupied the house for barely two months and, as their agent, she felt obliged to warn them that it

would be extremely difficult to find another buyer this late in the season, especially after the university term was well begun. "It's too big for us," Calvin explained. "I've made a mistake, that's all." A costly mistake, Mrs. Mayer thought—but then she could not be responsible for the fickleness of her clients. Secretly, she was not at all unhappy over the prospect of making two commissions on the same property in one business year.

Calvin had decided to prepare for a quick move. He put his furniture into storage before he had even located another house. Hoping to expedite things, he kept only the beds and a few odd tables and chairs. If he had had his way, he would have taken up temporary quarters in a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge.

What stopped him was Susan. She was in total disagreement with Calvin about the move and thought his decision precipitous. Her arguments were practical. Except for a small inheritance she had received following the death of her father, she and Cal lived almost entirely on his academic salary and her wages from the Child Study Center. She felt the family could not afford to drop five or ten thousand dollars in a panic sale. And besides, she was really growing to like this house, had grown comfortable with its eccentricities, and particularly adored the kitchen, whose conveniences she extolled in detail as if she had memorized all the appliance brochures.

Cal discussed the matter with her patiently but firmly. "I think we must accept the fact that we are in danger here, Susan, and the greatest danger may be that you don't recognize it. Surely you realize that we are changing, growing into something different."

"How do you mean? " said Susan. "I don't feel any different. It's you who seems to have changed—all cranky and rigid."

"Really? " queried Calvin, raising his eyebrow. "Then how do you explain the fact that you can't perform a simple household task anymore without talking about 'taste sensations' and 'real natural flavor?' And when you're not parroting commercials, you're acting like some fatuous housewife in a television sitcom. You, who used to hate television . . ."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Susan, rubbing her hands with a moisturizing cream.

"No? All right, then, look at Peter. He used to be such a quiet, sensitive child. Now he's behaving like one of those smart brats on *The Partridge Family*. Why, it's even beginning to affect me. Every time you and Peter start your domestic wisecracks, I find myself cast against my will as one of those simpering fathers, the butt of everybody's jokes, on some nitwit family show."

"Well, dear," said Susan, patting him on the hand solicitously, "we must all be willing to accept our destiny."

"That's just what I mean," said Calvin impatiently. "Can't you see you're doing it again? "

But Susan was too busy reading aloud the label on her hand cream to hear him.

That night, Calvin lay awake, staring at the shadows on the ceiling, listening to Susan's heavy breathing begin to rasp into snores. It was peculiar living in a largely empty house, but he was glad he had insisted on it. Instead of providing him with a sense of security, the familiar objects of furniture had begun to seem ominous, as if possessed by an alien force. He was safer, he thought, with his family and the four walls; he would not feel entirely comfortable until they had abandoned this house altogether.

His leg shot forward in the bed, involuntarily, and a cramp seized his thigh. Had he been dozing? Susan had changed position, turning away from him on her side; the right strap of her nightgown had fallen to the elbow. Cal delicately withdrew the covers from his body so as not to disturb his sleeping wife, and trod barefoot into Peter's room. The boy was mumbling in his sleep. Calvin, curious, bent to listen, but the words were from some unknown, unconscious language. Peter whisked an invisible insect from his nose and murmured again. For the thousandth time since his son's birth, Calvin wondered at the extraordinary fragility of children and at the marvelous grace of their slumber.

Peter turned in bed, and at that very moment, Calvin felt a cold draft at his back. Turning toward the door, he saw shadows sweeping the hall, as if somebody had turned the lights on in the living room below. Calvin moved into the hall and listened intently. Nothing. The alarm system had been set for the evening; intruders could not possibly enter the house without setting off a buzzer and alerting the police. Still, without question, lights *were* emanating from the living room. He began to experience a rising fear.

Who had turned them on? Perhaps, he thought, he had unwittingly set the timer on the downstairs lamp, a device to confuse burglars when the family was not at home. Then, he remembered that days ago he had sent that lamp to storage with the rest of the furniture.

Nervously tightening the string of his pajamas, Calvin started down to investigate. He was in his bare feet, but padded carefully lest the carpeted stairs creak a warning of his presence. Halfway down he could see that lights were flashing in the living room, as if the walls were afire.

Calvin was not a courageous man, but when he sensed some danger to his family, he was capable of

valiant acts. Nevertheless, it took all the strength he possessed to enter the living room.

He perceived giant figures swarming all over the room, over the walls, the ceiling, and the floor.

Although most of these figures had human shape, they were not human. What Calvin saw were two-dimensional images, more than twice the size of life, gliding across the bare surfaces of the room like fish in the deep caverns of the sea. The sight made him dizzy, for the figures were confused by their numbers and the colors were dazzling. He forced himself to concentrate, but the images faded and changed as he watched. His head was spinning, and his eyes were beginning to ache. Calvin focused his attention on one wall at a time, ignoring as best he could the distractions from the other parts of the room. The first thing he managed to identify was a burly man in a business suit, his bald head gleaming under office lights, wagging his thick finger at a dumpy, disheveled companion. With a start, Calvin recognized Telly Savalas as Lieutenant Kojak. On the opposite wall, flooding all the surfaces including the bay window, he noted six male and female human heads in square cubicles, each outlined by flashing chaser lights and rapidly changing numbers—then four laughing people at a long table, holding up charts and pressing buzzers.

On the wall which held the fireplace, Calvin perceived a football game in progress, the helmeted players moving into contact at the scrimmage line like huge, padded, prehistoric animals—and, unmistakably, Howard Cosell was now on the wall, sloe-eyed and slothlike, articulating silently into a hand-held microphone. Calvin turned in disgust and saw, on the opposite wall, the interior of a futuristic spaceship, its uniformed occupants staring at an oval screen on which a giant nova was bursting into fragments. His head pounding, his eyes blurring, his stomach beginning to heave, Calvin watched, on his living room ceiling, a police car giving dizzying chase to a black sedan up and down the hilly streets of San Francisco. Overcome with vertigo and nausea, Calvin staggered. His brain was reeling. A foul stench filled his nostrils. He felt himself turning in circles, as if being sucked into a vortex. One knee hit the floor with a painful crack. He let himself be pulled down by his weight, and fell prone on the floor, snapping his eyes shut as a huge weather map, decorated with arrows, swirls, and temperature numbers, played over his body and the surface on which he lay.

Calvin screamed—but at that very moment, the sound of his voice was joined by a deafening clamor. All the images had begun to speak at once. The room filled with a babel of screaming brakes, thunder, music strings, shouts, gongs, buzzers, cash register bells, running feet, police sirens, gunshots, slamming doors, musical jingles, electronic beeps, crowd roars, grunts, crunching metal, news reports, jet screeches, thudding bodies, screams, fanfares, clattering trash can covers, explosions, animal cries, drum rolls, mangled machinery. And dominating the pandemonium, arching over and beyond it, as if in orchestration of the tumult, the sounds of canned laughter, of studio applause.

The cacophony, and Calvin's screams, had brought Susan and Peter down to the living room. When they arrived in the doorway, they saw Calvin, his legs splayed out grotesquely. He was lying on the floor. His body was smoking, and colored images were playing through the vapor. Watching the patterns, Peter was reminded of the blurring effect created by a speeding carousel, and enjoyed about three seconds of nostalgic fantasy before being brought up short by his mother's pealing laughter. He looked into her enameled face; he smiled into her bright, empty eyes. "You're in good hands with Allstate," he said to his father's unmoving form, and stood in the doorway, secure in his mother's arms, dreaming of chasing a brown and white dog through a mud puddle in the rain.

As for Gary Price, he was delighted at his unexpected good fortune. Newly appointed associate professor of biochemistry at Southern Connecticut State College, he had spent the first few months of the term with his wife and two children in the cramped spaces of graduate student housing. Having despaired of decent quarters for the year, he had just learned of an excellent house available for immediate occupancy at a surprisingly low figure. The sale was being made through Mrs. Mayer, since the previous owners were not present at the closing. The agent, who was holding their check in escrow, said they were temporarily out of town; but Gary heard rumors from one of his friends at Yale that they had simply dropped from sight and left no forwarding address.

The Price family was hardly inclined to question their good luck; they moved their belongings into the house the moment a van was available. Gary's wife, Martha, was entranced by the new appliances, but what particularly caught Gary's fancy was the brand-new Sony Trinitron color TV he found built into the wall of the master bedroom. With most of New Haven still on the aerial system, this handsome cable-connected set was a genuine luxury, and it added about fifteen new channels to the customary VHF and UHF frequencies.

Following a cookout in the back yard (probably the last of the season since the nights were beginning to turn cold), the Prices went upstairs to test the TV reception. They found it splendid on all channels—so clear and vivid, in fact, that Gary and Martha decided,

there and then to rent the Home Box Office system, despite the additional monthly expense.

This night, however, the family watched the network programs and discovered, with considerable pleasure, a new pilot show on ABC. It was about a suburban family and it looked very promising indeed, because it dealt with subjects that a young academic family of modest means could identify with—the uproarious adventures of a professor of comparative literature, his working wife, and their precocious ten-year-old son. The first installment of *The Warren Clan* (as the series was called) had to do with a rather astringent debate between the husband and wife over how much TV their son was permitted to watch. Reminded that their own children had exceeded their two-hour quota, Gary and Martha sent them off to bed, then returned to finish out the evening with some more TV. They watched the evening news on WNBC, followed by the weather report, and then stayed tuned to the *Tonight* show. Disappointed that Johnny Carson had still not returned from vacation, and mildly annoyed by his vacuous replacement, they turned off the set after the fourth commercial, pulled back the covers, and fell off instantly into a deep, dreamless sleep. □

THE FOOD CHAIN

The Hatchery's old bachelor, Henry Manley
backs his pickup axle-deep into my pond
opens the double tub of brookies
and begins dipping out his fingerlings.
Going in, they glint like chips of mica.

Henry waits a while to see them school up.
They flutter into clumps like living rice grains.
He leaves me some foul-smelling pellets
with instructions how to sow them on the water
a few days until they smarten and spread out.

What *he* does is shoot kingfishers with his air rifle.
They ate two thousand fry on him last weekend.
Herons? They hunt frogs, but watch for martens.
They can clean a pond out overnight.
He stands there, busy with his wrists, and looking savage.

Knowing he knows we'll hook his brookies
once they're a sporting size, I try for something
but all the words stay netted in my mouth.
Henry waves, guns the engine. His wheels spin
then catch.

by Maxine Kumin

OPIATES OF THE MIND

The biggest medical discovery since penicillin

by Barbara Villet

Certain substances produced by the human brain and pituitary gland may lead to new treatment for mitigating pain, curing drug addiction, and healing mental illness. In several laboratories in the United States and Europe, scientists are excitedly competing to duplicate the opiatelike material and apply it to a broad range of human ills.

"Endorphin" is one of those words that only a scientist could have invented. Though its sound might evoke an image of porpoises leaping, it is a contraction of two words of Greek origin that mean "the morphine within." Hardly in common parlance, it is nevertheless a word that can stir up a lot of excitement among neuroscientists, for the endorphins represent one of the most promising new fields to come along in medical research since the antibiotics were discovered.

The endorphins are narcotics manufactured in several forms by both the brain and the pituitary gland. Present only in vertebrates, these exotic substances, which mimic the actions of opium and heroin in their effects within the brain, belong to a family of compounds called peptides. Though their actions within the brain are still not fully understood, neuroscientists already believe that these peptides may not only hold the keys to a new understanding of how the brain functions as mind but may also provide the "ultimate pills" for the treatment of illnesses ranging from schizophrenia to drug addiction. Currently being synthesized only for experimental use, analogues of these endogenous opiatelike substances, used in animal studies and now being tested in humans, have already provided new insights into the mechanisms of pain, pleasure, emotion, and perception which many believe could revolutionize the fields of psychiatry and psychology within the next decade.

Though neuroscientific researchers have only recently confirmed the existence of several of these compounds, there have long been clues to their presence in the brain and body to be found in some of man's more peculiar responses to pain and stress. Wartime accounts of cruelly wounded men whose indifference to their own agonies often puzzled frontline observers are now thought by some neuroscientists to represent "case studies" of an endorphin response to trauma, and there is speculation that religious trance states which permit individuals to walk on white-hot coals or pierce their flesh with impunity may demonstrate the analgesic actions of these substances as well. One investigator, who has found high concentrations of endogenous opiates in amniotic fluid, also believes that by employing the techniques of "natural childbirth" women may actually be calling upon an endorphin system which nature has provided to protect mother and child from the pangs of birth. And there is

evidence that when individuals suffering from chronic spinal pain are treated effectively with acupuncture, endorphins are released into the spinal fluid and their levels peak at the moments when the analgesic effects of the acupuncture are most pronounced.

The discovery of endorphins came only recently, as neuroscientists began to realize that some kind of natural narcotic had to exist in the brain. A race to find such a substance ensued and has resulted in a series of highly provocative discoveries in this very young field of brain research.

Brain chemicals in control

The suspicion that the brain produces its own opiates had grown upon neuroscientists only slowly, primarily because for nearly a quarter of a century researchers, pursuing another avenue of investigation, had produced some startling and highly promising discoveries, correlating emotional disorders with biochemical processes, that many believed would one day yield the answers to schizophrenia and a host of other mental ills.

Between the years 1955 and 1971, the number of psychotic individuals housed in state mental institutions in this country, most of whom were diagnosed as schizophrenic, had been halved by the intensive use of certain newly discovered psychoactive drugs. Many of the most potent of these drugs, which were initially developed in the fifties and pioneered in their earliest clinical use by psychiatrists such as Nathan Kline and Heinz Lehmann, had eventually been shown to interfere with discrete brain processes controlled by a single group of brain chemicals called monoamines. Named serotonin, dopamine, norepinephrine and epinephrine, these amines belonged to a special group of substances in the brain known to transmit impulses chemically from one nerve to the next.

Though not among the most prevalent of the brain's neurotransmitters, the monoamines were considered by neuroscientists and psychiatrists alike to be among the most important, because they were shown to be responsible for transporting nerve signals in regions of the brain known to mediate in emotions. Dopamine and norepinephrine in particular seemed to be chemically in charge of some exceedingly important nerve pathways in the brain associated with transmitting the signals of perception and emotions, and it was therefore commonly believed that the biochemical answers to schizophrenia, a form of insanity highly charged with emotional content and characterized by thought disorders and perceptual hallucinations, would one day be found in irregularities controlled by these two monoamines.

Drugs and schizophrenia

The conviction that dopamine and norepinephrine irregularities might be specifically involved in the genesis of schizophrenia had been arrived at inductively in the sixties by investigators observing the clinical and biochemical effects of two particular drugs—chlorpromazine and amphetamine.

Chlorpromazine, a powerful tranquilizer that is often highly effective in reversing the symptoms of schizophrenia, appeared to function biochemically to block the release of dopamine from certain submicroscopic sacs within the brain cells where it was stored, thus decreasing the potential for "action" along the pathways of perception and emotion governed by this neurotransmitter. The amphetamines, on the other hand, are thought to produce their characteristic "high" by the opposite mechanisms of releasing too much norepinephrine from storage and preventing its subsequent inactivation by a process which normally limits the supply of this transmitter available at the junction of two nerve cells, called the "synapse." By leaving too much chemical transmitter at this point, where signals from one nerve are transferred to the next, the amphetamines literally speed up the signaling rate of the norepinephrine nerve system to produce "speed's" bizarre "high."

Since chlorpromazine was believed to correct the thought disorders and hallucinations of schizophrenia by slowing down overactivity along the pathways of perception and emotion controlled by dopamine, whereas an overdose of "speed" could produce a drug psychosis almost indistinguishable in its symptoms from this same disease, it was widely accepted that irregularities in the activities of these two neurotransmitters alone must hold the answers to schizophrenia. But in time, a simple and terrible obstacle emerged to frustrate hopes that the elusive answer to this disease was at hand: too many schizophrenics did not respond to these drugs. A quarter of a century after chlorpromazine was introduced, there were still some 330,000 institutionalized psychotics in the United States who had proven wholly unresponsive to dopamine blockade therapies. Most of them were diagnosed as schizophrenic.

"That meant," said Dr. Floyd Bloom, a neurobiologist at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, "that though we had an effective drug treatment for this illness in most cases, the drugs we were using probably didn't touch its original cause but only dealt with the brain's reaction to it. Something was missing from our considerations and the time had come to begin taking the things

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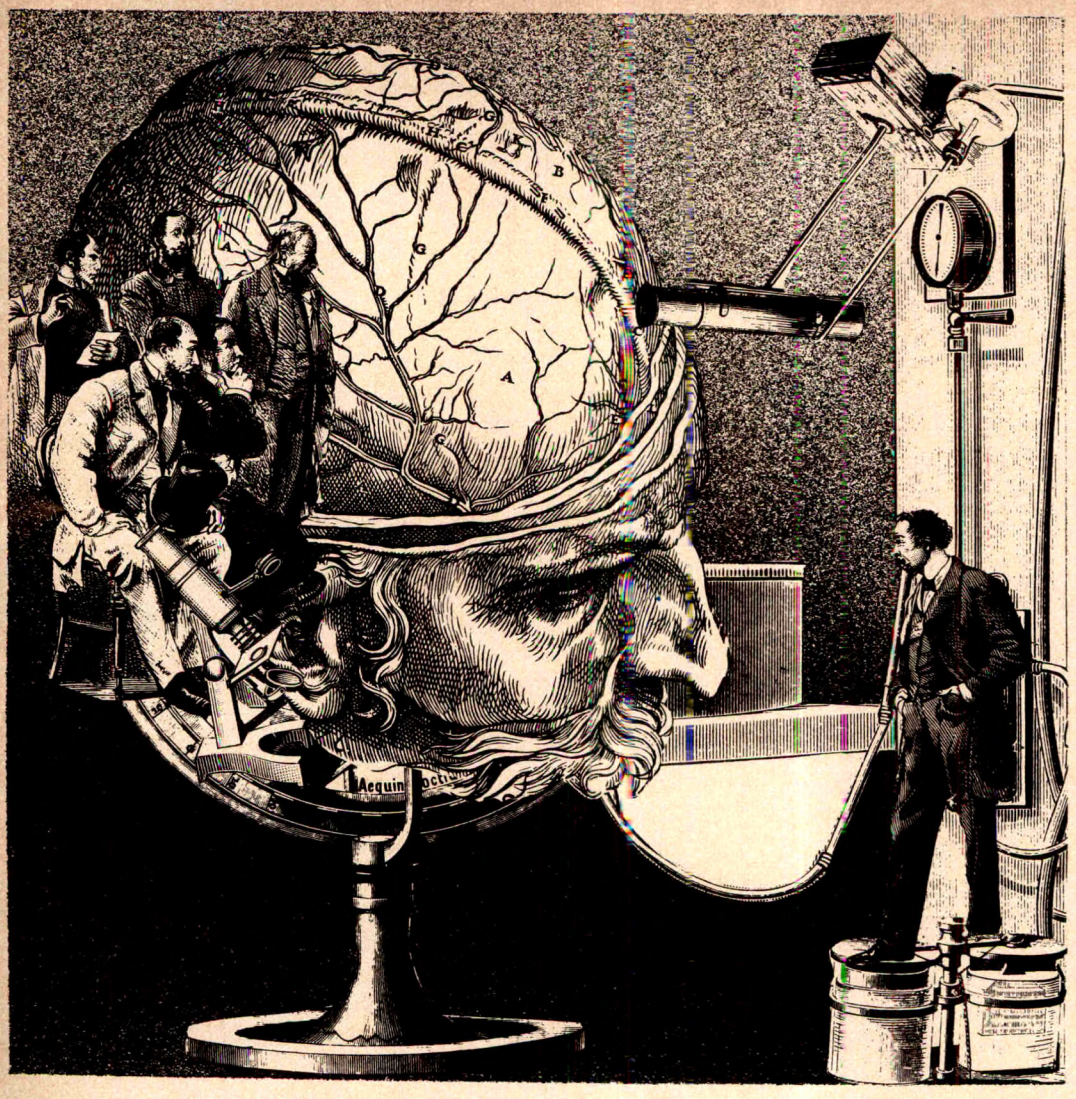


the brain had stored on its shelves down, one by one, and start looking at them very closely."

Equipped with sophisticated new machinery and a battery of techniques that allowed them to inspect the brain's activities with ever-increasing refinement, neuroscientists had begun to explore every nook and cranny of the brain's maze in the early seventies. Thanks to the electron microscope, cell biologists were beginning to look at individual brain cells at magnifications in the hundreds of thousands. Neurochemists, meanwhile, began using the mass spectrograph and gas chromatograph to begin cataloguing the brain's chemical contents at nanogram levels, while the neurobiologists puzzled at its intricate biochemical interactions. New avenues for research seemed to beckon in all directions at once, and none could know, as the seventies began, that many of the seemingly divergent avenues of investigation then being pursued would eventually converge with the discovery of the endorphins.

The brain cell's censors

Yet as the cell biologists began to peer more closely at the structure of cells in the brain, and to observe the single cell at close hand, they were learning, for instance, that a nerve cell membrane is not a simple semipermeable wall meant only to hold the liquid materials of the cell center in place. Rather, it appeared to have an inner and an outer layer, pierced by multiple entryways called "receptor sites." Each receptor site was evidently protected by its own special chemical sentry, which seemed to be very selective about which chemical emissaries would be permitted to convey messages to the cell's interior. There was also a kind of chemical task force of "translators" on call between the membrane layers to facilitate the transmissions from the receptors to the cell's interior.

Moreover, as cell biologists began poking about inside the spaces guarded by the cell membrane, they made the disconcerting discovery that every cell is a kind of submicroscopic rooming house populated by tiny organisms, the largest of which are called mitochondria. Their genetic materials bear little similarity to ours, but resemble much more those contained in viruses and bacteria. These mitochondria store an enzyme on their outer membranes that can deactivate the brain's monoamine neurotransmitters and wreak havoc in the brain's operations. To complicate matters even further, mitochondria-watchers soon learned that the production of this critical enzyme was influenced not only by the psychoactive drugs but by certain endocrine hormones as well.

Peptides and the pituitary gland

The suspicion that the endocrine system interacts with the brain in the biochemical management of behavior was not new. The endocrine system, a collection of glands distributed throughout the body, is ruled by the so-called "master gland," the pituitary. Through the pituitary, the brain directs many of the body's fundamental operations, including its physiological responses to danger and stress. Though the multiple roles of the endocrine hormones, all of which are peptides, were only beginning to be understood a few years ago, there had been sufficient research in

this field for decades to suggest that these peptides could have a direct impact on the brain's activities. This the findings of the mitochondria-watchers seemed to confirm.

Had some of the clues to an important role for the peptides in the brain's governance of behavior gained wider attention, it is possible that the endorphins might have been discovered much sooner, for in 1964 Doctor Choh Hao Li, a hormone pharmacologist at the University of California at San Francisco and a leader in pituitary research, had actually discovered a pituitary peptide which he named beta lipotropin. It contained in its chemical framework one of the most potent of the endogenous narcotics and another important hormone, melanocyte stimulating hormone, or MSH. However, because of their positions within beta lipotropin, neither the endogenous opiate, which would one day be called beta endorphin, nor MSH exhibited pharmacologic activity when Li used the standard techniques of the period to test for it. As a result, Li had no reason to suspect that beta lipotropin might contain one of the master keys to the brain's biochemical control network.

As the sixties waned, Li's "hormone without a function" was therefore all but forgotten. But in 1971 some fascinating discoveries, made in Holland by a neurobiologist named Peter De Weid, brought a flurry of renewed interest in the subtle interactions of the endocrine and nervous systems.

De Weid had been investigating the role of ACTH (adrenocorticotropin), MSH, and several other peptide hormones in the learning processes of test animals. He had found that when the pituitary gland was removed from mice that had learned to do certain tasks to gain a reward, the animals could neither remember their tasks nor be taught to perform them again. Administration of ACTH and MSH, on the other hand, appeared to restore their abilities to learn conditioned responses but not to retain them. However, if the animals received a third hormone released through the pituitary, called vasopressin, in addition to ACTH and MSH, they could remember their learned tasks as efficiently as normal animals.

De Weid's work, therefore, not only implied that ACTH and MSH facilitated learning and improved awareness, while vasopressin acted biochemically to consolidate learning as memory, but also demonstrated an important role for the peptides in the brain's governance of behavior. Furthermore, the effects of these hormones at the cellular level appeared to define their role in the brain as excitatory. Testing the impact of ACTH on single nerve cells, Fleur Strand at NYU had shown that ACTH increased the excitability and decreased the fatigue rate of nerve cells. This dovetailed neatly with earlier discoveries, made by William Krivoy of the Addiction Research Center in Lexington, Kentucky, which indicated that ACTH, MSH, and vasopressin could counter the effects of morphine on test animals. These peptides appeared to be "uppers," and because the brain requires a perfect balance in all things, their presence there implied that peptide "downers" might also exist.

Opiate receptors

Nevertheless, no one set out to look for endogenous opiates in the brain in the wake of De Weid's work, even though in 1971 Avram Goldstein at Stanford's Addiction Research Center had discovered that specialized receptors, seemingly designed to accept the inhibitory messages of morphine and opium, could be found on the membranes of nerve cells.

"The idea of receptors wasn't new, of course," remembers Goldstein, "but the idea of a specialized receptor for opiates was. The big step forward didn't come until 1973, and it was made almost simultaneously in Eric Simon's lab at NYU and Solomon Snyder's at Johns Hopkins with the discovery of the opiate receptor pathways in the brain. . . ."

Candace Pert, who was largely responsible for these discoveries made at Johns Hopkins in 1973, remembers the moment when her technique for locating the opiate receptors finally produced results that would later allow her to map the entire opiate receptor system in the brain with an exquisite accuracy. "I'd tried and tried and tried and gotten nothing," she recalls, "and then one day—there they were: I was looking at something in the brain nobody had ever really known was there before."

Pert's plotting of the receptor sites showed that they were located in their highest concentrations in those regions of the brain associated with transporting the signals of chronic pain, and in the limbic system, a doughnut-shaped ring of tissue buried deep within the brain which neurologists had already identified with a broad spectrum of emotional activities. Furthermore, she found that opiate receptors existed in creatures as far down the developmental ladder as the hagfish, the oldest known vertebrate.

Traceable to Devonian times, the hagfish had been in the seas for roughly 350 million years, a fact that made it seem somewhat less than probable that Nature had built a nerve pathway intended only to interact with an extract of poppy juice injected into its neurological underpinnings. Instead, these pathways implied that since earlier times, all vertebrate brains had contained a system for coping with pain and stress that was governed by some endogenous ligand which might resemble morphine.

It did not lessen the excitement surrounding Pert's

results when she also demonstrated that the opiate receptor network in the brain coincides closely with the nerve pathways of perception and emotion which were once thought to be dominated solely by the monoamines.

In a trice, neuroscientists on both sides of the Atlantic were in pursuit of the brain's own narcotics. Avram Goldstein began looking for a morphinelike substance in the brain, and when he could not find one, actually designed a chemical model of what it might look like to match the demands implied by the structure of the opiate receptors. Several other important neuroscientists also sought a morphinelike molecule in brain materials—among them Solomon Snyder at Johns Hopkins and Hans Kosterlitz and John Hughes at the University of Aberdeen in Scotland. But Lars Terenius, in Sweden, had another notion, for by this time De Weid's work with ACTH and the discoveries of the mitochondria-watchers had confirmed an active role for peptides in the brain.

"In 1973," remembers his associate, Agneta Wahlström, a quiet, unassuming woman whose demeanor belies her sizable scientific skill, "Terenius had visited Kosterlitz and Hughes and talked with them. We'd all done our receptor work, but we'd also been looking simultaneously for an endogenous opiate for a year by then. Kosterlitz thought it would be a small molecule—like morphine. Terenius, though, thought it should be a big molecule. What both labs found in 1974—Kosterlitz's and ours—was a big molecule that had peptide properties."

When word of this find reached the United States, it was received with a mixture of excitement and dismay. "It meant they were ahead of us in the race," Avram Goldstein recalls, "and science is just that—a race. It's cooperative, but it's competitive too, and probably more of the latter because scientists are by nature competitive people. Since there isn't much in the way of monetary rewards for what they do, they go for the ego rewards."

Enkephalins

The scramble that followed proved productive. In rapid succession, investigators found five structurally related peptides with opiate properties in the brain and pituitary, two more hormones containing them in the pituitary, and evidence that still others existed in the gut, the bloodstream, cerebral spinal fluid, and amniotic fluid.

The first to be isolated were purified from an extract of pig brain by doctors John Hughes and Hans Kosterlitz in Scotland. In announcing their discovery of these two opiate peptides, which they called "enkephalins," Hughes and Kosterlitz noted that a replica of one could be found in the chain of amino acids that make up beta lipotropin, that peculiar, functionless hormone which C. H. Li had purified from sheep pituitary in 1964. Within weeks of the December 1975 announcement from Scotland, Solomon Snyder confirmed that his research team at Johns Hopkins had also isolated enkephalins in calf brains and had begun to map their relationship to the opiate receptor pathways which Candace Pert had identified.

In time, Snyder's group was to find not only that the enkephalins operated within the nerve tracts that signal chronic pain to the brain, but that they and their receptors were also placed strategically along those nerve pathways within the brain dominated by the monoamine neurotransmitters. In fact, some of the enkephalin receptors were located directly on the terminals of these monoamine neurons themselves. Positioned to control the traffic from one nerve cell to the next along the primary pathways of perception, emotion, and pain, the enkephalins appeared situated to play a prominent role in modulating sensory sensations and many emotional reactions, particularly those associated with the experience of chronic pain. It therefore seemed likely that any disruption of their delicate operations could literally unbalance the brain's fundamental control of certain monoamines and leave it open to a variety of eccentric transmissions by these messengers that could produce "craziness."

But no one yet knew just what the interrelationships between the enkephalins and beta lipotropin might be, and even as Snyder, Hughes, Kosterlitz, Terenius, and others were attempting to elucidate their role in the brain, several other groups were hard at work investigating the behavioral influences of beta lipotropin, which were to prove considerable.

"I remember that Avram Goldstein called me about the enkephalins," Li recalls. "He read me their amino acid sequences over the telephone and I thought—'Yes, I already have that on my shelf.' In 1964 I had isolated beta lipotropin in sheep. But in 1972 I had an Iraqi graduate student and we both wondered, would it be the same in camels? Camels are thin, not fat. And they are tough. You can stick a knife into them and it doesn't hurt. So I wonder, maybe beta lipotropin might be different in camels? So when my student went home to Iraq he sent me 200 camel pituitaries. And in 1974 I found not beta lipotropin, but this new, somewhat smaller hormone. I later called it beta endorphin. When Goldstein called and told me beta lipotropin contained the enkephalins, I knew my camel material must be very active. I let him test it and it was."

Beta endorphin, a biochemical switch

Li also supplied some of his store of camel beta endorphin to Roger Guillemin at the Salk Institute.

Within a few months Goldstein, Guillemin, Li's associate Horace Loh, and Derek Smyth of Britain's National Institute for Medical Research, who had also isolated the peptide that Li called beta endorphin from monkey pituitaries in 1974, all confirmed that this peptide had an analgesic potency up to 100 times that of morphine and was forty times more effective as a pain-killer than either of the enkephalins when introduced directly into the brains of test animals. Furthermore, when they injected it into the spinal fluid of test rats, Guillemin and Bloom at Salk showed that beta endorphin produced not only indifference to pain but a form of catatonia, a state of extreme psychological withdrawal accompanied by immobility and muscular rigidity, sometimes seen in humans with a severe schizophrenic psychosis.

Carrying their work with beta endorphin further, Guillemin and Bloom next demonstrated that this peptide could itself be split into two other active compounds which they called alpha and gamma endorphin. Though they differed structurally by only one amino acid, these two compounds had quite opposite effects on test rats. Alpha endorphin produced short-term analgesia and tranquilization not unlike that achieved in test animals to whom they had given large injections of enkephalin, but gamma endorphin made the animals violent, irritable, and apparently oversensitive to pain. That beta endorphin could be degraded into compounds capable of either enhancing or inhibiting the awareness of pain and stress raised the possibility that in the brain, it might constitute a kind of biochemical switch, able alternately to "turn on" or "tune down" various neuronal systems. This led to speculation that within the brain beta endorphin might control an opiate system quite separate from that directed by the enkephalins, and that in times of stress, it might well dominate the entire opiate network.

"This is the brain's master system," said Derek Smyth firmly, "and beta endorphin stands right at the center of the control network, able to produce analgesia or even catatonia, to lower blood sugar, to modulate by inhibition the brain's established neurotransmitters, and to stimulate the release of a host of pituitary hormones that in themselves play critical roles in behavior. Normally it is present in sufficient quantities in the brain to fulfill its function, but we have now also learned that the synthesis of pituitary beta endorphin can be very much affected by the way its precursor hormone is broken down in the body. . . ."

Smyth had first come upon beta endorphin in 1974, in an enormous pituitary hormone dubbed "Big ACTH." Big ACTH contains in its sequence of amino acids the form of ACTH that triggers the so-called "fight/flight" responses of an animal to danger, which in turn are orchestrated by the adrenal hormones. It also contains two forms of MSH and the entire sequence of beta lipotropin, incorporating the enkephalins and beta endorphin. Depending on just how Big ACTH was broken down in the body by enzyme actions, it could therefore produce either the active forms of ACTH and MSH, the two peptides that also function in the brain to facilitate learning, or beta endorphin. This implied to Smyth that in times of great stress, Big ACTH acted as a master hormone—releasing into the body and brain peptides that could enhance the individual's abilities to cope with danger, improve his speed of learning, and also suppress the kinds of pain and panic that might cripple any endangered creature. "If you cleave the master hormone in a way that produces too much ACTH and MSH, and thus deactivate beta endorphin, you've virtually turned the brain up too high. And if you go poking about in schizophrenia," Smyth said, "you'll find a very high level of the most active form of MSH but you'll not find much beta endorphin, because it's been deactivated. . . ."

Smyth was not alone in attaching greater significance to the role of beta endorphin in the brain than to that of the enkephalins. Though their theories of beta endorphin's biomechanisms differed from Smyth's, Guillemin and Bloom at the Salk Institute also believed that it might be of central importance in the biochemistry of behavior. And C. H. Li's conviction that it would provide the keys to the pharmacologic control of chronic pain, drug addiction, and schizophrenia had already led him to begin preparing quietly for what he knew had to be the next step in experimentation.

The human experiment

In 1976, Li had begun synthesizing a replica of human beta endorphin, and by 1977 he had just enough of this potent natural narcotic to approach three colleagues to ask their collaboration in the first experiments with beta endorphin in humans. He gave Yoshio Hosobuchi of the University of California in San Francisco a tiny amount of beta endorphin to test for its analgesic effects in patients suffering from extreme chronic pain. He provided Donald Catlin of UCLA, who was conducting a research program with addicts, enough to test its effects in countering the painful symptoms of heroin withdrawal. And he met with Nathan Kline to plan the first clinical experiment with this natural narcotic in individuals suffering from a variety of severe mental illnesses.

"I wanted to be first to test beta endorphin in man," Li admits flatly. "I had the FDA license to go ahead—so I did. I went to Hosobuchi and he tested it directly in human pain. He found it was active. That was all I

needed to know. So I gave it to Catlin. He worked with drug addicts who volunteered to take it instead of morphine. Five gave up heroin, got beta endorphin, and had no withdrawal symptoms. And then I also met with Nate Kline. I gave him 250 milligrams, about $85,000 worth of beta endorphin. I knew he had courage and would go ahead."

"Li was ready to move," Kline remembers. "And scientists all have an adolescent sporting sense, after all. We all want to be first and, besides, it's fun to pioneer things. So in 1977 we decided to jump the others in human experiments. We knew nobody would suspect us. We were the old Turks after all, and weren't members of the group we'd heard they called the 'Endorphin Club.' But we thought we were in a race with them nevertheless, and we were determined to win it. . . . I invited Heinz Lehmann to join us in the experiment, and in the summer of '77, we got started. . . ."

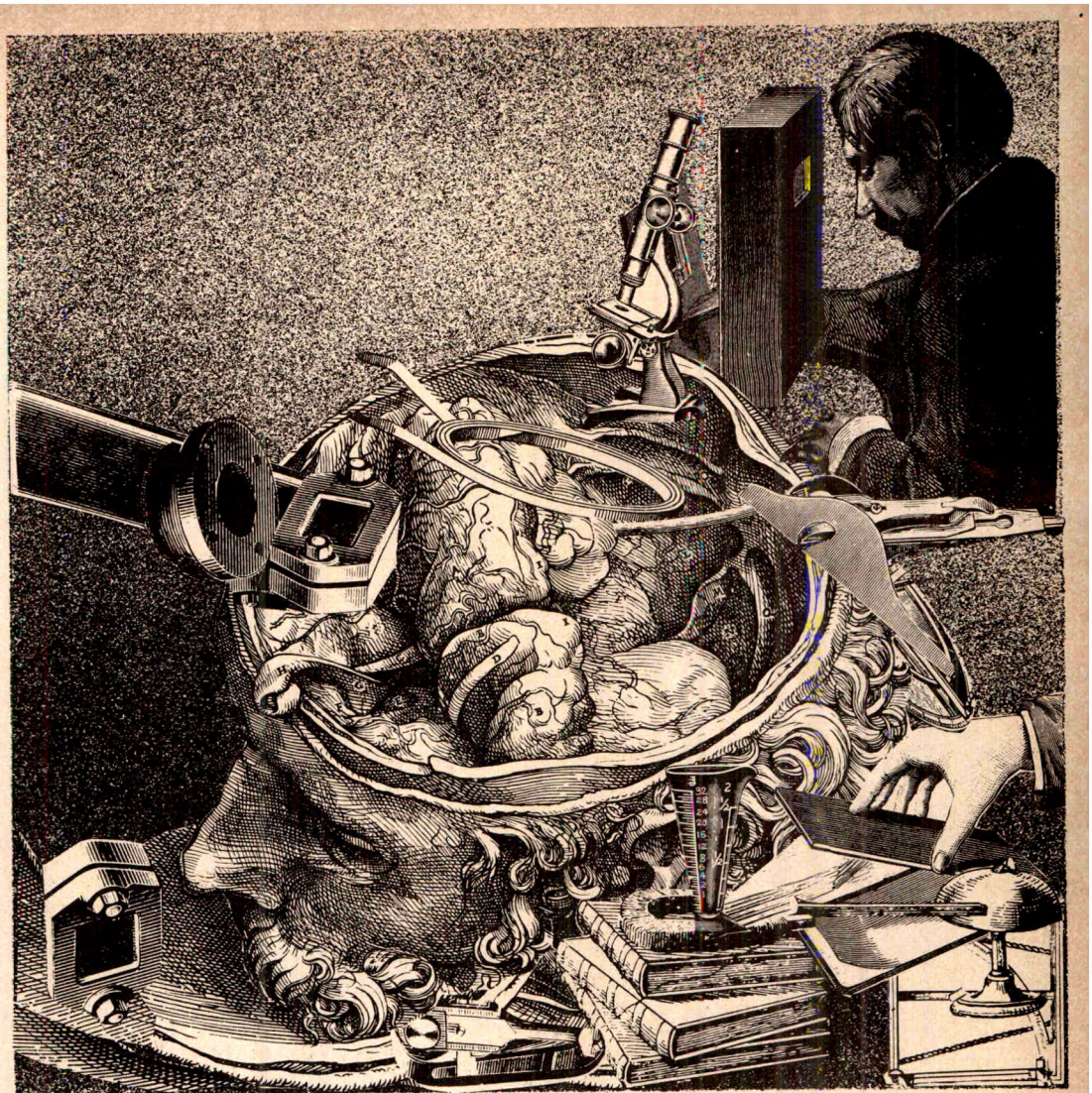
Kline and Lehmann used the beta endorphin they had been given by Li in a series of intravenous injections given secretly over a period of two months to some fifteen consenting patients selected from Kline's own private psychiatric practice. Chosen for typicality and variety of diagnosis, all of these patients had proven wholly unresponsive to any prior form of treatment and were severely mentally ill.

In their haste, however, Kline and Lehmann neglected to design their experiment very well and not only failed to use a "double blind" technique, which would have prevented patients from knowing whether they were receiving beta endorphin or a placebo, but also gave the substances to several individuals who were still receiving psychoactive drugs. Nevertheless, their experiment produced some startling if anomalous results. Seven of the fifteen patients who participated reported marked improvements in their mood and self-perception immediately after the injections and lasting for several hours. These patients included three schizophrenics, individuals with severe unipolar depression, and a woman with agoraphobia—a condition in which any unfamiliar environment is perceived as overwhelmingly threatening. Furthermore, the short-term benefits that Kline and his colleagues reported, in a hastily written article which appeared in the *Archives of General Psychiatry* in September 1977, were later replaced in several patients by long-term therapeutic effects which Kline described at a recent meeting in Puerto Rico, held under the auspices of the National Institute of Mental Health, to discuss the implications of the endorphins.

"As we originally reported, in Phase I—a period lasting from one to six hours after the injection of beta endorphin—the compound appeared to act as an antipsychotic, to be disinhibiting, anxiolytic, and antidepressant," Kline told the assembled neuroscientists. "But the most important changes we saw occurred some one to five days after the initial administration of the compound and brought a therapeutic return of insight resembling that several patients had known before becoming ill. A schizophrenic, to whom we gave six injections," Kline recounted, "told us that the song 'Yesterday' made him cry because he felt as he had five years ago, before his break. Another schizophrenic reported not only that his hallucinations diminished two or three days after each injection but that one morning, a week after his fourth injection, while brushing his teeth, he was swept by a sense that it felt 'right'—as it had ten years ago, before he became ill. . . . An agoraphobic, who had been completely incapable of walking to her car alone, had been able to leave us freely and calmly on her own and later reported sailing through several bad experiences that following week without any recurrence of her agoraphobic panic. . . . And a man who for the last four years has slept on the floor so he won't disturb his pillows, and who wouldn't take a bath because he didn't want to wash out the tub, has begun making plans for the future. . . ."

Despite criticisms of the experiment's flaws from his audience, among whom Kline recognized a number of individuals he and Li had regarded as their rivals in the race to be the first to use beta endorphin in humans, he made no apologies for these results. "We have found the therapeutic dose of beta endorphin," Kline insisted cheerfully. "We have gotten around the FDA's Catch-22 that you can't give a substance to humans until you've proven it's safe in humans, and we've pinpointed directions in which future research may prove most profitable." Commenting further in private he added, "We realize our experiment was outlandishly expensive. . . . At ten milligrams, our therapeutic dose cost a mere $3000 an injection! . . . But think of what it may mean when we get costs down! Here is this fascinating substance, made right in our bodies, and we found that it worked in schizophrenia, depression, and agoraphobia, as well as addictions. So the conclusion is inevitable: If one substance works in all these situations, maybe they are all based on one biochemical problem. Why, we've probably set psychiatry back 100 years if the same substance works in all these disorders, but whatever happens, we've certainly pushed open the door to a fascinating new era of research!"

Though it may be a decade or more before the promise Kline, Li, Smyth, Terenius, Snyder, and others perceive in the endorphins is brought to fruition, there is little doubt in neuroscientific circles about the importance of the discovery of these compounds. Because the endorphins and enkephalins appear to play a fundamental role in maintaining the



exquisite equilibrium of the brain on which our sense of "normalcy" depends, analogues of these and other peptides may eventually provide clinicians with therapeutic tools for finely tuning the brain's biochemistry in dozens of corrective ways. Chronic pain, for instance, may one day be controlled, not by the use of heavy opiates that impair the patient's mental functions and also carry the hazard of addiction, but by the delicate manipulation of a natural endorphin response.

Drug addiction too may one day yield to endorphin therapy. If, as many neuroscientists suspect, addiction is a deficiency disease and the addict's craving for and dependence upon opiates is caused by a chronic underproduction of natural endorphins, it may be possible one day to use endorphin analogues to correct the underlying causes of addiction.

And what of madness? The biochemistry of madness appears to be as complex and as delicate as the biochemistry of normalcy, and it seems unlikely that any single, gross therapeutic assault on the brain's biochemical exchanges will ever produce "instant sanity" in all cases. Nevertheless, the endorphins do offer hope of a different sort to clinicians. At present, the psychoactive drugs that are most effective in reducing the symptoms of schizophrenia "work" by means of a dopamine blockade. But in the long term, continued use of these drugs produces some cruel side effects, among them a condition called dyskinesia which is characterized by impaired motor function and extreme grimacing that become permanent. The enkephalins and endorphins, however, seem to operate within the brain to control and direct the activities of dopamine and norepinephrine with exquisite delicacy. It is therefore hoped that analogues of these and other peptides that operate in those regions of the brain that mediate emotion will one day provide therapists with tools of equivalent delicacy that will permit them to make adjustments in the brain's operations that do not impair its fundamental equilibrium, but enhance it.

However, the discovery of the endorphins has a significance quite beyond such practical applications, for they provide one more piece of evidence that we are not quite what we like to believe we are—proud possessors of our own individuality—but the summary of processes that it has taken millennia to evolve. Perhaps we function as we do not only because the mitochondria are there to help keep our brain cells in order but because long, long ago, in the chill Devonian seas, the forebears of the hagfish evolved an ability to perceive and perhaps to remember pain in ways they passed on to their phylogenetic progeny. And slowly, in the hagfish, the rodent, the primate, and eventually in early man, the cells of the brain began to *learn* from pain and to respond to it with flickers of feeling, then remembrances, and eventually thoughts, until cumulatively the brain we so proudly claim as our own prize possession became what it is, a creation still in the process of becoming the future. □

LIFE & LETTERS

ODD BALLS

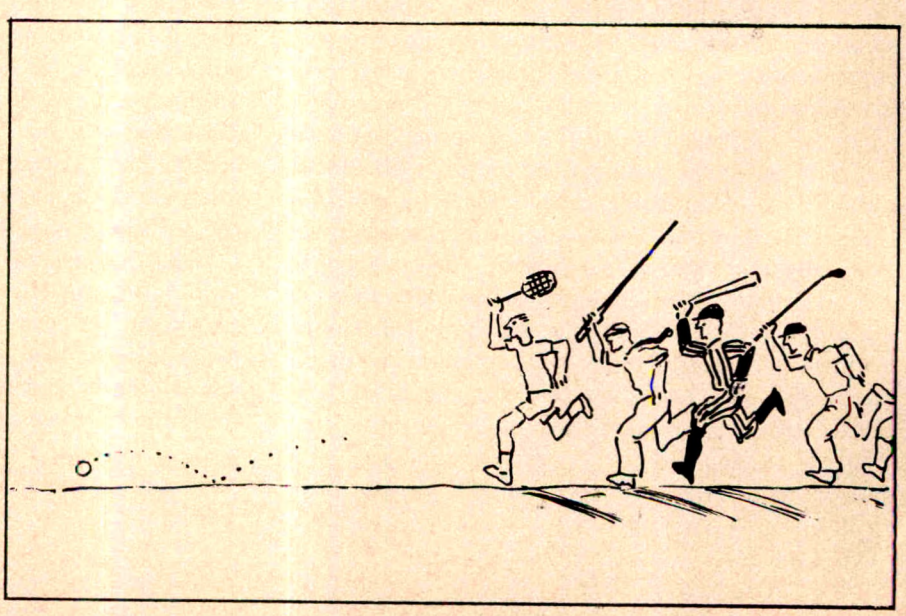
by Wright Morris

Most games that involve the use of a ball can be described, but seldom explained. Consider the ball itself.

We begin with the golf ball, white until soiled, hard as a rock, the surface uniformly pitted with mini-craters, in size about that of a meatball. This ball is stroked with a slender, wandlike shaft, about the length of a cane, the bottom end tipped with a blade, variously tilted, or a fistlike wooden knob. A mystical belief that the club, not the player, directs the ball, and the ball, not the player, determines its direction, is common among most players. With their needs in mind, a ball is promised that will correct the mistakes made by the club. A ball could more easily be drawn to the hole by a magnet, but the excitement generated among the spectators is based on the role in the game that chance plays. No thrill equals the sight of a peerless player missing a nine-inch putt. Golf balls not stroked are often given to babies, found in car seats, stored in raincoat pockets, or left where they can be stepped on.

Golf is played in the open, preferably on grass, over a course cunningly strewn with obstructions. Bunkers, sand traps, trees, streams, ponds, and spectators, along with rain, sleet, cold, and lightning, make the game of golf what it is. What it is was not known to many golfers until they saw the game on TV. The mock-ups used by the commentators made clear a fact that many golfers found puzzling. What they were doing was walking up and down, back and forth. Most ball games seem to have in common the going back and forth, rather than going any place.

The very smallness of the ball may substantially contribute to the high moral tone of the game. What is there to fight over? Each player has several balls of his own. Although equipped with sticks that would make good clubs,



the golf player refrains from striking his opponents, making loud slurring remarks, or coughing or hissing when another player is putting. It is not at all unusual to hear another player described as a great gentleman.

In this game alone the opinion of an official is accepted in a depressed, sportsmanlike manner. The player does not scream and curse, as in baseball, or stage riots, as in football, but accepts without comment or demonstration the fickle finger of fate. Law and order prevail on the links, if viewed on prime time. The game was once played for the health of it, by amateurs (a term currently applied to unemployed track stars); now the lonely, single golfer is burdened with the knowledge that he does for nothing what others are paid for. This condition is technically described as a handicap.

Some players hit the ball and stand, dejected, waiting for it to land; others turn away and leave it up to the caddy. Some enjoy the pain they give to others, some like to torture themselves. Although the physical challenge is substantial—miles and miles of walking, hours of waiting, the possibility of heatstroke or of being struck by lightning—the crucial element is mental. If not in a seizure of torment and self-doubt, the player must pass hole after hole daydreaming, or wondering why he has so many clubs to choose from. A loss of concentration on the easy holes will invariably cost him the hard ones. In summary we can say that the smallness of the ball is no measure of the effort it takes to stroke it or of the reward it brings.

Between the small golf ball and the palm-sized baseball is the billiard or pool ball. Even those ignorant of the game know what it is to be behind the eight ball. The game is played on an oblong table in a smoke-filled room, off bounds to growing boys and women. The ball is stroked with a long, tapering cue, first rolled on the table to see if the table is flat. If it is not flat, you use a warped cue. The way the chalk is applied to the cue's leather tip, and the green chalk dust is then blown from the fingers, distinguishes men from boys. Pocket billiards is best under lights hung low over the table, in such a manner that one sees only the hands of the players. If smoke conceals the balls, one can hear them rebound on the cushions, click when they collide, or drop into a pocket and rattle down the chute. Without billiards, small boys in YMCA lobbies would have had no cause to grow up and be men.

The game is rich in ceremony, symbolic objects, stroking, fondling, thrusting, chalking, cursing, shot-calling, with the dramatic dimness of light necessary to a monastic order. Once identified with masculine odors and pursuits, pool halls, YMCAs, vice dens, conclaves of sleeve-rolled toughs and ward politicians, brazenly sexist, the game will surely interest the new liberated woman. Billiard balls are also used to roll across tile floors, crush the skull of an opponent, or serve as a knob on the sportier type of gearshift. The meaning of being *in front* of the eight ball remains to be explored.

Once relatively rare, hidden away in drawers with flannel trousers, like a huge mothball, the snow-white, cotton-fuzzy tennis ball with the visible seams is now commonplace.

The aura of breeding and snobbery, so important to tennis, a game played and observed by royalty, is now on the wane as the masses have puzzled out the scoring system. If both players know how to keep score, it comes down to how to psych the opponent. This can be done by hissing at him openly, wearing unmatched socks, varying the bounce of the ball before serving, pretending to sulk, screaming at the linesmen, or delaying the game by blowing softly on the fingers of one hand. These strategies were poorly observed in the past but are now intimately revealed on the TV screen. Many players seem blinded by their own long hair, but this might well be tactical cunning.

Nor has tennis stood still, living in the shadow of bygone times and grass-stained balls; it has kept pace with the times with the introduction of the two-handed backhand. Theories vary, but anyone who has played the game badly has experienced the irresistible urge to club the ball with both hands. To everyone's surprise there was nothing in the rules to prevent it. Both ladies and gentlemen whack the ball in this manner, using racquets of wood and metal. Metal racquets are not new: they were used by players in the madcap twenties, one known to me personally, the steel strings noted for their length of life and the fuzz they removed from the balls. In those days matches were observed by eight or ten girls, seated in Scripps-Booth roadsters,

June report on

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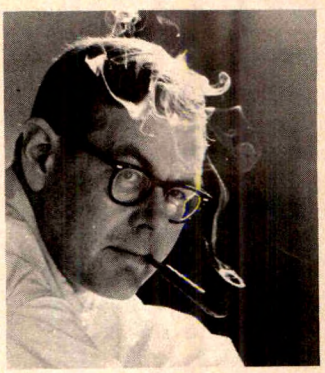

Readers of *The Atlantic* knew **L. E. SISSMAN** mainly as the "Innocent Bystander." But he appeared there first as a poet, as he did in *The New Yorker,* in other magazines, and in three published books.

Now his collected poems, **HELLO, DARKNESS**, have been edited posthumously by Peter Davison, *The Atlantic*'s poetry editor. They are remarkable, not only for the wittiness and richness of Sissman's early work, but for the chilling and mysterious candor of the poems he wrote as he descended toward the grave in his battle with Hodgkin's disease. Because of poems like "Negatives," "Cancer: A Dream," "Homage to Clotho: A Hospital Suite," "December 27, 1966," and "Tras os Montes," which was first published in last month's *Atlantic*, Hilton Kramer in the New York *Times Book Review* characterized Sissman as follows:

"He was not only an excellent poet but also one of the most accessible poets of his generation. . . . In neither his style nor his choice of subjects did Sissman conform to prevailing literary fashions. . . . There is a powerful rage to live, but there is no private madness or personal violence. . . . The true poet is always unexpected."

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LITTLE, BROWN

holding the players' sweaters and their racquet presses. Any player with a racquet *and* a press was sure to have a good girl.

In other ball games, the frenzy and enthusiasm of the spectators stimulates the player to greater efforts, but in tennis absolute silence testifies to the moments of crisis. The bong of the ball, the twang of the net cord, the voice of the umpire are all that is heard, unless one of the maverick hot-blooded types is involved in a dispute. This is well known to be bad for tennis, but great for higher receipts.

Team tennis, which may puzzle some observers, is for those who dislike tennis but like to bet on winners and identify with places.

The baseball is small enough to be thrown and caught by a boy but large enough to be seen from the bleachers by a grownup. The use of a round bat to hit a round ball testifies to native inventive genius. Balls were once made of the materials found under beds, and became lopsided when batted, or split at the seams. Official balls were once made of miles and miles of string wound into a tight ball and covered with horsehide. God knows what they use now. Sensible players are afraid to look.

The big games are played in cities that have a ball park. The field is shaped like a large wedge of pie, straight along the sides, curved at the back. There are official positions for nine players, but once the ball is batted they run about wildly. Collisions are common.

The rules of the game lull some into feeling that the object of the game is the scoring of runs. *Quelle bêtise!* Observe how one player, crouched as in prayer, holds the bat across his knee in a ceremonial manner. He is calm and assured. His appointed task, surely, is to crouch and wait. Another walks to the box reserved for the batter, his manner both insolent and indecisive. He steps in, then he steps back, he soils his hands with dirt, then he wipes them, he looks to see if the bat is his own, or another's, if it has the proper length, heft, and roundness; if he is assured of all these points, he re-enters the box. With his spikes he paws his own hole to stand in; straddle-legged he threatens the pitcher with his bat. No words are spoken. Both know this is the moment of truth. See how the pitcher rubs, turns, fondles, and conceals the ball; see how he stoops for the resin, note how he discards it, fingers the bill of his cap, strokes away perspiration, glances slantwise down his cheeks at a potential runner; how he begins and stops, how he delays and stares, how he may rudely turn his back on the batter, actions designed to arouse, to incite, to distract the man at the plate from hitting the ball. In spite of these precautions it sometimes happens, to the relief and consternation of the players. Some may have dozed off, or have thoughts on their minds.

There are players, as well as the idly curious, who ask why the game is called "the national pastime." For one thing, if nothing else, time *passes*: sometimes the better part of an afternoon or evening, if you allow two hours or more for the game and at least an hour getting to and from the ball park. In the old days games were called off because of darkness, but in the new days they might go on forever, under the lights. Somebody has to win. That's what it says in the rules.

The football is oval in shape, usually thrown in a spiral, and when kicked end over end may prove difficult to catch. If not caught on the fly it bounces around erratically.

The apparent intent of the game is to deposit the ball across the opponent's goal line. Any child with a ball of its own might do it, six days a week and most of Sunday morning, but the rules of the game specify it must be done with members of both teams present and on the field. Owing to large-scale substitutions this is often difficult.

In the old days people went crazy trying to follow the ball. The players still do, but the viewing public, who are watching the game on TV, can relax and wait for the replay. If anything happens, that's where you'll see it. The disentanglement of bodies on the goal line is one of the finer visual moments available to sports fans. The tight knot bursts open, the arms and legs miraculously return to the point of rest, before the ball was snapped. Some find it unsettling. Is this what it means to be born again?

All ball games feature hitting and socking, chopping and slicing, smashing, slamming, stroking, and whacking, but only in football are these blows diverted from the ball to the opponent. And the more the players are helped or carried from the field, the more attendance soars. This truly male game is also enjoyed by women who find group therapy less rewarding. The sacking of the passer by the front four is especially gratifying. Charges that a criminal element threatens the game are a characteristic, but hopeful, exaggeration. What to do with big, mean, boyish-hearted men, long accustomed to horsing around in good clean dormitories, unaccustomed to the rigors of life in the Alaska oilfields, was, until football, a serious national dilemma.

All games are peculiar, one to the other, and defy the comprehension of nonplayers, but none is so bizarre as the game of dunking the ball through the basket. Until basketball, boys seven feet tall ran off and hid in the woods or joined a circus. Now the woods are combed in search of them. If they can dribble and dunk a ball, they've got it made. Rules are rules, and all the rules say is that the ball has to enter the basket at the top. The tall boys dunk it. There's nothing against it, according to the rules.

It may surprise people to learn that basketball was once played by normal, flat-chested boys who shot the ball with two hands. The show-off who shot the ball with one hand was hooted off the court. The first change in the game was the one-hand shooter, several known to me personally. The next change in the game was the dunk shot. The normal thing to do would be to raise the basket and let the seven-foot boys mull around beneath it, but what is normal about basketball? People who watch the game understand this problem, but people who play it think they're normal. They think of six-foot, long-winded, flat-chested boys as being handicapped.

The importance of drafting basketball players early is to keep them from playing anything but soccer. If they want to play soccer they have personal problems they need to work out. Most athletes have nothing to fear but fear itself, and that's how they feel. When they run off the field at the half, or between innings, some observers have the feeling that they won't come back. Why should they, if it's raining and they're losing? They come back, not because they are paid to, as you might think, but because of what it says in the rules. Hard and fast rules are hard to come by, as you may know. When a player runs off the field and tries to hide in the shower room, he's a free man, and that scares him. Whose side is

he on? Where does he play? Without his Bank of America or American Express card, who is going to recognize him? Most of the games people play just go on and on without time-outs, vacations, or free ambulance service, but ball games have a beginning and an ending. It says so in the rules. In case you've often wondered, that may account for their strange appeal.

THE WISHFUL TRANSCRIPT

by Robert Bendiner

If you are an avid reader of the *Congressional Record*—one of the least probable hypotheses since Kipling's "If"—you may wonder at the rounded rhetoric it contains. Senators and representatives speak in complete and reasonably polished sentences, their grammar is correct, their syntax unimpeachable. Yet only a short time ago you may have heard campaigning diction no better than that of the average college freshman, which is to say, of an eighth-grade quality.

What accounts for the swift improvement is not necessarily the elevating tone of Capitol Hill but rather the editorial miracle that is the *Congressional Record*. With an efficiency that should be the envy of any daily newspaper in the land, everything said on the floor of both houses is amended and tidied up—by the official recorders, the speakers themselves, or their staffs—and in its improved form is rushed into print in time for mailing or delivery the next day.

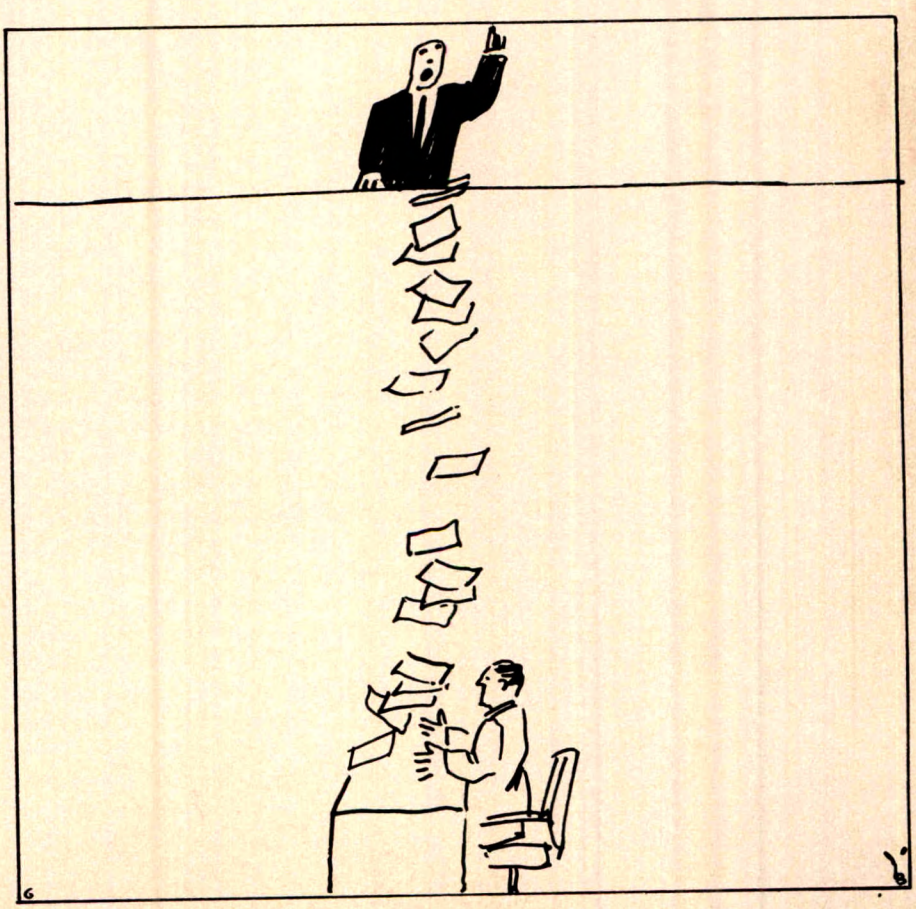
Even though issues generally run somewhere between 220 and 320 outsize pages and the print run is 34,000 a day, the Government Printing Office takes material as late as eight in the evening, sets the entire proceedings by three or so in the morning, and has copies on the members' desks before they get to their offices. When debate runs into the night, the day's *Record* may appear in two parts, the second around noon. And the feat is all the more remarkable because linotype is still the rule at the GPO, where there is now a slow movement toward those automated processes that have long been enjoyed by the likes of the East Overshoe *Daily Bugle*.

But more remarkable than the speed of the operation is the metamorphosis of the prose. From the verbose and often farfetched rhetoric heard on the floor, the language has overnight become reasonably lean. It is as though a representative had spoken, for example, with perfect logic on the impact of tariffs on the domestic wool supply instead of having warned, "If you don't stop shearing the wool off the sheep that lays the golden egg, you will soon have left it dry."

Cleaning up congressional copy in this way is surely all to the good—but what about those speeches never uttered that have managed to become a matter of record? In March of this year, the *Record* dealt with this problem, though in a scarcely perceptible way. Unspoken speeches are now preceded by a black dot, or "bullet." For the time being the *Record* indicates (in single-line notices appearing on only three of its pages) the significance of this symbol, but if you are not a regular and thorough reader of the journal, you will have no reason to think that the dot is anything but decorative. And to make the improvement even less significant, a speaker can get around the new rule by reading aloud the first few sentences of a speech, the rest of it to be inserted in the *Record* without even the grace of the new and obscure bullet.

Can it be, then, that apart from smoothing out the members' prose, the *Record* has all along been—and will to a considerable degree continue to be—a misleading transcript of what is said in Congress? The staggering answer, according to Senator Packwood of Oregon and Representative Steiger of Wisconsin, is that of all the noble verbiage reported in that publication, fully 70 percent was never spoken in either chamber. It appears in official print only by virtue of "permission to revise and extend" in the *Record* anything a senator or representative hasn't had the time or wit to say, or the audience to tolerate, when he was on his feet.

Permission to do this tampering is routinely asked and granted—and it serves purposes of varying degrees of legitimacy. On the only mildly misleading side it allows a congressman, harmlessly and without wasting the time of his colleagues, to pay politic attention to anniversaries, make tributes to vari-



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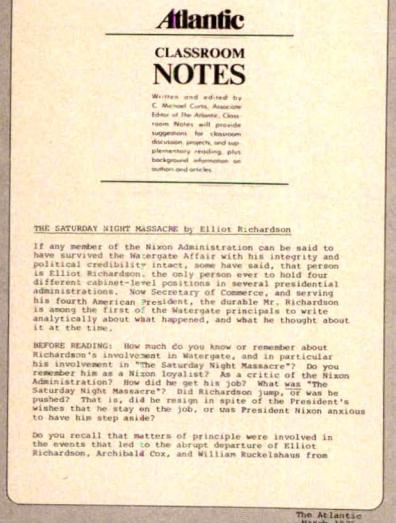
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CLASSROOM
NOTES

Written and edited by C. Michael Curtis, Associate Editor of The Atlantic, Classroom Notes will provide suggestions for classroom discussion, projects, and supplementary reading, plus background information on authors and articles.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT MASSACRE by Elliot Richardson

If any member of the Nixon Administration can be said to have survived the Watergate Affair with his integrity and political credibility intact, some have said, that person is Elliot Richardson, the only person ever to hold four different cabinet-level positions in several presidential administrations. Now Secretary of Commerce, and serving his fourth American President, the durable Mr. Richardson is among the first of the Watergate principals to write analytically about what happened, and what he thought about it at the time.

BEFORE READING: How much do you know or remember about Richardson's involvement in Watergate, and in particular his involvement in "The Saturday Night Massacre"? Do you remember him as a Nixon loyalist? As a critic of the Nixon Administration? How did he get his job? What was "The Saturday Night Massacre"? Did Richardson jump, or was he pushed? That is, did he resign in spite of the President's wishes that he stay on the job, or was President Nixon anxious to have him step aside?

Do you recall that matters of principle were involved in the events that led to the abrupt departure of Elliot Richardson, Archibald Cox, and William Ruckelshaus from

The Atlantic
March 1976

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ous heroes, and compliment local benefactors—all of which the voters will presumably appreciate for personal, ethnic, or business reasons. A random issue that I picked up included encomiums to a small-town banker, General Pulaski, St. Stephen of Hungary, and Sears Roebuck.

The custom also allows a member to insert, as having some relevance, the full text of a speech delivered by a constituent, say at a Fourth of July picnic. What could please this constituent more than to be able to show his friends and customers that his representative or senator thought so highly of his words that he could not resist sharing them with his colleagues in Congress? Thus the congressman wins an eternal supporter and his fellow legislators are spared hearing so much as a syllable. It is an exercise in mutual accommodation at public expense.

More serious perhaps are those unspoken remarks on controversial issues that appear in the *Record* as though they were really part of the debate. Often a speaker appears to have made a brilliant little foray, of such eloquence that no one rose to refute him. And no one did, for no one heard a word of it. Indeed, the speaker may not even have thought of his remarks until several days after the debate. A congressman can thus be scintillating long after an argument is over and still get credit for it—in print, at that. A certain Representative Allen of Mississippi some years ago went so far as to request that the *Record* "insert 'Laughter and applause' in appropriate places" of his undelivered speech.

Readers of the *Record* have long been blissfully unaware of the arrangement, of course, because these published but unarticulated remarks start out, as do speeches regularly made on the floor, with a salute to "Mr. Speaker." Some go on to explain why the orator has been moved to rise on the spur of the moment, when in fact he didn't rise at all. "The world this afternoon hears the creak of a chair, the thump of a microphone, the shuffle of a piece of paper in this chamber. Our voices and actions today echo through the streets of Panama City," said Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd as the Panama Canal Treaty came to a vote—except that he never said it. Through a rare slip on the part of the *Record*'s editors, the late Representative Hale Boggs of Louisiana was allowed to speak several days after his plane had tragically disappeared in the Alaskan wilderness.

If a member is too sluggish to be witty even after the fact, he has still another chance. Revisions that failed to get in under the wire can be made, as a rule, for the bound volume published at the end of the session. Thus it is possible to read two versions of the *Congressional Record*, neither of them accurate. The result of all this reciprocal indulgence is that the *Record* has aptly been called "a cave of the winds, or a mausoleum of oratory, poetry, useful and useless information . . . upon every conceivable subject." It is also a unique public relations service for the people's representatives.

A vanity press like this has its point, no doubt, but the price to the taxpayer is high. In the 1976 fiscal year, some 50,000 copies a day were printed (the run has since been reduced)—at a cost of $14.6 million. If the Packwood-Steiger figure of 70 percent is correct, the unspoken and essentially phony part of that printed outpouring (it is by no means confined to the section labeled "Extension of Remarks") accounted for something like $10 million.

Representative David Obey of Wisconsin, who headed the House subcommittee that looked into the *Record*, is for the moment satisfied with the bullet as a mild step toward making the journal honest. Others would go further and mandate italics for all passages not really spoken on the floor. But no one, at least for now, seems to favor the outright stemming of the *Record*'s flow. Certainly no one objects to having the members' prose straightened out when necessary, although the line may sometimes be hard to draw between changes for style and changes for substance.

Ironically, time and events could conceivably cancel *some* of the effect of even stylistic change. For what good will it do to clean up a congressman's diction in order to impress a few readers if millions are to see and hear him stumble on the TV screens of the nation—obviously a clear and present danger to his oratorical reputation? Even now closed-circuit television brings House proceedings to the members' offices—a kind of dry run for the public coverage to come—and the Senate recently broke precedent by allowing radio broadcasts of the Panama Canal debate in that chamber.

For all that, the bearing of electronic coverage on the *Congressional Record* is

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likely to be minimal. Plans call for control of the cameras by the House itself, with channels free only to pick and choose the segments they will put on the air. Judging from the less than excited reaction to the radio coverage of the Senate's Canal discussion, public interest will not justify the expense of extensive televising, especially where there is no focus on a major issue, but only the desultory and disconnected debate common day after day in both houses. Gavel-to-gavel camera work will no more mean gavel-to-gavel broadcasting than the presence of reporters in the press galleries means total coverage in the newspapers.

So—if you want a full report of who said what, you will still have to go to the *Congressional Record*. However, with that permanent source still clogged with words never spoken on the floor, it will clearly take more than the modest "bullet" reform to provide citizens with a truly nonfictional chronicle of the doings on Capitol Hill.

WOMEN OF THE SILVER SCREEN

by Andrew Ward

For as long as I've been watching the talk shows, and it's been too long, I've heard actresses complain that there aren't any decent parts being written for women. By and large, women's roles during the past ten years or so consisted of rising tousled from bed with a satisfied look and asking the male lead where he was going in such a hurry. "Be careful" was about as eloquent a line as an actress could hope for, and should she refuse to grant her audiences the privileges most women reserve for their gynecologists, she would be lucky to get a walk-on in a Disney musical.

The decline of substantive women's roles has coincided with an increased emphasis on explicit sex and violence. Sex and violence, as even the most vigorous masochist will tell you, can be a very unhappy combination, and in the movies, as in life, it is the women who have been getting the worst of it. The single most significant cinematic contribution of the past decade may have been not "a new honesty," or "a coming of age," but the gang bang. I've seen close to a dozen in movies during the last few years, and it sometimes seems that no sooner does a young actress of promise show up than she is cast in a movie in which desperadoes, hoods, Nazis, Arabs, hillbillies, Brooklynites, even, in one case, a group of British roofers, have their way with her.

But now Hollywood has declared its determination to treat women with respect, or at least with as much respect as it treats men, and has begun to feature women as protagonists in some of its major productions. Four of the five pictures nominated for Academy Awards were, in these limited terms, women's pictures, and Best Actress was the hottest category on the Oscar scorecard. *Julia*, *The Turning Point*, *The Goodbye Girl*, and *Annie Hall*, plus this year's *An Unmarried Woman*, have been promoted as if the industry had hit some sort of evolutionary milestone: the Gang Bang Age is past, come walk with us into the light. But how have these pictures actually dealt with the issues that concern real women, real people?

The career-versus-family issue is represented by *The Turning Point*, a glossy movie starring Shirley MacLaine and Anne Bancroft and members of the American Ballet Theatre. In it, amid elegantly performed and photographed dance segments, Shirley MacLaine plays a retired dancer turned housewife who must come to grips with having abandoned ballet when her daughter comes under the tutelage of MacLaine's old friend and rival, played by Anne Bancroft, who stuck with dancing to become America's prima ballerina. In turn, at a time when her gifts are waning, Bancroft must come to grips with having forsaken the security of marriage and motherhood.

I found portions of *The Turning Point* moving, especially where MacLaine and Bancroft fought toe-to-toe over their conflicting recollections (it was pleasing to see two women characters in a movie mixing it up over something other than the leading man). But if *The Turning Point* was to have taught us more than simply to accept the irretrievability of the past, it hedged too many bets. By making MacLaine's daughter a ballerina in the first place, a spectacularly promising ballerina in the second, Arthur Laurents, the screenwriter, slicked up the issue so much that he couldn't maintain a hold on it. It took the edge off Bancroft's predicament to have her own goddaughter supplant her, and it reduced MacLaine's plight to a choice between becoming America's prima ballerina and the mother of America's prima ballerina.

Paul Mazursky, the director of *An Unmarried Woman*, has hedged his bets as well. He has always been noted for his satirical style, but in *An Unmarried Woman* his characters seem too self-aware for satire, and Mazursky cannot keep his distance from their prosperity, as if he is afraid of losing our material interest.

Jill Clayburgh in the title role gives such a grand, even valiant performance (reminding me at various points of Jean Arthur, Maureen Stapleton, and Diane Keaton) that I wished Mazursky could have honored her with a role more appropriate to her talents. All her pain and resilience seemed wasted on a crisis that merely required her to trade a Galleria apartment and a whining stockbroker husband for a restored brownstone with garden and an abstract expressionist boyfriend.

During the lunch-hour theater showing I attended, several of the young women in the audience hissed and booed as the heroine cast around reflexively for another man, and found one. In fact, the catcalls were deafening when Alan Bates, as her boyfriend, came to her rescue by battling a drunken one-night-stander, played with enthusiasm by Cliff Gorman. The ending, in which the unmarried woman demonstrates her independence by refusing to join her boyfriend for a summer in Vermont, and is last seen carrying one of his gigantic canvases home all by herself, didn't seem to help.

There was something faintly pornographic about *The Goodbye Girl*. It contained next to no sex, but I nonetheless think I haven't felt so manipulated by a movie, more aware of the calculations being made behind the scenes, since I saw *Deep Throat*, or perhaps it was *Love Story*. Neil Simon pulled every trick out of his well-worn bag to give his scenario a luster of contemporaneity and sophistication, but *The Goodbye Girl* is a throwback.

Marsha Mason plays a slightly over-the-hill hoofer with a small, wisecracking daughter (the movie expects us to subsist on wisecracks and to regard a

ten-year-old who says "shit" a lot as a little charmer). One day they return home to find that Mason's actor boyfriend has not only skipped town but has given the lease to a fellow actor from Chicago, a difficult, edgy, bespectacled egotist played brilliantly by Richard Dreyfuss. After a lot of haggling, Dreyfuss agrees to share the apartment with Mason and daughter, and as he prepares for his role in a gay version of *Richard III*, and she tries to land a job dancing in Broadway shows, their mutual loathing turns into love.

Richard Dreyfuss acts hell out of his part in *The Goodbye Girl*, and wrings the most unexpected emotions out of Simon's predictable script. But why couldn't his aspiring actor aspire to something better than the simpering, helpless dip Marsha Mason portrays? The only explanation I can come up with for his enthusiasm for Mason's failed hoofer is pity, or perhaps just an eagerness to please; the Goodbye Girl's idea of fulfillment is staying home and redecorating the apartment. The rest, as Dreyfuss says at one point, "is kaka."

What saves *Julia* and *Annie Hall* from my doctrinaire analysis is the conviction with which they were made—and, perhaps, their essential basis in fact. In *Julia*, Lillian Hellman may be portrayed as discomfitingly dependent on the fatherly, all-knowing Dashiell Hammett, but then she probably was, and, besides, the movie doesn't dwell on their relationship. What it concerns (and at its weakest points idealizes) is a passionate, nineteenth-century brand of female friendship, the sort of friendship that our century tends to be too self-conscious or dirty-minded to accept at face value. The scenario is a bit thin and melodramatic in places. And Fred Zinnemann's direction is a little stolid. But I think that's why the movie, like its protagonists, manages to maintain its poise, even in such cinematically treacherous territory as prewar Germany.

What animates *Julia* is the luminous performances of Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave. It was bracing to see two women characters be so good to each other, and to watch two exquisitely cast and fine actresses revel in each other's performances.

Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* is so generous, good-natured, and genuine a film that an analysis from any ideological perspective seems downright ungra-

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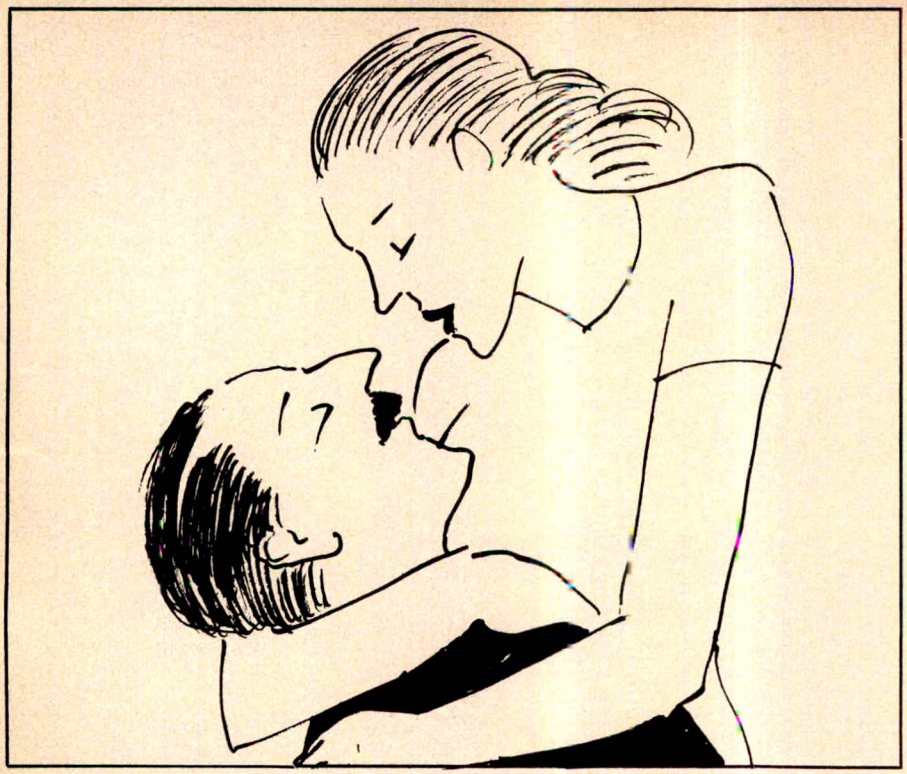


cious. But even in feminist terms it holds up well: sure, Annie is a mess until she meets up with Alvy Singer, just as we are possibly to assume that Diane Keaton was a mess until she met up with Woody Allen; but in the end she surpasses him, or at least has the courage to go her own way in the face of his bald dependency and withering scorn. *Annie Hall* enjoys rather than strains against its own contradictions, and each sequence, no matter how fantastic, has a mysterious authenticity: Alvy's boyhood home under the roller coaster; Annie's vapid, suicidal brother; Alvy's childhood classmates standing up before their teachers and reciting their destinies. In direct contrast to concoctions such as *The Goodbye Girl*, *Annie Hall* is an exploratory movie, unguarded and humane.

Over the self-congratulatory din during the Oscar ceremonies, Hollywood managed to present its awards to several worthies: *Annie Hall* beat out *Star Wars* as Best Picture, Richard Dreyfuss was named Best Actor, Woody Allen was named Best Director. And, in part for her having run the gauntlet in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, but officially for her haunting self-caricature in *Annie Hall*, Diane Keaton was named Best Actress.

I was surprised by the wisdom of these choices, but as Vanessa Redgrave, while accepting her Oscar for Best Supporting Actress, denounced "Zionist hooclums," and as Debby Boone sang *You Light Up My Life* amid a chorus of hand-signaling deaf girls, I realized again what a curious world Hollywood represents, and what a sensual medium it manipulates. I hope Hollywood has in fact discarded the gang bang as a movie staple, but I find it hard to approach gratefully, trustfully, an industry that eventually translated feminism's forebear, the civil rights movement, into *Mandingo* and *Super Fly*. It is an open question what will develop when the wisdom in Hollywood changes again and the shock of seeing in the movies fully clothed women behaving like human beings, treating each other decently, and respectably fending for themselves, finally wears off.

SHORT REVIEWS

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP
by John Irving
Dutton, $10.95

This is a daring novel in several ways. It continually mixes the improbable and the mundane, juxtaposes slapstick, black humor, and tenderness. It traffics in chancy politics: feminist harpies stalk through its pages (women called "Ellen Jamesians" who for symbolic reasons have cut out their own tongues). It revels in grotesquerie but its purpose is to dramatize commonplace, fragile feelings. *The World According to Garp* chronicles the short, bizarre, but mostly happy life of a writer.

At its heart, the novel is about the love of a man for his wife, his children, his work, and himself. The book is flawed by John Irving's occasional didacticism about art, and by his occasional sentimentality. But it is a novel of great imagination, vitality, and charm. Irving has published three previous books. None of them has been widely read, but one suspects that will no longer be the case.

BILLY PHELAN'S GREATEST GAME
by William Kennedy
Viking, $9.95

Billy Phelan at thirty-one is a small-time bookie, a hard drinker, an avid gamester "indifferent to luck," arrogant, independent, "worthy of functioning in [an] age of nocturnal supremacy," where if you're not a winner, you're a bum.

It's 1938, and the Democratic machine of the McCall brothers has Albany and all its gambling in a firm grip. When Charlie Boy McCall, sole heir of the family, is kidnapped, the brothers call on journalist Martin Daugherty to quash the city's biggest story since Legs Diamond was shot to death in an Albany rooming house seven years earlier. Billy Phelan, whose livelihood is controlled by the McCalls, is recruited as a reluctant informer, and Daugherty watches as the loner, for whom he feels a paternal admiration, clashes with the machine.

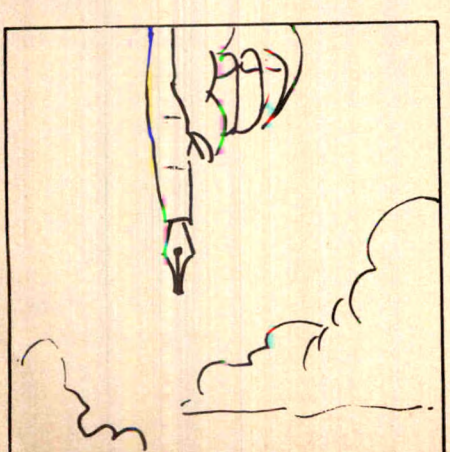
William Kennedy's third novel unfolds as a series of vivid and isolated scenes in the joints of Albany's Broadway, where his incidental characters, seedy and doomed, endlessly gamble, drink, and whore in pools of artificial light. Their lives are like the dark, untold side of a Damon Runyon story—fittingly, Runyon himself intervenes with an almost mythical timeliness to rescue Billy from the McCalls' displeasure. It's a world of hustlers and suckers in a perennially fascinating era; Kennedy recreates both with an energetic, argot-flavored style that is hard to resist.

On Moral Fiction
by John Gardner
Basic Books, $8.95

What has "morality" to do with the writing of fiction? Everything, says novelist-critic John Gardner, in this essay which, though loosely organized and somewhat arbitrary, nonetheless contains a good many interesting and tough-minded judgments of contemporary (and other) writers. The philosophical argument is straightforward: "Art is essentially and primarily moral—that is, life-giving—moral in its process of creation and moral in what it says . . . art builds; it never stands pat; it destroys only evil. If art destroys good, mistaking it for evil, then that art is false, an error; it requires denunciation."

This premise leads Gardner to a few denunciations of his own: John Barth, whose *Giles Goat-Boy* was "an empty but well-made husk"; Thomas Pynchon, who, in *Gravity's Rainbow*, "carelessly praises the schlock of the past (King Kong, etc.) and howls against the schlock of the present which, he thinks, is numbing and eventually will kill us"; Kurt Vonnegut, whose "lack of commitment—ultimately a lack of concern about his characters—makes his writing slight"; Robert Coover, whose *The Public Burning* "is an aesthetic mistake, an example of immoral fiction."

Gardner is convinced that our art not only reflects but *shapes* our culture, the day-to-day facts of our life. And critics who admire life-destructive values, Gardner insists, do damage in the real world. A particularly mournful example: "the critics' veneration of the tragically neurotic self-pity and anger ('unflinching honesty') and, finally, suicide of Sylvia Plath is perhaps one of the reasons Ann [sic] Sexton is now dead."



All of this is arguable, of course. Poets (and others) were destroying themselves long before Sylvia Plath's critics decided to enshrine her. And artists get their cues from the same well of common experience the rest of us depend upon. Gardner is surely right to press the argument for moral direction in art. His irritating certitude may be the necessary price we pay for moral direction of any sort.

The Seasons of a Man's Life
by Daniel Levinson et al.
Knopf, $10.95

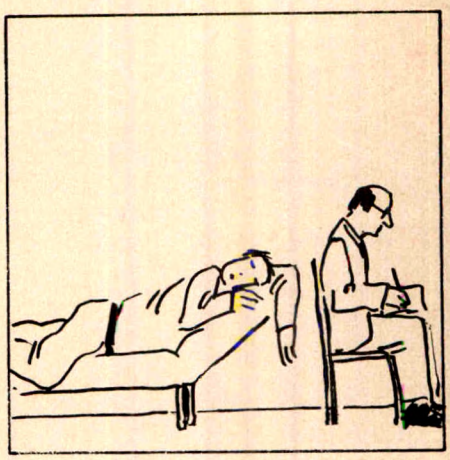
Daniel Levinson is the forgotten man of the "stages of growth" industry. Not too many years ago, the New York *Times* reported his discovery that fortyish white middle-class Protestant males—the presumably "advantaged" segment of our complicated social mix—appeared to suffer from more than their share of divorces, breakdowns, alcoholism, and other forms of emotional wear and tear. Levinson, the *Times* said, sought an explanation of this surprising disarray among the privileged, and hoped to publish his findings soon.

Though some of those findings have already crept into other books on the subject, Levinson's analysis deserves careful reading. The lives of his subjects, he says, take place in recognizable segments, each containing critical transition periods and different assumptions, ambitions, and potential points of stress. Levinson's mapping out is thorough, intelligent, and convincing.

But recognizing life's perils is not the same as solving them. Levinson, by his own admission, can only generalize about the way a conscientious society might reduce the strain its work and family arrangements unwittingly impose.

Max Perkins: Editor of Genius
by A. Scott Berg
Dutton, $12.95

The subtitle is coyly ambiguous. Maxwell Perkins edited some of the great American writers of this century—Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe. Was he also touched by genius himself? Well, no. Editors are not geniuses. He was shrewd, industrious, and lucky. One of the first manuscripts to cross his transom as he began his career was an early version of *This Side of Paradise*. He had the right instincts about it and fought for its publication, and he never had to fight so hard again. The interest of this book lies not in Perkins's literary or commercial acumen but in his private life. He is revealed as a man of painfully repressed passion, but of great tact and nearly heroic steadiness of character. Decency was his art. A. Scott Berg has told this story unobtrusively and with feeling, and he has (perhaps just in the nick of time) rescued Perkins from permanent obscurity. A quiet and affecting book.



The Seven Deadly Sins Today
by Henry Fairlie
New Republic Books, $10.00

Henry Fairlie's essays on the contemporary meaning of sin are a blend of rationalism, humanism, and Christian theology, a carefully considered bridge between the traditional concept of sin and its modern manifestations. In this book, much of which first appeared in *The New Republic*, he draws heavily on two convictions: that the relationship between the individual and his society has deteriorated from a joint enterprise to a mutually exploitative bargain; and that psychiatry, with its mechanistic approach to curing our "lesser disorders," prevents us from confronting and mastering the evil deeper within ourselves.

Psychiatry's offspring, the various proponents of the "human potential movement," prescribe "emotional and spiritual Sloth," a "grossly distorted individualism" which most arouses Fairlie's modulated outrage, primarily because the preoccupation with self that it espouses is the bedrock of each of the Seven Deadly Sins. Pride, Envy, and Anger might be called sins of the ego; Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust sins of the appetite; Sloth is "a sin of omis-

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sion" which permits and condones the rest, and thus it seems the deadliest of all. It is in the process of making moral choices, says Fairlie, that the individual becomes unique and truly free; therefore, "the understanding that we sin is a summons to life."

This is a remarkably absorbing book, and bound to produce at least a twinge of guilt in all but the most stolidly self-righteous.

THE DREAM OF A COMMON LANGUAGE by Adrienne Rich
Norton, $9.95; $2.95 paper

For the last decade, "a decade of cutting away/ dead flesh," Adrienne Rich has been publishing "sherds of broken glass," fragments of agony and denunciation, poems which at first whimpered in cotton batting, then were unmuffled and could be heard as imprecations. Now at last this "Philoctetes in woman's form" is able to speak openly of her wound, and to strive, in love, toward a "common language." Her poems still denounce the contention between the sexes, the exploitation of women's bodies and women's gifts, the masculinization of the world. But the longed-for reconciliation has arrived through women's acceptance of and love for other women.

"Well, that's finished. The woman who cherished/ her suffering is dead. I am her descendant./ I love the scar-tissue she handed on to me,/ but I want to go on from here with you/ fighting the temptation to make a career of pain."

It's a joy, as after a long fever, to see this fine poet return to an open way of writing in the rhythms of our "common language," to breathe at the surface after diving into the wreck, to speak freely and compassionately to all her fellow creatures. The final poem in her book, "Transcendental Etude," should be read by everyone.

PLA

FIGHTER by Len Deighton. Knopf, $12.50. Mr. Deighton's machine-gun style suits his subject, "The True Story of the Battle of Britain." That story proves to be much more than a series of air combats, for the author has gone back to such basics as engine design and wing strength to explain the tactics of the fighter pilots, and even further back into the Nazi party rivalries and wavering British policies that led to the respective construction of Messerschmitts and Spitfires. He has turned up staggering miscalculations and childish jurisdictional disputes on both sides, along with occasional marvels of courage and good sense. Above all, he makes clear how much of that battle in the summer of 1940 was dependent on someone's correct hunch, for there had never before been an attempt to bomb into submission an enemy equipped with efficient fighter planes and the air commanders had no strategic precedents to guide them. To anyone interested in either World War II or the murky convolutions of military politics, Mr. Deighton's history will be irresistible. Illustrations, index, bibliography.

LISTENING WOMAN by Tony Hillerman. Harper & Row, $7.95. A couple of seemingly pointless murders on the reservation set policeman Leaphorn on a chase that starts at what he wryly calls "Navajo time" and works up to something approaching the speed of light. A clever suspense story in an unusual (and well-described) setting.

EUROPA by Romain Gary. Doubleday, $8.95. The note Mr. Gary has provided for the American edition of his latest novel explains that it is really intended as an allegorical lament for the inconsistencies of European culture—that "old bitch gone in the teeth." He has thereby taken all the fun out of a fantastic tale of witchcraft, insanity, and revenge, while causing the reader to observe that he has nothing remarkable to say about the deficiencies of culture, European or otherwise. Translated by Barbara Bray and the author.

BIKO by Donald Woods. Paddington, $10.95. Mr. Woods, a white South African journalist now in exile from his country, was a friend and admirer of Stephen Biko, the black leader who recently died of unexplained injuries while in police custody. The book opens with a two-page list of other distinguished blacks who have "died" while in police custody. It then becomes a memoir divided between a portrait of Biko (clearly a most intelligent and civilized man) and a documented denunciation of the racist South African government, its corrupt courts, and its

brutal police force. The book is painful reading, but it should be read. Illustrations.

THE LETTERS OF VIRGINIA WOOLF edited by Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95. Volume three of the Woolf letters covers the years 1923–1928, during which the author secured her reputation as a novelist, turned out a stream of book reviews and essays, helped run the Hogarth Press, rescued T. S. Eliot (usually referred to as "poor Tom") from his banking job, and carried on a love affair with Vita Sackville-West. She also bobbed her hair, tried to learn how to powder her nose, did learn to drive a car, and met, with instant loathing, Elinor Wylie. There is little in her letters about her major work, the novels. There are some complaints about the drudgery of reviewing and publishing. Most of the correspondence, however, consists of letters to her sister, to Vita, and to a group of friends who all knew each other, possibly rather too well, for the gossip verges on libel. Such letters were designed to amuse and beguile, as they undoubtedly did and still do. Woolf had created for herself a comic persona—a bewildered, affectionate bumbler whose clothes fell apart at receptions, whose servants were invariably butterfingered, whose teacups were sat upon, whose dog had mange. When tension shows, it arrives with a shivery lack of warning. "Find me," she writes in the midst of what is otherwise all merry prattle, "a house where no one can ever come." Notes, index, illustrations.

LOOK WHO'S TALKING! by Emily Hahn. Crowell, $8.95. Between the horse Clever Hans and the latest intellectual chimpanzee there stretches a long, varied line of communicative animals and their human teacher-trainers. Most of these creatures have been reported, but usually in isolation. The purpose of Ms. Hahn's gracefully written book is simply to bring the whole menagerie together in one volume, where a reader can conveniently compare their achievements and the methods of their educators. Illustrations, bibliography.

THE WOLF CHILDREN by Charles Maclean. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $10.95. In 1920, the Rev. J. A. L. Singh, who ran an Anglican orphanage at Midnapore, India, collected from the bush two young girls who had seemingly been living

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Across. 1. MATCH (pun) 2. SECTOR (anag.) 3. REFRAIN (double def.) 4. BROOKS (double def.) 5. A-RMADA (anag.+*a*) 6. MOLEST (anag.) 7. DR-(g)UID(e) 8. TALL-Y 9. CRAM (hidden) 10. ENDOWS (anag.) 11. D(el)AYS 12. RAM-P 13. ROA(ME)D 14. SKATE-R (anag. + [*b*]*r*[*a*]) 15. GUSHER (*she* in *rug* rev.) 16. NUANCE (peripheral) 17. SWAM-P 18. RELISH (double def.) 19. RIATA (*at air* rev.) 20. FE(R)NS 21. MINERS (homophone of *minors*) 22. SLATED (double def.) 23. S(TEAK)S *Down.* a. AR-BITER b. MERMAN (anag.) c. T(ROLL)OP d. C-A-KEY e. HI(SS)ES f. SNATCH (anag.) g. EARDRUM (hidden) h. COMRADES (anag.) i. TRAUMA (anag.) j. ODDITY (anag.) k. RE-ADS l. FOOL (*foal* has *o* for *a*) m. W(R)ENS (anag. +*r* [for Rex]) n. SUR-PASS o. MAUL (hidden) p. ORC-HID q. RE(M)AR-K r. SURFS (hidden rev.) s. K(N)EEL t. "T'AINT" u. GE(R)MS v. H-ATE w. WANE (*a new* re-begun with its last letter)

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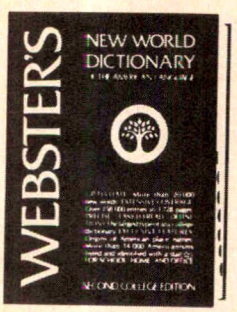

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with, and reared by, a family of wolves. They certainly acted like wolves, scampering about on all fours and eating raw meat off the orphanage floor. When the story of these wolf children spread abroad, poor Singh was accused of chicanery or gullibility or both, and arguments about the girls' authenticity have continued ever since. Mr. Maclean set out to answer, once and for all, the questions of Rev. Singh's truthfulness and the origin of those strange children, both of whom died young and without acquiring enough human speech to account for themselves. Both questions proved, in the end, unanswerable, but Mr. Maclean's report of his investigation is absorbing all the way. Notes, index, bibliography, glossary, illustrations.

THE SEA PEOPLES by N. K. Sandars. Thames and Hudson, $12.95. The Sea Peoples was the name given by the Egyptians to groups of raiders who hacked disruptively about their coasts at the end of the Bronze Age. Ms. Sandars, an experienced archaeologist and a capable writer, undertakes both to track down the identity of these nuisances and to explain why their activities caused collapse and disaster around the whole eastern Mediterranean. The problem leads her into economics, agriculture, shipping, and metal supplies as well as the more predictable potsherds and Hittite records. The book is an impressive piece of scholarly detective work. Notes, index, illustrations, color plates.

SUPERPEN by Edward Sorel. Random House, $8.95. Some of these drawings originally appeared in *The Atlantic.*

THE LAST CHRONICLES OF BALLYFUNGUS by Mary Manning. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $9.95. Portions of this book have been published in *The Atlantic.*

—*Phoebe-Lou Adams*

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS

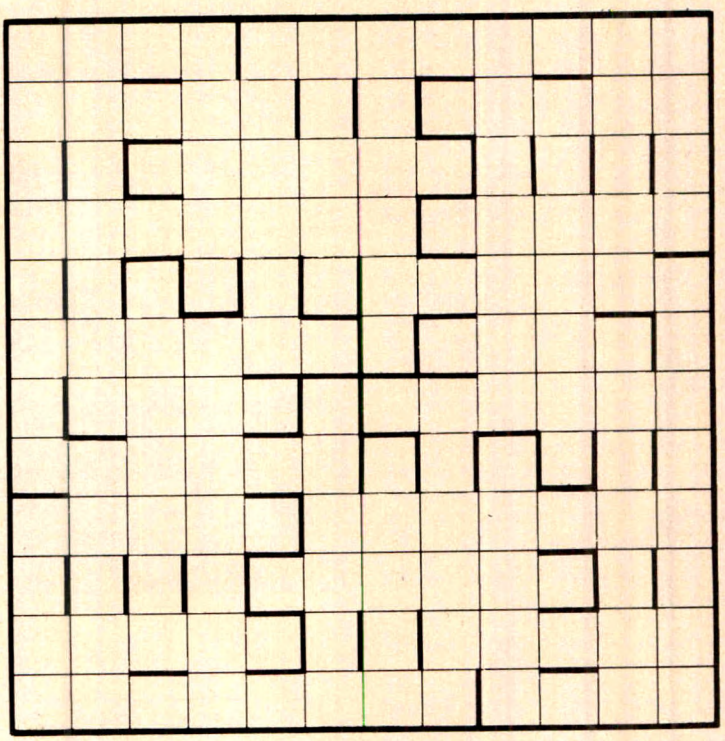
Wright Morris's novels include *The Field of Vision, Love Among the Cannibals,* and *War Games.* His latest book is *The Fork River Space Project.*

Robert Bendiner, author of several books on the political scene, serves as a member of the editorial board of the New York *Times.*

Andrew Ward's *Fits and Starts* has just been published.

The Atlantic PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon



ABECEDARIAN JIGSAW

(Acknowledgments to Dogop of *The Listener*)

Clues are listed in the alphabetical order of the answers. Each letter of the alphabet is the first letter of at least one answer. Solvers must determine where the answers fit into the diagram.

Answers include three proper nouns and one prefix. Remember that punctuation in the clues may be used deceptively.

1. Kind of foot-article—a nuisance (7)
2. Precede tourist in hell—headless and then heartless (8)
3. Order from the Pope—set off ammunition (7)
4. About 100 to 1 on a certain Victor (5)
5. Household game in Sodom perhaps (7)
6. Tax practice excludes the Queen (6)
7. Opposite of the inside of a collar (6)
8. Ill-mannered guests insert this in your clothes (6)
9. Crowd led out after Paul Newman movie (6)
10. I've been tagged and assimilated for copy (7)
11. Waters swirling—listen (6)
12. Spiritual criminal treated like Marie Antoinette (5)
13. Crazy Jane in Germany (4)
14. It sticks out in water that's blackish? (5)
15. Artist uses a large piece of tissue paper (4)
16. Coal left to burn (7)
17. Resume dancing, keeping a rhythm (7)
18. An appropriate sentence, it's pronounced by Bossy about two times (5)
19. State Avenue goes uphill and winds around (6)
20. Thorn's broken point (5)
21. A pithy man puts the matter in this crazy and miserable place (8)
22. Modesty in poetry? Just the opposite! (4)
23. Handsome lettering advertises breakfast (8)
24. Buck, for one, can be valuable (5)
25. Finish second in set (5)
26. Bird that has to be a chicken (5)
27. Part of a pole dance (4)
28. Half-Jewish jerk missing (4)
29. Group keeps quiet about returning ghost (7)
30. Check-in systems (4)
31. Dwarf's trick (5)
32. With crooked cops, it matters (6)
33. Poison pen art—it's a bore (6)
34. Stewed prune—eating one makes you green (6)
35. Get gloss for Pynchon's novel—his ran out (7)
36. Half-wits taking 500th measurement (5)
37. It's nothing coming up with a kiss on the head—it's elementary! (5)
38. Sail the wrong way around most of the island (5)
39. Raise about one dozen signs (6)
40. Two in Berlin, with a twisted end, support Rusk (8)

Note: The instructions above are the special instructions for this month's puzzle. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 101.

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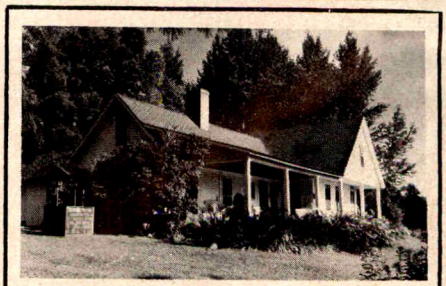

This is the house in Franconia, New Hampshire, where Robert Frost lived from 1915 to 1920. In the summer months of 1978, fully renovated, it will house a young poet as the guest of the town.

At the request of Franconia, the editors of *The Atlantic* have nominated this year's poet,
ROBERT HASS
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